

journey to the Nexus

By Wyrmses

Submitted: June 2, 2006

Updated: June 2, 2006

For Flax, being a sprite was never easy, but life gets harder when he has to escape. Will he and his new friends ever make it to the Nexus, or will the dreaded Jirachick catch them?

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Wyrmses/34412/journey-to-Nexus>

Chapter 1 - escape from Captivity

2

1 - escape from Captivity

Authors note and disclaimer: I do not own Pokemon, but I also do not own Jirachick. He's owned by an old friend of mine from a few years back. I knew him as Burninating Torchick, or BT for short. This fan fiction is dedicated to him. Just review my story and simply tell me if you want your own Pokemon or sprite in the story, their personality, and weather you want to be friend or foe.

Chapter One: Escape From Captivity

Flax had gone his whole life knowing absolutely nothing outside of the Dark Flame, except for what the leader, Jirachick, wanted his followers to know. Jirachick was a ruthless creature, stronger than any normal pokemon. He was a sprite, a mixture of different breeds. Most of his followers were sprites, including Flax himself, and his mother.

Flax was a simple sprite, comprised of a Totodile's body, Seviper's tail, and Dragonite's wings, all covered in red and black. Flax's mother, Chariavipadash, was much more complex. though sometimes difficult to understand, he admired his mother. Although her Rapidash hooves would strike the stone ground loudly, and sometimes annoyingly, she was an awesome creature. her Charizard body was balanced by her Lugia tail, and her Seviper head housed such toxic fangs that she could take down a full grown Tauros without any trouble at all.

But the thing Flax admired the most about Chariavipadash was her stories. Particularly the story about the Nexus. "The Nexus, Flax, is a place where nobody is questioned, no matter the species." She would say. "It is a place where all pokemon can gather and become friends. Normal pokemon, shiny pokemon, large, or small, or even our outcast kind are welcome." Flax had heard the story many times, and no matter how many times he had heard it, he would always want to hear it time and time again.

Flax would often dream of the Nexus of the stories. He dreamed that he was there, with many friends. Just when the dream could get no better, that was when he always awoke. He could never finish his dream, and so it became a recurring one. It almost became an obsession.

The sprites all lived under horrible conditions. Their meals weren't even enough to feed a Sunkern, let alone one as large as a Snorlax. All were miserable. All except, of course, Jirachick. Those who were chosen to fight in wars were almost ecstatic to leave. All were needed to be ready to fight when needed, and would gladly accept the call of duty. Flax had finally reached the age to begin his training.

Training was long, tiring, dirty work. It began and dawn and ended well after dusk. Flax wished it would end every day. After two months, he had reached his breaking point. he yelled at the one in charge of his group, a Blazican and Mightyena mix. Mightican became infuriated and struck Flax, sending him across the room. That night, Flax winced as his mother looked him over, prodding his ribs. "You may have a bruised rib. You came out of this mess very lucky." Her wings twitched. "You could have been seriously injured." Flax sighed. "I know, mother. I know. I just... I just want to get out of here." He growled, frustrated. His life had been nothing but torment from the beginning, and Chariavipadash knew it. She looked lost in thought for a moment.

"Mother? What are you thinking about?" He asked, curious. "Flax," Her voiced lowered to an almost silent hiss. "Do you remember the story of the Nexus?" He nodded. "Yes, but I don't think..." "I want you to find it." She interrupted. "WHAT?!" He yelled, suddenly bewildered. A few others in the room looked up at him. "Shh, Flax, be silent. The Nexus does exist. I want you to escape from here. I want you to lead a happy life. I will provide the distraction." "But they'll k-" "So? If I die, I will die. I've reached my end. but you, my son have your whole life ahead of you. Now go!"

Flax stared at her for a moment, mouth gaping, but then closed it and nodded. "I'll miss you, mother." And with that, he snuck towards the door. The door stood ajar this day, to let in the cool breeze. The guard was asleep at the moment. Yes, he may have had the strength of a Machoke, but he was part Slowpoke, making him lazy until a real emergency. He turned out to be a light sleeper. As Flax padded past, he stuck out his arm and plucked up the little sprite as though he were a ripe pecha berry.

"Where do you think you're going?" He asked, though a yawn. Flax stuttered, but was saved the explanation. He was saved by an alarm going off. The guard dropped Flax hard and ran off to answer the call. Flax brushed himself off and turned to see his mother fending off countless foes. She turned in his direction and saw him standing there. "GO!" She shouted. Flax turned and bolted out the open door.

The last he ever saw of his mother was her fighting to the very end, when she became overcome and overpowered by enemies. Her limp form was etched into Flax's mind as he fled from that prison. His eyes burned with tears as his small limbs carried him as fast and far as they could.

TO BE CONTINUED