



Chapter 8

In The Beginning... There Was Hell! And A Hellhole... Called Earth!

As reality fades away almost entirely, a kaleidoscope of stars seem come whizzing at and then past the shinobi under the influence of the mad magician's genjutsu storytelling.

Shintaro: Long long ago... in a galaxy... far far away... just before the dawn of the Otsutsuki Clan... There was an ancient film that I once found in the archives of the dragon king... called Star Wars... that started with a line similar to that... The limited and deteriorated records on the matter indicate... that it was from the time before the Otsutsuki... Because of the loss and destruction of the records over time... nothing related to the film can really be trusted... only the film itself was properly preserved... Like many such pieces of art... music... and culture... long since disconnected from their proper cultural context... like old ghosts so disconnected from their own past... they're lucky if they even remember their own names... or the names of their creators... Culture tends to survive the records of their creation and context... because art and culture resonate... Therefore... they propagate themselves... Proper bookkeeping does not... Therefore... while people may make take care of them... almost no one will regret their loss... And some may even wish to destroy them on purpose... to hide their guilt...





As Shintaro lectures, a large black dragon is seen swimming through space, leaving a trail of golden stardust behind him as he does, coming up from behind them, then rapidly begins to pass them. The black dragon had black scales, with a long white beard underneath it's long chin, which continues up and around the dragon's head as a mane, then continues along the back of the dragon all the way to the tip of it's tail. On the top of the dragon's head, just above the hairline of it's dragon's mane, was a single large golden horn, which comes straight up before curving back slightly before the tip, flanked on either side by a pair of slightly smaller golden horns that flare out to the side slightly before curving back, similar to the main horn in the center, followed behind by a series of smaller golden horns protruding out of the white hair all along it's back down to it's tail terminating in a cluster of golden spikes coming out of the tuft of white hair at the tip of it's tail. Two ears resembling those of a horse flank the the large golden horns on top, with two green reptilian eyes framing the sides of the head, just below the forehead, bordered on top by the hairline of the dragon's mane.

The dragon's head passes them in flight, and rapidly grows distant ahead of them, while it's body is so large and so long that, in spite of it's tremendous speed, it's body continues pass them for a while as they continue to get a good look at the legendary creature. From head to toe, the black dragon emits a golden sparkling substance, the oscillating each individual scale's sparkle, seemingly timed to effect a net phase propagation, from nose to tail, combining with the dragon's serpentine motion to propel the creature forward through space.

Shintaro: The dragon king Watatsumi... personally started collecting for his archives... from a time well before the existence of either the Otsutsuki Clan... or the birth of the human race... The records are vast... and piled so high they occupy an entire planet... But they are still unavoidably and woefully incomplete...





The tail of the large black dragon finally passes them as they fly through space, then a solar system comes into view as the destination of the behemoth. The dragon slows down slightly as they enter the solar system, rapidly passing by the outer planets, then passing by two gas giants, easily recognizable to the humans of old earth as Saturn and Jupiter, before continuing on deeper into the system. They eventually come to a blue green orb shaped oasis in space known to Shintaro and the archives as old earth.

Shintaro: Long ago the dragon king Watatsumi came across an interesting and promising solar system... with two large gas giants... known to the original humans as Jupiter and Saturn... The dragon species colonizes large gas giants... because they can swim effortlessly through their atmospheres... as it is akin to their natural sort of habitat... The dragon king also discovered a newly evolved species of biped... that we know as humanity... The dragon king found this new species interesting... and observed them carefully... and fairly closely... even interacting with some of them... He witnessed the rapid rise and fall of empires and civilizations of all sorts... relatively rapid to a dragon's eyes... due to the relatively short human lifespans of the humans... and the much more rapid pace of generational change that occurs as a result... compared to the impossibly long lifespans of the dragons themselves...

They follow the dragon king down into the atmosphere of the blue green orb on a part of the planet just passed into its own shadow with nightfall. The scene shifts to an ocean side cliff where a dark haired maiden in a formal kimono plays a biwa on the top of the cliff, surrounded





by trembling samurai, struggling to just barely maintain composure before the dragon king, floating just above the ocean level with the cliff, mere meters away from the dark haired maiden playing her biwa.

The scene shifts again to a red haired maiden playing a flute by a lake, with medieval knight in black armor, who drops to his knees to pray, as the dragon king emerges from the lake to listen to the sound of her flute. The scene shifts again, as the dragon king suddenly appears in a flash of golden sparkles high in the sky above a mesoamerican pyramid, as thousands of people surrounding the pyramid beneath him bow down in awe.

Naruto: How long do dragons live?...

Shintaro: Impossible to tell... Even the dragons don't really know... Once a dragon gets old enough they have a hard time even remembering when they were born... Aeon... after aeon... blends into aeon... after aeon... Until... by the time a dragon reaches adulthood... time long since ceases to have anything like the same meaning and urgency that it does for us... with our ridiculously shorter term perspectives... by comparison... They know they die... But it's so rare... sometimes... they forget that too... The Otsutsuki do that too... But they do it deliberately... as part of their divine conceit... as false gods...

Shikamaru: So where do the Otsutsuki come into the picture exactly?...

Shintaro: They come in... as a result of the aftermath... of the ultimate self destruction of the original human civilization... facilitated by global demonic infestation...

The scene shifts back to the orbit surrounding the blue green orb. The lights of modern human technological civilization light up the surface of the darkened side of the orb, making it





resemble the starry night sky piercing the black fabric of space. The industrially lit dark side of the blue green orb suddenly erupts in massive bright flashes that begin to spread and cover the globe, rendering large portions of the surface of the planet into a glowing and smoldering inferno. The planet gradually grows dim in spite of the continued flashes and burning, as dirt, dust, and fallout, thrown up into the air from all of the explosions, covers the globe in a thick cloud cover, only lit by the continuing aftermath of all the explosions and the burning, with only the dark areas holding any hope for survivors.

Shintaro: Ultimately... it was the weapons made by advanced human technology... more advanced than what we have here on this planet... even now... with biological and chemical weapons... as well as something called atomic weapons... extremely powerful bombs... that tap into the energy of atomic bonds that hold together every single particle of matter in existence... With such powerful weapons comes the temptation... and the desire... to eventually use them... or at least leverage them for even greater political power... Such environments are the ideal playgrounds for demons... especially if the society in question has no one among them who can properly detect the pestilence of parasitical demonism... let alone have any knowledge of how to deal with them... even if they did... Whether or not they had any such people among them before the calamities... is not entirely certain... What is certain... is that whatever they had... it was not nearly enough to save them from the civilization implosion and self-destruction... that inevitably follows... from run away demonic infestation... The politics of the planet were brought right to the brink... then given a good solid push over it...





The scene is transformed into a scene from the aftermath on the surface of the planet, in one of the barely survivable dark areas, bathed the dark red orange smoldering flickering glow of wide spread burning on the surface. Survivors huddle together for warmth and comfort as they are beset upon and picked to bloody pieces by a small group of barely human looking creatures, twisted in form as a side effect of demonic possession. The demons barely finish their treats when they are in turn beset upon by a single lone dark haired figure, wearing the robes of some kind of monk, bloody and crying through two glowing red pair of Rinne Sharingan.

Bloody Monk: By the goddess!... Ameterasu!... Burn in Hell!!!...

The bloody monk's Rinne Sharingan unleashes the black flames of one of the earliest ever uses, if not the first ever use, of the Ameterasu. The demons host bodies are destroyed utterly by the black flames, as the scene shifts again to the same environment, but without as much burning, and with slightly clearer skies over head. Survivors eek out a minimal subsistence existence behind the improvised fortifications of a small refugee camp. Within the camp some few among them seem to possess new forms of eyes, including the Byakugan and the Sharingan. Suddenly the camps fortifications are breached by more crazed possessed survivors, with forms twisted by demonic possession. The few with the ability to see what others could not, then ambush the attacking demons from their various places of hiding where they were lying in wait for the demons, having seen them coming and been prepared, then they destroy their hosts utterly.

Shintaro: Among the survivors and the glowing ruins... their were people among them





with special new abilities... new visual prowess of various kinds... capable of discerning subtle differences within their fellow humans... that they would later learn are the tell tale signs of demonic possession... which they could detect even without any outward obvious physical signs of demonic possession... by virtue of the physical distortions that sometimes occur... but cannot be relied upon as a means of detection... as demons needn't create such obvious physical distortions at all... Their new visual prowess provided a new doorway of insight... into a deeper world of promise and peril... Because they could see the demons... the demons could not hide from them... They could be studied... and defended against... This provided them with a special advantage relative to their fellow human beings who were without such benefits... Special advantages that led them straight to the positions of power within the new politics... of this aftermath world... And being only human... in spite of their new abilities... they naturally succumbed to the temptation and corruption of political power... and used whatever powers they were given... to seize whatever they were not given... no doubt telling themselves that it was all for the collective greater good...

The scene shifts again to newly built city behind high fortified walls, with a large courtyard for military drills and assemblies, filed with rank and file human soldiers filed into their ranks, grouped together into large square groups, separated by several separate columns and rows, with each grouping possessing it's own banner and a commander at it's head with some sort of visual prowess or another. Before the assembly presides a number of well dressed generals, standing upon a high stage overlooking the entire courtyard, each with their own





visual prowess, and their own respective banners being held up behind them by some ordinary rank and files.

Shintaro: As the politics of the aftermath settled down and stabilized somewhat... the dragon king made official open contact with the authorities of earth... braving their politics... something they normally avoid like the plague that it is... in order to share some of their knowledge of demons and seals... with the new powers of earth... to help rid the earth of the still persistent plague of demonism...

The black dragon king Watatsumi suddenly appears several miles high above the assembly in a flash of golden sparkle, then rapidly descends down to hover just few hundred meters above the assembly. The startled assembly begins to react in shock to the sudden appearance, and begins to panic and loose discipline in the ranks. The head general in the the middle of the stage raises his hands in the air and the entire assembly grows silent again.

Then the dragon king flies down to the level of the stage, shrinking down considerably in the process until the dragon king brings himself level to the head general with a proportional size where the dragon king's head is only slightly bigger than the head generals torso. Without saying a word the dragon opens it's mouth to the momentary shock of the assembled fancy generals. The dragon king's tongue unfolds out of it's open jaws, revealing a large scroll rolled up within it, which the dragon king then hands over to the head general with his tongue, before rapidly flying up and enlarging to full size, then disappearing in a sudden flash of shimmering golden sparkles.

Shintaro: That exchange... without words... was the beginning of what eventually





would become known formally... as the Otsutsuki Clan... that scroll... the first of many in those early days... allowed the new visual powers that be... to finally wipe out demonism on earth... and to keep it that way... indefinitely... And to this end the new military elite with visual prowess... forbid the intermarrying... between the gifted... and the non-gifted... effectively turning themselves into a new military ruling caste... in a strictly two tiered caste system... simply put... master and slave... They however chose to characterize the relationship... as one of protector and charge... This pretension of benevolence... combined with the forced separation of the caste system... would be the beginning of the divine conceit... of what would eventually become known as the Otsutsuki Clan...

The scene shifts again to centuries later, as cities come into view with elaborate and ornate architecture, side by side with glorified shanty towns and mass block housing for the effective slave class of ordinary humans.

Shintaro: But not for many centuries yet to come... Many generations came and went within the confines of the caste system... The separation between the two castes inevitably grew so much... that the ruling caste no longer considered themselves human at all... no longer even a part of the same species... despising anything related to being human as lesser than worthy... of existence... For a time... the new regime established genuine stability... if not freedom... allowing for a flourishing of civilization... and innovation... for the elite... They developed their own puppet user technique so that they could eliminate any dependence upon ordinary humans for the rank and file





soldiers... necessary as a practical matter normally... to keep the other slaves in line... And with the use of puppets... they needn't ever again worry about potentially disobedient human stooges... without ever having to dirty their own hands... with their own dirty work...

The scene shifts again to reveal the insides of large high tech factories with gloried slave conditions where humans work and toil for long hours under the watchful whip of the human sized and shaped puppets, cracking the whip for their puppet user masters, observing from a comfortable distance, so that they don't even have to share the same air as the slaves.

Shintaro: But the elite grew more ambitious with their increased abilities... They wanted more... and grew increasingly weary of the power of the dragons... which they did not control... and stood as an impediment to the ambition of expansion... in pursuit of empire... They bristled at the increasing complaints of the dragon king about the treatment of ordinary humans... As the dragon king felt somewhat responsible... for having helped establish the very regime... that in turn inflicted such systematic misery... on such a mass scale...

The scene shifts slightly to a miniature dragon king, about the size of a small garden snake, floating high up in the rafters of one of the large slave factories. As the puppets crack their whips again, the dragon king weeps, then shakes his head in growing anger.

Shintaro: Armed with a vain pretension of the greater good... of the supposedly selfless protector of the collective... they developed what would become





known as the divine tree... explicitly as a means of pooling the resources of the collective society... for the collective defense... human resources of course... primarily... fed to their betters... naturally of course... according to their self-anointed betters... and primarily for the defense of the power... of those very same self-anointed betters... For the dragon king... this was all just too much too stand for anymore... in a manner of speaking...

The scene shifts again to view a fully grown and matured divine tree, dwarfing the capital city beneath it. The dragon king suddenly bursts into the sky just above the top of the divine tree in a flash of shimmering golden sparkles. The dragon king raises his head and lets loose a lamenting howl that shakes the ground and rattles the divine tree, shaking loose several leaves. The dragon king takes a deep breath, then lowers his head down and exhales a green flaming stream of corrosive, burning, and boiling liquid, down all over the divine tree and the capital beneath it, burning and dissolving everything in it's path down to the bedrock, then continuing to burn and eat it's way a few more miles down before stopping.

Shintaro: With that simple and honest... but extreme act... The dragon king inadvertently started the Great Celestial War... Small at first... just the dragons... and the Otsutsuki Clan... or the 'big bamboo tree' clan... as they began to call themselves in defiance... after the dragon kings initial attack... This is also when they started calling their trees... divine...

As the newly burnt and burrowed out pit continues to smolder and fume beneath the dragon king in the sky above it, two more dragons appear side by side in the sky with the dragon king. One dragon appears in explosion of red and orange flame, creating a mini





mushroom cloud in the sky in his wake, with red scales and black eyes, no outer ears, and a spiked fin running down it's back to the end of it's tale, surrounded in a continuous and all encompassing aura of flame. The other dragon appears in a blackish swirling funnel cloud with purple lightening explosively discharging out of the storm, as a dragon emerges from the rapidly dissipating storm. The dragon had blue scales and green eyes, bathed in an electric purple aura, with no outer ears, but with two large spike fins protruding from either side of it's head where ears normally would be. A long series of short spiked fins runs all along either side of the dragon until just before the tail, itself covered with a large spiked vertical fin protruding from the tail, above and below the tail, and then extending beyond until coming to a single point at the end.

Shintaro: Eventually... the war would expand and entangle most of the other major rival powers... until almost none remained on the sidelines... And those who did... could never avoid collateral spillover... from the actions of the active combatants... mostly in the form of refugees... But long before all of this... the war that would become the Great Celestial War... was just a neighborhood skirmish... between the Otsutsuki of earth... and the dragons who had colonized Jupiter and Saturn within the same solar system...

Several portals appear in the sky above the dragons. Numerous Otsutsuki shoot out of the portals riding upon what appear to be giant paper bombs that, instead of exploding, emit a steady stream of flame from around the the entire edge of the giant paper, with a more intense stream of flame shooting out from the back. They all fly towards the dragons slightly below





them, riding the giant papers like magic flying carpets made of flaming paper, converging upon the dragon king himself.

The Otsutsuki launch a combined lightening attack, hitting the dragon king in a concentrated attack, striking the side of the dragon kings head, as the dragon king howls in pain, again shaking the ground beneath them as the dragon king himself begins to fall out the sky lightly. The red and blue dragons on either side of the dragon king then combine their powers to counter attack. The red dragon breaths a stream of red and orange flame at the Otsutsuki, while the blue dragon breaths a strong gust of intense concentrated wind into the fire, fueling it and amplifying it, incinerating the Otsutsuki instantly.

The scene changes to a clearing in the woods where a shimmering portal opens for a waiting assembly of a few hundred people, including whole families, all dressed in white robes, with all of the earthly belongings bundled together in whatever small sacks they can carry, all possessing the Starlight Rinnegan.

Shintaro: There were of course dissidents among the Otsutsuki... early on... A tribe of pacifists... that would eventually become known as the Starlight Tribe... who opposed the ways of Otsutsuki... but could not bring themselves to act against them because of their pacifist convictions... So they decided to leave the earth and the Otsutsuki Clan long before the war actually began... they were of course seen by the Otsutsuki as traiters... even then... There were also the Eight Immortal Sages of the Otsutsuki... the first ever Otsutsuki to master senjutsu... They however... were no pacifists... They and there disciples opposed the Ostutsuki as well... but refrained from open conflict at first... out of a desire to avoid fratricide... But with the development of the parasitical divine tree and the attack of the dragon king... They could no





longer just stand by... So all caution was thrown to the wind and they joined the fight on the side of the dragons... becoming essentially the first real resistance against the Otsutsuki Empire... before there even was an empire... But they were small in number... if not in power...

The scene changes again to a monastery, where a small number monks in gray cloaks and hoods are presided over by the dragon king above them, now bearing a burn scar on the side of his head where the Otsutsuki had truck him previously.

Shintaro: Eventually... they would have to abandon all direct confrontation with the empire... when the superior numbers of the Otsutsuki... combined with power of their divine tree produced by the chakra fruit... and the consumption of the pills they would make from them... The Eight Immortal Sages took as many ordinary humans with them... as much as they could... and began seeding them throughout the meta-verse... as independent human civilizations... free of the Otsutsuki... But there were also traitors... among the dragons... The dragon king's siblings Leviathon and Tiamat... were somehow convinced to turn traitor against their brother... In spite of this... the Otsutsuki eventually lost control of the earth... then in the ultimate scorched earth policy... They had the traitor dragons combine their powers to burn the surface of the earth completely to ash... nothing left but the ash heap of an burnt out planet wide funeral pyre...

The scene changes back to an earth orbiting view of the blue and the red dragons from the previous scene now floating side by side high above the earth, as the flaming red dragon





breaths out a massive stream of red and orange flame, while the blue dragon breaths out a focused intense funnel cloud out of it's mouth to combine with flaming stream of the red dragon. The combined streams synergistically magnify each other as they speed down towards the surface of the planet. They hit the surface of the planet in one spot, then spread out from that spot a a swirling hurricane of flame the spreads out and intensifies as it widens to spread over and engulfs the entire surface of the planet in scorching incineration.

Shintaro: Soon after that... the Otsutsuki Emperor would betray the betrayers... Their giant severed and cleaned skulls still reside on either side of the emperor's throne... in his throne room still... even to this very day...

The scene changes to a large hall with two large cleaned dragon's skulls flanking either side of the throne in between two sets of giant jaws. Seated on the throne is a large man with long white hair and a set of rams horns on his head, with a pair of purple Rinnegan in his eye sockets, and one slightly glowing light blue Tenseigan in the center of his forehead. In the man's hand is a long handled double ax blade fascis, but instead of the normal bundle of sticks functioning as the ax handle, the handle appears to be made from intertwined wooden vine like structures wrapping around each other for the entire length of the ax handle until they reach and wrap around the double ax blade at the top.

Shintaro: After they abandoned and destroyed the earth... The Otsutsuki Clan began what they considered to be a divine mission... self-appointed of course... in service to their own self-anointed divinity... to settle one seedbed world after another... seeding each of them first with a basic human template... The Otsutsuki were weary of the potential of human evolution... to produce





potential rivals to power of the Otsutsuki Clan... So the evolution among ordinary humans had to be forbidden... back when they still admitted to themselves that they had evolved from humanity in the first place... They took samples from a wide variety of ordinary humans... which they could use to replicate the original humans over and over again as necessary... after wiping out the human population of any seedbed world where they may develop too much for their liking... They would even go out of their way to wipe out the human populations of worlds... that had been seeded by the Eight Immortal Sages... to eliminate any such potential...

The scene changes to the night sky above an advanced highly developed city, with lit up sky scrapers, bridges, and aqueducts, as well large expanses of garden parks throughout. A portal opens up in the sky above the city, as the man with the ram's horns and the double ax head fasces flies out of the portal and hovers above the city. The man levels his fasces down to point the shaft at the horizon as the tenseigan in his forehead suddenly grows much brighter, then a bright blue light shoots out from the end of the shaft directly at some point on the horizon, as he lowers his ax. The shaft of bright blue light slices through the entire planet below starting at the the point on the horizon and working way through the planet until it slices through the city below him then continues through the rest of the planet to the opposite horizon. The planet then splits in two before beginning to break up into smaller pieces.

Shintaro: After they seed the humans... the divine tree follows... as a sapling at first... When reaching maturity... the Otsutsuki then send their caretakers to manage the seedbed... harvest their precious chakra fruit... and manage their human livestock... to curb their potential evolution... and maintain the





dominion of the Otsutsuki Clan... As they expanded their territory in order to expand production... they came into conflict with more and more of the other great rival powers... Thus the war expanded to engulf most of the known meta-verse at the time... Even if I knew the totality of the devastation and the suffering... there would be simply no way to communicate it... whole planets destroyed as mere collateral damage... not just the earth... whole civilizations destroyed... and countless species made extinct...

The planetary devastation unfolds before the smiling destroyer, as a large fleet of star ships maneuvers into place behind him and opens fire with a large barrage of plasma cannon and laser fire, engulfing the planet destroyer in bursts of light and plasma flame. The energy from the attack dissipates revealing the planet destroyer completely unscathed, surrounded in a spherical energy barrier of his own, which harmlessly absorbs most of the energy from the attack. Then he raises up his right hand in the direction of the fleet, and utters something to himself within his barrier sphere.

Destroyer: Almighty Push!...

An invisible wave of force shoots out from the planet destroyer in the direction of the fleet, utterly destroying the fleet upon impact, lighting them all up as they explode into giant flaming plasma balls in space.

Shintaro: The war has lasted so long... it is impossible to find any proper accounting of just how long... Countless aeons of suffering have come and gone between then and now... Vast empires... with billions or even trillions of creatures...





and seemingly endless resources... can easily be drained catastrophically... of blood and treasure... given enough time... Weakened and compromised by war... many have come and gone themselves... and the few that remain... are hanging on by a thread even now... The Great Amphibian Commonwealth for example... which used to be known as the Toad Kingdom... before they succumbed to two pernicious and beguiling forms of political poison... first democracy... then pacifism... leading them to largely de-escalate and disengage... leading many to believe that they have been co-opted by the enemy... pursuing a separate peace with the empire... The toads of Mount Myoboku founded their settlement on our planet because of this political development... long before there were humans on it... about ten thousand years ago... when the current stalemate began... and largely because of it... But the Otsutsuki themselves... are no exception... The limits to the expansion of their territory... to increase production of their chakra fruit... not to mention the limitations of the chakra fruit itself... have made it difficult to maintain the divine conceit of the Otsutsuki... The emperor knows these limitations well... in spite of the their divine conceit... very few Otsutsuki know of this... and only at the the very top... among the head family of the Otsutsuki Clan and their minions... This more than anything is why the emperor covets the power of senjutsu... because senjutsu is theoretically unlimited... and does not depend on the limited supply of chakra fruit that they can produce... The empire has chased after the Starlight Tribe ever since they first went rogue and left planet earth and the Otsutsuki Clan behind for good... at first simply because they were viewed as traitors to the clan... for abandoning the clan in pursuit of their heretical pacifism...





But then they became a prize sought out by the emperor... in order to address this problem... as they had developed a reputation... for powerful senjutsu... The emperor hunted them down personally... as his own personal obsession... leading eventually to the capture of my deceased wife's mother... whom the emperor raped and impregnated... to produce powerful offspring... and help insure the future of the clan... The poor woman gave birth to twin daughters... Then the emperor had her converted into chakra fruit... via the same justu they use as a form of capital punishment among the so-called gods... usually to feed to the other so-called gods of higher rank... with the divine presumption of collective divine legitimacy... by virtue of keeping the sacred chakra within the supposedly divine collective... of the supposedly divine clan... Then the emperor took the chakra fruit produced by her mother and fed it to my wife alone as a small baby... initiating her into the pathology of the Otsutsuki from birth... while her sister Kaguya was separated from her at birth and raised in relative obscurity... to eventually be made the minor caretaker of a new seedbed world... seemingly of no real significance... as a kind of twin experiment of the emperor's... That seed bed world was of course our very own planet... which was chosen for her by the emperor... as part of the same experiment... but without her knowledge or the knowledge most other Otsutsuki... outside of the head family of the clan... largely because of the settlement of Mount Myoboku... and the humans who were settled here... and not by the empire... The toads of Mount Myoboku have no knowledge of who it was exactly that first settled the humans on our planet... But it is believed to have been one or more of the Eight Immortal Sages of the Otsutsuki... another reason for the emperor's





interest for the sake of his experiment... The developments of which he continues to watch very carefully... and very keenly... but quietly... and for the moment at least... patiently... Although there is no telling for how much longer...

Shikamaru: So as far as the emperor is concerned... our entire planet... is just some glorified petri dish?... Then why send the Otsutsuki after us?... if that's the case?...

Shintaro: The emperor did not send them... The bureaucracy did... a routine affair for the empire's bureaucracy... which more or less has a mind of it's own... if you can call that a mind... If the emperor had intervened and stopped them... he might have tipped his hand to the other Otsutsuki... that something wasn't quite right with the empire... which could potentially destabilize it... Besides... I'm sure the emperor found the interaction between those Otsutsuki and the population of this planet... extremely interesting... for sake of his experiment... I don't know if I can adequately stress just how important this experiment is to the emperor... and to the fate of the empire...

There Is No Alone!

Forever Never Ending!

There Is No Escape!

There Is No Point In Pretending!

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