

The Origin of Shen Shamaiye

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Submitted: November 30, 2003

Updated: November 30, 2003

Many people have created female namekians. Madra, or Shen shamaiye, is just another one of them. And this is the origin.

Provided by Fanart Central.

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1 - Kuzf, and the Blueprints

"Tilouky, where the hell are you?!" came a faraway voice from the end of the corridor.

Tilouky quickly walked out of the room with blueprints in hand. He rolled up his sleeves and dusted himself off, trying to look somewhat decent.

"Coming, coming..." he mumbled to himself.

The door slowly opened, revealing one of the fellow nameks. Juyoape. He resided in the same small cottage as did Hizeeli. Hizeeli was one of Kuzf's closest friends. One of his only friends. Juyoape looked at Tilouky, tapping his foot. He was pressed for patience.

"Where are those damn blueprints?! You said you would present them to me yesterday!"

Tilouky growled quietly and revealed to him the blueprints. Juyoape snatched them away and glared at him.

"I didn't ask for this. I didn't want one of your creations to befriend my brother." Juyoape snapped to him. Nameks are never involved with their progeny. But siblings...well...that's a different story. Tilouky sighed.

"You forget that I didn't have anything to do with this. Hizeeli came across Kuzf. I did not tell him to go to your specific cottage and tell him to befriend Hizeeli."

"Of course it was your fault!" Juyoape began, hitting him in the chest with the blueprints, "You were the one who created the monster! If he weren't created, we wouldn't be in the predicament, would we?! I would be at home with my brother, I would never have had to communicate with you." The word 'you' was said with a sneer.

Like I said previously, nobody liked Tilouky. They did not want to understand his levels of science.

Because Tilouky hated them for not wanting to understand, they hated him for discovering this level of science. Most nameks could not succeed past a junior high school level of intelligence.

"Well Juyoape, thank you for your compliment. Now I would like you to leave."

"I'm glad to! Oh..." he smirked, "And thanks for the blueprints." Just as he turned to leave, Tilouky slammed the door closed. He leaned up against the door and sighed, annoyed. He glared at the wall intently.

"Damn namekians and their intelligence. I never should have released that android out into the world." He sighed for a second before walking down the long corridor. Back to his laboratory. Back to work. Back to his world. His life.

"Hizeeli, get out here!" Juyoape yelled from the doorway. Hizeeli came bouncing out of his room, with Kuzf walking behind him, smiling. Hizeeli jumped in front of Juyoape, smiling.

"Hi!"

"Hello Hizeeli. Can I talk to you?" Hizeeli looked up at him innocently.

"Yeah ok, what is it?" Juyoape knelt down and put his hand on Hizeeli's shoulder.

"No, I mean alone. Without the and- I mean Kuzf, in our presence..." he whispered to him. Hizeeli nodded and looked at Kuzf, smiling once again.

"I'll be right back! I need to talk to my brother!" Kuzf nodded, watching as the two of them walked into another room. The door slammed behind them.

Juyoape slammed his fists against the wall.

"Goddamnit Hizeeli, why in the hell must you befriend that freak?!" Hizeeli glared at him.

"He's my friend! I think the only reason you hate him is because he was Tilouky's creation. I don't even understand why you hate him so much!"

"Because he's not one of us!"

"But--"

"NO HIZEELI. HE'S. NOT. ONE. OF. US!" Hizeeli still did not understand. Juyoape realized this and threw the blueprints at Hizeeli.

"Here are you precious blueprints. I hope you can understand them because I sure as hell don't." Hizeeli glared at him for a second before slowly opening the document up. The whole thing looked like scribbles. "Don't you see?! The guy's a freak! He talks in his own language!" It was not that. It was just that his vocabulary was more extensive. Hizeeli put the blueprints down gently, then looked at Juyoape. "I don't like the fact that you discriminate Kuzf. It's like your racist against him!"

"Oh and where the hell did you learn those words? Did that FREAK teach you!?"

Getting a little annoying, isn't he?

Hizeeli was nine. Four years older than Kuzf. He was a little bit more intelligent than his brother. But his brother was right. Kuzf had taught him half of the words he knew. I mean, when have you ever heard a seven year old say the word 'discrimination?'

"Why do you even care?!"

"Nothing, just go back and play with your FRIEND..." Juyoape said, sighing heavily. He didn't want to deal with him again. Hizeeli glared at him for a second, wanting to continue the argument. But he eventually gave up and walked out. He wasn't really pressed for patience much either.

Hizeeli walked out of the room in a huff. He hated it when people kept trying to talk him out of his friendship with Kuzf. He wished that they could just accept him. He didn't really care about Tilouky and the fact that he created him. He didn't know him.

Kuzf looked over to him with an odd look. He was sitting on one of the bricks in the room. Sometimes Juyoape had debris from other cottages. He sometimes helped build them. In this case, he had a pile of bricks. Hizeeli looked at Kuzf.

"Ok, I'm done talking to him..." he snapped to him. He was in a bad mood. But Kuzf still looked at him oddly.

"Were you guys fighting? I heard banging."

Hizeeli shrugged.

"No, we were just talking casually. Actually we were talking about nothing."

Kuzf just nodded. He knew what he heard, but whatever.

"Ok."

Hizeeli nodded, now smiling. He was happy Kuzf knew nothing of the plague he seemed to be. At least to the other namekians...

2 - Answers

Tilouky sat at the stool to his computer, scanning all of his other creations that failed. He wanted to find out the reason why Kuzf, this creation, succeeded, but all the other ones did not. But his mind was still set on the argument that happened previously with Juyoape.

"Damn namekians. I make one change in their lifetime and they think I've unleashed some disaster upon the world..."

He smirked. His only reason for making Kuzf was from anger. He hated the namekian race, despite the fact that was what he was. He wanted Kuzf to destroy the namekian race.

"Maybe I should have tried to create some other beings. Then they would be obliterated sooner..."

He clicked on a blue button. Each time he did, the screen would change to a different failed creation. Computers for namekians were a little different from the ones humans created. A keyboard was the same model, the screen was twice as big, and a mouse was that one small blue button. Tilouky was the only namekian to create a computer anyway.

Tilouky paused to take a look at one of his creations that was just before Kuzf. It was him, only a female version of him. He was going to name her Rafta. She looked similar to Kuzf, but didn't acquire his exact looks. She was going to be programmed to destroy the namekian world and the universe alongside Kuzf. He knew someday Kuzf would fall in love and he would rather it be with someone who looked somewhat like him and seemed like they were the same race. If he were to fall in love with someone outside his race, they wouldn't understand. They wouldn't care.

Tilouky sighed. He was happy that he would never fall in love with a namekian. All namekians were males, and he programmed Kuzf...he wouldn't fall in love with a namekian, let's just put it this way. He never knew of any female nameks, and he doubted there ever would be one. Besides, the only reason Tilouky knew of the concept of love was because he went to other planets. He learned from them, and he fell in love once. But because he was a different race, she didn't care. Hence the reason why he wanted to create Rafta. But it did not work. She was halfway through her construction when she literally just started melting away in the capsule. When she completely melted away, the capsule broke. It took a few days to clean everything up. But Tilouky didn't become depressed about it like all of his other creations. In this one, he never put in the proper emotions. She would never experience love anyway. Only hate. So to him, maybe it was a good thing she died so early.

He clicked the button again, revealing his first creation. The one that lived for the first day, then died a quick death. Its name was Uli. He had tried to create a namekian. It was one of the first things he had tried to do. He was a prototype. A test run. Which didn't succeed, like I said before. If he did, I would be focusing on him to some point in this story now wouldn't I?

Uli came out deformed. He had four arms and he was four times the size of a normal namekian. His ears were split, and he had no eyes. And no brain. He had entered the world as an evil being without a purpose. All he did was walk around blindly, growling and yelling at the top of his lungs, foaming at the mouth. He was a beast. He would never be like a real namekian. It was just as well that he died.

During his first day of his life, he fell down, clutching his throat. His internal organs were melting away into a hard lead. Tilouky always has this problem with his creations melting. The lead soon came out of the eyes he'd never have, his split ears, mouth, everything, until his body just fell into a puddle, and he was gone. It wasn't much of a loss to Tilouky, though. He hated that creation.

No matter, though...

Kuzf sat in the living room of Hizeeli and his brother's small cottage. He was bored. So all he did was sit there and stare forward. He had become evil when he first came alive, but the damn namekian changed him. He befriended him. And in this process, Kuzf's evil died. It started to spring up again sometimes. But he always ignored it. He didn't know evil was something terrible, he just regarded this feeling as becoming sick. He always tried to push it away, and he always succeeded.

"So what do you want to do?" Hizeeli asked him, looking at him. Kuzf looked at him and shrugged.

"I don't know. Do you want to go see if the elder needs any tending to?"

"Nah. There are too many apprentices to tend to his every need as it is." They both paused to think.

"The crops?"

"Nope. I saw 5 others there this morning."

"Your brother?"

"He's too busy." A lie. Juyoape wanted nothing to do with Kuzf. He never wanted to talk to him. He hated it when he had to.

"Exploring?"

"Sure. There's nothing really better to do." Hizeeli slowly stood up, picking off a few bugs that happened to crawl on his shoulder. He sighed. There really wasn't anything better to do. He turned and looked at Kuzf, grinning slightly.

"Wouldn't it be cool if we could be Tilouky? I mean, he has all of these other things that keep him occupied all day and night. If we were him, we'd actually have something to do." Kuzf didn't know he was created by Tilouky. Hell, he didn't know he was created at all. He forgot his first few days when he was in the building. They all became a blur when he became 3. But he did not know who Tilouky was.

"Yeah, that would be great. Then we wouldn't be bored." Kuzf returned the grin. Hizeeli turned again and started walking. It took him a few seconds or so when he got to the doorway to notice that Kuzf wasn't following. He had remained in the same spot he was in. He turned to look at him. He was no longer standing. He was on the floor, head in hands, panting. Another headache. Another brainwashing statement to try to get him to kill the people he knew and make him become evil.

Kuzf, you need to kill Hizeeli. He's only trying to prevent you from carrying out your purpose in life. To kill the namekian race!!

The voice in Kuzf's head was that of Tilouky's. It plagued him wherever he went; acting like father scolding a child whenever he wasn't doing what he wanted. He would say this over and over in his head, trying to make him become evil. To actually make him become pure evil. At least until he carried out his deed. To kill the entire namekian race except Tilouky. Tilouky's plan afterwards was to just live alone on the planet. He could do everything on his own. Without bother.

"Hey Kuzf, are you ok?" Hizeeli asked him. His headaches were happening more frequently. And without warning. One moment he would be happy, then the next he would have a big headache. Often at times, he would faint from it. Kuzf nodded weakly, still under the effects of the headache.

"Yes. I...I'm fine..." Kuzf replied. Hizeeli stepped forward. He didn't like these headaches. Whenever he would get the headaches, he would get a feeling that something bad was going to happen.

"Um...Kuzf...maybe you should stay here. If you stay here, maybe your headache will go away quicker..." Kuzf wanted to go exploring though. He hated these headaches. He kept thinking about him later in life. I mean now he was only 5. He didn't want to think about him at 12 being dead from these headaches.

"No, I want to go. I just need a few minutes..."

Hizeeli shook his head. He didn't want him to be unconscious halfway through the village.

"Kuzf, just stay here. I'll only be gone for a few minutes and we'll go exploring some other time, what about that?"

Kuzf paused and thought about it. Yes. Exploring another time. That would work. He looked up at Hizeeli and nodded weakly. Hizeeli grinned slightly.

"Ok then. I'll be right back." And with that he turned and left the building, leaving Kuzf there to deal with his headache...

Tilouky still sat at his desk, searching for more of his old creations. He was now thinking of creating someone new. He was getting annoyed with the fact that he had to wait until Kuzf's adolescence before he became evil. He didn't want to wait that long. So an idea struck him. To create a different being to carry out his deeds. At first, he didn't realize he would have to wait over 10 earth years before he would carry out the deed. So maybe he could create another one. One that was a mix of all of his former creations.

Then his mind traced back to when he was thinking about a female namek. A smirk spread across his face. Yes, a female namek. That would change everything. He nodded, deciding this. He was going to create a female namek.

Just then...a knock on the door.

Tilouky sighed, annoyed, then slowly stood up from his desk. He didn't want another visit from Juyoape, or any other namekian for that matter. They all tried to put him down in some way. Some often came by to scold him about his creation. Scold him! Like a parent. Annoying.

Tilouky stepped from his laboratory and walked down the long corridor for the second time today. He was glaring to the door. He knew what to expect. When he arrived to the door, he didn't hear the usual pounding. It had taken him long. Nevertheless, he opened the door. Standing there was Hizeeli, hand in the position of when he was about to knock on the door. He didn't hear him walking down to the door, so he wanted to knock again. He expected him to still be in his laboratory. He almost always was. Tilouky's glare softened. He looked down at Hizeeli.

"Yes, what do you want?" he snapped to him. Even the child namekians were rude to him. He hated it. Hizeeli looked up at him innocently.

"I have a question about Kuzf..." Tilouky rolled his eyes.

"And what is your question?" Hizeeli then reached into a pocket and pulled out the blueprints. He wanted to understand them. Tilouky grabbed them from him and looked down at him with an odd look.

"And where, may I ask, did you get them?!" Hizeeli shuffled back and forth nervously, looking to the ground.

"My...my brother. I don't understand them. He doesn't understand either, and I want to know what the scribbles mean..." Hizeeli was using his brother's words. He didn't know that the scribbles were his writing. Tilouky looked down at him, still oddly. Someone was asking him about his creation? With intentions?

"So let me get this straight. You want to know the meaning of these blueprints, correct?" Hizeeli nodded.

"Yeah. My brother came to you this morning and got the blueprints, but he threw a fit when he came home because he was mad at me for meeting Kuzf..." That perked Tilouky's interest. He looked down at him. Hm...so this is the namek who has taken my creation in... he thought to himself, holding back a grin. His look soon faded to a frown.

"Tell me, why are you so interested in my creation? Shouldn't you be like the other nameks who despise me and anything that has to do with me?" Hizeeli shrugged in response.

"I don't know, I'm not the same way, though. I wish I was the one who created Kuzf!" He started to become perky, "Then I'd know all of this scientific information!" This time Tilouky did grin. He was happy there was at least one being on this pitiful excuse for a planet who didn't despise him.

"Yes. Very well. Follow me." He nodded, then turned and started to head back to his laboratory to explain everything to him. Every single bit of information about Kuzf. Hizeeli looked up at him, then followed behind, closing the door behind him...

3 - The voices

Juyoape walked through the village, nervous. His eyes would trace where a namek that crossed his path would go. The namekians knew his brother befriends Tilouky's creation. They thought of them weird. Odd. Like Tilouky. But this was only towards his brother and Kuzf. They knew that he despised him. So they left him alone. But Juyoape had acquired paranoia from this. And it wouldn't go away for a long time.

He sighed with relief as he saw the cottage he resided in. He felt safe there. At least when he got to his room. He couldn't stand being in the same room as Kuzf. Who knew namekians could hate something so much.

He came to the door and slowly pushed it open. At first, he saw nothing. But then he saw him. Kuzf. He was sitting in a corner, glaring forward into nothing, hands on his knees. He still had a headache. He looked up to the door, thinking it was Hizeeli, but it wasn't.

Look Kuzf, it's the namek's brother. The one who hates you. He wants his brother to have nothing to do with you. He wants this friendship between you two to be over so things will be restored. If you kill him, then everything will be in order. Everything will be good again.

Often at times, Kuzf would try to ignore this. The voice in his head was Tilouky. His soul was with him always. His voice played in his head to brainwash him, and his memories made what he said seem true. Kuzf knew already that Juyoape hated him anyway. He could see it in his eyes. For once, he had to agree with what the voice told him. But he still didn't want to kill him. So he tried to ignore it. That didn't work out well.

Juyoape stood a few feet from him. He didn't know whether he should stop and greet him, or just head to his room without any greeting whatsoever. He chose the second one. He glanced at Kuzf for a second before turning and heading to his room. Halfway there, he heard him get up. He looked back.

Kuzf was standing there, pissed off. Agreeing with the voice in his head did not work out. That added fuel to the fire. The voice kept saying this over and over. He couldn't go to do what the voice in his head was telling him to do. Kill him.

"What's wrong with you?" Juyoape asked him, giving him an odd look. He wanted to go back to his room. But his curiosity made him stay. He wanted to know why the android was angry.

But Kuzf said nothing. He just raised his head forward and glared at him. His power level was far beyond any of that of a namek, even at this small of an age. He was already aware of half of his attacks at his age as well.

"Well, are you going to tell me what's wrong or what?" Juyoape asked him again, now getting impatient. Something was obviously troubling him, and he wanted to know who or what it was. Kuzf slowly stood up, not taking his eyes off of Juyoape as he did so. He started walking toward him, putting one arm behind his back to power up a few ki blasts. He took one step; one ki blast came to the tip of his claw. Another step; another ki blast. He was giving into the voices. Or the voices had used too much force, and he basically was forced to give in.

"You want to know what's wrong?" Kuzf asked him like nothing was wrong. One more step; one more ki blast. A few more steps and they were now all at the tip of his five claws. That was one attack he discovered when he was very, very young.

When he was two.

"Yes Kuzf, I want to know what's wrong!" Juyoape replied, raising his voice. Kuzf now stood in front of him. He was about four and a half feet tall at the time. Juyoape was five feet tall. There wasn't that

much of a height difference. Kuzf looked at him with a blank expression, until he started glaring. "My problem..." He began, revealing his claws. He looked down at his hand for a brief moment before striking Juyoape in the stomach, the tip of the claws going through, "...is you..." he whispered to him. Juyoape looked at him, glaring and gritting his teeth, but you could tell he was shocked. But then again, he knew that it was only a matter of time. Only a matter of time before he started attacking. Juyoape tried to form some words to reply to his statement, but he could not. They all came out in gurgles. Blood was starting to fill his mouth. He was starting to get lightheaded. Kuzf took his claw out and examined it. There was his blood all over his hand. He then looked up at Juyoape like he couldn't believe what he was doing. At that point, the voices had stopped. And he had come back to reality. Juyoape glared at him, then fell forward, unconscious. Blood was starting to pool around him. And at that time, it was when Hizeeli came home...

The door swung open slowly to the small cottage, revealing Hizeeli looking quite pleased with himself. He had gotten up the courage to go talk to Tilouky, and he had found out a lot more information than he intended. But either way, he was glad he learned a lot more about Kuzf. Supposedly Tilouky had told him everything he knew about him, but he forgot to mention the part where he was supposed to destroy the nameks as he got older. Tilouky seemed to be completely different than how the other nameks described him as. He was the complete opposite, at least to Hizeeli.

Hizeeli saw Kuzf. He was on his knees, staring at his hand, still not believing that he almost killed Hizeeli's brother. He was trying to fight back the urge to break down and cry. He didn't yet realize that Hizeeli had come back to the house. Hizeeli stepped forward.

"Hey Kuzf, what's wr—" it was at this time he saw Juyoape laying on the ground, unconscious. It was dark, the puddle of blood was almost unnoticeable, but you could still tell that he was hurt. Hizeeli's eyes went wide, his pupils shrinking. He ran over to Juyoape and knelt down, putting his hand on his back. He started shaking him lightly.

"Juyoape...Juyoape!.." Tears were starting to come to his eyes. He didn't want his brother to die. He looked over at Kuzf, who was now looking at Hizeeli with eyes that were pleading forgiveness.

"Kuzf...what happened? Did you do this??" He asked him, his voice mixed with anger and sorrow. Kuzf looked at him like he was shocked then flinched back, nodding very slightly, but enough for him to notice.

Hizeeli immediately backed away, "But...but why??" He knew that his brother hated him, but he knew that there was no way that Kuzf knew about the hate he felt towards him.

Kuzf looked at Hizeeli. He could tell that he was mad. But then again, he could tell that he was confused.

"Hizeeli...I'm sorry..." That was all Kuzf could really say at the moment. He didn't know what else to say. You can't really go up to someone and say 'Oh sorry, voices in my head were telling me to kill your brother.' You can't exactly say something like that.

"But...but why?!" Hizeeli said again, raising his voice just as Juyoape had done a few minutes before. Kuzf looked down.

"I—" he stopped, then hesitated, "I didn't mean to..." Hizeeli picked up Juyoape, now crying and started to head to the door.

"You didn't mean to nearly kill him?!" He growled quietly under his breath and walked out the door, not looking back at Kuzf. Kuzf looked after him as he walked away, then rested his arms upon his knees. Those voices...it's all their fault..., he thought to himself. And as he sat there in silence, he could hear those voices. In the back of his mind. Laughing...

4 - Another failed experiment

Tilouky stood in front of a newly-built tank, watching his new creation take shape. He was going to create a female namek. He had gone over the procedure countless times. This time it wasn't going to take over a year to take shape like it did with Kuzf. This time that was going to happen in a few hours. It was a new method he was trying to perfect. He was becoming impatient with the fact that it was taking so long.

He had to make some sacrifices for the female namek. He was making her actually have blue hair. He knew a female couldn't be bald, not to mention he couldn't think of any other way. She was going to have sky blue hair. But for some reason, he didn't want this. Halfway through the process, he didn't want that. But it was already too late. At the moment, she looked like a chibi. A small child. But with this one, it was going to wake up when she was an adult. That way, she wouldn't have any such involvement with the namekians, like Kuzf was.

He just continued to look at it, watching as every feature changed as she got older. A small grin was spreading across his face. He thought he would change history. Change it all by creating the first female namek.

He was wrong.

Just as the smile faltered, the eyes opened. It was too early. Way too early. Its eyes weren't even formed. They were liquid. Grey blobs of liquid. They started leaking out, mixing in with the fluid that held her in the tank. She couldn't breathe in the fluid. Tilouky's eyes became wide. He didn't want this to happen. It had happened with a lot of other creations. And he didn't want this to happen with this one. He came down and pressed the red button to drain out the fluid. The tank slowly opened, letting the creation breathe in oxygen instead of the fluid. But things went wrong. The creation fell out from the tank, breathing heavily. It wasn't accustomed to this. Its lungs were slowly caving in. Slowly collapsing. And finally they did.

Suddenly the creation fell to the ground. Her chest was falling inward. Caving in, like said before. She was gasping for breath. She was clutching her throat. Tilouky tried to get her accustomed to the environment. He tried to change the temperature, put a different amount of chemicals in the air. But nothing worked. He pressed the button to add a small amount of carbon into the air. When he looked back over at his creation, he stopped. He sighed sadly and pressed the button to leave the atmosphere back to the normal atmosphere. The creation was lying there on the floor, dead.

Another failed experiment...

5 - Awakening; Infestation

Juyoape sat up in the bed, looking around. There was a tremendous amount of pain in his stomach, but otherwise that was it. He felt fine. It was a week after Kuzf had wounded him. Hizeeli was sitting at the side of the bed, looking out the window. He didn't want to believe Kuzf had intentionally wanted to hurt his brother. I mean, he didn't blame him, but he still didn't want him to do it. He hadn't talked to him this whole week Juyoape was unconscious. He would stay in the room or walk around the village. That was it. It was something he didn't want to have to deal with. He was only 9, he didn't want all these things to be happening to him when he wasn't even 10.

"Hizeeli?" Juyoape said to Hizeeli, looking at him oddly. He didn't remember much. All he really remembered was asking Kuzf what was wrong. Hizeeli turned around and looked at Juyoape, looking somewhat surprised. He was supposedly supposed to be unconscious for a month. He jumped out of the chair and smiled, "Juyoape! Are you ok??" He wasn't all convinced that he was alright.

"Yes, Hizeeli, I'm fine," Juyoape replied, grinning. Hizeeli returned the grin, starting to head to the door. "I suppose you want to go home, right?"

Juyoape nodded, "Yeah." He struggled to get up, hand on his stomach, but eventually stood upright, able to walk to the door. He couldn't want very far without having to stop and take a breath, but he was basically fine...

Kuzf was still in the room, dealing with the voices in his head. He wouldn't pay any attention to them, though. He was depressed. He was worried that he wouldn't be allowed to reside in this house, and he would have to go search for someplace else. It would be very difficult. Most of the namekians hated him. He would probably be forced to live in a mountain range or something of the sort.

Kuzf had thought about going to see Juyoape and apologize. But he didn't want to walk to the place where he was getting his wounds treated. He knew as well as anyone that he was disliked. He had walked a short distance, but Namekians had glared at him. They knew about Juyoape and what he did. Now Kuzf was afraid to leave.

He just wanted to wait.

Wait for Hizeeli to come back with Juyoape.

Wait to apologize...

Tilouky leaned against the keyboard of the computer, head in his hands. He didn't care if he accidentally typed something with his elbows. He needed to think. He didn't understand why this creation had died like the other ones.

Maybe it was because of the rapid age process, he had told himself. But he didn't want to believe that. Now the idea of creating a female namekian was all he could think about. He wanted to come up with some way to create it. He was getting pissed off because all of his creations were failing. The only one that worked was Kuzf, and that one didn't meet up to his needs. He would have to wait, and he didn't want that. He wanted to obliterate the namekian race quickly. Not now.

He took his elbows from the keyboard and looked at the small screen that he accidentally typed on. There was nothing. Just random letters. But one random set of letters appealed to him. They read, "Infst." That gave him an idea.

Infestation.

He could create the female namekian.

But not with a tank or a capsule.

With infestation.

6 - Apologies

"Hizeeli, why won't you accept my apology! I told you before that I had no idea what I was doing!!" Kuzf yelled to Hizeeli. He was trying to apologize to him. Juyoape had taken one look at Kuzf when he came home, and went pale in the face. He didn't remember what he had done to him, but he was now afraid of him. He walked over to his room to rest, not looking at Kuzf as he walked.

"Because Kuzf! How could you not know that you were killing my brother?!" Hizeeli screamed to him. He didn't understand why he had done it. Like I said before, Tilouky left out the part about him becoming evil. And that created a problem.

"It was UNINTENTIONAL!!" Hizeeli looked down. He didn't want to argue. He sighed heavily.

"Ok look, he doesn't remember anything from what happened. The only thing that's wrong with him is that he's now afraid of you. I don't know how to change that. I just want to know why you tried to kill him." Kuzf sighed.

"But..."

"I don't care how farfetched the reason is, I just want to know." Kuzf hesitated. He knew he probably wouldn't believe him, but he didn't care about how farfetched it would sound, so it was worth a shot.

"See...I have these voices...in the back of my head. They tell me to destroy my friends and probably family if I had any...and it told me to destroy your brother. I refused, but for some reason I tried to kill him anyway, and I don't know why..." He looked up at Hizeeli. He was pale, just as his brother had been before. The first thing that had come to his mind when he was telling him why he had tried to kill his brother was Tilouky. He did not reply to Kuzf's statement. He was looking towards the door, debating on whether to go talk to him or not. Kuzf looked at Hizeeli. His face just showed confusion, not disbelief. That made him feel better to some extent, but he still worried of it.

"I will be back in a few minutes." And with the Hizeeli turned and left. He wanted to talk to Tilouky...

7 - Chemicals

Tilouky stood in front of a small chamber. He kept his chemicals in there when he would create someone. They were always in needle form. Shots. When he wanted to add this to a creation, he would pierce a small thin part of the tank and inject it into the tank. The creation would then absorb it, and that would be it. He had so many chemicals in there, he could create a unicorn with namekian arms, a human head, and many, many other traits. This time it was his turn.

He slowly opened the chamber. Immediately vapor from dry ice flowed from the chamber. The fluids in the shots were completely frozen. When they were taken out, they immediately would melt into the liquid form.

So many different chemicals to choose from. But which to suit the new creation. Ah, yes. He reached for one of the shots, which had a black liquid in it. He found that on a planet light years away from the namekian planet. He only had a small quantity, and he barely ever used it. But now he would. He was going to inject the liquid within his body. There, a female namek would generate. Namekians always have male offspring. It wasn't very difficult to create a female namek. Just a few select chemicals to change the chromosomes, and some others just to make her be unique. He didn't intend to make it much different than other namekians. He just wanted its power level to be much more than them. That's all he really wanted. He didn't want what would result.

He reached for the shot and looked at the black liquid, watching as it swirled around in the small capsule. He reached for his collar and pulled it away, revealing one long purple vein that always stood out. He stared at the shot for a long while. He was never that fond of needles.

He brought the needle up slowly and pierced his skin, not taking his eyes off of the needle. It had to be about 5 inches long. He watched it as it pierced the skin and slowly went inward, some blood falling over it. Right when he pierced his skin he pressed the small green button. Immediately the black liquid went into his neck. He could feel it slowly go down the neck and spread throughout his whole body. He immediately became very cold. He became pale.

Right after all of the fluid was injected, he heard the knock at the door. Hizeeli was standing outside. He could tell that his knock was one of annoyance. He could tell what the namekians' emotions were from their knocks. Either that or he could just tell. He didn't know how else to explain it.

He took the needle out slowly, wiping away some of the blood that came out as the needle pierced his skin. He looked at the needle and put it back in the chamber. He could freeze it, then refill it later. He sighed, then quickly walked from his laboratory to greet whoever was at the door...

8 - Things never really change

Tilouky opened the door slowly. He looked outward, then downward, seeing Hizeeli. He would have grinned, but this was different. Hizeeli was glaring at him. Instead Tilouky just looked at him with a blank expression.

"What is it that you want, Hizeeli?" He was glad he had talked to him a week before. He felt like someone actually understood him. But that feeling went away after he saw him glaring. Hizeeli stepped forward.

"Kuzf almost killed my brother..." he began. In the back of his mind, Tilouky was smiling. He became happy whenever something happened to a namek. Instead, he tried to show discomfort. He succeeded.

"Your brother? Why would he hurt your brother?" He asked him. Hizeeli stepped forward again.

"That's what I want to know!! You know something about Kuzf that I don't know about him and I want to know!!" Tilouky stepped back. He wasn't sure whether he should tell him about how Kuzf is destined to become evil. Then an idea struck him. He looked down and sighed.

"I knew there was going to be someday when I had to tell one of the nameks about this..." Hizeeli looked at him oddly.

"Tell me what?! Something about Kuzf?!" Tilouky nodded.

"Yes." Hizeeli stepped forward.

"Then tell me!!" Tilouky sighed, but tried his best to look depressed.

"For some reason, when I created Kuzf, there was a bad side effect. He became evil. Someday in his lifetime, he's going to try and hurt them. But it's rare, I promise you." Hizeeli looked down sadly.

"So those voices he was telling me...they're true?" Tilouky nodded.

"Yes." Hizeeli sighed sadly, then merely turned and started to walk away. When he got a foot away from him, he looked over his shoulder at him.

"Uh...thanks..." He then turned around and continued walking. Tilouky waited until he could no longer see him, then grinned. He turned and started heading back to his laboratory, ignoring how cold he was.

"It's only a matter of time until all of my wishes are fulfilled..." He grinned, then opened the door to his laboratory, shivering...

Kuzf leaned against the door to Juyoape's room, looking forward into nothing. He sighed sadly. He was depressed. He was afraid that Hizeeli would continue to be mad at him. He would get kicked out of the house, then be forced to live in a cave on the other side of Namek or something similar.

"Hizeeli? Are you out there??" yelled Juyoape from his room. When he had come home, he went straight to his bedroom. He was to be on bedrest for another week or so. If he moved around too much, his wounds would reopen and the bleeding would start again.

Kuzf stood up and looked at the door. He wasn't sure whether he should go into the room or not. He could tell that Juyoape was fearful of him when he arrived.

"Hizeeli?!" He asked again, this time more frantically. Kuzf sighed and slowly pushed the door open himself. He just wanted to know what was wrong.

Juyoape looked at the door as it slowly swung open. At first, he thought it was Hizeeli, so his face brightened. When he saw that it was Kuzf instead, his face darkened. He glared at him.

"Oh it's you." He began. He folded his arms, "What do you want...?" Kuzf sighed and stepped forward.

"I just wanted to know what you needed, that's all..." Juyoape turned and glared at him, "Oh? You want to know what I need?" He rolled his eyes and looked away from him.

Kuzf looked at him somewhat confused. He thought he was afraid of him. He expected him to look

scared, not snap at him. Either way, he knew he deserved it. He looked down. Juyoape glanced at him. He knew what he expected. He laughed quietly to himself and averted his gaze back to the wall.

"I can't believe you thought I was afraid of you! Have you ever heard of acting a certain way to gain sympathy?!" He opened his mouth to speak again, but the sound of the door in the living room opening made him stop. Kuzf looked up and looked through the doorway into the living room. Hizeeli was standing in the living room looking depressed, confused, and angry. He looked up, seeing the door to his brother's room open out of the corner of his eye. He turned and saw Kuzf. He smiled.

"Does Juyoape need anything?"

"Hizeeli is that you?" Hizeeli nodded.

"Yes Juyoape, I'm home." Hizeeli walked towards the room, still smiling. He looked at Juyoape, "Do you need anything?" Juyoape shook his head, "No...not really..." He nodded, "Ok then!" He then looked to his left and saw Kuzf. But his smile did not falter.

"Hey Kuzf, do you want to go exploring? We never did go exploring the last time!" Kuzf only replied with an odd look. He was acting like nothing ever happened. But he didn't want to ask.

"Um...yeah...sure..." He slowly started to walk out of the room. He could hear Juyoape talking to Hizeeli as he walked out.

"Can you close the door?" He asked Hizeeli.

"Yes I suppose so..." Hizeeli replied. Kuzf could hear the door slowly closing behind him...

"Why in the world are you offering to go somewhere with him?!" Juyoape said to him, apparently not happy because of this.

"Because I want to..." Hizeeli replied, "Just because he wounded you doesn't mean that he's going to hurt me..."

"What are you talking about?!" Juyoape asked him.

"Exactly how I said it! Kuzf obviously knew that you hated him like all of the other nameks. Maybe that was why he did that." Juyoape rolled his eyes.

"If that was his motive in wounding me, then he had a lot he should be trying to kill..." Hizeeli sighed, then started to open the door.

"Seriously Hizeeli, you're not planning to go exploring with that android are you?" Hizeeli sighed.

"Yes Juyoape. I'm going. I'm going to be gone for a few hours, maybe more, maybe less." And with that he left the room. He looked at Kuzf and smiled, "Are you ready?" Kuzf merely nodded. He didn't know why he was acting like nothing ever happened. But he didn't want to ask him, either.

The only reason Hizeeli was acting like this was because of what Tilouky said. He knew it wasn't his fault he was acting like this. It wasn't his fault he hurt his brother. It was Tilouky's for 'accidental' making him become evil. But he wanted to find some way to prevent him from becoming evil. As far as he was concerned, he was still his friend. That wouldn't change for a long time...

9 - Revenge; Side effects

Tilouky sat in the middle of the laboratory on his knees, shaking uncontrollably. Around him were 5 needles. 5 shots. He was injecting them in his skin every hour. They were all different colors, like the rainbow. One was blue, the other red, orange, green, purple. At the moment, he was injecting the purple liquid into his arm. He wasn't quite sure what effects the chemicals would have, but he knew they must be good. The blue liquid would change the chromosomes, so the namek would become a female. The others would just add to her abilities and strengths.

But what he was doing was not that great. Driven by so many things, he decided to carry on with this project without knowing what side effects they would have on his immune system, his body, and his mind...

Elsewhere, someone knew of his existence. It was a being on a planet lightyears away from Namek. A long time ago, he traveled there in search of chemicals. This was when he was just starting up his laboratory and his attempt to create artificial beings. On that one planet, he had caused many unfortunate events. He killed 50 of their beings by revealing to them some of the chemicals he had acquired from the other planets. He did not know that some chemicals caused them to fall into a coma immediately. And with that, he had also acquired a few enemies. Define 'a few.'

They believed that he had become a plague. A plague to everyone's existence. So they had wanted to obliterate him a long time ago. But he had left when they were going to do so. This time, though, they were going to send someone who was going to do the job for them. The beings were orange. Their clothing was orange. Their eyes were orange. Their weapons were the only contrasting color. They were a bold black color. They had a variety of weapons to choose from for beings who were not violent often. They were known as peaceful beings, but when someone destroys one of them, they have no choice.

"Shealth, you know your target correct?"

"Yes."

"Really? Play back your mission for me."

"Find the one who came to this planet years ago and obliterate him."

"Yes! I'm glad you have remembered your mission well."

Shealth looked up at the one who was sending him on this mission. He was the leader of them all. He was the only one who could declare a state of emergency or war. Much like a president on earth.

"Why must I be the one to be sent to go obliterate him when I was not even in a state of existence when this happened?" Shealth was only 15 years of age. This happened a long time before that. Shealth was barely even conceived when this happened. The leader gave him a look, but nevertheless explained.

"Because you are young. You can move faster than any of the beings on this planet, including me. Plus if you do succeed in my task, a lot will be happening for you when you return." Shealth looked down.

"I-I suppose so..." The leader grinned. He had known the answer all along, but he could not help but be happy.

"Good. Then concentrate. I will explain to you how the planet Namek looks. When you have gotten a clear image of the planet I want you to say 'ytak.' That means go. You will travel there, and you will obliterate him. Is everything understood?" Shealth nodded.

"Yes..."

Tilouky sat on the stool to his computer, carefully typing in what he had concluded for the day. A lot had happened. He had injected chemicals into his skin as if he were a drug addict without knowing the side effects. He had been forced to explain to a 9 year old about Kuzf. Every last bit of information. It does

not seem like a lot. But to him, it was a lot.

The keyboard was oriented in the namekian language. One letter on earth could be a whole sentence on Namek. It was much different. Tilouky sighed and read over what he had typed. He was happy with it, but he could not keep any focus whatsoever on the project he was currently doing. He had been sweating bullets ever since the sun had set, and if he looked at one thing, a tunnel would form between him and that one object. He could not see outside of the tunnel. He stared at the computer for a brief moment before gritting his teeth and looking away, eyes closed.

"Damn, why can't I focus on anything?" he murmured to himself. He was not happy with the fact he could barely do anything. He didn't even have enough sense at the time to discover that all of this was happening because of the injections. He slowly stood up, hand out as if he were feeling for something in the darkness.

"All I have to do is walk around a little bit, yeah that's it. I just have to walk around and I'll feel better..." he said out loud to nothing as he stepped forward. Right when he stepped forward he fell to one knee. Well, walking wouldn't work at the moment.

He sat down on the cold concrete, trying to get a headache which he now had to vanish. It was impossible.

10 - Shealth; Brotherly love

"Shealth, you do know how to use your mind to get these beings in a sense of paranoia, am I right?" Shealth nodded.

"Yes, I know how." The leader grinned and stepped forward.

"Good! Then I have something else you can do when you get to Namek and find Tilouky! I want you to make him paranoid. Make him walk right to the spot where you will obliterate him. That way, it will be much easier than being seen by the rest of them." Shealth looked at him for a second, expressionless, then nodded.

"As you wish." The beings that lived on this planet treated the leader like royalty. Although he wasn't, you had to address them by sir or ma'am. But there rarely were any female leaders. The females on the planet had no use for becoming a leader. Someday there would be, but on this planet there was none at the moment.

"So carry on with it! I want you to get this mission done as quickly as possible and rid our minds of him forever. We can still sense him. That is why we cannot forget." Shealth merely nodded, then closed his eyes. He was awaiting the description from the leader.

"Shealth, the planet Namek had lush, green grass. Its skies are a faint yellow, while their seas are that of turquoise. The trees are green as well." The leader paused, trying to think of some other descriptive remarks he could say. But there was none. He had said it all. Shealth thought of this. The prolonged silence was telling him that the time had come to say go in his language. To finally obliterate Tilouky from existence.

"Ytak..." Shealth said quietly to himself. Immediately he could feel himself falling from the dimension and falling from his planet. He was in space, but in one that was unlike the black vastness that we know of. This space was much different. It was all white. A blinding color. Shealth could open his eyes and look around at his surroundings. But that's just the thing. He was afraid that if he were to open his eyes, something would happen to him. So all he merely did was concentrate and watch how it seemed to get brighter in front of his closed eyes. Finally he arrived on the planet Namek. He could feel the atmosphere becoming different. The light that was in front of his eyes died down.

Then he opened his eyes. It was right where the leader had described him to be. A quaint little section of land to the very far left of Tilouky's village. It would be too far for any of the other nameks to see him. They would have to journey for 2 full earth hours to get to his location. And that suited him fine. He would just wait there. He would try and find Tilouky, beckon him to come, and then obliterate him. It was as simple as that.

"Hizeeli? Are you there?" called Juyoape from his room for about the fifth time for the day. Juyoape was enjoying the fact that he was supposed to be in bed for the next week or so until he felt fine. He did not have to do the chores that he had to do around the village, and he didn't have to do one of Hizeeli's meaningless tasks that involved Tilouky. He could just sit there and have Hizeeli be his own personal servant for the week. The common siblings.

"Yes, what is it Juyoape?" Hizeeli said, sticking his head into the room with a questioning look on his face. He was not fond of having to do so many things for him. He wanted to be doing things; exploring or doing much more. But he could not show any signs of annoyance when Juyoape called him. If he were to do so, he knew his brother would scold him like a parent.

"Oh...hi Hizeeli..." Juyoape said to him, now trying to pretend to be hoarse and decrepit. He put the back of his hand to his forehead and sighed longingly.

"Oh, I wish I was better, I hate to put such a burden on you Hizeeli..." Hizeeli stepped forward and looked at him, like a child does a saddened mother. He shook his head.

"No, not at all. You're not a burden!" He smiled reassuringly. Immediately Juyoape smiled in return. But the back of his hand remained on his forehead.

"Oh, I'm so happy that I'm not, oh dear brother of mine..." He said to him in a loving tone. Hizeeli always thought these compliments of his meant that he was still ill. He was never like this, and he shouted at him most of the time. Hizeeli walked over to his bedside and looked down at him.

"What is it that you need?" He asked him, not keeping his eyes off him in case something were to happen. Juyoape took the back of his hand off of his forehead and let it hang limply on his left side. He fidgeted in his bed for a few seconds before looking up at Hizeeli, looking as if he were going to faint.

"Can...can you feel my forehead and tell me if I have a fever?" he asked him, whining through half of the sentence. He knew that Hizeeli had difficulty telling whether anybody had a fever or not. He could not tell if they were hot or cold.

"Uh...but..." Hizeeli began. At that instant, Juyoape moaned in discomfort.

"But I feel so terrible Hizeeli! I feel like I'm going to fall unconscious! Just, please feel my forehead and tell me whether I'm hot or not!" Hizeeli looked down and sighed.

"But you know I don't know how to tell if you are hot or not..." He said, trailing off in his own thoughts.

"Ah, but Hizeeli I can always tell you whether or not I have a fever or not! Just tell me whether my forehead is cold or not! I promise you!" Hizeeli looked up at him for a brief moment before shrugging.

"I..I guess so..." He said as he came forward and rested the back of his hand on his forehead for a brief moment. His forehead was cold. Even Juyoape knew that he was not sick. But if he were to tell Hizeeli that cold meant he was sick, another week would go by with him as his own personal slave.

"Juyoape, it's cold. Does that mean you're ok?!" His face brightened. If he were alright, then that meant he could go about his business and not have to deal with a moaning brother in a state of delirium. Instead of Juyoape grinning and smiling, which was what he had hoped, he frowned and sank downward back into his bed, resting the hand that hung on his left side on his stomach.

"Oh Hizeeli, I'm afraid that means I'm still bedridden with sickness!" He moaned again, pretending to cough in mid-moan.

"But Juyoape, I thought you weren't sick to begin with!" Juyoape sighed.

"Hizeeli, I know this. I was brought in because of the wound I received to the stomach. But sometime wounds can cause you to fall ill..." He then coughed as hard as he could. It was enough to get Hizeeli worried about him.

"No, don't worry Juyoape! I'll still take care of you!!" He said. Juyoape closed his eyes, then opened his right one halfway.

"A-are you sure?" He asked him. Hizeeli nodded, looking extremely concerned.

"Yes of course!" And with that, Juyoape turned over, his back facing him. He sighed.

"Thank you Hizeeli..." He said before he pretended to fall to sleep. He wasn't tired in the least. He wanted to get out of bed and do some of the chores. But being bedridden for two weeks now was going to be the best. Hizeeli rose up on the tip of his toes and examined his brother. To him, he looked asleep. He sighed, then slowly turned and walked out of the room. He closed the door gently behind him. Immediately Juyoape's eyes snapped open. He sat up and looked at the door, smirking. He could think of so many things he could do to be bedridden for many more weeks, even many more months. He would just have to wait.

Hizeeli stepped from the room, looking annoyed. He was sick of dealing with his brother and he was sick of having to walk around doing his chores. That meant he would have to do twice the amount of work around the village. He was earning recognition, but it was like nothing to him.

"So, how long do you think it will be before he finally can walk again and get to doing his own chores

around the village?" He said to Kuzf, raising his head up and smirking. When he looked at him, his smirk faltered after a few seconds. Kuzf was standing there, looking at the door as if he were going to break out into a run in a matter of seconds. He raised his hand up without averting his gaze.

"Hold on..." he said to him, trying to concentrate. Instead of keeping silent, Hizeeli stepped forward and looked at him oddly.

"What's wrong?" he asked him, looking at the door, and then back at him countless times. Kuzf glanced at him for a second, then looked back to the door. He lowered his arm.

"Do you hear that?" He asked him, now looking around. He heard something, but he could not find the origin of the sound. It sounded far away. He was actually sensing Shealth, but he would not know of what it was like to sense energy until he lived on the uninhabited planet for many years. Hizeeli looked around, but he could not hear anything. The whole room was completely silent. He looked at a corner in the top right of the room and shook his head.

"No, I don't hear anything..." Kuzf then jumped as if he were frightened by something.

"See I can hear it again!" This time, they both tensed as if they both were hearing the sound. Kuzf could hear it, but Hizeeli could not.

"No, I don't hear anything, Kuzf." He repeated, looking at Kuzf. Kuzf then paused and stood upright. He shrugged and smiled.

"Oh well, I guess I must be imagining things then..." His smile faltered. Hizeeli smiled in returned. In the back of his mind, he was worried. He was worried that somehow, someday, he was going to try and hurt someone again. Then he calmed down a little bit. If that were to happen, he would have done that already...

11 - Paranoia

Tilouky sat on a small, cold bench in one of the many rooms in the building he housed himself in. It was a black cottage with many rooms for where he would keep his creations in when they awoke. Only 2 of those rooms he actually went in, and one of them was his laboratory.

At the moment, he was in the room Kuzf slept in for the first night of his life. He didn't know why, but something beckoned him to come there. He was suffering from fatigue, but he could not find any way to make the fatigue fade. He just dealt with it.

Something is wrong, he continued to say to himself. He had a bad feeling. One of those feelings where you can't do anything to make it vanish. But then again, he didn't know how he would be able to make it vanish if he didn't know where it was coming from.

He continued to sweat bullets. He now actually was blaming all of his on the chemicals. He was starting to regret injecting himself with the chemicals to get his idea to finally become a reality. Then he became paranoid. This was not Shealth's doing, but his own. He was worried he would become like his other creations. The one day where he decided to finally make this female namek exist, he was afraid he would quickly break down like the other creations before. As much as he tried to get this feeling to go away, he could not.

Why are you acting like this? He asked himself over and over again. He was not happy with his current emotions. He knew he was going to collapse sooner or later. Getting to this room was a feat of greatness in itself. He had fallen four times, and had to try and prevent himself from going unconscious for a few seconds.

"I don't understand...is this how my creations feel when they are under the effects of the chemicals I give to them?" He asked to nobody in particular. At that moment the headache he had been having all day increased steadily. He came forward, trying to clear his head, but everything became all blurry. He could not concentrate. Then, at that moment, he fell forward and onto the ground, unconscious...

Shealth stood at the coast of the village, looking outward at the turquoise ocean, feeling the ocean air wash over him. He enjoyed this place. It was much different from the other planet. Not one namek had yet spotted him, and he was happy because of this.

That one moment. That one moment when he was standing there facing the ocean, it made him feel happy. Like he was without a care. But whenever he would avert his gaze away from it, all of life's problems would come back to him.

When he was a child, both of his parents had died. Some of the other beings became sick from the chemicals. Rather than die quickly and without pain, they gradually became sick and died slowly, enduring a lot of pain. He did not know why they had died until the leader had informed him of what Tilouky did. He did feel some sort of anger towards him when he found out the reason for his parent's death, but he felt more anger towards the leader for not trying to stop all of this. He knew a cure could be created. But they had decided to leave it.

Afterwards, he had to deal with other parents. There was the concept of foster homes on his planet. But you were not sent to a foster home to become their child. You were sent there to do work. He lived for 7 long years at one foster home until they decided to hand him over to the leader. The leader was the one who would send the children to foster homes in the first place. He had decided to keep Shealth with him until he finally became 15. It does not sound like much, but it traumatized him to some extent. A lot can happen when you are at a foster home and the parents you are working for are not your parents.

Night had fallen on the planet Namek. Lights illuminated the cottages while the namekians slowly drifted

off to sleep. Shealth slowly opened his eyes. Reality quickly came up to him. The mission replayed over and over in his head. He turned to the village and sat down upon a rock, watching as each house slowly became illuminated. He was awaiting the moment that would be right to start his process in obliterating Tilouky. He knew it could be done in a matter of minutes, but that would be too risky. If he dragged it out, it would seem more like Tilouky was slowly on his way to insanity.

Unlike many beings in the world, Shealth does not sleep. He can close his eyes and lay quietly, but he cannot fall to sleep. There is no need for sleep on his planet. It is impossible for them to sleep. Instead he rested his arms on his knees, rested his head on his arms, and concentrated. He could plague him with dreams. Yes. That would work...

Tilouky walked through a long, damp tunnel to a light that he never seemed to get to. He heard a voice at the end. It was Shealth's voice, but he could not tell.

"Tilouky, come here..." he would say over and over. But that was impossible. The more he ran, the farther the light became. His heart was pounding, his feet were killing him. Then Shealth appeared in front of him, stopping him immediately in his tracks. He did not recognize what he was immediately, he just looked down at him oddly. Shealth glared up at him.

"Why did you do it?" He asked him, stepping forward. Tilouky fell backwards, his elbows hitting the hard pavement. But it did not hurt. He looked up at Shealth, scared and confused.

"W-who are you?" he asked him, backing up a little bit. Shealth stepped forward.

"You should know..." Just then he disappeared into a thin strand of smoke, his last sentence hanging in the air.

"The end is near..."

Tilouky jolted awake, still in the chamber. He sat up and looked around, not sure where he was for the moment. Then he remembered. The dream came to him. He shook his head, glaring at the wall.

"Damn chemicals. Giving me dreams to get me paranoid aren't you?" he asked himself. Well, he was talking to himself. But then again, that's not really uncommon, now is it?

He sat in the middle of the floor, legs folded, trying to think of what the dream could have meant.

Whenever he would have dreams, he thought they meant something. For hours on end the next day or a few hours later he would think about it and try to decipher it. But he did not remember much of the dream. As he became more aware, only the last sentence remained in his head.

"The end is near..."

Tilouky shook his head and slowly stood up. He felt fine. The side effects of the chemicals only lasted for the few hours. He didn't remember going to sleep. But then again, he didn't remember falling unconscious, either. He looked out the small window to the chamber. It was slowly becoming daylight. He had been sleeping for well over 10 hours. He looked down and sighed. Another day...