

A new pokemon story

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Hi

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/AelitaStones021/35371/A-new-pokemon-story>

Chapter 1 - A fear of pookemon

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1 - A fear of pookemon

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Eight years ago, my mom showed me her new pokemon. There was a bad lighting storm on the way. We went outside. Lighting flashed and my mom's new pokemon scratched me. I screamed. And ran into the house, trying to get away from the menacing creature. My mom closed the door quickly. Blood was flowing down my body. My mom tried to treat me, but I wouldn't let her. I called for my father, but he didn't come. I shouted again, hoping he had heard me. My mom reached for the phone and called the doctor. He treated me and took me to the hospital where I got medicine. While I was in the hospital, my mom came to visit me. I wouldn't let her touch me because I thought it was her fault. She had told me that my father died. I never forgave her. I don't think I ever will. I'm fourteen now and my name is Momo.

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“What `cha bring me? Huh huh huh?” my sister, Lilli, asked me. I had come home from work.

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"I didn't bring you anything, Lillith." I said. I knew she hated it when I called her that. I was right. She scowled at me. I sat down on my bed and lay down. My long pink hair flowed down the side of the bed.
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Lilli did something like a growl and sent out her zigzagoon. I screamed. Ever since the accident, I've been terrified of pokemon. I scrunched up and sat on top of my bed. "Fraggo! Tackle!" `Fraggo' jumped up on the bed. I screamed again. "Fraggo, growl!" She growled. I screamed.
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"Lillith Patricia! You know not to threaten your sister with Fraggo!" My mother shouted. "Momo! Get down from there!"
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"Why don't you make me!" I said back to her.
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"Do you not know who you are talking to?"

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“Yeah, I do! You're the demon from Hell!”

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Lilli stomped out of the room. My mom and I had a long argument and then finally she left the room.

“And stay out!” I shouted. I heard my mom slam her door and start sobbing.

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The next day, I got dressed and went to work. I work at a daycare center called PokeCare. I work with toddlers. Today, a lady brought in her Daughter named Yuri. “This is YuYu's Apom. She might want it out to play with.” Yuri's Mom said. I gulped. A.....pokemon. I took Yuri's hand and went into the toddler room.

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“I want Pompom out!” Yuri said. I gave her the pokeball and went to the other side of the room. Yuri came over to me.

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