

# Gonan's Story

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Submitted: April 14, 2008

Updated: July 12, 2008

*The story of Gonan Fairchild. The secrets of how he survived death are here. Warning! If you are scared easily, you may not want to read this!*

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# 1. Resha

## Part 1: Resha

Hi, my name is Gonan Fairchild, or, as I am known by many, Gonan Skullchild. I don't have to tell you that I like the former more than the latter if you're going to call me by my last name. I've decided to devote the first part of my story to my second oldest sister, Resha. I have two other sisters and a brother but I guess they don't mean as much to me as Resha did.

Let me see, what can I tell you about my favorite sister? When I was four and alive I realized that she adored me. I adored her back like any cute adorable little brother should. She was actually the reason why I decided to become a medical ninja. She inspired me.

I knew back then that our clan was different. I knew that our kekkei genkai was mysterious and most of us didn't know how to use it or control it. Back then I didn't know what the corpse gene was or that I had it. Our clan only trusted its adult members with those secrets. They also kept the secret of our kekkei genkai from the rest of the world.

I know the things I am saying must sound trivial right now, but they are pivotal facts if you want to understand the events in my story.

When I was four, like every other child, I believed that the village of haunts was only a myth. Most adults don't believe in the village of haunts either. Then one event changed my life and my way of thinking for the better. Something that made the entire sand village believe in the village of haunts and revealed our clan's kekkei genkai.

It was a cold evening and Resha and I were walking home from somewhere. The sun was still emitting a little bit of light that made an eerie glow behind the sandy hills. We were looking at each other and didn't see the man approach us. When we turned to see him Resha switched to protective older sister mode and pushed me behind her. There was a threatening look in his eyes and a kunai in his hand.

"Gonan, run!"

I heard what my sister said, I just couldn't do it. I was frozen in place. Resha tried to defend herself but the man was too quick. He ran his kunai against Resha's throat and she fell to the ground. He crouched down to make sure she was dead and then he turned to me.

The man moved closer to me and I stepped back. I don't know why I looked at his feet but I was glad that I did. I saw sand moving around his feet and it almost lightened my mood. I looked back up at the man and his face was full of worry. I didn't quite understand why he did that.

"Don't worry, I'm not gonna hurt you. I need to speak with you," he said quickly.

"Why did you kill my sister?" I cried furiously.

"Because of the corpse gene."

"What's the corpse gene?"

"Don't worry about that. Your sister will come back more powerful than she was before. That's not important now. Gonan, do you believe in the village of haunts?"

"Of course not!"

"Well, I guess you will soon enough."

It wasn't until that moment that I saw the symbol on his headband. It was the face of a jack-o-lantern on Halloween, two triangle eyes and a crooked smile. That was believed to be the symbol of the village of haunts. Was that REALLY where he was from?

"Have you ever heard of the Uchiha clan?" he asked when I remained silent.

"Uhuh," I said childishly. (I was in fact a child)

"A few weeks ago, a child with extraordinary power was born into that family. Her name is Nia Uchiha. Her sharingan was awakened on the day she was born."

"Wow, she must be very powerful."

"She is going to be the most powerful ninja ever to walk the Earth someday. My sister was born a week after Nia was. On the day we brought her home from the hospital she saved my mother from drinking poison. I saw an early stage of foresight, our clan's kekkei genkai, forming in her mind."

"But why are you telling this to me?"

"I was just getting to that. You are going to become good friends with those girls. Now I'm going to say something that is probably going to scare you but don't worry. You'll be fine."

"What's going to happen to me?"

"That black ring around your arm." He pointed to the black line that circled my right arm. It had been there since the day I was born.

"What about it?"

"A shadow arm is forming. Eventually it will cause everything below that black ring to fall off and you will die."

"I won't be fine if I die! How can I stop it? Tell me!"

"You can't stop it but you shouldn't want to stop it. The shadow arm is a rare gift. You will die but you'll be fine if you listen to me. Fate is going to bring a woman named Eskerna to you. She is the only person who can help you. She has to find you before you die though."

"How can I find her?"

"I will tell you my village's secret of speed. Every day you will travel to the hidden leaf village and spend time with Nia Uchiha. One day Eskerna will find you and ask you to train with her."

"I don't understand! How will I be fine if I die?"

"You have the corpse gene."

The man handed me a scroll and disappeared. I was alone until I remembered what I saw earlier. I turned around and sure enough, Gaara was there. I could tell he was worried about me and he was scared. He must have noticed the symbol on the man's headband. I relaxed a little. Gaara was my best friend and I trusted him.

"Did you see all of that?" I asked in a tiny voice.

He nodded. "The village of haunts is real."

"I'm scared too."

"Did he say you were going to die?"

"That's what I thought he said."

"Are you going to leave?"

"I don't want to die! We can still hang out at night."

"That's true."

I could tell he was upset but he was also worried about me. Gaara didn't want to lose his best friend. I thought that the man meant that I was going to be fine with dying. I didn't think that Resha would come back. The thought was in the back of my mind but I never thought that it could actually happen. What if he meant that I was going to die and come back to life? I thought that was ridiculous, but I didn't rule it out.

## 2. A Break With Tradition

### Part 2: A Break with Tradition

I ran to tell my father what had happened. His reaction surprised me. He didn't seem sad at all. He actually looked overjoyed to hear that Resha was dead. He was even happier to hear that I was going to die. The thought that we would come back once again entered my mind. There was no other explanation. My father loved me and he wouldn't be happy to hear that I was going to die unless I was going to come back.

I thought it was awfully strange that Resha didn't get a funeral. They just put her in her room. It was kind of scary to walk by her room knowing that there was a dead body in there. A chill ran up my spine every time I walked by that room. I couldn't even begin to comprehend what was going on in that room.

After about a week of that torture it finally ended. I was home alone when I heard the blood curdling scream fill the house. It came from the direction of Resha's room. I ran to the door, too afraid to open it, and then it happened. The door slowly slid open and a gaunt, corpsey, gray hand curled its fingers around it. I didn't know exactly what I was looking at, but it terrified me.

Metaphorically speaking my feet were nailed to the ground. I couldn't tear my eyes away from the gray hand that was lingering on the side of the door. Then it moved slightly and another gray hand curled its fingers around the other side of the doorway. Things went faster after that. A head with black hair moved slowly out of the room. I couldn't see the face because it was looking down and the long, straight hair was covering it.

It was definitely a girl but I didn't know where she came from. She slowly pulled the rest of her body out of the room and straightened her back. Her body was shaking all over as she turned her head to face me. Her eyes were black and expressionless as they looked deeply into mine. Then it hit me and I started crying and fell over.

Her eyes were full of worry as she stumbled to my side. She picked me up and carried me to my room. She smiled sweetly as she dried my tears.

"Don't cry little brother," she said calmly.

"Resha, you're alive!" I cried quite pathetically.

"Yes, Gonan, I am alive. I don't know how or why, but I'm here. I have so many questions that I fear will never be answered. What are we? Who is responsible for this madness? Will the same thing happen if the rest of you die? How long will this last?"

"The man from before said the same thing would happen to me!"

"Don't be scared, Gonan, I won't let anyone hurt you, I promise."

I didn't have the heart to tell her that my death had nothing to do with protection. I couldn't just tell her that there was nothing she could do. I would have to thank her for trying later.

My father was not at all surprised to see Resha. He knew about everything that happened to her. I wish he would have told her but he kept quiet. I wonder why he didn't warn us before it happened. After that little incident I decided that it was time for me to move to the village of haunts. I had one foot out the door when tragedy struck me three more times.

### 3. Death, Kidnapping, and Massacre

I was ready to go and so was Resha. Did you honestly think that any sane person would let an eight year old live by himself? Resha was happy to accompany me on my way to the village of haunts. She was getting tired of the looks that people were giving her.

On the night we were supposed to leave there was tension all around. Resha and I were sitting outside talking. Neither of us knew what to expect from the village of haunts.

"Resha, how will they treat us?" I asked innocently.

"Well, Dad said there will be other people like me there but I don't know how they act," she said with a sigh.

"Do you think Rene will come live with us?"

"She probably would if you asked her. She acts like she missed her village."

We both heard a noise coming from the other side of the house. Resha made me stay while she went to investigate. Things went very slowly after that. It was silent for so long that I lost track of time. Then I heard a muffled scream. I ran around to the other side of the house but there was nothing there. Resha was gone. I didn't know why or how, but she was definitely gone.

That was the first time the village of naught was a topic of conversation in our home. My father actually started explaining things to us. He thought that Resha was kidnapped so that she could bring people back to life in the village of naught. I didn't know weather that was a good thing or a bad thing but I did believe it.

Dad said that only corpses could bring people back to life. We can only die from loss of blood. You can't drown, strangle, or poison us. We can't die from diseases and our wounds don't get infected. Our bones don't break and we don't get sick.

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The next day I woke up feeling sick and heavy. The muscles in my bad arm felt loose and weak. I could barely get out of bed. One of my other sisters, Alex, watched me stumble around all morining. She knew something was wrong and she was worried about me. She sent me back to bed when she couldn't take it anymore.

Back then Alex was the 'better safe than sorry' type of person. By the time I got back in bed I was running a feaver. According to Alex, it was a high feaver. She stayed by my side the whole time. When she settled down I tried to talk to her.

"Alex, I think I'm going to die," I said weakly.

"That's impossible! You haven't even been sick before today!" she said frantically.

"This was forseen long before today, Alex."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean my arm. It started on the day I was born. My death is imminent now."

Alex looked down at my arm. There was a small cut on the black line that extended around the width of my arm. Blood was slowly seeping out of the cut but I knew it would start coming out faster soon. I had no idea where the cut came from and it hurt. Even though I knew I was going to come back, I was still afraid to die.

I knew what i had to do. Eskerna Sensei had taught me how to use my bad arm. If Eskerna Sensei hadn't taught me how to save my arm, all of my suffering would have happened before I died and I wouldn't have come back. I was ready, but I had to explain to Alex.

"Alex...I have to stop the pain...or I won't come back," I stuttered.

"Stop talking like you're going to die, Gonan!" she cried in disbelief.

"It would be a lie if I said that I won't be fine."

"that doesn't make any sense!"

"It will make sense after it happens. If you don't want to see me die, you should leave now."

"Alright, I understand. I'll come back in about an hour to reattach your arm."

"It won't take that long."

Alex looked at me with the same worried eyes that I saw in Resha the day she died. She looked down at my bad arm and kissed the cut that was bleeding faster every second. Then she kissed me on the cheek and wiped the blood from her lips. She stroked my sweaty, blonde hair a couple of times and dried my tears. Then she got up and slowly left the room closing the door behind her.

Then I was ready. I didn't want to scream because I thought it would mean more suffering. I slowly sat up to put more strength into my good arm. Then I firmly grasped my right arm and pulled the bottom half clean off. I immediately fell back onto my pillow and lost my breath. That was exactly what Eskerna Sensei told me to do. I died before I felt the pain. Everything would be saved for when I woke up.

\* \* \* \*

When I woke up everything was taken with a delayed reaction. There was a bandage holding my right arm, which now felt stronger than it ever had, together. My skin was gray, my hair and eyes were black, and the mark that Alex's bloody lipstick from my arm made was permanently tattooed on my cheek. It took me a minute before I felt the searing pain that sent a loud scream through the house.

Lucky for me everyone was asleep and they were all in such a wonderful mood after I woke them up. (you are so out of it if you didn't catch the sarcasm in that last sentence.) Alex was so happy to see me alive that she nearly broke my back in a crushing hug. My dad thought that I was a hallucination. I was surprised to see my older brother, Leo, had come to see me. He had left a long time ago to join a sand village version of ANBU. I would definitely have to talk to him later.

They all tried not to linger on the fact that it was the middle of the night but Alex and dad eventually went back to bed. Leo stayed in my room, silent until he knew that the others were sound asleep. Then he looked at me. His hair looked like a solid concentration of sand atop his head and his eyes were like tiny emeralds.

"I'm not sure if I see courage or cowardice behind this transformation," he said frankly.

"Do you think that it was a good idea for me to pull off my arm?" I asked expecting surprise but not finding any on his face.

"I couldn't say unless you told me why you did it."

"I had to make it so my arm wouldn't hurt until I came back."

"You were told to do this?"

"I was told everything. Eskerna Sensei said that I would be stronger if I did that. I...don't want to talk about this anymore, I'm tired."

"Gonan, we need to talk about this! Do you have any idea what your friend, Rene, was seeing while you were transforming? Do you have any idea what you've missed? Do you have any idea what happened only a few hours ago?"

"No. Don't drag Rene into this, though."

"This is NOT about you! It's three am now. It's too early to take you to the leaf village, but it's still morning. Last night there was a massacre."

"Did the whole village get destroyed?"

"No, Gonan, it was only the Uchiha clan. Don't overreact, though. Nia, Sasuke, and Itachi survived. Itachi disappeared immediately after it happened. You and your teammates will be leaving for the village of haunts as soon as you grace them with your presence. Sasuke thinks

that Nia is dead and you are not going to tell him any different."

"Who did this?"

"Itachi did it. I was kind of surprised to hear that he told your sensei face-to-face."

Suddenly, I was terrified for so many different reasons that I almost lost track. Number one was the fact that there was someone out there who could single handedly destroy the mighty Uchiha clan in one night. Number two was the fact that he was Itachi. Number three, would anyone recognize me? If they did, would they be afraid of me? Not Rene, but Nia and Eskerna Sensei! I tried not to let any of those things bother me as I made my way to the leaf village with Leo.

## 4. The Corpse Gene

I know that Gonan's story was really short but it's not over. I'm going to make a continuation and call it the corpse gene. This will explain all questions about Gonan's strange family. There are different types of corpses too.

The next story will tell all about Gonan's encounters with his other siblings and will include how they died. It will show how the other types of corpses evolve and what they look like. You may have noticed that normal corpses transform with the pain of death. They must keep that pain until they come back to life.

Also I might mention that what Gonan said about killing corpses is not entirely true. There is one type of corpse that is not entirely true. There is one type of corpse that can't survive without the loss of blood. If they didn't lose blood every day, they would probably explode like that girl from Cloverfield. Well, that's all until my next story.