Today is the day. The day that my training is completed. The day that I fulfill my destiny, and accompany Ness on his quest to defeat the great evil known as Giygas. I bow to my master, and then turn around towards the cliff. I read the ancient words engraved onto the wall of the cliff.

 *This is Mu, the place of Nothingness. People who train here must first clear everything from their mind. If you can make your mind blank and learn the meaning of “Mu”, you’ll pass through.*

 *Mu is Mu.*

 A man is in front of the rope. He looks at me with a grin, wisdom and humility showing in his eyes. “You have a strong soul; I can see it in your eyes. I know who you are. You are Prince Poo, of the prophecy. Long ago it was, but at one point in time, I completed Mu training, as you are about to. There is a powerful thing I want to show you. But it is not something easily mastered. As I am still working on it myself, I will show it to you in the near future. So for now, farewell.”

 He vanishes quickly, and I hear him chuckle just before he is gone. I begin my journey up the rope. The wind whips across my face, but I refuse to acknowledge the pain. I reach the top and sit in my meditative position. As I close my eyes, the last thing I see is my master’s face. Despite showing no emotion, and being as solemn as ever, I see a faint twinkle of pride in his eyes.

 I release all thoughts from my mind. I allow myself to be swallowed into the darkness that is Nothingness, and I become one with All. Soon I am no longer sitting on a cliff, but floating within the space between dimensions. I hear a girl in a far off land yell for me, telling me that my master requires me immediately, but I do not respond. I know that this is but a challenge, and that I must ignore all distractions.

 I now no longer hear anything from the outside world. My five senses are gone, replaced with a sixth, much more powerful one. One of utmost power. One that allows me to experience the Nothingness to its fullest. I am no longer within Nothingness.

 I am Nothingness.

 I hear thousands of voices speaking. They talk as one. “Prince Poo, we are the spirit of Mu, of humility and inner strength. Today you shall compete your training, but in order to do so, your legs must be broken. They will no longer work. Will you allow us to?” I nod, what must be done, must be done. I hear a snap, but I feel no pain. I feel the lack of my legs, but I feel lighter, as if no longer weighed to the Earth.

 Words blur together as I become nothing. As I lose my arms, as my hearing is removed, and as my eyesight vanishes. I think to myself, that now I am truly nothing. I find myself at peace, knowing that my training will soon be over, when a sense of dread overcomes me.

 The aura surrounding me becomes a blood red, and a distorted face of pain wraps itself around me. I hear delusional laughter, and sobs as well. Nothingness still speaks, but it has changed. It is no longer uniform; the voices speak different things at different pitches and intervals. Humility is replaced with a disturbing arrogance, and peace becomes hate and chaos.

 Over all of the shouting and moaning I hear a much louder and sinister voice. “FOOL!” It shouts. “You are weak! You cannot face me!” high pitched laughter rings all around me. I hear taunting and insults being thrown at me. “You are eager to give up your limbs and your senses to become stronger…”

 I hear screeching. “TAKE A MELODY! SIMPLE AS CAN BE!!!” Laughter follows this. It’s like a song, but it’s out of tune and terrible to listen to. “GIVE IT SOME—” This is cut off by another fit of laughter.

 I suddenly feel immense pain. My arms and legs ache, they feel numb and useless. I feel heavier. I try to move, but I can’t. I don’t understand. I’ve completed my training. Is this another test? “…BUT YOU WILL ALWAYS BE WEAK!” My head feels ready to explode. The word weak is repeated in a jeering manner while I try to overcome the pain. I’m feeling weaker and weaker.

 “SWEET HARMONY!” I hear crying along with the laughter. “MOMMY!” the crying is getting louder. “I MISS YOU MOMMY!” The crying becomes louder and louder, and slowly becomes more and more angry.

 “Poo! Foolish human child of Dalaam!” I fight back tears. The pain is too much. Are they right? Am I truly to weak? I try to shout back but I’ve lost my voice. My throat burns, it’s raw, even though I haven’t been speaking. I feel myself being thrown around, like a useless ragdoll. I can’t do anything. My lungs sting, and it hurts to breath. My heart feels is about to burst.

 “RAISE YOUR VOICES!” The voices begin to shriek, “ALL DAY LONG NOW!” More laughing. Terrible, terrible laughing. Then it stops. “BUT THERE IS NO LOVE!” I hear. “IT HURTS MOMMY! I’M SORRY!” I don’t even know what’s going on anymore. “NESS NESS NESS NESS! IT’S ALL YOUR FAULT!”

 I can’t talk, I can’t move, I can’t do anything. I try to focus. To become nothing once again. Instead, the voices get even louder, and I can’t block it out. “YOU ARE USELESS POO!” This is no longer Nothingness. I am in the corruptness of the world.

 The voices are so high, I think they’ve actually reached their limit. “SING A MELODY WITH NO LOVE!” I’m wrong. The voices reach a volume I’d never imagine possible. “THERE’S NO LOVE!”

 Then, silence. The red becomes unbearably bright and I hear one voice begin to speak. “You have lost everything Poo. You can no longer aide Ness and his friends. You have failed.” No! This can’t be right. The prophecy has said otherwise. “You have failed your prophecy. You are useless to Ness, to his friends, to Dalaam.”

 “You are even useless to yourself.”

 Slowly, I regain my sight. I’m so light. I lift my hand to block the sun, but I see it’s fading away. My body is drifting away. I am no longer bound to the earth. I try to stand, but I fall. I slowly fall, and notice a drifting pink cloud. I have failed. No legends will exist of me, no stories of my greatness. I think of the man who spoke of a great power. I will never know what it is.

 I truly am nothing.