

# Looking Up

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*Short fic from the perspective of Bra and Piccolo's baby son, Boxers.*

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## Looking Up

The covers on me began to itch. I hated the fabric, it was itchy and hot. As I began to squirm, the covers fell off in my frenzy. Relief. I rolled over, but that didn't help, I suddenly felt cold. So badly I wanted someone to warm me with a soft, snug blanket. I'd have cried, but I didn't want to wake my sleeping sister a few metres away. Not that I minded waking her, I just minded the torment she'd give me the next day. She seems to know what food makes me most grossed out. Hag!

With a soft sigh, I held onto the side of the crib with my small, podgy green hand. Pulling all my muscles, I rose to my feet. Peering around, the shadows of the room made me gulp. It's hard to know what's real and what are not these days.

Closing my eyes, I put one leg over the side. Sweat amounted on my brow. The operation proved to be painful. The other legs began to reach over. Success...almost. Gravity pulled down on me. I fell to the floor with a thud. My head throbbed, but I didn't cry. Straata was still asleep. I was both relieved and offended. Here, her baby brother has fallen from his crib and she doesn't even wake to investigate. But that's my sister for ya.

I mobilized once the pain had partially subsided in my head. Sadly I can't put my legs in motion as such, so I opted to crawl, a barbaric act we babies must endure. I slowly crawled toward the door. It seemed to go forever. The shadows closed in on me.

Looking up, the mountain of a door made my feelers pull back. A light at the edge caught my attention, I hadn't noticed before but the door was open slightly. Was it possible my brave older, bratty sister was actually afraid of the.... dark? Too funny! With a shake of my small head I slipped a hand between the crack in the mountainous door, pulling it toward me. A rough estimate would say it took ten minutes. You see, as intelligent I am for my age...strength as yet has escaped me.

Flash! A bright light engulfed me. My eyes closed from the shock, tears rolled down my light green cheeks, which were turning red. With a small whimper I endeavoured to open them. Blindly, I crawled into the unknown.

My pattering along the carpeted floor was all I could hear in the darkness. I knew the hallway was lit, but it was so bright I didn't want to risk the ache again. Tipping a little to the side, I almost stumbled over my own arms. How embarrassing a predicament.

Blindly crawling, my journey came to a sudden halt. There was an abstraction in the way. All attempts to pass it were met with failure. With a grunt I pulled back. The need to open my eyes took over. I wanted to see what object had ruined my chances to find comfortable warmth - so I might obliterate it once I obtained power enough.

My vision was blurred. The light was painful, but eyes being the remarkable tool they are, focussed in on

the abstraction. As it cleared, I saw it was rather tall, so tall my little head had to strain to look right up. It towered...just like my door. But this was no door, no object, it was a person. A person with large, muscular arms. Arms which were solemnly folded. Tree trunk legs connected to a tall, muscular torso. This person was a sky scraper. The face was in a frown, yet not angered.

A waking moment of stillness passed. In the wake of this man I felt so small and insignificant. He was there, just staring down at me. I was below, staring up at him. I gulped hard. My heart raced. His arms had unfolded and swept me up to him. Our eyes locked. His darker green skin luminous in the light. Once again we stared.

"What are you doing out here, kid?" He simply asked.

I frowned. What did he expect, a reply?

He held me close, cradling my fragile body. "Your mother will worry if she knows you did this," He tilted my head up to peer into his eyes again. "So don't ever do this again, Boxers."

I nodded. He knew I understood, even if I couldn't formally reply as such. The giant took me back to my room, careful not to disturb my sleeping witch of a sister. Disappointment fell upon me, for I had only ventured half a metre from my room. The giant placed me into my crib, covering me with the itchy blanket. I sighed.

I noticed the giant was still there, a smile had befallen him. I blinked as he unfolded a small white blanket that had rested over his massive shoulder. The itchy blanket was removed. Ack, cold! The white blanket draped over me. It was soft at the touch, and so snug. The itchy blanket was placed over it. I looked up at it, wonderingly.

A hand covered my head; the touch was as soft as the new blanket. "Your mother noticed you've been uncomfortable and requested I give you a new blanket immediately." He narrowed his eyes, they seemed to wander toward the direction of the door. "You're lucky to have someone like Bra as your mother, kid."

I smiled sleepily, drifting off as the giant left the room.  
Thank-you, I thought to myself. Thank-you Mister Giant...Piccolo...Papa...  
Straata began to snore...Kamisama I hate her.

Samantha Hill

Note: I am against the theory Goten and Bra should be together - as a Bra fan I feel he isn't good enough for her or be someone she'd be happy with. I disregard GT, so Piccolo being with Bra is ok. Now I know you'll be saying: But he doesn't have a gender! I get that allot, and have a theory on how he can have a child the mammal way if you feel like fuming. Believe me, this isn't some whimsical idea. If you have any comments and I know all you Goten fans will want to kick my can  
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