

Part II

By: Kralia Blake

I put the terms at the end. If a word confuses you check there or at the last part's list.

Tenshinhan quickly scooped the unconscious woman up. The others stared at her, surprised at the fainting.

“Maybe we should take her somewhere.” Gohan suggested.

“Why not Capsule Corp.?” Yamcha suggested. It was about the largest place he could think of. All these people were sure to follow.

Ten shook his head no. He wasn't going to fly that far.

“There's a hospital about fifty miles from here.”

“No, I have a hunch as to what's wrong with her. A doctor would only get in the way and diagnose the problem completely wrong...” Ten said forcefully.

“You could place her on the ground.” Goten, in his innocence, stated.

“The chill would kill her. If what I suspect is wrong, she needs to stay warm...” Tenshinhan said.

“We could take her back to your house. She wouldn't be waking up to unfamiliar surroundings that way.” Kuririn told everyone. Ten looked at him, eyes full of hope.

“I would have said that a while ago, but people kept interrupting me.” He glared at Goten and Yamcha.

“Then let's get going,” Goku declared, lifting into the air. He suddenly stopped, turned around. “Uh... Tenshinhan, where do you live now?” He asked with a silly grin on his face.

Ten chuckled at this. He realized he moved around a lot, what with all his training. He liked to experience different climates. It helped his body to become more resistant to changes in the environment. For example, Ten knew that he could stand cold a lot better than the other humans.

He looked up at his friend, and flew up to him. “Follow me, it's not that far. We'll be there in fifteen minutes at the most,” with this he flew off. Everyone followed him. He knew there'd be a dilemma when they got there because the house was no where near large enough to hold everyone, and it was getting rather late.

When they got there, Choazu came out the front door, followed by young Marron. The little girl squealed in delight at seeing her daddy. Choazu, however, saw Satira and became worried. When Tenshinhan and the others landed, he flew up to Ten and looked down into Satira's face.

“What happened?” He asked.

“Ask one of them, they'll fill you in.” Ten replied, brushing by him and hurrying into the house. Everyone stared in stunned silence. Ten never spoke that way to Choazu, but Choazu didn't let it faze him and just looked at the group for an explanation. Gohan did the honors, filling the little guy in.

The rest left as he explained, heading into the house. They'd witnessed the story first hand, why bother listening to the recount. In the house Trunks and Goten starting picking on poor Marron, despite Kuririn's and Goku's warnings to stop. Vegeta just stood by and chuckled inwardly. The others, including Vegeta, found places to sit, some

on the floor, others on chairs. Tenshinhan had placed the unconscious girl in her room.

He looked down at her. She was barely breathing, and he had a hunch as to what the problem was. He closed his eyes and used his sight. When he looked at her with it, he noticed some strings of bright orange connected to her. He worried. Those hadn't been there before. He tried to follow them with his distant sight, but eventually his range stopped him. He went on his instinct as to what was going on. He had to; there wasn't anyone around who knew, without a doubt, what to do in this situation. He guessed that there was a person out there who was draining her energy, and he had no idea how to stop them.

For the first time in his life, Tenshinhan felt powerless. He was frightened, and not because he was facing death, but because someone else was and he didn't know how to stop it. He sat down on the chair by the bed. He placed his head on his hands and let out a sigh. It was just too much for him to handle.

He remembered how she appeared; out of the dust of a ki attack he'd thrown in an attempt to train himself. He had been stunned; there hadn't been a person there a few moments ago. His first impression of her was that she was muscular. She'd been wearing her normal loose fitting clothing, but he could still tell. Choazu had been sitting nearby on a rock. He was the first to react. He went up to her and asked her if she was okay.

"Of course I am."

"Where'd you come from?"

"Not here. That's all you need to know." She replied tersely.

"What's your name?" Choazu asked.

"Satira."

The entire time Tenshinhan had been walking toward them. He was finally close enough to be heard and to hear. He was lucky enough to hear her name, but the rest had been too soft for his ears to pick up. He asked where she was from and got a very annoyed look. Choazu told him she didn't want to tell. This made him suspicious. His first thought was that she was here to fight, or she was being followed. However, she didn't look like she wanted to fight or that she was paranoid of someone coming after her. She looked relaxed.

"Well, if your not going to tell us where you're from, at least tell us why you're here," he said.

"That I can oblige. I was sent here to train you. You could become a problem."

Of all the things the girl could have said, this was the one he least expected.

"I already know how to fight. I don't think I need training, thank you," he told her, turning around to leave.

"Who said anything about fighting? There are other areas you can train in. Like your telepathic abilities. They're okay, but definitely need some sharpening," she said before he got too far.

"How did you know about that? It's not like you can just look at a person and see that they have telepathy."

Satira broke out laughing at this. Tenshinhan stood and watched her cracking up. 'This girl is definitely crazy,' he thought to himself.

“I am not, take that back,” Satira had stopped laughing and was now looking at him with a very pissed off expression on her face.

“Take what back? I didn’t say anything offensive.”

“But you thought it.”

“You can read his mind?” Choazu said, stunned.

“Well if he doesn’t shield his thoughts I can, and I’m not the only one. That’s why I want to train you. The telepathy is only the beginning of the abilities you have. I can show you how to control the rest and how it can be useful in your battles. If you just give me half a year, I can teach you. Trust me, you will get something out of it.”

And so he had agreed, deciding perhaps this was something that would give him an edge.

She started the next day by explaining everything about second plane energy and how it was stronger than ki because it was still pure. It was the energy that went into something so it could stay alive, not energy that was given off by something already alive. He had been confused at first, but as he got more familiar to the terms and the energy itself, he understood everything she had said.

Now he sat here by her bed, watching her being drained. He wished someone else in the house knew how to help, maybe he wouldn’t feel so alone and useless. He sensed someone’s come in and turned around to see whom it was. It was Choazu.

“Is she going to be okay?” He inquired.

“I don’t think so.”

“What’s wrong with her?”

“Some jerk I can’t sense or reach had connected to her the way he would a line. He draining her the same way he would a line, only she doesn’t have an infinite amount of energy like a line. In other words, he’s draining the life out of her,” he stated, depressed.

“Haven’t you tried to break his connection?” Choazu had learned the same terminology that Ten had, mainly by being a bystander to their conversations at the dinner table.

“No, but from the way it looks, only the connector and the person he connected to can break it. Satira doesn’t even have enough energy to remain conscious. I don’t think she can break it.”

“It couldn’t hurt for you to try.”

“Good point. I guess I could.” He closed his eyes and concentrated yet again. He tugged lightly on the orange connection with his mind, but it didn’t move. He tugged harder, yet it still wouldn’t budge. He used all his mind strength finally, and was brought out of his trance by Satira’s scream of pain. Apparently it did hurt to try, mainly Satira.

He stopped then and groaned in frustration. A few of the guys were now standing in the doorway, their attention grabbed by the previous scream.

“What happened?” Gohan asked, worried because the girl was still out.

“Nothing that involves you,” Tenshinhan said tersely.

“Tenshinhan, it’s not his fault, don’t yell at him,” Choazu scolded.

“Sorry about that Gohan. I’m just frustrated because I’m at a loss as to what to do,” Tenshinhan explained.

“I understand. I wouldn’t like being in that situation either,” he replied, “Why don’t you tell us what’s going on? Maybe we could help.”

“I doubt it, but here it goes anyway...” he explained everything, much the same way he had to Choazu before, only adding a few definitions to some terms here and there.

Gohan, Yamcha and 18 gave him looks of pity. They didn’t have any idea what to do. Goku, who was also standing there, had a blank look on his face. He didn’t understand half of what Tenshinhan had said.

“Why don’t we worry about it later. There’s nothing you can do right now. How about you come out and talk to the rest of us. I think Vegeta had about a hundred questions to ask and is ready to either blast someone or pop a blood vessel if he doesn’t get some answers,” Yamcha said, feeling uncomfortable at his friends sorrow.

“I guess he probably should get his answers, though Satira would have an easier time answering them compared to me. She would know what she was talking about.” He stated sadly.

“Why so glum? It’s not like she’s dead yet,” 18 said.

“Yet,” Tenshinhan replied, putting an emphasis on the last word 18 said.

“Just come out. She could use her rest, and who knows, maybe she’ll be able to stop the guy on her own. Maybe she has more energy than you give her credit for,” Gohan said, trying to give Ten a more positive outlook.

“Fine,” Ten simply stated, getting up from his chair, and exiting the room.

He got out to the living room and found most of the people sitting somewhere in the room. 18 and Yamcha found a seat somewhere but Ten ended up standing. Goku had gone into the kitchen when he’d left Satira’s room and now came into the living room with an armload of food. Vegeta, Gohan, Goten, and Trunks managed to steal some before he became protective.

‘Note to self: get more food.’ Ten thought.

“So, what exactly is going on,” Vegeta asked.

Tenshinhan assumed he meant Satira and once again went into the explanation, becoming annoyed at having to repeat yet again. He ended by saying, “You guys have to learn to all be in the same place at the same time so I don’t have to explain everything three times every time. It really is annoying.”

“That’s not really what I meant, I could care less about your little girlfriends health. I was talking about her tail. Is she really a saiya-jin?” Vegeta said, rudely, as always.

“She says she is. I only found out about that today too. She is a lot more secretive than most people. Ask her when, or rather if, she wakes up.”

The tension between the two was so thick it was making everyone uncomfortable. Kuririn, in an attempt to break it spoke up saying, “So she’s the new trainer Roshi told us about. What’s she taught you so far?”

“Quite a bit, though I’m not sure if anyone here could do it. She’s told me it’s rather rare to find outside to the race to people who taught her. Apparently she one of those rare outsiders too.” He said

“What exactly is so unique about it?” Goten asked.

“You have to be born with the ability, you can’t acquire it, like you can ki

manipulation.” Ten explained.

“What are the attacks?” Goku said, his mouth full of food.

Tenshinhan cringed and shook his head. Always the same Goku. He replied by saying, “Well, there aren’t a whole lot. Most of it is ways to survive without electricity and most modern conveniences. Here, let me give an example.” He put his one hand out, facing it palm upward. A small ball of bluish light formed a couple inches above it. It then moved from his hand to above his right shoulder, staying there and providing light, “This is what’s called a light. I know it’s not the most creative of names, but these people don’t seem to care much for naming their energy.”

“That looks like it would take a lot of energy.”

“Actually it doesn’t. It’s created in such a way that it’s able to exist without taking up all that much energy to keep it going. It takes more energy to create it than it does to keep it glowing for three hours. It’s used quite a bit because of this. It’s an energy form of a light bulb.”

“If I shift the make of it slightly, I can create the equivalent of a fire that doesn’t burn.” He said, bringing the light down to the floor, and poking at it with his mind a bit, not that anyone else in the room could see it. The ball in front of him went from blue to yellow and started to let off heat. The children, who had been sitting near it, looked in wonder. Tenshinhan then proceeded to place his unguarded hand into the ball. He took it out, and it remained unscathed. The children did the same, following his example, exclaiming in wonder.

Ten started to feel like a circus attraction; everyone staring at him and his amazing tricks. He let out a sigh and dissipated the energy.

“Don’t be fooled though. If I wanted, I could have made that an attack. A characteristic of this kind of energy is that it can be rearranged to be either safe and harmless or very dangerous and an effective attack.”

“I thought you said there weren’t that many attacks,” Yamcha said.

“This is rarely made into an attack. Most of the harmless uses remain harmless uses. No one makes them into attacks because it wouldn’t be very smart. Having a light in the house that will blow up at the slightest pressure isn’t something most people want.”

“Good point,” Kuririn said.

“So, do you know where she comes from?” Goku asked, finally done with his snack.

“No, she hasn’t told us that either.”

“Us?” Yamcha asked.

“Yeah, Choazu knows everything I do, basically. It’s just he can’t do anything that involves second plane energy. She never even said if he could.”

“I listened to what they’d say when they were home and sometimes I would go with them when they left, to watch. I know almost everything Ten knows. It is much more difficult for him to confuse me than you,” Choazu interrupted, not that Tenshinhan minded.

Ten started to leave the room. He realized that Bulma and Chichi had no idea where their children were and that they should know. He also knew that asking Vegeta or Goku to call them would either gain him a blank look or an angry look, depending on the

person.

“Where are you going?” 18 asked. She was the only one who realized he was leaving.

“To call Chichi and Bulma.”

“Why?”

“To tell them that Gohan, Goten and Trunks are here, and to not worry about them. They’ll be fine.”

“Oh, okay.” 18 said, turning her attention to the conversation in the living room. Nothing important was being discussed. Goku and Goten were arguing over which dishes were Chichi’s best while Gohan and the rest would occasionally put commentary in. 18 rolled her eyes and sighed. Men.

Tenshinhan called the two women he considered friends. Chichi gave him an earful and he had to hold the phone away from his ear for a good while, but Bulma was understanding and kept her normal cheery attitude during the entire conversation. However, as always, she managed to say something that would make him slightly uncomfortable.

After hanging the phone up, he walked back into the room where everyone was.

“Who’d you call?” Goku asked.

“Chichi and Bulma.”

“Why’d you have to do that? Now that woman will most likely come over here,” Vegeta stated.

“I thought that they should at least know where their children were for the night. No need to get the police all riled up over an assumed kidnapping now is there.”

“Still, if she comes here, I’m blaming you,” said Vegeta.

Tenshinhan just shrugged his shoulders. What did he care if he was blamed for Bulma’s appearance? It’s not like she was that bad. Besides, he doubted she even knew where he lived. He’d be stunned if she showed up.

“It’s getting rather late. We probably should call it a night and continue in the morning. I don’t know about you but I’m tired. I’m going to bed,” Choazu said lazily, going into his room and closing the door.

“I agree, goodnight everyone,” Goku stated, passing out on the couch. Within seconds he was snoring, despite the fact he was still in the living room with everyone else staring at him.

“Does he always go out like that?” Yamcha asked.

“Almost always,” Gohan answered.

“How about we all follow his example?” 18 stated.

“Good idea.”

Everyone found a spot to sleep. The kids were in the room with the unconscious Satira. Ten was in his room. Goku got the couch. Vegeta, Gohan and Yamcha were on cots and 18 and Kuririn were fine with the floor, even though Ten told them they could take his bed and he could go on the floor.

Kuririn awoke the next morning on a cold, hard floor and a sharp pain in his right shin. 18 had kicked him again. He sat up and looked at the clock. It was only five in the

morning. He let out a groan. He really hated being the first up and knew it would be a few hours before anyone else awoke, so he got up off the floor and quietly went outside.

Ten had heard the click of the door when it was closed and sat up with a start. He too looked at the time. ‘Who would be up at five?’ he thought. He was already grumpy and started planning the death of the noisemaker.

He got out of his bed and put some decent clothing on. He came out of his bedroom and headed over to Satira’s. He cracked the door open and checked on her, making sure not to awake the three children cuddled in the large queen-sized bed. Satira was in the center with Trunks on one side and Goten and Marron on the other. Even if she were conscious, she’d allow this. For some reason, Tenshinhan had noticed that she tended to be much more kinder to children than to adults.

He closed the door again and headed out the front door, still annoyed at the early riser who had awakened him from his sleep. He got out of the front door and looked around. The surrounding forest was still rather peaceful. Only a few birds were awake to make any noise. The pond behind the house was glass still and Ten admired it from a distant until he heard a snap to his right. He looked over and saw Kuririn.

“So you’re the one who woke me up.”

“Sorry, 18 kicked me. She does that every now and then. It must be bad dreams. I’ve never asked her about it,” Kuririn stated. He got a look on his face that made him look like he was thinking.

“You’re lucky I consider you a friend. I hate being woken up at five in the morning. Especially when there is almost no one else up.”

“Satira doesn’t make you get up early?”

“NO, are you kidding, she hates getting up early even more than I. Chances are you wouldn’t be standing here if it had been her you’d woken up,” Ten said, with a chuckle at the end.

“What are you going to do with her? She’s still not conscious is she?” Kuririn inquired.

“No, I already checked. I have no clue what I’m doing...” Ten’s look was enough to make Kuririn look at the ground. He let out a sigh, not having a clue as to how he could help his friend, then again everyone here felt that way right now. Well maybe not everyone. Vegeta didn’t seem to care, as if he ever did.

Ten heard a clutter from inside the house. He went in to investigate. He saw someone was digging in his fridge, but he wasn’t sure whom. The guy stood up and Tenshinhan saw it was Vegeta. Ten gave him snort then left the room, knowing he couldn’t stay in that man’s presence without losing his temper. He went out to the living room and saw Goku was sitting up, looking interested in the kitchen.

“Don’t even think about it. I doubt Vegeta left much than a few scraps,” Ten said quietly, trying not to wake 18, Yamcha, and Gohan.

Goku’s face went from hopeful to depressed. Ten smiled and started to leave. Suddenly he started to feel light headed. He looked over at the couch, hoping he didn’t fall before he reached it. He managed to get there, but sat down very quickly. Goku looked over at him, confused. Ten shook his head, thinking it might clear it up. No such luck.

Gohan and Yamcha were awake now. Apparently Goku had asked him a couple questions, and when he hadn't responded, Goku had started yelling them. 18 was still sleeping happily though. Tenshinhan figured having a four year old helps a person sleep through anything. Gohan and Yamcha were standing looking down at him, worry lining their faces.

Tenshinhan couldn't figure out what was wrong with him. He'd never had this problem before. Maybe the same guy who was attacking Satira was attacking him. He went into trance and didn't see any connections like the one's Satira had on her. However he noticed one that belonged to Satira. He remembers, barely, that she'd put it on him when she'd told him to look at the shields the now dead assailant from yesterday had put up. She must not have taken it down yesterday.

He also noticed that his energy was running through this connection. Satira wasn't the one draining him though. It was the guy who was draining her. Tenshinhan realized he could now stop the guy from killing him and Satira. He would have jumped with joy if he had the energy. Which reminded him that he might want to work quickly.

Being he was already in trance, he started to go to work. He wasn't sure exactly what he was doing or what he was up against. He went into complete trance and put a portion of his soul through the connection. He'd 'watched' Satira do this a few times. Usually to help him when he was handling something too big or if he wasn't getting what she was trying to teach.

Part of this process was bringing your consciousness into another person's mind. He'd felt what it was like to have someone else in his mind before, but he'd never actually done it himself.

He entered into Satira's mind and stopped. There was barely any life left. It was obvious that she was dying. He could see some orange lines running through the place though. Too bad they were the draining connections that were killing her.

He took mental hold of one of the lines and found it was rather easy to move. He threw the line outside of the borders of Satira's mind and it retreated into the distance, back to the person who sent it out. Tenshinhan took a hold of five more and threw them out too. By the time he'd done this a few times, he was confident he'd have no problems.

When he went to grab the next five, he found them much more difficult to move, so instead he only grabbed one and removed it. He was down to about eight now, compared to the nearly fifty that had been here to begin with. But by now they were much more stubborn. When he got down to the last three he was becoming exhausted. He was able to remove two of them. The last one, however, was much more difficult to remove than the last two combined. He didn't think he'd be able to do it.

: *Just keep trying. Put your entire effort into it.* : A voice spoke. It wasn't one Tenshinhan recognized, but it had a pleasant sound.

Tenshinhan felt energy running into him. He had no idea where it was coming from, but he figured if it helped, it was for the better. Tenshinhan reached out and was actually able to pick the last line up. He tossed it out of the boundaries and it slithered away. Tenshinhan went back to his own mind and came out of the trance.

When he opened up his eyes, everyone, even 18, was standing around him. Well everyone except for Vegeta, who was standing in the corner eating, and the children, who

were still asleep.

He sat up and looked around. All the people around him had worried looks on their faces.

“What happened? How’d I get on the floor?” Tenshinhan looked around, confused.

“We don’t know. We were hoping you could tell us that.” 18 said.

“I went into a trance, but I’ve never actually lost control of my body during one.”

“Was there anything that may have caused such a reaction?” Gohan questioned.

“I was in Satira’s mind. But she’s done that to me before and she’s always had complete control over her body in that state.”

Tenshinhan stood up. He shook his head. It wasn’t that he was weak; his mind was just cloudy. He looked around, noticing where everyone was. His eyes widened and he took off at towards Satira’s room. He opened the door rather violently. All of his friends were right behind him. Ten looked into the room. It looked like it had an hour ago, when Kuririn had woken him up, except that Trunks was now sitting up, rubbing his eyes with his fists. Ten smiled sheepishly at him. ‘I guess I didn’t need to open the door so loudly,’ he thought to himself.

: *You could say that again.* : A voice sounded in his head again, only this time he recognized it.

“So you are okay,” Ten stated, though it seemed to the friends in the hallway that he was speaking to the young Trunks. Trunks himself gave the man a funny look. ‘He’s lost it,’ the kid thought.

: *He did not. He’s just hearing my voice in his head, just like you are now.* :

Trunks heard the voice and started looking around frantically, trying to find it’s owner. He finally looked over at Ten. The man motioned his head toward Satira. Trunks looked at the woman beside him with a mixture of awe and fear.

“So how long do you think you’ll be out before you finally wake up? Some people here want to ask you some questions.”

: *It may be a couple of hours, I’m still gathering back energy. I wasn’t very far from being gone there.* :

Ten turned around and looked at the confused crowd behind him, “It may be a few hours before she wakes up, for those of you who care,” he announced.

“That’s wonderful, how’d you manage to save her?” Goku asked.

“Nothing much. I’m not really completely sure what I did. It just worked.”

It was about two hours later before Satira opened her eyes. She sat up and looked around the room. There was no one in it. The children had woken up an hour ago. Satira could smell food in the air. She immediately hopped out of bed, reaching for her robe, and then realized she was still wearing the same clothing that she’d been wearing yesterday.

She grabbed her robe anyway, along with a change of clothing. Exiting the room, she went down the short hallway and into the living room. Everyone but Choazu was there. When they saw her, most of them smiled. Tenshinhan had his nonchalant look.

One of the people got up from the chair he was sitting in and starting yelling questions about her parents at her. She chose to ignore him. However, he grabbed her by the collar and lifted her off the floor. By this time a few of the other people were also up and attempting to calm the man down.

Tenshinhan looked ready to tear the man apart. Satira knew that wasn't a good thing. She took control of his mind, something she normally wasn't supposed to do, but in this case, an exception had to be made, and she made him put her down. She then turned and started walking away.

"I'll tell you after I've had a bath. Be patient," and with that she went out the door and headed to the pond.

"That normal for her?" Yamcha asked, looking at Tenshinhan. Ten simply nodded his head and let out a sigh of frustration.

Half an hour later, Satira entered back into the house. She had only spent about ten minutes in the pond, cleaning herself off, but she liked to bask in the sun afterward. She'd put her robe on and lay on the grass that surrounded the pond. Usually she did this to enjoy the scenery. Today, however, she needed the solitude to compose her thoughts.

She could never let her saiya-jin instincts get the best of her. If she did, the short man who had grabbed her collar earlier would be die a very painful and drawn out death by her hand. She had a need to keep her temper in check. It would do her no good to go into a rage.

Upon entering the house she got a large variety of looks, from stunned to angry. The short guy who'd yelled at her before was doing it again, only this time he kept his distance. Finally she became annoyed with his stupid questions and looked down at him murderously, telling him to shut the hell up. The guy did as she said, but not before he made a small growling sound.

"Okay, you're curious about where I come from and how I'm still alive, that I can understand," she said in a calm voice. "I never knew my parents, they died before I got the chance. I survived the explosion the same way you did, I wasn't on the planet; I would have thought that was obvious."

"But how could you not have been on the planet?" The annoying man asked.

"Didn't I tell you to shut up? I wasn't on the planet because the man who eventually became my teacher, got me off a few years before the planets end."

"How'd he manage that without being seen?"

"You don't listen well do you? How often do I have to tell you to be quiet?"

"I am the prince of our people and..."

"So?" Satira interrupted the man before he could start his very rehearsed speech.

"So I am your leader, you're supposed to listen to me."

"I don't think so. I swore fidelity to another, and she's much more dangerous than you could ever be. I rather take on your anger than hers."

"You still haven't answered my question."

"Fine! I wasn't around any people when he snatched me up. Though I gave him a struggle, he managed to knock me out, when I woke up; I was in his house with lots of

other people who looked very similar to him. And to answer the next question you want to ask, he wasn't seen landing on our planet because he didn't come in a space ship. And as to how he got on the planet then, I'm not going to try to explain it because you'll probably be seeing it here soon."

"What? What's that supposed to mean? Are you going to show us?"

"No! I'm not to show anything. Sooner or later, the comrades of the man we killed yesterday are going to show up, and they are going to arrive the same way my teacher arrived on Vegeta-sei. Which means of all the people here, the only ones who will feel them coming will be Tenshinhan and me. Possibly Choazu, I'm not really sure about him."

"Will they be hard to beat?" Goku asked.

"I don't know." Satira shrugged her shoulders.

"What do you mean you don't know? How can't you know?" Vegeta bit out.

"Well, I don't know what level the people coming will be on. There are basically four levels, and determining on the amount of second plane energy your body can handle, you are placed into one of these levels. You can typically tell what level your attacker is on by viewing him with your sight," she explained.

Tenshinhan stepped in and started speaking, "Why doesn't everybody here start heading back home. Not to be rude, but my house isn't big enough for everyone and I think it would be easier if we all agree to meet somewhere else to talk about this another time. Satira is still rather tired."

"But can't we eat first?" Goten asked.

"Sure, that way we can decide where to meet and when."

So they sat down to eat, being Choazu had finished cooking quite a while ago. They all agreed it would be wise to meet at Goku's, being it was spacious enough, plus three of the people out of the group already lived there. It also was preferred over Kamesennin's house because there would be better food there (this confused Satira, apparently the quality of the food found at a place was rather important to quite a few people here.).

Terms

Trance- going into a semi-conscious state.

Complete Trance- A much deeper trance, can actually spiritually leave the body and travel around or enter another body or mind. Is usually rarely done

and typically takes a lot of experience to do.
Fire- A ball of energy that lets off heat and/or light.

Disclaimer- I forgot this on the last one, so it counts for both. DBZ is not mine, and I don't mean any offense to the actual creator. Satira is mine however, and if you'd like to use her in one of your stories, go ahead, just e-mail me and tell me so I can read it when you get it up. The pseudonym Kralia Blake is mine and I'd like it to stay mine. Don't take that please.