

Raikou and the Mystery of the Rainbow Orb

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A sixteen year old boy, his best friend, and his best friend's little sister start the journey of a life time in a world they never knew existed.

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Chapter 1 - Prologue

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1 - Prologue

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the pokemon in this story, but I do own Brice and Alan... I think. This is my first Fan fiction, so yeah. I'm pretty sure I own them. If I don't I at least own their personalities, right?

Hello, my name is Brice. I am your average, every day 16 year old kid. Well, I was. What? You want to hear the story? Well... I'm not too good at story telling, but I'll try. It all started on a nice day in the forest where the little fairies were flying around and leprechauns were running around the field. All of this was at the end of the rainbow of course. Huh? Oh... sorry... wrong story. Well let's see here. Ah, my story...

"Mom, I'm going to Alan's house!" I shouted out while leaving my house. I lived at the end of a narrow road and I always lived in the small town, so I never knew what life in the city was like. My house was that little white, one story house with the messed up mailbox that was a result of a sixth grade experiment. Anyway, enough about my house, let's get back to the story.

As I walked down the street, my spiky blonde hair shook in the wind. Alan, my best friend in the whole world, lived right down the street from me. Alan and I had known each other since we were babies. Our parents have been friends long before we were born and they were also best friends. It was less than a minute walk to his house, but then again, nothing was more than a minute walk or drive from my house since the town was so small. I eventually got to Alan's house, which took longer than usual because the wind blew so hard, some might think that there was a tornado or hurricane.

I walked up to the front door and rang the doorbell of the little, two story blue house at the other end of the street I lived on. I stood there patiently and when no one answered the door after a few minutes, I rang the doorbell again and patiently waited. After standing there for another few minutes I knocked on the door.

'They better be home. I didn't walk to his house in this wind for nothing' I said to myself. Eventually, after minutes of waiting, Alan's dad answered the door.

"Sorry about that, we're watching a movie and no one wanted to get up and answer the door," he apologized. "Come on in. Alan, Brice is here."

I stepped inside and went over to their living room, where I saw Alan sitting on the couch eating popcorn watching a movie. I didn't pay attention what movie they were watching, I'm not a huge fan of movies. "So what's that thing you wanted to show me?" I asked him.

"Affer dis mooby ish ober," he said with his mouth full of popcorn. It was his usual behavior. Most people that meet him think that he was raised in a barn due to his lack of manners, but hey, what's wrong with growing up in a barn? My dad grew up in a barn and he turned out just fine!

I went upstairs to his bedroom and looked around his stuff for about an hour, maybe two. Alan eventually came upstairs. "Ok, now do you want to show me what was so important that I had to rush over?" I

asked.

“Of course! It’s right here,” he said opening his closet and pulling out a chest. It seemed pretty heavy, but he managed to get it on his bed. “Inside of this chest is something you have never seen before, something that will amaze you, something that---“

“Would you just open the chest already?” I started getting impatient.

“Gee, impatient today aren’t we?” He took out a key from his drawer and unlocked the lock on the chest. When he opened it I looked inside and was in shock. I swear my heart skipped a beat.

A/N: Yeah, that's the Prologue of my story. Comments? Remember, this is my first Fan fiction. Sorry for the shortness of this.