

This story is not true, it's one of my ideas on what happened to Tenshinhan in the five years between Dragonball and Dragonball Z. Mr. Toriyama never told what happened to him, so I came up with my own idea. I'm kind of disappointed that this is the first time I've found something like this, considering he was living with Lunch for these years. I'm hoping with this, maybe the die-hard Vegeta/Bulma writers will find something else to write about.

Grief

By: Kralia Blake

(For the people who don't know anything about the DBZ character Lunch(Ranchi/Kushami in the Japanese version) I highly recommend going to the notes at the end of the story, otherwise you may not fully understand. Sorry for the inconvenience, but you can blame Funimation(who I really don't hate that much) for cutting her completely out of the beginning of the DBZ story.)

He fell to his knees, hitting the ground with his fists.

'No...No, Why me? Why now? Am I cursed or something?' Ten thought, thinking back six years.

It was just after the twenty-third Budokai. Goku and Chichi had just gotten married. Although Ten himself could care less. He had a problem himself and her name was Ranchi (Lunch). Actually it wasn't Ranchi that was bothering him; it was Kushami. When she was around he was either frustrated or relieved. Half the time she would be pointing a gun at him or Choazu, or off getting into trouble by stealing, being chased by the police or, even rarely, being in the wrong place at the wrong time the other half she was either cursing at him and Choazu or attempting to be charming. Sometimes Tenshinhan was tempted to kick her out. She was worse than a little child.

Unfortunately, the girl seemed to stay in Kushami form more often than not. However, there was one good aspect of having her blond. She could fight, if even minimally. Ranchi was too sweet and innocent to even know what fighting was. But she cooked well, usually, and she was easier to talk to and to get along with.

After a year of living with her, his opinion had changed greatly. He actually cared somewhat for her. Enough so that he would spend nights in her bed or vice versa every now and then. When she came up to him one day while he was training and told him she was pregnant, he just told her that was great, gave her a swift hug, and went back to training. Looking back, he was quite grateful that she'd been Kushami when this happened; had it been Ranchi, she would have ran off sobbing, like she did so many times in the next eight months when he acted like his normal nonchalant self around her.

Ranchi was in control when the child was born, which was probably a good thing, because Kushami would have been very unhappy with him, and with her ability to curse, he would have left with scalded ears. Ranchi handled this

part rather well, taking the pain without much complaint. The child had been a boy. He luckily hadn't inherited Tenshinhan's eye deformation. He had dark blue hair, like Ranchi, which frightened Ten. He hoped the child wouldn't also have a split personality like her. They decided to name him Rashin.

Tenshinhan cared for his son more than anything in the world despite not feeling very deeply for Ranchi or Kushami. By the time Rashin was two, Tenshinhan had started training him, if only minor things. He was such a dedicated boy. Choazu even started teaching him some things.

When Rashin had first been born, Ten had feared Choazu would leave or become angry. Ten knew he wouldn't have been able to stand being in a house with just Kushami/Ranchi and a new born baby without having his best friend there; maybe if he loved Ranchi, he wouldn't have thought that. But being he didn't, the stress of such a situation would have driven him over the edge.

However, Choazu had accepted the boy right away. He actually thought of Rashin as his nephew, in a way. Sometimes when Ten and Ranchi were doing their own thing, Choazu would watch Rashin for them.

It was kind of funny for Tenshinhan to watch Choazu teach Rashin. At two, Ten's son was almost taller than Choazu. But the kid always listened to him.

At this point, Rashin's training consisted of learning what ki was and how it could be controlled. He wasn't old enough to use it yet, but at least he knew what it was. Most of the time the kid would sit on the sidelines watching his father and his 'uncle' spar. When Ten would go out by himself, he usually didn't bring Rashin with because he didn't want to have to worry about where the kid was or if he was safe. It was just easier to leave him with Choazu and Ranchi.

It wasn't very long after Rashin's third birthday and Ten was going off on his own to train. Rashin, as always, didn't want him to leave.

"Don't go daddy!!" he cried.

"Stay here with your mother and Choazu. You'll be safer here." Ten explained in a gentle voice.

"But I want to go with you!!"

"You can't. It's not a place for little children."

"But you said I was growing up. Aren't I big enough yet?" Rashin was now giving Ten his big puppy eyes, with tears in the corners and everything.

"Let him go with you. I'm sure he'll be fine. I trust your ability to protect him, you won't hurt him, even by accident," Kushami said from the kitchen doorway.

Ten looked up at her, not at all pleased with her siding with their son, "I just don't want him to get into trouble. I usually go to places where it's a good idea to know how to fly."

"Just take him with you. Try bonding with him for more than five minutes for once," Kushami bit out.

"Fine," Ten snapped, annoyed that now he'd have to change the location where he was originally going to train. The place was way too dangerous for a child. There were too many wild animals around and the area had many cliffs. Tenshinhan would focus on training when he was by himself, and nothing else.

He wouldn't even hear Rashin unless he screamed, and Ten may not be quick enough to save him if he brought him there.

Instead he chose a place that was in the center of a very flat and large plain. The grass wasn't taller than Rashin, so Ten couldn't lose him, and there were barely any dangerous animals around.

Ten picked up his son, who clung to him and smiled, then took off. Rashin waved good-bye to his mother as he and his father disappeared. It was about twenty minutes later when they reached the spot Ten had chosen in a few seconds of thought.

Tenshinhan set his son down on the ground and he right away headed off to the nearby stream. Ten started to think that maybe this wasn't the best place be. 'Too late now. Just warn him about the dangers,' he rationalized. He ran over and stopped Rashin, grabbing the child around the waist and lifting him up.

"Now, before I let you go on your own, I want you to be careful. Promise me you'll stay away from the stream. It may look pretty and harmless, but it can have hidden dangers."

"I promise daddy," Rashin said in his sweet, innocent way.

"Good. Now stay close by, but don't get in the way. I wouldn't want you to get hurt. Your mother would have my head on a platter if you did."

"Okay daddy. I will."

"Alright. Behave. I'll be done in a few hours," Tenshinhan told him, tousling his hair, which only made him smirk up at his father.

Tenshinhan turned and walk quite a distance away from him and started warming up.

Rashin watched his father from a distance. He attempted to copy him, but his little body just wasn't very good at it. Most of the time when he tried, he ended up falling on the ground. After about fifteen falls, he was starting to get bored with it. It was around three in the afternoon now, and Rashin was slightly hungry. The only problem was there wasn't anything to eat out here.

Rashin looked around, trying to figure out a way to stave off the hunger. Noting the shrubbery and small trees near the stream, he bet there was at least something to eat over there. But he had promised his daddy he'd stay away from the stream. Well maybe he'll just go to the outer edge of the shrubs. He'd still be quite a distance from the stream.

He walked over and started searching, being careful to not go farther than a few feet into the shrubbery. Most of what he saw was green, but his eye caught a hint of color a little way off. He headed toward it. Lifting the leaves on the small tree, he found some berries. He swiftly grabbed a handful and placed it in the bowl he had created by holding the front of his shirt away from his body. He continued to grab a couple more handfuls, then left the overgrowth to sit on the grass and watch his father.

He sat there, eating the berries and marveling at some of the things his father was doing. The berries tasted a little sour, but were still rather good. He had just finished them off when his father finished up his routine. Ten walked over to Rashin. He looked him over, seeing that the boy hadn't gotten into any

trouble. He sat down next to him.

“Are you ready to go yet,” Ten inquired.

Rashin nodded his head, “Yep.”

“Then let’s get going. Your mom is probably expecting us back soon. She’ll most likely start cooking when we get there,” Ten said, tossing his son up into the air and catching him. They took off toward home, arriving twenty minutes later.

“Did you have a good time?” Ranchi asked Rashin

He nodded his head.

“I told you it would be a good idea to bring him along. He looks up to you so much. You’re like a hero to him,” Ranchi stated, this time addressing Tenshinhan.

Ten just smiled and shrugged. What was he supposed to do? He couldn’t change his son’s view of his father yet.

Dinner went fine, as always, with everyone acting like friends. It helped that they already were. Afterward everyone went to bed. Ranchi had been the one to tuck Rashin in.

The next morning, Rashin had slept in. This wasn’t that big of a deal to anyone, because of the fact that the boy had been through a hectic day the day before. When noon came and he was still asleep, Ranchi decided to wake up her sleepyhead son.

Tenshinhan and Choazu stopped their conversation when they heard a scream come from Rashin’s room. Both of them jumped up from their chairs and ran toward the sound. They entered the room to find Ranchi embracing her child.

“What’s wrong?” Choazu asked.

Ranchi just looked at them sorrowfully and broke out sobbing. Ten went over to her and tried to comfort her, but she still continued. She handed her son over to Ten, and it was now that he noticed that his eyes were closed and he was unusually limp.

“He’s dead,” Ten stated sadly.

“What? How’d that happen?” Choazu asked.

Everyone looked at everyone else. Ranchi still had tears flowing out of her eyes and Ten had some hovering at the edge of his.

Choazu walked over to the three. He looked down at the child’s face and broke down crying as well. Ten got up, handed Rashin over to Ranchi and left the room. He ran through the house and left through the front door. As soon as he was out of the door he took off into the air.

Choazu and Ranchi were still sitting on the bed; looking at the doorway Ten had just disappeared out of. Both of them were stunned at his reaction, they knew he cared for Rashin, but this was more than either of them expected.

“I’ll go after him,” Choazu said, getting up and heading out of the room.

“You do that,” Ranchi said to his back, getting and carrying her child to the living room.

Choazu left the house and barely saw Ten. He jumped up into the air and

followed him, trying his best to keep up. Eventually Ten landed. He sat down on a stone, put his face in his hands and started crying.

Choazu hovered above, not quite sure what to do. He'd never seen his friend this heartbroken. Ten finally got up, only to let out a frustrated cry, which leveled the surrounding landscape. 'Tenshinhan can be rather strong when he is upset.' Choazu thought to himself.

Ten fell to his knees and started crying. He heard someone land behind him. He turned around and saw his friend.

"Why did this happen?" Ten asked the rhetorical question.

Choazu just shrugged his shoulder. He walked up to his friend, who was now hunched over, and placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. Choazu had no idea what to tell him.

"I just can't figure out what happened. What in the world killed him, it's not like he was sick or anything."

Again, Choazu had no answer for his friend.

Ten sat and pondered over all the things. He couldn't figure why his son died. Suddenly an image flashed into his mind. He remembered looking over and seeing his son eating some berries while he had been training yesterday. He hadn't paid it any mind then but now he became suspicious.

"Oh no," he groaned out, "I think I get it now."

"Get what?" Choazu questioned.

"Why Rashin died. Yesterday, while I was training, I looked over and saw him eating some berries."

"What did they look like?"

"I'm not really sure; I was too far away to see them too clearly."

"Why don't we go check?"

With that the two took off, Choazu once again following Tenshinhan. When they reached their destination, Ten went over to the shrubs and started poking around, with Choazu helping him out.

"This looks like them!" Ten shouted to Choazu, who came running over to check out what Ten found. He looked down at the red berries and picked one. He took a very small bite out of the one and tasted it very carefully.

"Tenshinhan, these taste poisonous. How many of these did he have?" Choazu worried, spitting out the little bit he had in his mouth.

"I'd imagine quite a few; it looked like he had a pile of them in his lap when I looked over."

"And he ate them all??!"

"I think so."

"I'm amazed that he lasted till he was asleep in that case."

Ten sighed and stated, "This is all my fault. I should have watched him more closely."

"Don't blame yourself. How were you to know?"

"But I should have at least thought of such a possibility when I was thinking of all the dangers there could be out here."

"Quit beating yourself up over this. I don't blame you and I know neither

Ranchi nor Kushami would either. In fact, Kushami will probably blame herself for telling you to take him with. No one is at fault here. It was an accident. Just leave it at that. Now let's go." This time Choazu led the way with a very sullen Tenshinhan following close behind.

They arrived home and told Ranchi what happened. She broke down, yet again, into tears. When she sneezed later on, they explained everything to Kushami, who after hearing the story, for the first time, actually pointed a gun at herself, claiming the incident to be her fault. Luckily Ten was able to wrestle the gun from her hand, after which she fell into his arms, crying. This was the first time Ten had ever seen Kushami cry. He didn't like it. He wished he could take her pain away; he cared for her too much to see her this way.

Rashin was buried in a discreet spot. Tenshinhan remembered only bits and pieces of the following weeks. When he finally came to himself; he'd been saving Kushami from a flood. He realized about this time how much the two personalities meant to him, but they still had their annoying parts, and Kushami's stealing was one he didn't think he could put up with much longer; especially in his current emotional state. When he came home and found Kushami, yes, Kushami, had made a huge meal, he became suspicious. He questioned her ability to afford so much. She simply stated that she'd robbed a bank. Ten became angry and walked out of his own house, leaving her. He and Choazu had started training on Kami's not very long afterward.

Now he was on his knees on the ground, after watching his best friend and the only person beside Kushami/Ranchi who had been there for him when Rashin died, blow up trying to take out the saiya-jin. It wasn't fair. He didn't deserve this. He'd get this jerk if it were the last thing he did.

Lunch or rather Ranchi in Japan is a character who, when she sneezes, transforms into evil Lunch or Kushami.

Ranchi is a dark blue haired girl who is polite and extremely innocent (in other words, she's a ditz.)

Kushami is a loudmouth hellion who had the ability to materialize firearms out of thin air. She had blond hair and green eyes. She almost as adept at the art of cursing a Vegeta.

The two share no memories, so usually, when they sneeze, the one who results doesn't know what going on, and if they are traveling, she doesn't know where she is or where she was going.

If you want to learn more about her, e-mail me, I have some shrines that have some interesting info on her and even a little on Tenshinhan.

Disclaimer: Of course DBZ is not mine, and I don't say it is. I have barely any

money; please don't sue me.