

A Flower Called Bra

By KawaiiAmethyst

Submitted: May 22, 2003

Updated: May 22, 2003

The birth of Bra. This has become somewhat of a classic, so I'd read it if I were you.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/KawaiiAmethyst/23/A-Flower-Called-Bra>

Chapter 1 - A Flower Called Bra

2

1 - A Flower Called Bra

A Flower Called Bra

Bra skipped merrily down the garden path. The birds were chirping to greet the warm morning sun. She was wearing a new dress she had gotten for her birthday from her mother.

Today was special, for it was Bra's sixth birthday. Everybody was going to come and join in the festivities, and she just couldn't wait.

Bra closed her eyes, grinning like an idiot...when suddenly...

BUMP!

"Ow!"

"Ooh!"

Bra opened her eyes and looked up. "Oh, sorry Grandma!"

Her grandmother giggled, as she tended back to one of her many gardens. "That's OK, Bra. I'm always light on air when it's my birthday too!"

"Can I help?"

"Sure! Grab that can over there and begin watering that cute garden by the pond with the golden fence."

Bra grabbed the shiny red can, and made her way to the golden fenced garden. She stopped, and blankly blinked. "Wait, I've never noticed this garden before. Is it new?"

Her grandmother laughed. "No! No! It's been here your entire life. I thought you knew about it."

Bra frowned. She didn't like not knowing things. "No, I didn't. Why did you put a fence around it?"

"I didn't. Your father did. He didn't want anyone messing up his garden – oops!"

Bra almost fainted from the shock. Her daddy...garden? No way! He was always training for either tournaments, or to beat Goku, or teaching her about Saiyan culture when he wasn't sparring with Trunks.

"Tell me Grandma, when did he make it?" Bra begged.

She raised her head to think. "Hmm...Let's see...um...oh...That's right! It was while your mama was pregnant with you. The gravity room needed repairing – which Vegeta wasn't to thrilled about – and was at a loss...

"Three months?!" Vegeta roared.

Doctor Briefs nodded. "Yes, I'm afraid, three months. You really did a doozy on it."

Vegeta folded his arms over his chest and grit his teeth. "Why the Hell not repair it now?"

"Sorry Vegeta. Those parts haven't been made in quite some time. It's been a while since you last blew up the machine. It'll take precisely three months to design and create new parts."

This was all he needed. What was he supposed to do in the meantime?

Doctor Briefs smiled, rearranging his glasses. "So, old boy, what's gotten you so tense that you felt the urge to blow up the gravity chamber? Could it possibly be because of a certain someone expecting?"

Vegeta scowled at his amusement. "Don't be absurd. The news of my mate's pregnancy has no effect on me whatsoever."

"As you wish."

“What?!”

“Heh-heh, nothing. Well, I’ll see ya later. Look, I’ll try to speed things up. In the meantime, try to relax. Do something constructive for Dende’s sake!”

As Doctor Briefs scurried away from his aggravated son-in-law, Vegeta growled and looked down at the grass, attempting to keep his cool.

“Again,” he sighed. “This is just brilliant.”

Vegeta wandered to the footpath and began to walk toward the Capsule Corp. compound. The day was blithe and sunny, yet he felt like it was storming all around him.

“Vegeta,” chirped Mrs. Briefs.

Vegeta fluttered his eyes and turned his gaze to the left, where Mrs. Briefs was doing her daily ritual of weeding, planting, watering and singing to her flowers.

“What?”

Mrs. Briefs buried herself back amongst the tulips. “Could you please help a lady in distress?”

“Huh? What are you blabbering about?” He demanded.

“I need some help in the garden,” she replied in her high-pitched airy voice.

Vegeta almost broke out in laughter, but decided to keep his composure. “Me? I don’t think so. Ask Bulma to, she likes that sort of thing.”

Mrs. Briefs drew back from her flowers and shook her head. “No. She went for a check-up. Oh, it’s all so exciting!”

Vegeta frowned hard. “I don’t need a reminder, thank-you.”

He turned and began to go back on his way.

“Come on!” Mrs. Briefs shouted happily. “It’ll be fun! What else will you do?”

Vegeta halted and pivoted around. “There’s plenty I can do. Training isn’t all I do.”

“Um...Ok. Like, what?”

He wasn’t impressed by her questions. He finally saw where Bulma had got it. He began to think. “Well, I can, uh...I can...uh...uh...” It struck him like lightning. He didn’t a thing to do! Training was his life. To be the greatest was his goal. In between, there wasn’t exactly much.

Mrs. Briefs giggled in that annoying way. “Well, I’m waiting! Grab a spade and help me weed.”

He was awestruck and at a loss for words. He found himself walking forward and reaching for the small spade. Vegeta was even more surprised when he knelt beside her, awaiting orders.

“It’ll be heaps easy,” she assured him. “The weeds are the all-green ones. My beauties are in bloom, so you can tell them apart. Now get crackin’!”

Her excitement made him tremble. She’d never seemed natural to him. Mrs. Briefs was like a perky blonde robot, and not too intelligent, unlike her mate and daughter.

Vegeta scowled at the flowers and soil, and began to pick out weeds and place them in a bucket. The aroma of the flowers in season made the task actually enjoyable.

“Tell me, Vegeta, were the flowers on your planet pretty?” She suddenly asked, as they tended the last row.

Vegeta shrugged. “We didn’t have many species of plants. Most were used for consumption. The idea of using plants as mere decoration was not considered.”

Mrs. Briefs gasped and threw down her spade, giving Vegeta a start. “Oh contre! Flowers are so much more than that!”

“They’re weeds with colour,” he simply said.

She growled at him and stood up. “Weeds?! My babies are not weeds! Flowers are life! Flowers symbolize so many emotions! They bring people together! They are used to cheer people up in needy times! They welcome the sun and the moon! They can symbolize respect and forgiveness! They –“

“I’m finished. I’m going now.”

Mrs. Briefs calmed down. "See you tomorrow?"

"No."

"Please! You can help me start some new patches."

"No."

"What will you do?"

"I don't know. See ya."

Mrs. Briefs looked at her precious flowers as Vegeta walked away, and smiled. "He'll be back. They all come back."

Bulma and Trunks walked into the kitchen. They were carrying bags full of groceries that would probably not last an hour. Trunks planked the bags down on the bench and sank on a chair.

"What's your problem all of a sudden?" Bulma asked, loading some food into the fridge.

Trunks sighed. "Why the Hell are you having another baby? It'll mess up the fragile balance of our household."

Bulma laughed. "I wouldn't exactly say our household is balanced. One more kid should do it!"

"I'll be twelve by the time you're due! I'm too old and well adjusted to be a big brother. What the Hell were you two thinking?"

Bulma paused and leaned against the fridge. "Thinking...Thinking. Well, thinking isn't really involved in the process. Want me to draw you a diagram?"

Trunks went bug-eyed. "Gross! Ah, I'm going to go to Goten's, his mum baked the most beautiful –"

Trunks stopped to observe his mother's aggravated look. "Um, not that she can cook better than you."

He began to sweat.

"Uh-huh. Be back in time for dinner."

Trunks winked. "Always am!"

Bulma sighed. "I know."

Bulma returned to the packing, as Trunks zoomed off.

"Hi, Dad," she heard him say. "Mum's in a mood. Don't make any sudden moves."

Bulma gasped. She was not in a mood. If anyone was, it was Vegeta and Trunks. Ever since they'd heard she was pregnant they'd been behaving like three-year-olds!

Vegeta wandered into the kitchen. He took note of the new stock. "I give it at least till morning, if it's lucky."

"Don't I know it. Would it kill you and Trunks to cut back a bit? You're worse than elephants."

"Saiyan physiology is different to Human. You eat too little," he remarked, grabbing out some fruit. "But I expect you to begin a relentless food bonanza any day now."

Bulma peered down at her still slim stomach. She wasn't showing yet. "That'll start in at least a month. For now you can enjoy the wondrous Bulma in her natural state!"

"Should I alert the zoo of your escape or help you out the back way," he smirked, hunking down into a shiny green apple.

Bulma clenched her teeth and spun around. "Ha. Ha. Very cute. The doctor says everything is going fine so far. My pressure is average -"

"Did you break it then?"

"As I was saying: My pressure is average and the baby is developing normally. Although they noticed a peculiar growth in this early stage."

Vegeta lifted his eyes. "The tail growth is always early."

Bulma smiled, and sat with him near the bench. "It's going to have to go when it's born, I hope you realize that."

"Yeah, yeah. I know the drill."

Bulma sighed, laying a hand on her stomach. "This kid doesn't know what it's getting itself into." She grinned at Vegeta. He looked away and deepened his scowl.

"Too bad about the gravity chamber," said Bulma, changing the subject. Vegeta turned back to her, she didn't appear to be too sympathetic. "You can help me get things ready for the baby, and go through names and...decorate the room. Oh, unless you have something else to do that is."

Vegeta stiffened, trying to conjure up an excuse to get out of it. "Well, I would, except...I'm..." The sweat mounted on his forehead. "I'm ...I'm helping your mother in her gardens."

Bulma's eyes bulged. She didn't just hear that...did she? No way!

"O-OK," She stammered. "C-C-Cool."

"La-la-la-laaa!" Sang Mrs. Briefs, twirling around her precious gardens with a golden watering can.

"La-lo-looo!"

A shadow approached her from behind. Mrs. Briefs suddenly stopped, and looked behind her wonderingly. It was the mighty Prince, Vegeta.

"Ooooh! I knew you'd come!" She giggled.

Vegeta folded his arms over his chest and spat to the side. "Whatever. What do you expect me to do?"

Mrs. Briefs handed him a shovel. "New patches must be created for my new Silver Roses. They just arrived and need a home!"

Maybe it's not too late to catch Bulma, he grimly thought to himself.

The day didn't go too bad for Vegeta. His speed had made the task quicker, which left time meditation, as Mrs. Briefs planted her Silver Roses.

The prospect of flowers being more than mere food was a different concept, but not an all-together bad one. He had to admit they were stunning.

Vegeta promised to come every day to help in preparation for spring. He didn't exactly have a hectic schedule, and Bulma sure could handle the baby situation.

It was a month later. The gardens were complete and ready for the spring to come. Cold chills of winter were setting on the Earth.

Vegeta was finishing some raking for Mrs. Briefs, when he'd spotted a piece of untouched land.

"Hey, why hasn't that been made into one of your many shrines to nature?"

Mrs. Briefs looked upon it with frustration. "Oh, that? It's a bad piece of land. There's something wrong with the soil. I think it's cursed."

"Cursed?"

"Well...maybe not cursed, but it sure is annoying! My husband says the good soil is too deep to reach, if there is any good in it."

Vegeta raised an eyebrow. "To make a garden out of that would be quite a challenge. Perhaps I should have a try."

Mrs. Briefs shrugged. "Be my guest. I'd love it to be lovely like the rest, but I just don't think it's possible."

"Says you, woman. Got any flowers left?"

"No."

"Get some. I don't want to go through all this for nothin'"

And so, Vegeta went to work. Doctor Briefs equipped him with a device that would measure soil content for pure soil. With a sly grin, he closed his eyes, drew in a deep breath and dived into the earth.

At first, rocks and hard soil collided into his face. He read the device. Not even close to decent. Deeper

and deeper he delved. The soil was beginning to measure as purer, just not enough. Vegeta halted for a second, surrounded by rocks and soil, unfazed by the lack of oxygen. Punching a hand into a boulder, he made room to focus a ki ball into his hand, readied himself and sent it flying. "There, better," he commented with a smirk. With a laugh he continued his journey down the soil. The underground grew darker. It soon became so dark he couldn't read the device anymore. "Damn it!" He growled. Vegeta continued anyway. Out of nowhere, a high-pitched, irritating voice sang merrily, "Healthy soil! Healthy soil! Plant long and prosper Prince Vegeta!" Vegeta stopped to feel around. The soil was damp and soft. It smelt fresh. "Vegeta one, Earth zero," he snickered.

Mrs. Briefs had been sitting outside, awaiting her son in law's return. "La-lee-lo-loo-loo," she sang, knitting a sweater for her grandson, Trunks. Suddenly, an explosion ripped the earth apart from below. She stood up, gasping, as the rocky soil seemed to shift in a rumble like an earthquake. Vegeta flew out, landed on top of the sifted earth. He was obviously proud of his work. Mrs. Briefs smiled and giggled, setting down her knitting. "Well," he smirked, "I've lifted the curse. The bad soil is no more." Mrs. Briefs clapped as she trotted over to him. "Since it's your garden you can choose to the flowers." Grinning like an idiot she handed Vegeta a brochure. "Does it really matter what goes into it? He nonchalantly asked, taking the brochure. Mrs. Briefs stopped to peer over all her gardens. She seemed so solemn and calm. "Each of my gardens represent special times in my life." "Special times?" She nodded. "Yes. See that one over there with the daffodils, pansies and sunflowers?" "Yeah, so?" "They represent when I first met and fell in love with my husband. It was summer when it occurred, so they're all yellow flowers if small and large." "Then there's the white garden next to it. It represents when I married Bulma's father." Vegeta nodded. "I see. I suppose you have one for when Bulma was born." Mrs. Briefs laughed. "Yep! It's my most treasured one. I plant a new variety every year of her precious life. Each flower portrays what she was like that year. So, you can imagine it's my most colourful and unpredictable garden." The thought of his mate's mood swings gave him chills. Since the beginning of the pregnancy she seemed to be worsening by the week. Trunks was lucky, he had Goten for salvation, while Vegeta had to fight the urge to blow up all of Capsule Corp.

"Good news my boy," chirped Doctor Briefs, a few days later. Vegeta was meditating in the backyard and wasn't too impressed at being disturbed. "What is it?" He demanded, stretching out of the lotus position to face Doctor Briefs. Doctor Briefs straightened his glasses and cleared his throat. "The parts for the gravity chamber have arrived earlier than expected." "What?!" He practically shrieked with excitement. "Uh-huh. The old plans were found and were able to be created. It'll be ready in a just few days." Vegeta sighed in relief and returned to his meditation. Finally, he thought to himself, I can quit this gardening crap. It was ruining my training time.

But...wait...what about that garden I was going to do? Bah, the Briefs woman can do it.

The following day, Vegeta spent the morning at a doctor's surgery with Bulma for an ultrasound of the infant. It was two and half months into it, so the gender had been formed. As a consolation, Vegeta prayed it would be a male. Naturally, Bulma was hoping for a little girl.

Vegeta sat, cross-legged on a metal chair as Bulma lay on a metal bed. A female doctor who looked like she just graduated university administered some cold goo on Bulma's stomach, giving her a start.

"Just read and relax your muscles, she instructed, gliding what resembled a mini-iron over Bulma's abdomen. Bulma looked up at the small screen in anticipation. A black and white picture appeared. It was difficult to make out anything. Even Vegeta was confused.

The doctor went over the image. Her eyebrows shifted from frowns to scowls, then to concerns.

"What is wrong?" Demanded Vegeta.

She remained silent, staring at the image and listening to the heartbeat.

"Answer me!"

"Your baby...I don't think its developing properly."

Bulma grinned. "Well, it is half Saiyan. Don't worry."

She shook her head sadly. "I've been briefed about Saiyan physiology from the doctors who oversaw the Son boys and your son, Trunks...This infant is unwell."

Vegeta and Bulma exchanged looks.

"The heartbeat is faint and slow, the bones are underdeveloped for this stage and the child's body is also quite small for this particular stage..." She turned to Bulma, "I don't think it'll survive."

Bulma shot up. "No way, I refuse to believe that! It's still early, of course it'll be small!"

"I'm sorry, we'll need to take some tests."

Vegeta went to Bulma, resting his hands on her shoulders to steady her.

"There is one thing I can say," the doctor assured timidly. "Your baby girl is sure a fighter. By all rights her heart should've given out weeks ago."

Vegeta tightened his grip as his eyes bulged. "It's...a...a...girl? Impossible! I can't have a female!"

"A girl," Bulma sighed airily, laying back on the bed.

He wasn't counting on the gender being female, nor the factor of it being a pathetic weakling who probably wouldn't survive the full term.

Vegeta ignored the garden and left it alone. Mrs. Briefs didn't go near it, spending all her time now helping Bulma prepare for an infant that was expected to not last another month. All that was important was his training.

Bulma continued to be moody, snapping at everyone and everything, although she ate normally. Her eating habits were a grim reminder of how weak the child must've been. To say the least, Vegeta was not filled with pride in his child, rather, disgust.

His anger flared his training in the gravity chamber. He didn't even consider that it could blow up again. Month by month, Bulma's abdomen began to grow, although not nearly the size Trunks had been. It worried her. Often, Bulma would bundle herself into a ball in her lab and sob, not allowing anyone to know what it was doing to her.

The girl had survived for six months. Three more to go. It remained weak and underdeveloped.

Bulma was tightening some bolts on a cruiser, when she felt a sharp pain in her stomach. Ignoring it, she took a deep breath and continued her work.

The pain came again. Bulma dropped the wrench and knelt to the ground, clutching her stomach with both hands and wincing from the pain.

“Argh, no, this...this can't happen now! No!”

“Will mum be OK?” Asked Trunks, as Vegeta walked into the waiting room.

Vegeta sat next to Trunks and folded his arms. “She’s a tough girl, she’ll be fine. The operation will soon be over.”

“Do you think the baby will survive?” Trunks quietly questioned. “I was kinda getting used to the idea of becoming a big brother.”

Vegeta raised an eyebrow to Trunks’ comment. “Really? Well, to be honest with you the doctors in there feel there isn’t much chance of your...sister surviving. And if so, not for long.”

Trunks looked down at his feet. “Oh...I see...But there is some chance, right?”

“Of course.”

Bulma looked down at the pod containing her daughter. She rested her head on the glass and began to cry. At the touch of a warm, strong grip on her shoulders, she half smiled.

“Vegeta...she won’t open her eyes. Oh, she’s so small,” sobbed Bulma again. Vegeta slowly moved one his arms to the center of her back and began to rub. Bulma rested her head back on him.

Vegeta looked down on the infant and grinned. “The kid’s survived six months when it was said she wouldn’t, I am confident she will live to see another day.”

Bulma weakly smiled and nodded in agreement.

“Get some rest, you’ve had a long day.”

Taking one glance at the tiny baby, Bulma forced herself to the doorway. She looked back at the pod and smiled, “Be strong, Bra.”

Vegeta was about to leave, when he sensed the child begin to stir. “Ah, so there is life in this doll,” he marveled, sitting beside the pod, looking in.

Bra, as Bulma had decided to name her, was lightly kicking at her blankets. Vegeta noted that they weren’t very strong kicks, but all the same, it was nice to know she was holding on.

Vegeta smirked, placing a hand on the glass. “Definitely a tough little girl, just like your mother.”

Bra stopped kicking and began breathing heavily.

“Settle there my...Princess,” he laughed. “It’s your first day in the real world, save your energy.”

A month had passed. Bra remained stable, but hardly grew or got stronger. After school, Trunks would go to visit Bra in the hospital and read her stories. He sometimes got a response with a faint whimper or giggle. Bra was trying to make herself known.

It was hard for her, but Bulma forced herself into the hospital before work. Laying a hand on the glass of the pod was the only means she had to be close to her doll-like daughter.

“Vegeta, why don’t you ever come to see her?” She’d ask every time to no one in particular. Bulma would always sigh and walk away.

Bra was weak and so frail, but she was still his. It angered her so much, but she didn’t dare to express her rage, it wouldn’t change the fact that Bra wasn’t improving.

Vegeta walked wearily out of the gravity chamber, battered and bruised. Another rough day of training. He was about to head toward the house for a snack, when an annoying, familiar voice called out to him.

“What do you want?” He demanded of Mrs. Briefs, who was running as fast as her heels would allow her. She appeared to be crying. Mrs. Briefs stopped in front of him, puffing and panting.

“Oh... Vegeta! You must come to the hospital at once!” She wailed.

His eyes widened. “Is it Bra? Has something happened to her?”

She nodded wildly. “Yes! Oh, yes!”

Vegeta felt a pain in the pit of his stomach. He'd had great confidence Bra would make it, but there was always the fear that she would lose the fight.

"Well, speak!"

Mrs. Briefs whimpered. "Poor little Bra. Her heart is beating so slowly...They say she only has just over an hour to live, maybe less. Ohhh! I don't want to lose my little granddaughter!" She sniffled and let out a woeful scream, followed by tears.

Vegeta closed his eyes and put a hand firmly on Mrs. Briefs' shoulder, surprising her.

"I will go and see Bra. Do not cry, she shall live."

Her tears dried up as Vegeta flew off toward the hospital. She nodded. "Bra...Bra will live."

Bulma cradled her doll-like child in her arms, humming a tune with no name. Her eyes were dull, transfixed on the dying Bra. The baby had never been out of the pod since her birth. Her chest barely moved. Her nostrils weakly extracted every now and then. Apart from that, she may have well looked dead. No salty tears trickled down Bulma's cheeks. They had been cried out.

"Bulma, did you not hear me?"

Slowly, she tilted her head to the left. Vegeta was standing beside her with his eyes full of concern and his arms folded. After a quick glance, she returned to Bra.

Vegeta pulled her close to him and kissed her forehead. Bulma closed her eyes, taking in a deep breath and letting a few tears roll down.

She sighed and took a gulp. "Vegeta...Please...Hold our daughter. She needs her daddy."

"Yes, I will..."

In a dream-like state, Bulma carefully handed the doll of flesh to her husband. Vegeta held Bra with the greatest care, being sure to secure Bra's head.

Bulma left the room, not daring to look back incase she exploded into tears. So there, the mighty Prince of the Saiyans was left alone with his Princess doll of flesh and blood.

He regarded the doll, sensing a weak heartbeat. A heartbeat that probably wouldn't last much longer, he knew his princess was fighting on.

"My Princess," he began in a soft voice, "don't die on us yet. We need you."

He began to pace around the room. "In the past, the great kings of planet Vegeta would...dispose of their daughters within five minutes of their birth." He sighed, and briefly closed his eyes. "They were fools. Such fools. They thought females were a burden for a Royal family – well, the mate to the King was to some degree, but needed."

Vegeta stood by the window of the room, staring up at the clear blue sky. "So, you see, you are a very special child and need to live for the sake of all your female ancestors who needlessly perished. Bra...live for them, I know they're with you every step of the way...as I am."

Bra remained the same. He leaned his head on the side of the window, taking deep breaths. "She's going to die and I can't do a thing about it."

Without warning, flashes of past scenes flashed through his mind like a movie. He perspired as they flashed. So many bloody, gruesome memories. Memories of loss and destruction. All caused by Vegeta. So many wondrous, intelligent species and planets lost at Saiyan clutches. So many...but he remembered every single one. Their scent, their blood – their screams.

Looking down on Bra, worn and saddened, he wearily smiled. "So, this is what it feels like to feel loss and feel weak."

He turned away again, to look once more at the touch of tiny fingers on his arm.

"B-B-Bra...You...lifted your hand?" He was almost speechless with glee. Ah, she sure was a fighter indeed!

Bra's eyes were still closed, but her miniature arm was stretched out, resting on her father's. Vegeta

felt a lump in his throat as he edged a hand toward her fingers, gently holding her hand.

“My princess,” he whispered with pride.

Vegeta called for the doctors. Bra was taken to be examined. Her pulse was rising and her cheeks were starting to have colour. They called it a miracle. Perhaps it was.

Bra was taken home a week later. Special equipment to observe the infant was set up all throughout her room.

Vegeta and Bulma stood beside the crib just watching their frail, yet strong-willed daughter.

“I can’t believe Bra’s finally home,” Bulma softly sighed, wiping away a tear of joy.

Vegeta nodded in agreement, laying a hand on Bra’s warm forehead. Without a word he left the room.

In the hallway, he stopped to look out of the window. Peering down, he looked over all of Mrs. Briefs’ lush gardens. His gaze turned to the dug-up soil, curtesy of himself.

He smirked. “I have work to do.”

Goten flew through the air. At the sight of the Capsule Corp. compound, he readied himself for landing. As he began to descend, he noticed Vegeta near a garden, kneeling down.

“Vegeta?...No way!”

Goten focused his eyes and almost trembled down in shock. “Oh...dear...Dende!”

“That’s crazy talk!” Cried out Trunks.

Goten was shaking. “Oh, man! I swear it. Your dad was actually gardenin’!”

Trunks narrowed his eyes in his father’s fashion, growling. Before Goten knew it, Trunks had punched him with full force in his cheekbone. Goten went flying across the room, landing on Trunks’ bed.

“Well...at least I had a comfy landing,” he dizzily retorted.

Trunks folded his arms over his chest, looking directly at Goten in fury. “Now, you listen to me Son

Goten: My father is a proud warrior, He is not some pansy-assed gardener!”

Goten tilted his head. “Oh yeah?”

“My father is a pansy-assed gardener,” Trunks quivered in disbelief, as he and Goten watched from a safe distance Vegeta place flowers from punnits into the earth with care.

“I always knew ol’ Vegetable-Brain would crack. I just didn’t think it’d be so...creepy.”

Trunks felt his head go warm and dizzy. Before Goten knew it, his best friend was lying on the grass, out cold.

“Trunksy...Buddy?”

Two months later, Bra was almost as healthy as any other baby. Doctors warned she was slightly handicapped in body and mind, but if she received the proper care, Bra would be able to live a happy, healthy life.

For now, she was going on her first trip outside. Vegeta told Bulma to bring Bra to the gardens.

Accompanied by Trunks, Doctor Briefs and Mrs. Briefs, Bra was pushed in her stroller by her mother to the gardens area.

Vegeta was nowhere to be found when they arrived.

“Vegeta!” Called out Bulma. “Where are you? We’re waiting!”

“Over here!” They heard him call back.

Following the sound of his voice, they found the Prince standing solemnly in front of a golden gate.

Trunks recognized the area as the place Goten had presented his father busy at work.

Bulma and the others walked over to him.

“Vegeta, what is this?” Bulma demanded in confusion.

Mrs. Briefs struggled to keep in her absolute delight, knowing all ready what the big surprise was. With a mischievous grin, he opened the gate, urging them to enter. Out of curiosity, they did. To their enchantment, they had entered a new and exquisite garden full of colour and vibrancy. Bulma hugged her mother. "Oh, Mama, this is the best garden you have ever created!" Mrs. Briefs bit her lip, giggling, "Um...Tee-hee! I didn't do it."

"Then who?"

She pointed to Vegeta, who looked rather smug.

"You...did...this?"

"Is that big of a shock?" He asked.

"Well...uh...er..."

Vegeta walked to Bulma and placed an arm around her. "What can I say? I was inspired."

Doctor Briefs rearranged his glasses, trying to get over the surprise. "Inspired? What do you mean, my boy?"

Vegeta looked down at Bra, who was trying to get hold of some of the flowers in front of her.

"It's...personal. Let's just say these are more than just plants."

Mrs. Briefs smiled. He had finally gotten it.

"These plants represent species long dead...thanks to me. I chose plants that reminded me of certain features of the peoples. As you can see by the exotic and extensive range, I destroyed a lot of beauty."

Bulma rested her head on his shoulder. "Since then, you've created a lot of beauty."

A butterfly flew near Bra. At first she looked at it blankly, but then she smiled, giggling and reached her hands out to catch it. Everyone laughed at her, though she couldn't figure out why...

"Wow," marveled Bra. "I can't believe that."

Her grandmother nodded. "I know. This garden is very, very special, just like you."

Bra shook her head. "No...I'm not."

Mrs. Briefs cocked an eyebrow. "Now, why would you say that, Angel?"

Bra sat on the grass, cradling the watering can. "Because I'm not smart and I'm weak. The other kids at school learn stuff quicker than me. And then there's Panny...I'm a disgrace!"

She felt thin warm arms wrap around her waist, and a kiss on her cheek. "Sweetie, it's not your fault. And your parents don't care. You're the strongest person we've all ever known. And oh, we love you so very, very much."

Bra looked at the garden, trying to hold in sobs. Her daddy had created it in honor of those he'd sinned against...A smile encircled her face.

"Grandma...Thank-you for my birthday present."

"Anytime. We were delighted to return the favor."

The End

By
Samantha Hill

Dedicated to Nataea Hill, my mother whom died on October 9th, 2000. Thank-you for leaving behind your beautiful gardens, so I can see you every day.

[Author: This story has become pretty popular and was written a couple of years back by me. I probably wouldn't have finished it if not for the persistent prodding of my friends to get it done. I'm glad I did finish it, it's truly my masterpiece. Contact me at: chibiusa61@hotmail.com]