

Charcoal's Story

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Submitted: July 2, 2004

Updated: July 2, 2004

Well, it doesn't seem Pokemon at first... but it all has to do with Pokemon. I made up Charcoal, the king... and the evil Pokemon which still to this day has no name. I hope you like it... maybe I'll write more if I have good comments.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Sondilyn/4587/Charcoals-Story>

Chapter 1 - The Kings Return

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1 - The Kings Return

Disclaimer: Pokemon does not belong to me... but some of the characters do.

Whoo... I finally put this up. It's real old but I hope you like it. Never finished it. Maybe reviews will help me get to it. (Yes this was on Fanfiction.net too... I love that site... I thought you'd want to read it.)

They were waiting, for their first experience with the one. He was different than them, more powerful, more skilled, and more rare. He was their king, the one who protected them from everything. He even protected their young. For he was the all mighty. As all their legends have told them, he had fought for them against pure evil and still won them their freedom. He was coming.

The elders had always gathered and told stories to their children and their grandchildren. But tonight would be the story of their king and his triumph against the evil that was against them. They would tell about they're unexpected allies and their good for nothing friends. Tonight would be the night that they would tell all that they knew to the next generations. How did they know all of this? Because they were there, fighting for their king. Still they were fighting but have never seen their king.

As all of the elders gathered, they were asking each other which story would they tell the "youngins". As they were consulting each other, one of the fiery little grandchildren came up the largest elder and asked,

"Gwampa, will you tell us the storwee of our king?"

All the elders looked in surprise, as no one had ever asked that before. And they had never expected it to come from a child who was dwarfed by the elder's knee. The elder who was asked this question thought for a moment and replied,

"Why, I have never been asked a question like that in all of my years. Ah, yes, I think that, that story would be perfect for this situation."

By then, the grown ups and children were gathering around their natural fire pit that was made everlasting by their king. A circle was made and the elders gestured to be quiet. They quieted, for this would be the story of all stories. But little did they know, the story of all stories was coming when their king came and told them his story.

Across the ocean a large shape flew across the vast expanse. It flew with a need, a revenge, a want for something long wanted.

In a large cave in the snowy mountains, something stirred. A fire in which, could never be put out. The stirring continued until it suddenly awoke, knowing it had a place to be and a deed to fulfill. It got up and prepared for flight. It would be a long flight to get to the other side of the snowy mountains and across a large body of water.

As both flew to the rocky valley near the volcano, the elders were about to begin their story.

The oldest sat down and all looked upon him. He was old and wouldn't stay around very much longer. His wrinkles almost doubled compared to his age. His color was fading and his teeth were almost gone. He would not be able to fight much longer, but still his heart still had a flame that burned like the sun and had more courage than most would ever have. He cleared his throat and began,

“ It all happened such a long time ago, when all of us lived together lived in peace and harmony. No matter what color we were or how tall we were, we all were happy. Until it came, a creature so evil it is now considered to be pure evil. It cast its shadow on us when I was just growing up. He set all of us against each other. The tall against the small, the dark against the light, all of our peace was corrupt by this monster. It had one intention, to rule us all. The only way to do that was to break any alliances that we had. And the easiest way was to set us against each other. This evil spread to every one except us. The creature noticed this and attacked us in a rage as so we didn't break the spell and cast all against him. As the creatures' wrath was set upon the little colony, another force was brought to them. A force, which would protect them from the evil of the monster who, so badly wanted to rule them all.”

With this all the little children gasped in suspense while all the adults were hooked into the story, unlike the other ones that they had heard from the elders. The old one took another breath and continued.

“This force came at our darkest hour and saved us from total destruction. There was a deep voice, which had called to us and told us that we had to stand up and fight with him. The voice told us that we also had to find some allies to help us to defeat this evil creature. We had snuck away from our valley and went searching for the help that we needed so much. We marched for days before coming to a lush green valley where we had some very good friends. Though they were small they were still help. We went to their village near the river and were looking for their leaders when they came up behind us and hit us with the only weapon they had. Water. They drove us out of their city and yelled to us to never return. We went from valley to valley trying to find allies but each time we were driven out. We became more and more desperate for someone, something to help us. As we were returning to our valley we came upon a dark cavern in which a very dark, mean group lived. We had always stayed away from them, but we were desperate. We went into the cavern and asked them for their help. They said that they would, under one condition, that we would become their friends and help others realize that they were not bad. We agreed and we started back to help with the fighting. They told us that they had gone into hiding when they felt the power of the evil force over the land. They wanted this evil to stop but

could not do anything to stop it.”

By this time others were starting to arrive into the circle where the story was taking place. They were the group that lived in the cave. They had come to the valley for no apparent reason but they were welcomed. One of the elders told them that the old one is telling the story of their king and that they came in just in time to hear right after they came in. The old one greeted the newcomers and returned to the story.

“Right in the entrance to our valley was a rocky incline that we would have to climb. On our way up, we found another group that would help us in our fight. They were also considered outcasts and were treated rottenly by others. They were a group of rock-hard workers that barely flinched to anything. They joined us also on the one condition that we would befriend them and tell others that they were not evil. We continued climbing until we reached our valley. There were fires and barren places. There were holes in the ground from the fighting and blood strewn here and there. We rushed to help win the “war” against the others. We used every weapon that we had and could only do a little. But that little was just enough. The force, which had so bravely come to our rescue, had defeated the evil. Though we had never seen him, we have considered him our king. He knows that and has protected us ever since which is why evil will never come again.”

With the ending of the story all of the group clapped and cheered for now they knew how they became free and how they now live in harmony.

Across the waters the dark shape finally landed on a soft beachy area. It was a gigantic monster with large leathery wings with tips of steel. His head was about the size of a small boulder, and it looked like one too. He had a body that was covered in flame like patterns and it had strong, clawed legs. The arms of this beast were big and muscular with hands that had claws like daggers. He had a long winding tail that whipped round his body and at the end was a two pronged steel blade used for slaughtering. He was a light black color but with a hint of steely armor. But his eyes were dark and menacing with a fire that burned deep within. This burning was a result of a wanting of revenge and that of just pure evil. He sighed to himself thinking of how awful this land looked and how much better it would be if only he had slaves that would do his work and how fun it would be to kill anyone opposed to any of his plans. He would have complete control over all. He gave another sigh and thought again to himself. After thinking on how to run his kingdom on a sacrifice to him each day, he set off flying over the villages, turning them against each other again, trying to rule again without interruptions.

All of a sudden, one of the incomers spoke aloud,

“I’m sorry to interrupt you in your time of story, but we have come to tell you that the evil has returned.”

The village gasped at what they had just heard, But they thought that the old one had just said that evil would never come again. Had he lied and told them a tall tale? Was there no king at all? Were they just old people that were losing their minds? All of this ran through their heads as they sat there dumbfounded. The incomer said again but in a harsher tone,

“It’s a time of crisis and all that you can do is sit there? Come on, let’s get our alliances and fight again for our freedom!”

As the newcomer said that, a large shape appeared in the sky and was descending down on the village in a heart wrenching rage, which sent half the village scattering in each direction, only to have a claw rammed through their backs and out their chests. By the time the creature landed, out of the original village only fifteen of the seventy were dead. None of the newcomers from out of the village were harmed because they had stood their grounds. The villagers from the cave had been training to fight ever since that day the evil came, just incase this sort of thing had ever happened again. On the other hand the villagers from the volcano valley had never thought in any dream that this would happen again, so no training for fighting had been done. At this time, the villagers from the rock passage had come to help against the creature who had ruined their lives before. The monster thought for a moment and realized that they were no use to him, so he had an idea that led him to wanting to kill them for what they had done to his plan last time. To him, under no circumstances would his plan be ruined this time. He would leave no trace of this village or inhabitants, and he thought, that he might as well exterminate all of their race in this part of the world so no one would revolt and all of his perfect plans would not go to waste in his mind. This plan would go into action and all of his fantasies would come true. He then let out a mighty roar and prepared to strike the villagers when another shadowed shape came down hard on his back.

The creature looked behind himself in surprise. No one had ever gotten this close to him nor had anyone ever touched him, except... the king.

All in the village looked in amazement as they saw their king for the first time ever. The king had large bony wings with a green leather inside and hard, strong arms with hands that had thick talon like claws. He had huge, strong legs and a thick tail that would be used to come down hard on enemies. His head was like a dragons but with two large, bony protrusions coming out of the back of his head and he had huge shark like teeth that came out of a long, wide snout. He was an orange-red color and had black stripes down his back, across his legs and arms, the fleshy part of his wings, and one down the middle of his forehead. And the most unusual thing was that instead of a large flame at the end of his tail, there was a flame shaped block of black shiny charcoal at the end which made it look as though it could never be broken. The king jumped off the back of the creature as it grabbed for him and yelled to the villagers in a deep voice,

“Help me fight the evil monster that has appeared before you in your village. He has come to take you as slaves and use you to do all his whims and give him his pleasures. Fight against him for freedom and peace, and to live with your neighbors without having to fight them. All will be your allies again!”

The elders and the older adults spread their wings and took flight while the young adults either took to running at the creature with their claws outstretched or took a baby or older child and took them to safety under an overhang made by the volcano. The group of dark villagers ran into their fighting formation to attack this evil creature with their dark magic and the group of rock hard villagers took to their personal steel weaponry and attacked the evil creature from behind.

Well that's it. Tell me if'n you want more. Again it's old... and I could do better I think. Tell me! ^_^
-Sond