

# Scorch

By : **Halowazzupman**

The land is barren, and most of the water has dried up. No one knows how it happened, but all who still have hope, hope for only one thing. Mew. Drake is among them, and is starting his Pokemon journey. He wants to bring back Mew, but waking up Mew without causing the chaos of bringing back Darkrai and Giratina looks almost impossible. Almost is the only word Drake needs.

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# Chapter 1: Prologue

## Prologue:

The land is barren. Water is scarce, and many pok mon seem to be completely wiped out. Groudon and Regirock are the most powerful pok mon, while Kyogre and Regice seem to have disappeared. Volcanoes are more popular than regular mountains, making rock, fire, ground, fighting, and ghost-type pok mon the most common. Grass, ice, bug, water, and normal-type pok mon are hard to find, and most people haven't seen any wild ones in over five years. Castforms only appear in Sun Form. Even the choice of starter pok mon is completely different than before. No one knows how it happened, or, at least, they aren't telling anyone. The only hope is to find the legendary pok mon Mew which would be able to set things right, but it is nowhere to be found. Drake has secretly decided to take up this task on his fourteenth birthday, when he receives his first pok mon  

## Chapter 2: Chapter 1: Choices

### Chapter 1: Choices

I'm finally fourteen. The age for first pokémons had been changed from ten to fourteen because it was more dangerous out there than before. I understand that, but it still ticks me off. But now the wait is almost over. Just a few more day and my classes with Professor Cliff are over, and I'm off on adventure! *And not just any adventure* I think.

The next few days pass in a blur, and before I know it, I find myself standing beside Thomas and Craig in front of Professor Cliff's desk. Thomas and Craig are the other two students. Craig and I are rivals; we've always tried to outdo each other since the moment we met. Thomas is just another person to me. We've never really talked or anything, but I'm not one to start conversations.

Professor Cliff looks at us and says, "Today is the day! Before me I have three pokéballs, each containing a starter. There is Diglett - a ground-type with the moves Scratch, Sand-Attack and Growl. Number two is Geodude - a dual ground/rock-type with the moves Tackle, Defense Curl, and Mud Sport. Lastly I have Numel - a dual ground/fire-type with the moves Tackle, Growl, and Ember." He looks at the three of us and gives us a moment to decide. I still can't choose between Diglett and Geodude. One of the big pluses about Diglett is his ability to know the move dig. He can get you out of caves in a second. But Geodude has a much bigger defense.

Professor Cliff takes a hat of one of the many shelves in his room. "In here are the numbers one, two, and three. Whoever picks number one chooses first, two chooses second, three chooses last." Craig gets to pick first because of alphabetical order. By the sour look on his face, I can tell he's gotten number three. I close my eyes and choose second. I get number two. That leave Thomas with number one. He smiles and says, "Numel." Professor Cliff gives him a pokéball. He stands back to let me choose. This is it. I look at the two pokéballs for what seems like forever until I say, "Diglett." Professor Cliff gives me the pokéball containing Diglett, then gives Craig the one with Geodude.

"Now, I want to give you three five pokéballs, a pokédex and an Old Rod each." Professor Cliff hands these items out to us. The pokéballs are for catching pokémon, but you guys know that of course. The pokédex keeps track of all the pokémon you have seen and caught, as well as the location of seeing or catching them. The Old Rods are rare items now. Fishing is a sport long gone, but I want you three to find some water pokémon and catch them, as they get rarer by the day. The Rods are collapsible, and will fit in a backpack." He looks around at us. "Well? Get going!"

We leave the room, me being the last person, and the only to say goodbye. "Drake!" Professor Cliff calls me back. That Diglett's a tough one. Maybe naming it would be a good idea to start bonding with it?"

"What? Yeah, sure." I reply, "Why didn't you tell the others about their pokémon?"

"You've always been my favorite student. Maybe I shouldn't have, but I feel like helping you will be a good thing." He tells me, "If you ever need a hint, the pokédexes have a phone feature. I'm registered in your contacts, so just call me. Register your mother too. She'll want to know your safe."

"Will do." I say, "Anything else?"

"I hope to see you again. Goodbye"

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"Goodbye," I walked out the door and down the street to my house, where I was greeted by my mother, who had tears in her eyes.

"Where are you going to go first?" she asked. I grabbed my backpack, which had been standing just inside the door, where I had left it, and put on my pokéball holding belt, putting my 6 pokéballs in it, Diglett in the left-most slot. I still didn't know, but decided that fishing was worth a shot. "To the little pond, to see if I can capture a water-type pokémon." I replied.

"So you'll be passing back on the way to Route 51!" My mother exclaimed, suddenly joyous. She got to see me one more time than she had thought.

"Yes." I smiled, "See you later!" I walked south, in the direction the ocean had once been. There was a little pool there now, and it was filled with silt and dirt. But it was deep enough to contain some pokémon. Sitting down, I pulled the old fishing rod out of my backpack and attached some bait. Releasing the string into the water, I started fishing. Soon enough a pokémon appeared. I pulled out my left-most pokéball and released Diglett.

"Scratch!" I commanded, but it didn't do anything. It sat in the hole it had dug just after release and looked at me. I decided to take the diplomatic approach. "Hi! Digger." I thought of the name on the go, and liked it. "I'm your new trainer! I think we could be a great team. Don't you?"

"Glett." I said and looked back at the fish pokémon. I knew it was a Magikarp, but I pulled out my pokédex to record its entry.

*"Level 6 Magikarp." It said in a robotic voice, "A fish pokémon that evolves into a powerful Gyarados at Level 20." I put the pokédex away and looked back at my Diglett.*

"Will you attack it?" I asked Digger.

"Dig," I told me.

"Do you want to dig?"

"Dig!"

"Make a hole then! I won't stop you!" I told it.

"Dig!" it said and make a series of holes in a few seconds.

"Now will you attack the Magikarp?" I asked, getting frustrated.

"Glett."

"Why not?"

"Dig!"

"I know you want to dig, but if we can catch the Magikarp, then we can keep going, and find a better place to dig!" I told it.

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"Talking to your pokémon?" Craig said, as he came up behind me. "Because I won't even fight a useless Magikarp?" He laughed. "Maybe it knows better than you and wants to fight something worth fighting?!" He release his Geodude. "Like my pokémon! Wait. It's probably too much of a sissy!"

Diglett looked at Geodude, and recognizing Craig's tone of voice, used Scratch on it, but it didn't have much of an effect.

"Tackle!" Craig ordered his Geodude, and it tackled.

Thinking quickly, I said, "Digger! Use Sand-Attack!"

Geodude was a few milliseconds from hitting Digger, when the Diglett acted, spraying up sand and digging down. Geodude rolled away, blinking furiously to get the sand out of its eyes.

"Digger! Sand-Attack again, then Scratch it as much as you can!" I ordered my pokémon. Digger did just that, and while Craig's Geodude tried to roll away, Digger kept popping up around it and scratching. It actually scratched off some pieces of rock off of the Geodude. "Good job!" I told Digger.

Craig, seeing that he was finished, recalled Geodude and looked at me venomously. "I'll get you next time."

## Chapter 3: Chapter 2: Fishing and Route 51

### Chapter 2: Fishing and Route 51

I petted Digger on the head. We were a team now. "Good job Digger!" I told it and it dug a few holes happily. "Do you want to help me catch a water-type pokémon?" I asked, as the Magikarp had gotten away. Digger said "Dig" and nodded. I cast the line again and soon felt a tug. Pulling it, a Magikarp came out of the water, and Digger looked at me for instructions.

"Scratch!" I told it. It complied with my orders and scratched it. I pulled out a pokéball and threw it at the Magikarp. There was a flash of white and the pokéball closed around the Magikarp. It didn't even quiver.

"Good job Digger!" I praised my Diglett, then pulled out my pokédex, sitting back down. It scanned the pokéball and said. "*Level 6 Magikarp.*" I decided that it was probably the same one as before.

"Moves?" I asked.

*"Splash. It has no effect."*

"Well that's a bummer. When does it learn a new attack?"

*"Level 15 - Tackle."*

"Then I've got some training to do." I looked back at the pond and asked Digger, "Do you think there are any more pokémon in there?"

Digger used it's favorite word - 'Dig' and nodded.

"Then let's fish some more!" I cast the line again. We sat for a long time. About 30 minutes in, I realized I had forgot to put bait on the hook. *I'm a dumb one!* I thought to myself. After correcting my mistake, I smiled at Digger and he dug another hole. *Goodness!* I thought, *This place is ravaged!* But I kept fishing, and eventually I got another tug. Pulling on it, a new pokémon flopped out. It was a very ugly fish pokémon.

*"Feebas. Level 5."* My pokédex told me.

"Scratch it once Digger!" I told my Diglett, which complied and I threw another pokéball. This time it quivered once before settling down, but when I scanned it with my pokédex I got bad news.

"Moves?"

*"Splash. It has no effect."*

"Seriously?!" *What a waste!* I thought. "What does Feebas evolve into?"

*"Feebas evolves into Milotic"*

I had heard of Milotic before. It was supposed to be the most beautiful water pokémon out there. The confusing bit was how it was supposed to evolve from a super ugly Feebas. I ask my pokédex that.

*"A Feebas evolves into a Milotic when it levels up and its beauty condition is maxed out."*

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"And how do I do that?"

*"Feed it dry flavored Poffin."*

I decided to not ask any more questions, but get a move on on my adventure. I looked down at Digger and said "Sorry if you don't like this." and put him back in his pokéball. *Wait. Him?* I consulted my pokédex and I was correct. It was a male. At the same time I found out that Diglett would only learn the attack dig at level 34. *Better level thirty-four then never!*

I walked back home to see my mother waiting for me.

"Drake!" She says, "I have something to give you." She shows me a pair of brand new running shoes. "I hope they'll help!"

"Of course they will mom!" I say, switching my shoes.

After our goodbye's, I walk towards Route 51, but get stopped by Professor Cliff. "I have some potions for you. They can heal your pokémon a bit, though going to a pokémon center is always better. But these can be applied on the go. You can buy them in pokémarts too. I trust that you have some money?" He inquired.

"Yes!" I say, "Thanks!"

"Then goodbye."

"Bye" I walk on to Route 51. I know that Sandshrew and Hippopotas are common here, and I want to catch one. *Then my team will be balanced I think, two useless pokémon and two useful.*

Looking around, I can see patches of sand, as I walk around the S-like path. The path has breaks where you have to walk in sand, but I'm okay with that. At one such break, I saw something scurrying in the sand, and then a Sandshrew leaped out at me from the sand. I quickly released Digger and command him to scratch. The Sandshrew's brick like hide absorbs most of the scratch, but it looks weakened. The Sandshrew scratched back, but Diglett, under my command, used Sand-Attack and the Sandshrew rolled a little ways away. Diglett dug near it and scratched it a few times, always digging away when Sandshrew attacked. I threw a pokéball and after a few quivers, the pokéball settled down and I had a Sandshrew. *I made a good choice picking the Diglett* I think as I recall Digger. The rest of the walk is uneventful, and I reach PUNCHAI City before dark.



## Chapter 4: Chapter 3: Gym Battle

### Chapter 3: Gym Battle

After sleeping at the Pok  mon Centre, I had a whole new day ahead of me. I knew PUNCHAI City had a Gym, so I decided to check it out. Once I walked in, I could see a hallway with doors on the sides. From behind multiple doors, I could hear the sound of battling pok  mon and trainers shouting orders. Training rooms.

I walked onwards to the door of the gym and there I could see a trainer there, holding a pok  ball. He looked at me and asked "Do you want to challenge me?"

"I was wondering around what levels your pok  mon are." I replied, not wanting to battle level fifty pok  mon with my level five and six pok  mon.

"Around level twenty."

"Then I've still got some training to do." I replied, and he nodded, holding out his hand to shake. "Robert. Good to know that you care about your pok  mon."

"Drake," I shook hands, "What do you mean?"

"Well, I just battled a kid about your age with a level 5 Geodude and a level 6 Hippopotas. D'you know him?"

"He's my rival!" I replied.

"Then help him train his pok  mon by battling him a few times. I don't want to send him back to the pok  mon center with a cracked Geodude again." He told me.

I smiled, "I'll do it for you."

He laughed and looked behind me. "Do you challenge me?"

I turned around to see another trainer walking up. "Yes."

"You know the rules? Then let's go inside." After he made sure the trainer did, he turned to me, "You can watch if you want, Drake. Maybe you'll get a feel for my style."

I nodded and followed the gym leader and trainer inside. I release Digger to let him watch as well. We'd both need to be alert and know what we were doing. The gym arena was a uniform concrete floored, metal building. Not much of an advantage anywhere. The trainer told someone something, then prepared a pok  ball.

"This will be a one on one battle between Robert, the fighting-type gym leader and the trainer Joshua Polian." I guessed that the trainer had told the announcer his name.

"Let's battle!" Robert said, "Go Hitmonchan!" Robert sent out a human-like fighting-type pok  mon with tough, glove-like hands.

"Sandslash!" Joshua released the evolution of Sandshrew.

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"Feint!" Robert commanded his Hitmonchan, while Joshua ordered his Sandslash to use Fury Cutter. Hitmonchan moved to one side, then dashed the other way throwing a few punches. Sandslash was temporarily confused, but he rolled up, absorbing the punches, then popped up again, slashing five times in quick succession. Under the command of the two people, the two pok mon battled. Sandslash used rollout, after a defense curl, and took Hitmonchan by surprise, fainting Hitmonchan. Robert recalled it and took out his second, and second last, pok ball on his belt.

"Hitmonlee!" Was Robert's next pok mon, and it defeated the weakened Sandslash quickly. Now Joshua released a Donphan. It used Slam, but Hitmonlee jumped out of the way and used Jump Kick mid-leap, pounding Donphan a few times. Donphan stood up and looked around for Hitmonlee.

"Fury Attack!" Joshua ordered and his Donphan complied, attacking Hitmonlee with its tusks, and getting a few good hits. After a while longer, Donphan managed to finish off Hitmonlee with another well placed Slam.

"Your Donphan is good, I must say. Hitmontop!" Robert released his last pok mon, and the last of the Hitmon-trio. "Triple Kick!" The top-like pok mon swung around and kicked the Donphan's legs, but it stood strong. "Fury Attack!" The Donphan complied with its trainer and attacked Hitmontop with its tusks, throwing it one way, before it swung around and used rapid spin, slightly confusing the Donphan and hitting it a few times. It was starting to get weak.

The battle raged on, and I knew Joshua's strategy. To counter the quick and aggressive pok mon, he used aggressive pok mon with a tough defense. First the Sandslash's strong scales, then Donphan's low stance and thick hide. I wondered what his last pok mon would be, if I got to see it at all; Donphan was putting up quite a fight.

But at last Hitmontop felled Donphan and, though tired, it looked ready for one more fight.

"Boldore!" The rock-type appeared, strong and still. Just like a boulder. "Rock blast!" Joshua commanded and rocks flew across the arena. The battle raged, but in the end, Boldore was the victor, making Joshua the winner. He praised Boldore, then recalled it and walked up to Robert, shook hands with him, and received his Pound Badge. Robert also pulled out a disc-like object and gave it to Joshua. I could hear him say that it was TM 52 - Focus Blast.

Joshua thanked Robert and left the gym, smiling. Robert looked at me and said, "Figured it out yet?"

"I have a good idea." I replied, "Strong defense, but enough offense to pull it off."

"I think you've got the idea."

I left the gym and saw that the sun was a bit past midday. When I looked back down, I saw Craig standing in front of me smiling.

"Just lose?" he sniggered.

"No, I didn't battle, though I know that you got owned." I replied coldly.

That wiped the smirk off his face. "Well I won't lose against you! Go, Geodude!"

"Sandstorm!" I release my Sandshrew, naming it at the same time.

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"Tackle!" Craig ordered, while I told Sandstorm to use Defense Curl. Due to Sandstorm's thick skin, the tackle barely fazed it. "Sand-Attack!" was my next command, while Craig told Geodude to tackle again. As Geodude tried to tackle Sandstorm, my Sandshrew darted out of the way, spraying up sand in the process and momentarily blinding Geodude.

I told Sandstorm to use Scratch a few times, and it did, while Geodude wiped sand from its eyes and ignored Craig's shouts to use Tackle. Once Geodude had gotten rid of the sand, it turned on Sandshrew, which sprayed more sand at my command.

Geodude was useless for a while once again, and Sandshrew got to work Scratching it, actually chipping off part of rock. After a while of repetition, Geodude fainted and Sandshrew began to glow warmly. After a second of confusion, I realized that it had just leveled up! I patted on the head and said "Good Job", then recalled it.

"How many more pok mon do you have?" I asked Craig.

"Two." He replied, "Go Hippopotas!"

"Digger!" I released my starter, then said, "Scratch!" while Craig commanded Hippopotas to Tackle.

Digger waited until Hippopotas had started to move, then dug down and came up beside it, scratching a few times. Hippopotas changed direction, but again Digger, came up somewhere else to scratch it. This went on for a while, until Craig realized that he was getting nowhere, so he commanded Hippopotas to use Sand-Attack. The level six pok mon tried, but was too slow to kick up some sand and Digger used his superior speed to finish off Hippopotas. He too glowed for a little as my Diglett leveled up to level six.

Craig released his last pok mon - a Sandshrew. I knew how to deal with this one! Telling Digger to dig down again, we did the same thing Digger and I did to capture Sandstorm, but for a bit longer to faint Craig's Sandshrew. In the end, Digger was barely scratched, and Craig was defeated again.

## Chapter 5: Chapter 4: Thomas

### Chapter 4: Thomas

I left Craig hating me and walked on to Route 52, where I wanted to catch at least one more pokémon. This was a longer route, but it wasn't long until I was jumped by a pair of Poochyena. I release all four of my pokémon, hoping that Magikarp and Feebas would gain some experience, while Sandstorm took one out and Diglett helped me catch one. I ordered Sandstorm to Sand-Attack one, then scratch it until knock-out, while with Digger, I ordered him to use Sand-Attack so the Poochyena was blinded, then I pulled out my second last pokéball and threw it at the Poochyena. The ball quivered harshly, then a bit less, and finally stopped.

I looked to see what Sandstorm had made of the other one and could see it laying still. I caught it as well, maybe out of pity - I don't know, but I did it and that's that. I checked their levels and the two were both level 6 males. Probably brothers.

I continued searching for pokémon, and I found quite a few, though I didn't catch any of the other Poochyenas, Hippopotases, Nosepasses, Gligars, or Baltoys. I did return to the pokémon centre a few times though. My pokémon's levels were now at: Digger was at level 9 - he had learned the move Astonish as well! Sandstorm was at level 9 - she had learned Poison Sting! Bite, Poochyena number 1, was at level 8 - one more until he learns Sand-Attack! Scratch, Poochyena number two, was at level 7 - just behind his brother. My two useless water-type pokémon, Gyro the Magikarp and Melody the Feebas, were at levels 8 and 7, respectively. I named them that for their final evolutions - Gyro the Gyarados and Melody the Milotic.

Night was falling, so I returned to the pokémon centre, renting out a room again, and wondering what to do the next day. I fell asleep still undecided.

When I woke up, I knew exactly what I was going to do. I walked to the pokémart and asked for some dry-flavored poffin. The clerk asked, "Do you know how much that costs? The ingredients for poffin are super rare at the moment, so the final product is very expensive. Why do you want some anyways?"

"I have a Feebas and want to evolve it!"

"Well you better hope that Milotic is useful, because dry-flavored poffin costs \$50 000. You have that much?"

I looked at how much \$ I had. I had taken all my money with me, and, because my father had left me half his money when he had died, I had more than enough.

"Yes." I traded the money for the dry-flavored poffin, and walked to route 52. Feebas needed to level up to evolve, while feeling beautiful. This was going to have to be timed right. The poffin had been compressed into a pill, so I was pretty sure Feebas would be able to eat it.

I looked around for pokémon, when I spotted a Numel. Thomas?

Sure enough, after looking around the rock that had been blocking my view, I saw Thomas there, gesturing to his confused Numel. Thomas didn't see me approach, so he looked surprised when I said, "Maybe talk to it?"

He knelt down, and looking embarrassed wrote 'Can't' in the sand. I looked at him in surprise, but then I remembered that when we were in a lower class and had just met, he had refused to talk to me, and we had

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never really talked. I had always thought that he was just the silent type of person - he had played it well - but now I understood.

Snapping out of my daydream, I looked at him and released Feebas. Giving him the poffin pill, I said, "Feed this to it and make it watch a battle. I'll battle with your Numel." Thomas nodded and picked up the dopey Feebas. That said, Numel was dopey too.

I led Numel a little ways away and waited until something sprang at it. "Ember!" I could see Thomas feed the pill to Melody the Feebas out of the corner of my eye. Numel obeyed, scorching the Roggenrola. It was surprised and tottered back, while Numel used Ember again. After a little while, Numel knocked-out the Roggenrola with barely a bruise for a tackle. The Feebas glowed a little and I knew that we had succeeded. Thomas dropped it and it glowed brighter, changing and morphing into a Milotic. It looked at me, its owner, and I scanned it to have it in my pok dex, but then said, "Melody, your new owner is Thomas."

Turning to Thomas, I said, "My pok dex says that Milotic can tune in on their owner's feelings. That way, it can understand what you want it to do." Turning back to my old Milotic, I added, "Be good Melody." Thomas pointed at the Numel and at me and I understood. Picking up Numel, I traded pok balls with Thomas and said, "Your mine now!" and Numel made a dopey smile and I returned it to its pok ball.

Thomas and I shook hands, then he left to find some pok mon to battle and I returned to PUNCHAI City with a new Numel.

## Chapter 6: Chapter 5: Interrupted Battle

### Chapter 5: Interrupted Battle

I wondered what to do now. Probably battle some trainers to get some experience. I looked around, and decided to return to the gym and go to one of the training rooms.

There, I could see that most of the rooms had red lights - many people were already training. A few had green lights, signifying them being open, and one had a yellow light - someone was waiting for a challenge. I walked inside, to see Craig.

"You?!" Craig exclaimed, "I'll beat you this time!" He took a pokéball from his belt, and I followed his lead, taking out Bite. I was starting to not like the belt for holding pokéballs; I found it a bit cumbersome, especially if you want to bend down.

"Vulpix!" Craig released the fox-like fire-type onto the field, while I threw my poochyena's pokéball with a cry of "Bite!" Thus the battle began. I went in for the tackle, while Craig told his Vulpix to use Ember. Vulpix was about to pull off the fire-type move, when Bite hit it and knocked the breath out of it. But then the two of them rolled over until they lay beside each other and refused to fight. I looked up at Craig who looked at me.

"I'll trade you for Vulpix." I told him, "I've got another Poochyena if you want it." Because I understood what had just happened. The two pokémon had fallen in love. Craig nodded, "I can find more of these things, and this one seems to be useless against you."

So we recalled out pokémon, then headed over to the trading machine in the pokémon center, to make it official. I took out the pokéball with scratch and placed it in one slot, while Craig took out the pokéball with Vulpix and placed it in the other.

I looked at the buttons and saw a big green one with the word 'Trade' I pressed it, and after a few seconds, the pokéball slots opened and I took out my new Vulpix. I looked back at Craig and asked, "Do we continue the battle?"

"Let me train with poochyena first." I decided not to tell him that it might not respond to 'poochyena', only to 'Scratch'. But maybe it was still just 'poochyena' at heart. I nodded and walked to Route 51, releasing Vulpix. For a second I thought that he might have tricked me, but Vulpix popped out and I knew it was the same one. Vulpix looked at me, confused.

"I'm your new trainer now Vulpix!" It looked on at me, "Hmm! I like to nickname my pokémon, so how about I name you! Flame!" Flame nodded, and I took out Bite's pokéball, releasing Bite. Flame and bite looked at each other and began to play happily.

I released my other pokémon to play, and Bite looked up at me hopefully. "Scratch is gone. I had to trade him for Flame." I tell him sadly, and he sits down. "We'll see him again, don't worry." Bite nods and goes to play with the rest of my pokémon.

I make a mental list of my pokémon and their levels:

Digger - level 9

Sandstorm - level 9

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Gyro - level 8

Bite - level 8

Erupt (my Numel) - level 5

Flame - level 8

I had to check the last two with my pok dex, because I hadn't trained them. Thinking that it was probably time to head back and battle, I recalled all my pok mon and walked back to PUNCHAI City's Gym, finding Craig waiting in the same room as last time.

I chose the pok ball with Sandstorm inside, and while he released Scratch, I shouted "Sandstorm!" and released my Sandshrew. This face-off goes on for a while, me shouting "Sand-Attack!", "Defense Curl!" and "Scratch!" every so often, and Craig shouting "Tackle!" and "Howl!" It finally ends when Sandstorm avoids a Tackle, and rakes her claws in a Scratch down Poochyena's side. Craig recalled his Poochyena, and took out another pok ball. Sandstorm also glowed a little - level up! I kept Sandstorm out, because she should be able to take a bit more battling, and I am at a disadvantage - Gyro is useless, and Craig has six useful pok mon.

Craig's next pok mon is Hippopotas. It soon over takes my already weakened Sandshrew and I recall it. Now I take out the pok ball holding Erupt and throw it.

"Erupt, use Ember!" It did as I ordered and Hippopotas lumbered back. "Tackle!" We both yell and the pok mon hit each other in midair and land slightly dazed. "Ember!" Numel sends out a bit of fire and Hippopotas gets knocked out. Craig's next pok mon is his Geodude.

This pairing goes on for a very short while, but Erupt gets knocked out quickly by a tackle. I send out Digger. Starter versus starter. "Scratch!" I start the fight off. After a while, my Diglett is still standing, or should I say digging, strong, while Geodude has been knocked out by Digger's Astonish.

Craig recalls his fainted Geodude and sends out one of his pok mon that I haven't seen before - an Aron. "Digger! Astonish!" I shout quickly, hoping to make Aron flinch, and when it does, I tell Digger to scratch. Digger does its best, before Aron turns and Tackles it, returning to battle after flinching. Digger digs away, then uses astonish and scratches again. In the end, Digger scrapes up a win, but just barely. After leveling up, I recall it.

"How about we make this last one a double battle." Craig says. He's obviously hoping that Bite and Flame won't want to fight together, but I know Bite better. He always wants to win if he's fighting. "Sure!" I agree, sending out both Flame and Bite.

Craig's choice of pok mon is both steel-types. Bronzor and Klink end up floating beside each other on the field, while Bite and Flame growl at them.

"Vice Grip! Tackle!" "Ember! Tackle!" orders are shouted out and the double battle begins. Bite and Bronzor Tackle each other, while Flame evades Klink's Vice Grip and scorches it full on in the face. That attack was very effective, and Klink actually got softer, causing Craig to recall it. From there Flame helped Bite defeat Bronzor and again, I was the victor.

"It was closer this time! Next time I will beat you!" Craig yelled and walked out the door.

## Chapter 7: Chapter 6: Grimy

### Chapter 6: Grimy

I followed Craig outside, where I heard someone shout, "Help!"

It was getting dark, and there was no one around, so I followed where the voice had been and saw a kid in an alley surrounded by five Grimers.

Realizing that I only had Flame and Bite, I released both, then told Flame to get help. Bite could only hold them off for so long. "Do you have any pokÃ©mon?" I asked the boy, who shook his head. "Don't fight Bite; just keep their attention on you!" I told my Poochyena. Bite got the Grimers' attention, and kept backing away slowly, so that they would follow. It worked for a while, but eventually, the Grimers got bored, and Bite had to attack to keep their attention.

It tackled and backed away a few times, and eventually the Grimers got agitated and attacked. I directed Bite for a while, but he got overtaken, and I had to recall him. The Grimers then looked at me, and were about to get me, when I heard a shout and a stream of water hit a Grimer, pushing it back. The rest of them were soon shot away as well, and I could see Thomas and Melody standing at the entrance to the alley. The kid ran out and away. I guess he didn't want to fight more Grimers.

I turned to Thomas, "Thanks!" Looking down at Flame, I told her, "Good job!" and recalled her.

Suddenly, a kid ran into the alley and shouted, "What did you do to my Grimies?! What?!"

I turn on him and tell him about the incident. I can see the understanding in his eyes, but he turns away and shouts, "Grimer killer! Grimer killer!" repeatedly, then runs off, presumably home. I shrugged and turned around, back to Thomas.

"Thanks again!" I tell him and he nods, blushing a little. Behind Thomas, I see movement and I guess it showed on my face, because Thomas turned around and together we watched the newcomer come out of the shadows. He was dressed in black, with a purple stripe down the side of his right sleeve. Behind him came a girl, dressed the same. Just by guessing, I could tell that this was another gang. They probably called themselves 'Team Purple-Stripe' or something like that. The two of them walked towards us, and I released Bite and Flame again. Melody still stood - or, rather, floated - beside Thomas.

The gang members released a Koffing, a Grimer, and a Garbodor to counter our pokÃ©mon. But the man held up a hand and said, "We only wish to talkâ for now."

"We would like to talk to you about joining Team Poison. We are working on bringing back water!" The woman told us.

"How? And why should we join your team?" I countered.

"We can only tell you that if you join! And you should joinâ!"

She left of meaning 'or elseâ!' I decided to push the limits a bit. "But why? What do we get from joining?"

"Poison PokÃ©mon! And information! We'll also speed up your training!"



## Scorch

"But I only like certain poison Pok  mon! And not many of them! And what kind of information?! How do you speed up the training?!" I knew I was pushing it, and far.

"That's it! You'd probably just weigh us down anyway! Koffing! Smog!"

"Flame! Ember!" Ember cleared away the smog, but it seemed as if the two trainers had used the smog as a running-away tool, because they were nowhere to be seen. I recalled Flame and Bite, and along with Thomas, headed back to the Pok  mon Centre to heal our Pok  mon. There, I realized that the day was turning into night, and, again, I slept over at the Pok  mon Centre.

Scorch

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