

ARSENE PORUGO
Special Edition

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I. Panther VS Saigo

If there is a strongest Martial Art in this world, it is pro-wrestling. The culture that was born out of this belief was the U. The U-style wrestlers are the best. Kicks, submissions, suplexes. This is the illusion that the Zipang people had of the U. On the other hand, the U is a martial art that originated in Zipang.

On the other hand, jujutsu, which originated in Zipang, evolved into Judo and spread throughout the world. It has even become an Olympic sport. However, it was Brazilian Jiu-jitsu that first emerged with its anything goes style, which is also U in the ultimate sense. This is a system of techniques originally developed in Brazil based on Japanese Judo.

I don't know if it is American or European culture, but it is definitely of Western origin, with wrestling evolving from the ancient Greek pancration, and Jiu-jitsu of Zipang origin and Brazilian upbringing. If I were a Zipanguese, I would be rooting for the Jiu-jitsu fighters, but in reality, I was wrong.

The Zipanguese cheered for the U-style pro-wrestlers because U is pro-wrestling and Jiu-Jitsu is Jiu-Jitsu. This is because the U was rooted in professional wrestling as a professional sport in Zipangu, and even before the mixed martial arts (MMA) boom, it was favorably accepted by Zipangu people as wrestling with a high martial arts flavor.

At that time, when Brazilian jiu-jitsu appeared in Zipang, it was reported as the arrival of the black ships. The cultural distance between Zipang and Brazil was about two days by plane.

And the Zipanguese people supported professional wrestlers from Zipang rather than Brazilian-born jiu-jitsu fighters of Zipang origin.

Enough preamble, let's talk about today's theme, Panther VS Saigo. Panther is a masked wrestler and his fighting style is U (Universal Wrestling). Saigo, on the other hand, is a man who has mastered the art of Jujutsu, and his fighting style is Jujutsu-based. Panther vs. Saigo, perhaps the most unprecedented match ever, took place this evening. The place was Moon Arena. Before I get to tomorrow, let me write about this excitement.

First, Panther entered the square ring with the theme of U. Saigo's theme was the famous Tsugaru Shamisen Fuyunkei. Saigo takes the red corner and Panther takes the blue corner. The rules are anything goes, but no eye gouging and no kin-tachi. 15 minutes and 2 rounds, no judges' decision. Saigo is in Jiu-jitsu gi, hakama, and open fingers. Panthers are naked on top and pantaloons underneath. Open fingers and legers were purple.

Seconds were Toshiaki Fujiwara and Joe Yoji XII on Panther's side and Maria Harold and Lyan Yamamoto on Saigo's side.

The bell rang.

Panther is poised in the uprights. Saigo is a natural.

Panther's jab rumbles. Saigo dodges a step back and fires a low kick to the lower leg.

Panther dodges the now low kick and fires a chasse-lateral (side kick). Saigo knocks off Panther's kick with a right fist and goes straight into a tackle. Panther goes down. Panther takes guard position. Saigo was looking for a shoulder lock from the top. Panther crosses his legs stiffly and doesn't allow him to pass guard. Saigo pounds away on top of Panther in guard position. Panther bridged and splashed Saigo at the moment of pounding, and then stood up, in the manner of a handspring, just like that.

Panther if they were standing, Saigo if they were on the ground.

However, Shiro Saigo has the ultimate big move, the Ippon-back collapse Yama-arashi. And Panther also had the Tiger Dragon Suplex Hold. Of course, by the rules, there is no ippon for throwing. You can only throw and KO or decide to go for it. And of course, there is no three count.

Panther suddenly landed a left sobut and then a right corkscrew middle kick. The audience is thrilled. Saigo caught the right middle kick, stepped forward at once, and carried Panther up in a right single-back stance. He continued to use his right leg to karigiri away Panther's right leg like a lightning strike and a brush-off. The Ipponjo-Oyakata Yama-arashi was decided. The normal Yama-arashi grabs the opponent's right collar and applies the technique, but the Ippon-i Yama-arashi is a technique arranged for Sogo, in which the fighter holds the opponent's right arm and throws it.

Panther goes down. Saigo was in a kesa-gatame position and was looking for a right shoulder lock.

Panther, hold on. There's the bridge. He twisted his body and dodged!

Fujiwara's fury flies.

Panther again used his indomitable fighting spirit and full-body spring to repel Saigo and stood up.

Has anyone ever stood up after being hit by my YAMARASHI?

Saigo asked himself. Of course, if there was, it would only be Genichiro Togo, the first Panther. And in front of him was Arsene Porugo, the second Panther.

Panther was ready to catch him in a stand-up fight and landed a series of right hands to the midsection. Saigo shrugged off the current kick with his guard.

It was time to use that technique that he had once developed to complete the fight with Genichiro Togo.

Saigo threw a one-two. Panther responded by stepping in with a left jab.

Saigo caught Panther's left arm and held it with his right arm. In the reverse single-back stance, Saigo did not hesitate to pay off his opponent's right leg and rolled him up. Panther spun around and plunged head first into the mat with his left arm set in reverse. Saigo spun in the air and threw Panther reeling as it was.

Yamaarashi Kai!

Panther struggled down, holding his left arm.

Panther, bridge! Don't ever get the back!

Panther, please stand your ground!

The second's fury flies.

Panther used his back strength and neck muscles to get back up again from his current big move.

However, he hurt his left arm.

He can't even use his jab anymore. He can't even clutch the Tiger Dragon Suplex. I can't even aim the chicken wing.

Panther, panther, panther.

Fans in the audience called for Panther.

Saigo, Saigo, Saigo.

Of course, the Saigo fans in the hall cheered loudly.

Panther concentrated all his energy and went for one last big move.

Just as Saigo came from the stands to tackle him, Panther unleashed a right flying

knee kick.

Panther's knee went through Saigou's head.

The match was decided.

Without even hearing the ten count, the second Maria Harold, who had just seen the attack, threw a white towel into the ring. Ryan silently stopped Maria's current action, but the outcome of the match had arrived.

The Panther offered his right arm, but Saigo shook it off, stood up, and left the ring with a silent bow.

As the afterglow of the bell faded, Panther's theme played over the audience.

Panther silently exited the ring and strode out of the venue.

The Purple Panther's official match record, or winning streak, all came to an end today. After that, no wrestler claiming to be the Purple Panther ever appeared again.

II. The Hottest Day in the Galaxy Empire

Finally, the day has come for the third Great King of the Galaxy to name his next successor. Of course, his son Galactica Junior will be the 4th Great King, and the Dragon Clan will assume authority as Chairman of the Galaxy Imperial Council. That was the arrangement.

However, there is only one other person who is vying for the position of the Great King of the Galaxy. Soleil Chanoir, the young leader of the Cat Tribe. There was also another who wanted the title of queen of the galaxy. It is Madame Yumemi Porugo, formerly known as Miss Wakamatsu.

The Galaxy Congress of the Empire announced its decision to hold an election to choose the next president of the Galactic Congress. May I have only one candidate, my son? At the moment when the Grand King called for the election, Chanoir called for objections and announced his candidacy for the election. Mrs. Porugo, who was watching the live broadcast of the Galactic Congress of the Empire on Netvision, also started looking for a way to run in this election.

She said, "The prince and Mr. Shanoir are both men, aren't they? How about I, a woman, run for queen?"

What about childcare for Junior?

Nursery school! No, a nursery school.

Is there any way to prevent the son of the Great Prince or Shanoir from becoming the next Great Prince so that I can become queen?

"That's a bit sudden, isn't it? Of course, the most abrupt is the story of the Great King's nomination of his successor. Of course, the Great King's nomination of a successor is the most abrupt of all. That sounds like the kind of thing a prudent Great King would think of."

It has been decided that the next Galactic Imperial Assembly Speaker election will also serve as King of the Galaxy. It will be held in a special Galactic Imperial Assembly ring, and the rules will be a tag team format. The current Chairperson's team will be seeded. Above.

A public service announcement was immediately played.

If you win the King of the Galaxy and defeat the current Chancellor's team (the Great King + Prince), you will become the Great King of the Galaxy!

The Dragon Tribe, moreover, cannot defeat the team of the reigning Great King. You will not be able to defeat the Dragon Tribe, let alone my team, the reigning Great King. This will attract the attention of the people of the Empire, killing two birds with one stone.

When Shanoir heard about the tag team, he paid a visit to a former member of the Cat tribe.

You are a feline, aren't you? My name is Soleil Chatnoir.

Who is this? Oh, you are the son of Old Soleil.

Actually, I've come to ask you a favor.

You don't have to say anything anyway. Who do you think I am? I'm a catmoth, and I haven't lived long enough to have three tails. I know about the Galaxy.

I have done it. When I become the Great King, I would love to have you as my deputy prime minister.

The "Nekomata no Kimi" was an honorific title, but he was the most powerful man of the former feline tribe who had acquired divine powers by living a long life. He was a bit obese, but had an exquisite sense of balance with his three tails. Of course, his fighting style was Neko-ryu karate. Neko-ryu karate is different from Earth karate, and was developed by the Neko tribe in outer space. They used their tails to maintain balance and launch exquisite attacks, and of course, when the time came, they had claws. They also have claws.

Nowhere in the Earth sphere.

"Honey, do you still want to see me go into the Galaxy and beat the Great One?"

What about your partner?

How about Lyan Yamamoto?

Thus, the King of the Galaxy Final Tournament was announced, with Arsene Porgo and Ryan Yamamoto's team, the Galactic Empire father and son team, and Shanoir and Nekomata's team. Incidentally, the Galactic Empire father and son team was seeded by the organizer's authority.

First, the Zipangu theme rang out. From the blue corner, Porugo & Ryan team entered. Meanwhile, in the red corner, the Shanoir & Nekomata team entered with Chatnoir's Triumph.

Porgo is a medium build, silver haired, blue eyed Zipanguese, Ryan is a skinny, irregular striker type, chiseled, fresh smiling Zipanguese, Chatnoir is an upright black feline, and Prince Nekomata is a large white feline man with three tails.

The bell rings. Lyan Yamamoto tried to start the fight with a handshake, but Mr. Shanoir suddenly refused to shake hands and threw a perfectly broken right straight right to the body.

The surprise attack worked. But you're going to take a beating from me?

Lyan aimed at his opponent's right knee and unleashed a chassevar. It's a knee-joint kick. Shanoir dodged the current attack by pulling his leg back.

Lyan unleashed the same attack again.

I saw it coming.

Just as she thought that, Lyan's super-low tackle was decided.

Nekomata immediately intervened with a heavyweight stomping and did not let the fighters compete in a ground match.

Nekomata said, "There is no such thing as a ground match in a tag team match. It's common sense."

Nekomata nimbly returned to his corner.

“Do it!”

Nekomata’s order flew.

The feline aura that Chatnoir possessed exploded and burned throughout her body.

Chatnoir unleashed a one-two hook, hook, and it hit Ryan in an interesting way.

Lyan had no mastery of the manipulative arts.

When Porgo broke in, you, Nekomata, appeared in front of him.

‘I’m the one who’s dealing with Omya!’

Porgo unleashed a lariat in an attempt to take down the big wall-like man in front of him. But the lariat was dodged, and the next moment he was backed up. With a twist, Porgo was thrown backward.

It was an aurora dragon suplex.

Lyan Yamamoto was also knocked out standing with his now chiropractic striking attack.

It was a complete victory for the Chatnoir & Nekomata pair.

But brothers, isn’t the finishing move more like a tiger suplex than a dragon suplex? Well, if we’re talking about ease of execution, the dragon suplex is better. I wish there was such a thing as a dragon killer suplex.

After a short break, the anthem of the Galactic Empire rang out in the hall. Finally, today’s main event, the Galactic Empire Great King and son team versus the Chatnoir

and Nekomata team, is held.

How long have I waited for this day? Why is it that discrimination and poverty have not disappeared from this planet? Why are wars still raging somewhere? Why are there still wars going on somewhere, why are there still natural disasters? I will change everything, I, or rather the cat people, will change everything.

Chathanoir swore in his heart.

The bell rings. The prince is the spearhead. On the other side is Shanoir.

“Hmph, if I defeat this feline man, I’ll be the next great king.”

The prince released the chi in both hands at once and unleashed a Galaxy Wave. As Chatnoir dodged, the ray hit the nekomata.

Nekomata clutched the Galaxy Wave with one hand and his right hand. It was no fluke.

Chatnoir landed a one-two followed by a left and right spinning kick. The speed is different.

The red corner’s Great King’s expression lost its composure.

Nekomata, in the blue corner, tells him it’s time to get serious.

Soleil Chatnoir’s chi exploded. He continued with a right uppercut that stopped the prince in his tracks.

The great king enters the ring with no touch. He went straight into a full-power Galaxy Wave position.

The ring glowed bright white. No explosion occurred.

Daioh blurred his opponent's focus with his current showmanship, then jumped up to the dead center of the air and was about to hit him with a serious Galaxy Wave from the air.

Hmmm.

Neko Zekken!

Nekomata shouted and absorbed the aura of the current Galaxy Wave with both hands.

Get ready, brothers!

Nekomata caught the Great King in a cat-hang in mid-air. In the ring, Soleil catches the prince in a cat hang. They continued to twist and turn and threw both of them into a front suplex.

This was the moment when the big move, the Dragon Killer Suplex, was decided.

At last, the Cat Tribe, a minority tribe, won the battle and was replaced by the Dragon Tribe. The fourth king of the galaxy asked the Nekomata for the position of deputy

prime minister, but they refused.

Politics is supposed to be carried out by young people who have a future. In some countries, old men are running the government, and it is going down the drain. The deputy prime minister should be a young prince.

Thus, the former prince of the Galaxy Empire became deputy prime minister, and the rule of the Galactxy Empire was stable and continued under the new political system of the Cat Tribe - Dragon Tribe.

III. Episode Zero

I went to visit my usual place with Junior.

Dad, who is the man sleeping here?

He's your uncle. A good friend to me.

The Best friend? Tell me about your uncle.

Yes, as much as I can tell you.

My uncle, Ukyo Wakamatsu, died fighting as a partisan against Mars during the Third Earth Invasion. He died defending me.

The Martians developed a strange Martian disease called light gravity sickness, and they missed the gravity of the earth. They came to Zipang with a powerful weapon called the sceptre of life.

We fought to protect our precious people, our precious planet.

Wakamatsu was originally a young man of letters who did not like to fight. But Wakamatsu was fighting to protect. He was fighting to protect his only family and friends.

When you say your uncle's favorite book, do you mean that one that is always on Mom's bookshelf?

Ah, Baudelaire's poetry collection.

On that unforgettable day 10 years ago, which was also my wife's birthday, Wakamatsu died instead of me, protecting me when I was surrounded by a platoon of Martians and in an absolute pinch.

-Wakamatsu!

-Porugo, take care of my sister Yumemi!

The words of that time echo in my heart.

Perhaps it was my life that was being asked of me after all.

Before becoming a cyber detective, I had always vaguely planned to become a development researcher dealing with poverty issues. But I chose reality over a sense of mission.

Many lives were lost in the war of global aggression. My friends, parents, and relatives were all lost in the war. So, in order to survive, I and Miss Wakamatsu chose to become cyber detectives, a means to an end in order to survive.

Wakamatsu majored in French literature at the Faculty of Letters. She thought she would successfully graduate from university and become a member of society, but that society itself collapsed due to the war. The young Zipang people, or rather young earthlings, spontaneously organized partisans and went against the Martians.

There was no Mars Attack then. No, I mean the dope that works so well on the Martians.

I remember that during the Third War of Earth Aggression, the Earth was often shaken by the Martians' meteorite missile attacks. I thought it was a big earthquake, but it was a meteorite falling from space. Then the Martian invasion force of the earth descended with their spaceships and took the citizens of the earth in their hands with the staff of life.

The Martians were wearing fiber that also served as bulletproof vests, so gun attacks were completely ineffective. We had no choice but to engage them in hand-to-hand combat, but they had the staff of life, which could burn and pierce anything. We were recklessly challenging the Martians with homemade cheap "weapons" like metal bats.

Thanks to the development of the Mars Attack by Earth's mad scientists, the Third War of Earth Aggression was said to be over.

The Martians were not very mobile. But their group numbers and their life canes were the problem. They attacked densely populated areas of the Earth population in groups of 20 (or perhaps even more) and burned them to the ground with their life staffs. Those who resisted were either pierced with the staff of life or burned.

That is absolutely unforgivable. I want to drive all of them, those mushrooms, out of the earth sphere.

That's what Wakamatsu said. I agree with him.

Martians were mushrooms from the earth's point of view. Mushrooms with prosthetic

arms and legs. The prosthetic hand held the staff of life. We are like aardvarks from an alien's point of view.

So, are there still Martians in the universe? Aren't they going to attack us?

Yes, Mars is still teeming with them. Mars is not likely to be invaded for a while now that the emperor system has come to an end. Besides, a Martian mad scientist claims to have developed a medicine for light gravity sickness.

No matter where you go, no matter what time period, no matter how much science is developed, wars will never cease. Your planet is peaceful, you say? It just seems that way to you at the end of the line, because you don't know how society works.

But I don't want to fight. Of course, no one wants to fight. But if your relatives or loved ones were about to be killed in front of your eyes, would you fight to protect them? You fight to protect them, that's fine. Nonviolence is sometimes hypocrisy," said the first president of the United Earth Government. It was followed by the words that justice without force is meaningless.

Of course, the Earth Alliance government did not recognize any civil war within the Earth Alliance and maintained its intraplanetary pacifism. The interplanetary war occurred in the gap between the intraplanetary pacifism.

It is said that the two centuries before mankind entered space were an era of war. And the centuries after humans left space were also an era of interplanetary wars. This cycle must be stopped. We must create an end to war without victory.

I knew that one day I would have to tell my son the entire history of this world, but the

fact that I would have to be silent about what I could not tell him was waiting for me.

IV. A Farewell to the EvilWay

The identity of the second Purple Panther. I know who I fought. It's Arsene Porugo. Why is Porgo, who is supposed to be a fellow cyber detective, a professional wrestler? I didn't know that much. But what I could say was that I was confident that I could beat Panther, or Porgo, for that matter, without any evidence.

So far, I have not been able to beat Porgo in a rough fight or in the Galaxy. However, Porgo has a weakness: his family. Even if I don't exploit that weakness, a person with a weakness and me, a wicked man, live in different dimensions.

Because I am weak, I am strong. In truth, I might be. I now challenge Porgo, who no longer calls himself Panther, to a challenge.

Dear Sir Arsene Porugo

I challenge you to a duel. The place is yours.

From Otani Koji

Porgo seems to have understood my true intentions. I wanted to compete with you purely as a competitor.

Porgo replied. The place was Tokio's Korakuen Arena. The rules are a fight match with a deadlock. I will leave the date and time to you.

The match will be held on the night of the full moon in one week's time. The referee will be Saigo.

Thus, Arsene Porugo vs Koji Otanni.

There was no entrance music. There were only referee Saigo, Porgo's wife and children, and Gotoh in the second line to watch the match.

The bell rang.

I suddenly received a barbed wire fire bat from Gotoh and attacked Porgo. Porgo, with a quick rolling sobut, blew my bat out of the ring.

Let's go bare-knuckle. Clean. Or are you afraid of me?

For me, it was all about revenge. If he wants a clean fight, let's go for it. And I've long since put my fear behind me.

Suddenly I hit Porgo with a straight right hand. Porgo fires a counter left to the body. Porgo fires a low shot straight away. I catch the low now, ignoring the theory.

Porgo attacks me with a left medullary kick. But it's me who catches him. Me holding Porgo up with all my might and throwing him headfirst with all the spring in my body. Thunderfire powerbomb is set.

But Porgo kept his distance from me with a shrimp and got up with a handspring.

I start to shudder at how nimble he is now.

Porgo landed a series of right hands to the midsection and then a right elbow to set up a close encounter. I read that my opponent was going for a suplex.

I grabbed Porgo by his silver hair and just fell back. The Dangerous Driver-Ohani was set. I grabbed his hair and left arm and did not let go.

Porgo was eating the DDO now and controlled the positioning and used a shoulder lock.

My consciousness is slightly fading away.

Otani, fight!

Gotoh's fury flies.

Porugo covers me and goes for a chicken wing facelock.

For a moment, I reflexively turn turtle.

Porugo took my back and held on for a special Tiger Dragon Suplex.

Saigo beat the three count.

It was a complete defeat.

My unfounded confidence that I can definitely win has crumbled. But I have a new confidence that I can fight clean, a new possibility.

Evil Otani may have died in today's dark match. From now on, I want to live on the high road. Just the fact that I could think that way was a big gain for me.

After the match, Gotoh was in tears at ringside. Porugo came clean to shake my hand. I responded with both hands and said goodbye to the barbed wire bat lying at ringside.

I wanted to know why Porugo was a professional wrestler as well as a cyber detective, but I knew what I had learned in the fist fight. The high road, and clean fighting, is fun. And as long as I live to see another day, I'll be seeing Porugo in the King of Galaxy.

I no longer had the murder weapon or "weapon" at hand. But I have an unbreakable heart. That's all I need. I have awakened to new possibilities, to a clean fight

V. Encounter! Togo and The GreatBushido

I was silently doing squat. This is the Venus Frontier. And my name is Gen-ichiro Togo.

A two-meter, 200-kilogram-plus super heavyweight masked man appeared before me.

Mr. Togo, right?

Indeed. And who are you?

I shall call myself The Great Bushido. The name “Mr. Togo” is known throughout the galaxy. I’m here to compete with you.

Interesting. You know me as the master of the source. Are you ready for this?

I take an orthodox stance. Bushido was set to southpaw for a moment, but when he saw my stance, he adjusted it to orthodox (left front).

My opponent matches my movement. He is a very good fighter.

First of all, I did one-two with him as a greeting. Bushido dodged the one-two by sidestepping.

I immediately threw a chassey aiming for the right knee.

Bushido switches and dodges.

Bushido's eyes changed.

I'm always ready to receive my opponent's special move and then use that move to bury him! Go ahead and do whatever you want!

Bushido said.

I decided to save the best for last. I should try a dummy move here to make my opponent make a mistake.

Okay, okay. Okay, okay. Here we go!

I stepped forward and threw a jab. Then I throw a long-range straight right.

I didn't miss the moment when Bushido saw through the straight right and threw a counter straight right.

I took advantage of the moment and locked in a right wrist joint, and then moved into a one-punch stance. I then threw him forward while mowing down his right ankle with my right foot.

The powerful Yama-arashi maki-komi was decided.

He fell down on his opponent's upper body and hit him hard on the head.

Bushido came back to his feet with amazing stamina.

Yamaarashi Makikomi? Interesting technique. I certainly got that technique just now.

I ignored Bushido's words and connected with a left middle right into a sobutto.

Bushido took the sobat with his body, but came back with a right lariat.

Just as I fired a one-two again, meant to keep me in time, Bushido caught my right slate and went straight into a one-two position.

I had been waiting for this moment. I put my koshi in and caught him in the Ipponjo-Senjo, and just as he was about to mow down my right leg, I turned backward with all the spring in my body and threw Bushido off me.

A strong backdrop was set.

If it were a normal opponent, he would not come back up again here.

Nuh.

Bushido shouted a voice that could not be described as a word, and got back up.

Neither a yama-arashi maki-komi nor a backdrop would work on this super heavyweight opponent.

Let me show you the secrets of Mibamoto-ryu!

I switched to the back stance, right foot front stance, embodied the aura of my entire body, and threw a powerful left middle strike.

Immediately, I shot Bushido in the head with a right high right hand in combination.

Bushido looked like he had a concussion but was still standing. I fired a straight right to the body to stop him.

I was still burning the aura of my whole body to keep him in check.

Well, here I come.

Bushido declared.

After all, you are a user that I have heard rumors about in the galaxy and have come to this remote Venusian frontier to inquire about. With all due respect, Bushido, I would like to become your apprentice.

I don't take apprentices. Well, I don't mind if there are exceptions.

It seems to me that you are the legitimate heir to the ancient martial arts of Zipangu after the death of the previous Master Minamoto.

I can't help it if you say that much. Well, let's have a cup of sake at this remote tavern.

Thus, I was to teach Minamoto-ryu, or rather, Togo Ryu, to an alien from the Galaxy Empire who called himself The Great Bushido.

I had heard that Saigo Shiro was the one who fatally wounded the previous master, and I was planning a secret plan to overthrow Saigo under the guise of teaching Bushido.

From my first contact with Bushido, I knew that the only way to cut back that Yamarashi was with an ura-nage type of technique. Of course, there are also scooping throws and shifting hips. However, when it comes to a split-second cutback, the ura-nage seems to be the best.

In training with Bushido, I developed the special move that would later become known as the Dragon-Tiger Suplex. It's not a tiger, it's not a dragon, it's a supreme special move with a special clutch. And I began to envision myself fighting in a way that was neither Tiger nor Dragon, like that masked man I saw one day.

Using the same fabric as the mask that Bushido wore, I found that the mask changed color in response to his aura. I began to think that one day I would want to transform myself into a panther, or even a panther beyond panthers, which would be the Purple Panther, if I may say so.

By the time the notes in this notebook reach the eyes of others, I may already be no longer of this world. But like Bushido, my passion for my craft will be passed on to new people.

And one day, I vowed to settle the score with Shiro Saigo.

VI.Settlment

I have been waiting for this day for a long time. The King of Galaxy Special Match. Arsene Porugo vs. Shiro Saigo. I will settle everything with that Saigo as Arsene Porugo, not as Purple Panther.

He trained in hell for about half a year. His coach is Toshiaki Fujiwara. My sparring partner is Lyan Yamamoto. I had never practiced koryu jujutsu, judo, or aiki-jujutsu. The only style I had left was the U-Style. The only way to win was to fuse the old martial arts of the source with the modern U-style mixed martial arts. Tosiaki Fujiwara was a man who mastered joint techniques point by point as if he were giving a science lecture. Ryan was a Brazilian jiu-jitsu + kodate jd, and his striking was sabat. In the end, the only way to win is to stay ahead of the cutting edge in fighting style, the Purple Panther. Evolving wrestling has been called the quintessence of U-style. I would rather agree. Wrestling that is good enough to win by one-sidedly deciding the opponent, that is Shoot Style, or rather Universal Wrestling.

When Master Saigo stayed in the Galactic Empire, he trained like a demigod with the old great king. He would carry that heavyweight Daioh and throw him into a mountain storm a thousand times a day. Even if the opponent was not wearing a jacket, he would throw from the ippon-oshi position into a harekoshi, a unique form of yama-arashi for sogo. He can do a lot of damage without being rolled up or without being rolled up. But this time, he did not forget to go for the reverse cross without hesitation after the complete throw. Uchiha throw kyoku. If you catch it for a moment, you will be able to turn Riai. Master Saigo abandoned uchi and took nagegokyoku.

The rounded Fujiwara tapped me on the shoulder as if to hug me, and the theme began to play. It was GLORIA, a famous earth song.

Meanwhile, as I settled in the blue corner, Saigo entered the red corner with “Tsugaru Shamisen Fuyugeshiki” (Tsugaru Shamisen Winter Scenery).

The special referee was Shanoal.

The bell rings.

The aura of my whole body is raised to the eighth level and dissipated at once. This state can be maintained only until the first round. It is all power from the beginning at once.

Saigo silently sets up a foot strike.

It's a dummy. First, a right chasse (lower lateral kick) and then a jab to see what would happen.

An unusual thing happened at this time.

Saigo went along with the blows. A counter straight right followed by a left hand.

I cut the low as the theory goes. Without hesitation, I threw a right corkscrew middle kick.

I think I can go. Absolutely.

Saigo blocks the middle kick with his left arm and counters with a straight right hand.

I stepped in and landed a left hook followed by a straight right hand.

Saigo did not miss this moment.

He caught the straight right hand, held it with his right arm, and then unleashed an electric mountain storm with a low center of gravity.

Impact. Then, heaven and earth were switched in an instant. As it was, he felt a sharp pain in his right arm and elbow.

It was an inverted cross of Saigo. I reflexively bridged and cut back, and managed to get out of the current reverse cross and bring it into the stand.

I take an upright stance. My right arm doesn't listen to me. My legs are fine. But I can't use the Tiger Dragon Suplex anymore. My biggest trump card is sealed.

He fires off an apologetic jab, and I throw a right hand low. It will never break. My arms may be broken, but only my heart. I will not abandon the game!

Saigo swung back at my low and threw a left high.

Saigo's left foot passed over my head.

I go for the tackle.

Saigo's left foot switches trajectories and goes into a heel drop position.

I close the gap with a tackle at the speed of sound. Saigo gets in close proximity, and I return fire with an elbow strike.

I pull back for a moment.

Saigo lands a left front kick. Saigo steps in further and closes in for a throw.

The moment Saigo grabbed me, I didn't hesitate to cross my body and fell down behind him. I threw Saigo backward in the manner of a backward roll, and I got on Saigo like Tomoe, and from the mount, I put all my weight on the left elbow at once, and caught Saigo's neck in a choke. He locked the choke on Saigo's neck at once.

It was the moment when the old martial art technique taught by Mr. Togo, the yanagi-gatame, was decided.

Saigou fainted with both eyes wide open.

The winner, Arsene Porugo.

It is true that his right arm was broken. But his heart was not broken. Life is like that. It's the heart that counts.

For a moment, I looked at ringside and saw my wife clutching Toto's ticket and my son sucking on a candy bar.

Family.

Arsene Porugo's personal story had once and for all come to an end here. From now on, it will be a family story. The monologue will surely end someday. And the epilogue will come abruptly.

VII.Voice Crazy

That was when the first Joe Yoji was still active. A judoka calling himself Crazy declared war on the mixed martial arts world. He said, "There is no such thing as the best martial arts. There is only the best fighter in the world," he said. And then there is the first Yozi, who challenged Crazy to a dojo-breaking match and was beaten back.

The theory that pro wrestling is the strongest was shaken. Pro wrestling has always been the strongest martial art, and the most advanced pro wrestling, or even more advanced than pro wrestling, is supposed to be the Universal Style. But even the U Style was defeated by the crazies.

The pro-wrestlers and the Krazy family had no choice but to enter into an all-out war.

It was the first Great Asia who first entered into a war with the Crazy's boss, Voice.

The first Great Asia challenged Crazy to a 30-minute single match. Five minutes remained. Asia takes mount and gains a complete advantage. He pounded him to a pulp. But Krazy didn't give up, and after five minutes of pounding away from the top, the fight ended in a draw.

Even the Great Asia, the unified seven-time champion, drew.

It sends shivers down the spine of the theory of the best in wrestling.

And the U-style hitman, the first Joe Yoji, failed to break out of his dojo. With Legendary Panther semi-retired, Akira and his gang retired, the last remaining hope was the Great Sekikawa.

The Great Sekikawa. He was a legendary man who was feared and called the god of death matches.

The Great Sekikawa accepted a death match with Voice Crazy and said, “The rules are lumberjacks.”

The rules are lumberjacks, right? I’ll appoint Mr. Killer L. as my second.

The Great Sekikawa makes the exquisite choice of choosing a real killer and a top-notch assassin as his second for the death match.

Voith chose his brother Orion as his second.

The Crazy Brothers enter to the song “Crazy Train”.

On the other hand, Great Sekikawa and Killer L enter to the song “Galactic Symphony Suite”.

The Great Sekikawa brought a barbed wire fire bat. Seconding him was Killer L, who brought his favorite Walther Q bazooka.

When Sekikawa entered the ring, he handed his weapon, a barbed wire firebat, to his second, Killer L, and said, "You don't need a weapon against an amateur fighter".

I don't need a weapon against an amateur fighter. I'll fight with my bare hands. Don't underestimate my Lancashire wrestling.

The bell rang.

Sekikawa crushes the tackle of Crazy, who is undefeated in 200 fights.

He is not used to fighting.

He quickly took the back.

Crazy was on his back, punching from the bottom.

These guys are pros. Let's start from the stands.

Sekikawa backs up to the ropes, recoils, and lands a lariat.

Crazy went for an armbar and deliberately got hit with a lariat.

Just when everyone thought the lariat was now going to be cut back, there was Crazy, who was down.

Sekikawa used his superhuman or even super godly karma to switch from a lariat at the speed of sound to a neckbreaker.

Crazy invited him to go to the ground, but again, Sekikawa refused the invitation.

My master said that he would only do ground fighting with madam, right?

Krazy grabs him. Just as Krazy goes for a hip throw, Sekikawa uses every spring in his body to turn it into a vertical drop brainbuster.

Who said a brainbuster can't be decided without a promise of an example? Well, I, this I, have proved that the brainbuster can be decided even in stiff competition.

It seemed that Crazy no longer had a chance to win in the stands. Crazy, trying to take advantage of the lumberjack rule, intentionally lured him into the corner.

With a quick tap on Crazy's shoulder, Sekikawa said, "I'll take that as a no-brainer.

It's a clean break!

Let's get this one in the ring.

Crazy goes for a sonic low tackle.

Sekikawa crushes the tackle again and catches him in a drill-a-hole piledriver.

Sekikawa catches him in an arm wrestle from there.

If you're going to give up, now's the time.

Clearly, his joints were screaming. But the Crazy Clan is in a position where they can't give up.

Is a KO the only way to end this fight? Sekikawa unleashes a right palm strike.

He unleashes a right palm strike. A left palm hook. Now a middle kick. Catching the middle now, Voith went for the big outside cut.

That took it.

Voice throws Sekigawa with a powerful osoto gari. If it were judo, it would have been called Ippon.

However, it was Voice who was down at the end. Sekikawa cut him back with a sonic DDT at the same time as the current Outer Gari.

In wrestling, this is where the three-count would have settled the match.

However, it was a death match rule with a perfect ending. And it was a lumberjack.

Sekikawa was very nervous, but he forced the downed Voice up, ran to the corner, and released a jumping powerbomb from the running three position.

Crazy, who was thrown by the powerbomb, was still under, and with his last ounce of

strength, he went for his signature inverted cross.

A normal wrestler could have gotten one here. But I am the Great Sekikawa, the God of Deathmatch.

When he missed the point of the reverse cross, Sekikawa cut him off with a heel hold.

It was a perfect decision. He must have even damaged the ligaments in his knees.

He wouldn't give up anyway. Nice work cutting back on the running three, too.

Sekikawa went for the tackle on purpose. Just as Voice was about to switch with a piledriver that broke the rules, Sekikawa threw Voice backward over his head with all the spring in his body.

The Poseidon Buster was set.

Just when everyone was convinced that Sekikawa had a knockout victory, Orion, his second, took the barbed wire firebutt and threw it into the ring.

Damn, amateurs.

With his last ounce of strength, Voith swung the firebat around.

The bat punched through Sekikawa's body. Sekikawa was caught up in his own corner. The Crazy Clan is on the verge of an upset victory.

Killer L. in the second place, refusing to do anything about it.

Voice is still swinging his bat around.

Sekikawa is ready for the fight.

Voith aims a barbed wire bat at Sekikawa's forehead, and Sekikawa grabs the whole barbed wire in a serious shiroha-tori (white feather catching) move.

If you don't go into the tiger's hole, you will never get the tiger's child.

Sekikawa grabs the burning bat and steals it away.

Sekikawa takes the barbed wire fire bat, puts the burning bat in the center of the ring, and declares, "This is your graveyard.

This is your graveyard. Fuck you, Voice Crazy!

He grabs Voce by the forelock and slams him down with a DDT right into the bat.

He calls for a down count.

Down. One, two, three... Nine.

At the moment of the count-nine, his brother Orion interrupts.

He immediately swings full at Orion with a barbed wire firebat in the center of the ring.

Ten. The bell rings.

A grand slam home run, I guess.

Orion still pounces on Sekikawa from behind as he abandons his bat and attempts to leave the ring.

Fire!

Sekikawa, who had gasoline in his mouth that he had received from his second fighter Killer L., finished Orion off with his signature fireball.

I'm a million light-years faster. You can't challenge me. . . I understand, Deteke.

With these words, the Great Sekikawa left the venue with his second fighter, Killer L, and disappeared into the night.

On the street at night, Killer L said, "Mr. Sekikawa, to tell you the truth, I'm not a fighter."

Mr. Sekikawa, my girlfriend is pregnant. I'm trying to decide what to name the baby.

You have a great name that you inherited from your great-grandfather, don't you?

My great-grandfather was a famous thief in France. But my uncle has corrupted my name, and now I can only use my initials.

How about Arsène Porgo? I will give you my old ring name, Porgo. From now on, your

descendants can take the name Porgo from generation to generation.

Thank you, Mr. Sekikawa. Thank you, Sekikawa-san. But what if I have a daughter instead of a son?

That's right. How about Noriko, after my old girlfriend?

After all, Killer L's child was a boy. Later, for generations, a rule was born that if an eldest son was born into the Arsene family, he would be named Porugo.

This was the episode that gave birth to the silver-haired, blue-eyed Arsene Porugo. Killer L's direct descendants inherited the gold necklace he gave to his girlfriend.

Porgo, the ring name of the deathmatch king, the Great Sekikawa, during his expedition, is the origin of our Arsene Porugo's name.

The story never ends. And the legend continues.

VIII. The First Contact

His master was killed, in a match.

Hearing the news, Gen-ichiro Togo devoted himself to studying the 48 moves of the back in addition to the front techniques.

His opponent's name was Saigo Shiro. He was still a young man, a master of Judo and aikijujutsu.

When Saigo was released from prison as a model prisoner, he silently appeared before his original opponent.

Togo was also silent.

All he had to do was to meet with his opponent.

There was no need for conversation.

He had trained on Venus. There was no way to lose. Togo thought so.

The aura of the whole body exploded to the eighth stage.

If we team up, Saigo has the advantage.

In striking, we have a point.

And also, there must be a point, or even a day's advantage, in the return.

They took a stance. The match began.

Togo stepped in, and from a left jab, he threw a right corkscrew middle.

Saigo blocks the middle with his left hand. As per theory.

Togo lands a hard right hand. He immediately appeared to go for a right high, cancelled it, and connected with a left sobutto. It is a technique called helicopter kick.

Saigo was still blocking to prevent the technique. He did not come to the catch.

Neither of them had yet to really go for it.

It is obvious that there is a hidden difference in ability. It remains to be seen which one is better.

Fearless, Togo thinks so.

Togo invites, and deliberately throws a straight right hand slowly.

Saigo unexpectedly caught the right straight right now, and went straight into a single backbreaking position.

As it was, he mowed down the right leg with his right foot as strongly as if he was paying back with his right leg.

It was a Yama-arashi with an Ippon-i collapse!

Togo smiled fearlessly.

He set his hips in a self-protective stance, and then cut Yama-arashi back with a powerful backdrop.

Saigou flies through the air and falls head first.

It was not a move to connect to the ground, but rather a one or two-handed cutback for a KO.

Togo remained in the stands and demanded the bout continue.

YAMARASHI, defeated!

Well, what do we do now? Saigo?

Now that we have blocked Saigo's supreme technique, we should now attack with blows, being careful of the opponent's grappling.

And then there is that technique that I developed to stop Saigou, the Dragon and Tiger Suplex.

Saigo stood up and moved from a jab to a right foot payoff.

Togo ducked the right foot pay with a swallow back and then threw a left high.

Togo's left leg passed over Saigou's head.

You are young. We both are...

But I still have another way. Togo thinks so.

With the aura of his whole body in his hands and feet, he unleashes a powerful combination of blows.

One two hooks, right in the middle.

Immediately to the right now, Saigou fired a counter back fist.

I was waiting for this moment. That Saigou would show his back with a technique other than Yamaarashi...

Togo concentrated his whole body aura, closed the gap, and caught Saigo's left arm in a chicken wing and his right arm in a half nelson. As it was, he arched in a high angle that could be described as artistic, and threw Saigou off with a suplex over his head. As it was, Togo held on completely, doing damage to Saigou.

Togo released the clutch and stood up silently.

Saigou was knocked out.

Togo silently punched Saigou lightly in the dove tail, and said to Saigou as he regained consciousness.

Next time, you may win. Saigo Shiro. After today, we owe each other nothing more!"

Saigo silently glared at Togo, and Togo silently held out his right arm.

Both men lightly overlap hands.

When Saigo was made to stand up, Togo quickly removed his hand, signaled with his right eye, and walked away.

This was the first fight between Master Togo and Shiro Saigo.

XI.The Last Final Match!

The organizer of the King of the Galaxy, the third great king of the galaxy, has used his organizer's authority to challenge Arsene Porugo to a King of the Galaxy Champion Match.

The rules are universal rules. No pounding. Kick, submission and suplexes of any kind.

The match, the last final match, was held at the Moon Arena on the Earth's moon, the site of the causal match.

The special referee was Shiro Saigo.

Porgo was united in his Purple Panther-inspired style, purple pantaloons and purple open fingers.

Meanwhile, the third Great King of the Galaxy was in the ring, his heavyweight body wrapped in armor.

That is, anyone seeing the Great King of the Galaxy class would want to use a special energy wave to blast them with his aura.

But the great kings of the galaxy wear thick skins and armor. Here, he wants to use his joint techniques, rather than his jutsu, or even striking.

The bell rings.

Porugo sets up his uprights and tackles the slightly less speedy Daioh with a sonic low tackle.

Daioh uses his massive body to cut the tackle with a barbie stance.

Can you go tackle a Daioh class?

Porgo takes a pause and fires off a jab in vain.

Daioh pretends to throw a straight left, then a straight right, and pulls his fist to his waist.

As it was, he gathered all the aura in his body and released it when he thrust forward at once.

It was a super-sized Galaxy Wave.

Porgo was in a guard posture, concentrating all his aura, protecting himself.

The ring glowed.

(If I return with a Galaxy Wave here, it'll be a lot of fun, but the match is lost.)

Porgo calmly steps in and transitions from a right hand to a left chassevar.

Daioh pounces with a big right hook.

Porgo quickly responds with a guard, but it resonates even from the top of the guard.

He's going to have to pull him to the ground somehow.

That is, if it were Saigo, there would be a special Ipponjo-gatame Yama-arashi.

But I am a follower of the Togo school, or rather the headwaters of the Togo school.

If so, there is only one solution.

Porugo, clad in an aura of purple electricity, fires a right fette to low.

It is a two-step kick.

He immediately released a left frontal and spaced out.

Where Daioh fired back with a sonic one-two, Porgo caught a straight right hand, fully engaged the wrist joint, sat up, and took him down from Daioh with an upper body throw.

Porgo quickly moved to a crucifix and tightened up his arm.

Daioh also struggled with his wings.

Daioh managed to get it off.

Both fighters used jiu-jitsu standing and transitioned to the stand in time.

I think Daioh might still have a few things left to keep.

However, if wrestling is to take all of your opponent's moves and win, then mixed martial arts is to decide before letting your opponent play his cards. King of Galaxy is classified as a type of mixed martial arts.

Porgo pretended to go for a neck-wrestling match when he was assembled against the great king. The moment Daioh took advantage of the invitation and inadvertently threw a knee kick, Porgo put his hips in the air and decided to do an inside leg. He then decided to do a cross-knee to Daioh's left leg.

As expected, Daioh gave up when he saw the fully extended knee.

Thus, in a sense, the curtain closed on one of the greatest festivals of the Galactic century.

The King of the Galaxy is a modern mixed martial arts.

The stronger fighter wins, that's it. And it is easy to understand.

When Porgo was named the winner, he shook hands clean and left the ring.

As Porugo walked down the floral path, he saw his wife and son running up to him.

X. Good-bye The Great Sekikawa

This video archive is footage from the retirement match of Arsene Porugo's godfather, the Great Sekikawa. It is a moving video that cannot be viewed without tears.

It is a common belief that there is no retirement in the profession of professional wrestling. In a sense, they never retire, just as professional wrestling is the strongest professional sport, in light and shadow. They return as often as they can, and once they have a match, they are forever active in the hearts of their fans.

When our Great Sekikawa, the god of death matches, made up his retirement match, he was told that any of his opponents would not be good enough. When big names such as the first Great Asia, Brother Akira, and Legend Panther were being shouted down by the public, Legendary Panther came to accept a match in a free-fight lumberjack death match through a collusion between the World Wrestling Association and the death match empire.

Free Fight Deathmatch, i.e., any and all deadly weapons and "arms" were allowed in the ring. It was also a Lumberjack Death Match, which meant that any and all second-hand intervention was allowed outside the ring.

In other words, this was an all-out war by proxy between the World Wrestling Association, to which the Legend Panther belonged, and the Death Match Empire, to which the Great Sekikawa belonged.

We can't wait until the bell.

The Great Sekikawa had only one second fighter, Killer L., an ancestor of Porgo. He has the chutzpah to appoint a professional assassin as a second for a death match. On

the other hand, Legendary Panther, to his surprise, nominated Akira and The Fujiwara, the winner and runner-up of the former Universal Fight Ability Number One Contest.

Legend Panther opened his microphone performance with the following words.

Sekikawa. Thank you for all these years. Today is the anniversary of your death. Now, as the king of deathmatch, I will accept any deadly weapon you throw at me today.

Panther and everyone in the audience. I have brought neither weapons nor deadly weapons with me today. If anything, my very existence is a powerful ultimate weapon. I'm sorry, but today is also the anniversary of Panther's death. I will defeat you and go straight to jail as a murderer. The fact that today's match is being broadcast to the entire universe is, in a way, a shocking event. The moment I complete my work as a death match god, no matter how professional I may be, may be too exciting to broadcast to the public.

"Let's not mess around and decide who's the best."

The bell rang.

The crowd cheered overwhelmingly.

Sekikawa backsteps and holds himself against the ropes.

The Legendary Panther is standing upright, waiting to see when he is going to shoot-style.

Sekikawa comes out of the ring with a lariat, no questions asked.

The now heavyweight legendary panther catches the first blow. Sekikawa still steps back further and strikes the second blow. It was as if a proxy war had begun between Panther's mentor, the founder of Neo Zipang Wrestling, and Sekikawa's mentor, the president of All Zipang Wrestling.

The third time was the charm. Panther answered Sekikawa's attack with a lariat with a Fujiwara Deathlock, breaking the rules. Panther still narrowed down his attack on Sekikawa's right arm with a powerful chicken wing armlock. A normal fighter would have been able to give up with this.

However, he is a death match god. The Great Sekikawa shook Panther off with a powerful bridge and went to the stands.

"It's not that I don't like it," said Sekikawa, "you Universal wrestlers have fought with Crazy Judo and achieved some success. But I'm the one who beat that Voice Crazy!"

Panther's sense of genius came as a shock. Using Crazy Judo techniques, he bloodied Sekikawa and sent him straight into retirement.

Panther caught Sekikawa off guard with a storm of palm bottom strikes, and went straight to a very low tackle. He goes straight into a storm of pounding from the mount position.

A shot or two, and the open-fingered gloves-wearing Panther beats Sekikawa mercilessly. Normally, a back choke would be a knockout.

However, the eye of the Great Sekikawa, a man of a hundred fights, was not dead. Sekikawa skillfully bridges while taking a storm of pounding. He dexterously hung his right leg over the panther's abdomen, and then turned into an outside hook, which is illegal in jiu-jitsu. Sekikawa then locked in a heel hold without mercy.

At this moment, the legendary Panther gave up.

This was the moment when the god of deathmatch defeated the winner of the number one championship of the Universal Fighting Championship by joint techniques, without using any weapons or deadly weapons.

Sekikawa's fame was cemented in this match, and he retired from the sport completely, as he had promised.

However, the Great Sekikawa's heroic performance was completely burned into the hearts of his fans. Of course, there was no end to the number of junior wrestlers who wanted to take over as the second Great Sekikawa in anticipation of Sekikawa's fame, but during Sekikawa's lifetime, fans did not allow him to exist. The reason is that the God of Deathmatch is the one and only.

Good-bye, the Great Sekikawa. His heroic figure will forever remain burned in the hearts of his fans.

ARSENE PORUGO(Special Edition)

著 Yasushi Natsuki

制作 Puboo
発行所 デザインエッグ株式会社
