

Pokemon Emo; The Dark Generation

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The story of Emo.

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1 - Gothemo Region

Cassandra watched as the fountain of the Emo Dojo was put in place. She was only 4 years old at the time her father decided to put up a Dojo for the Gothemo Town Capital, Hemonjii Town. She was now 7 years old and was getting her first pokemon, besides Goth, the dark pikachu her father gave her. Her nephew, Riley, got a dark vapoleon instead.

"Be careful!" warned her father as the fountain was put in place. "That is genuine silver with water from the Hemonjii River!" he sighed in exasperation and walked up to Cassandra with an Emo Ball in his hand. "Your pokemon." was all he said, and walked off to direct more of the Dojo.

Cassandra stared at the ball in her hand in wonder. She sighed. "I wonder what it is." she murmured, and threw the ball out in front of her. "EMO BALL! GO!"

There was a flash of blue light, and the form took place into a pokemon. It was black everywhere. It looked a tad like a salamander. It's eyes were blue. It also had a flame on it's tail. The flame was blue as well.

"A charmander!" Cassandra cried in delight. She'd always wanted a charmander. And now she had one.

The charmander seemed to know it was hers. It let out a cry of happiness and landed in Cassandra's lap. Cassandra was crying and laughing. "I'll call you Emo." she told the charmander. "Remember your name, because it'll always be with you."

Finished Prologue.

R&R!