

Weedramon's Tale

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Well like every digimon Weedramon MUST have a story! She has to have some sort of history doesn't she? Well, this is it! Hope you guys like it.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/demonpencils/47831/Weedramons-Tale>

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1 - In the Begining

Faromon ran through the darkened alleyways, cautions at every corner. The gunfire littered the silence of the once peaceful town of Sian. He reached a clearing some 10 minutes away from his destination. He travelled deeper and deeper into the dense forest just outside the town. He heard footsteps and he sped up, concious of the predator behind him. He entered a second clearing and he stood stalk still, listening. He turned around. He closed his eyes. He knew what was coming. A thin, cold, metal blade touched his neck,

"Your filth, scum of this earth shall be gone from this place. Banished to the world from which you came!"

"When will you understand? Intelligent humans and all they want is our bloodshed! A new generation will be born when this is over! One of co-existing Digimon and Humans!"

"Do not try to make amends, filth!" yelled the man, " It's far too late now!"

Faromon screamed. Blood trickled from his wound. The man kicked him and he fell to the ground.

"Goodbye, Scum!"

2 - The Egg

In the shelter of a small cave an egg lay nestled in a pile of straw. In the absence of the guardian, the egg had become cold. The creature inside was unamused with its position. It wriggled furiously and a crack appeared in the shell. The thing inside opened its tiny eyes for the first time except it closed them again quickly because the bright sunlight was FAR too scary. The little creature inside opened its small mouth and shrieked,

"WEEED!

The creature was startled by the loud noise (even though it made it itself) and rolled out of the nest and down a small hill. The egg hit the bottom with a crack and it split clean in two. The Digimon that emerged sat up and stared around curiously.

In the distance pounding feet could be heard, running flat out through the trees. The Digimon sensed something was coming.

The little Digimon looked up into two big, brown eyes. It gargled happily. It had found Mum.