

# Fred

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*Enter Fred, the nephew of Lance. That's it for now.*

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# 1 - Buried Treasure

“Drop your weapon! Hands above your head!”

Officer Jenny squarely pointed a gun at a man shrouded by shadows. The man smiled and spoke.

“Really, officer? I don’t believe it’s customary to stop a man from walking in the evening. Or have the laws changed?”

Jenny looked at him warily.

“No smart talk, mister. C’mon! Hands above your head!”

“Alright. If you say so.”

The man raised his hands up straight.

Jenny started towards him slowly. Suddenly he laughed, long and hard.

“Come to me!” he roared into the sky. “Come to me, my servant!”

A shadow passed over the moon and engulfed it. A shape flew towards Jenny looked up in alarm.

She didn’t have time to scream. The darkness came closer, closer....

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A boy of eleven cursed when he saw the sun sink slowly down. He blew his bright red hair out of his eyes and his blue eyes darted around.

“FRED!” a man’s voice shouted.

Fred cursed again and ran. The man grabbed him by the shirt.

The boy looked up at the man, who was his uncle.

“Yeeeeeeeeessssssssss.....”

“What have you been doing? You’re supposed to be training!”

Fred shrugged.

“Whatever, L-dog,” he said.

“DO NOT CALL ME L-DOG! My name is Lance!”

“But Lance is so old school,” Fred snorted. “Get with the times, dude.”

Lance rubbed his forehead and dragged Fred back to the Dragon Clan headquarters.

“We need to get you a training sword,” he muttered. “You’re ready to move up to the next level in your training.”

“But, L-dog, I *have* one,” Fred chortled. “I got it when I was five!”

He waved a plastic, Wal-Mart-esque pirate cutlass. Lance took it from him and promptly broke it in half.

“NOO!!! My Buy 1, Get 1 Free toy!”

Lance shoved his face into Fred’s.

“GET A SWORD!!! ONE WITH EDGES!....SHARP EDGES THAT GIVE YOU MORE THAN A TINY CUT!!!”

Then Lance flung a blacksmith’s business card at him and left.

“Business cards? For a *blacksmith*?” Fred yelled, but Lance was gone.

\*\*\*

Fred stood in front of the blacksmith’s shop, which was called Weapons R Us. There was a huge sign that clearly said, “OUT OF ORDER”.

“Out of order? How can it be out of order?”

There was no answer.

“Ah, screw it. This place makes no sense.”

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, at the Celadon Mall, a very harassed manager threw a sword out. Then he walked away muttering something about, “stupid mix-ups.”

Fred soon entered the scene.

He shifted his eyes around a little and walked over to the dumpster.

“Let’s see what the ol’ bin has for us today.”

Then he pricked his finger on something very, very sharp.

“OUCHIES!”

He surfaced, cursing fluently, holding a sword.

“Cool....”

At this point, an old lady walked by and said, “Oh! Disgraceful!”

Then she flung money at him.

“I don’t need your stupid money!” he yelled, pocketing it anyways. “I just want it.”

\*\*\*

The next day, Fred arrived for his lessons with Lance on time. And with a sword. With edges. Sharp ones, too. Ones that could do more than a tiny cut.

“Where did you get that?”

“Uh....it was...buried....treasure.”

## 2 - Once upon a time...The End

*Once upon a time...The End.* This is what Fred turned in to his Writing Instructor the next day.

“Fred! What do you call this?”

“I call it creativity.”

“DETENTION!!!”

“Dude, I live here! Every day is like detention!”

\*\*\*

Perhaps if I explained this crazy school, the story would make more sense.

High up in the mountains, behind the Indigo Plateau, there is a training school led by Lance. It was for...Dragon Masters. In training, of course. A little five year old could not just go around calling himself that prestigious title.

The school taught everything, from math to survival skills. Needless to say, Fred was not exactly qualified to excel at any of these. He was only allowed in because he was related to Lance.

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Fred sat in the Detention Hall, eyeing everyone else suspiciously. All the students there could kill him a thousand ways. With only one hand.

The teacher droned on and on about “Do not do evil” and “Pay attention”. And also, “Are you listening, Fred?”

“Fascinating,” Fred said automatically.

Teacher Dude sighed.

“I would give you another week’s worth of detention, but I’m afraid you’ve already accumulated enough for your entire life.”

“Fascinating.”

\*\*\*

It was time for history class.

The teacher was droning on about some great dragon war.

“A long time ago, there was a great big Salamence rampaging around Kanto. It was many years later that a hero finally stepped forth with his magic sword and defeated it. Can anyone tell me what the hero’s name was? Fred?”

“Fascinating.”

“Yes, I know. But what was his name?”

“Uh...Bubba?”

“No, Fred. You of all people should know his name. It was Frederick.”

“Hey, that sounds like my name! Only with ‘erick’ added to it.”

“Frederick is your *full* name. The one society will call you when you grow up to be respectable.”

“What are you implying?”

The teacher sighed, wishing that she’d chosen an easier profession.

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“There once was a great Salamence rampaging around Kanto. The livestock dwindled in number each day because of this Pokemon. The crops were burned down. The people lived in constant fear, their homes destroyed by this creature.

“A young man from a land far, far away arrived at the small village of Pallet. He was half dead by this time, so a girl took him in to her home and nursed him back to health. When he awoke, she told him of the Dragon Pokemon.

“‘Do not worry, young lass,’ he said. ‘I will take care of this beast, to pay you back for your kindness.’

“So off he went, vowing to slay this dragon, making sure that it would never harm anyone ever again.”

This is what Giovanni read from the ancient text laid out in front of him. He cackled evilly. And then he choked.

“Help...” he gagged.

One of his minions came and did the Heimlich Maneuver.

“Sir, you have got to stop eating and cackling at the same time.”

“I know,” he sighed, and then reverted back to “evil mode”.

“Get back to work!” he roared. “Stop standing there and go!”

Everyone sighed.

\*\*\*

Fred sat on the edge of his bed in the dormitory, swinging his legs back and forth. Unfortunately, Fred was not looking where he was swinging, and so connected his foot with someone’s shin.

“What the—” started Josiah, rubbing his leg.

Then he noticed Fred.

“When I get my hands on you...” he growled.

There was no need to finish the sentence with words, so Josiah moved his finger across his throat. Universal language for, “When I get my hands on you, I’m going to pound you until you look better than the school lunch.”

Fred gulped and decided that now would be a good time to sleep.

But before he could reach the safety of his blankets, Josiah grabbed him by the collar and hissed a message into his ear.

“Tomorrow at dawn. We duel to the death. Meet west of the garden.”

It was all very melodramatic. You’d think someone was filming a movie or something.

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It was dawn. Fred was running as fast as he could with his sword.

And, of course, instead of heading west towards the rose garden like he should have been, he was running south away from Josiah. He lugged his suitcase behind him, dust flying through the air.

He was not sorry to leave the training school. He was just sorry that he had no food, no money, and no plan.

Things are about to get interesting for Fred.

### 3 - How to Kill Ganondorf

Fred threw a Pokeball into the air. A Skarmory emerged.

“Scarface, fly me somewhere. Far away,” he said.

By now the exhaustion and hunger had caught up with the boy so that he had no more energy left for anything. The Skarmory let him mount. Then Fred noticed his luggage.

“Oh great,” he said.

*How am I gonna carry all this stuff?* he wondered.

“On second thought, Scarface, keep guard while I take a nap.”

He fell asleep before he hit the ground.

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Lance was in an uproar. Fred was gone. His sister was going to *kill* him when she found out. He paced back and forth.

Behind him the educational staff was secretly rejoicing.

Fred the Terror was gone. Gone!

\*\*\*

Fred woke up to the night sky. The stars shone brightly above him. To Fred they said, “Eat my breeches!”

He got up and walked with Scarface to Viridian City.

Viridian City at night is not a place you would like to be alone in. Actually, at night at any place, it would be preferable if you had someone with you.

Fred saw a girl with that particular philosophy. With her were at least ten bodyguards with eyeballs darting around, looking for any suspicious characters.

The blond haired and blue eyed girl pranced up to him.

“Who are you?” she asked. Without waiting for him to answer, she continued, “I’m, like, Liza Silph. My dad’s totally the owner of Silph Co.”



“Uh, that’s nice,” Fred said. “My name is—”

Liza interrupted.

“Well, anyways, what is, like, with that outfit? Medieval, much? It’s been out of style since, like, Frederick the Dragon Bane!”

Fred was starting to get annoyed. Just in case Liza decided to talk again, he spoke quickly.

“My name is Fred, I guess after Frederick the Dragon Pain. And, anyways, I have a T-shirt and jeans in my suitcase, but this is...uh...the *costume* I’m going to wear to a...uh...party.”

Liza sniffed.

“Well, whatever!” she said. “I’m going to spend all of my fabulous riches on stuff I don’t even like!”

And then Liza and co. walked off.

\*\*\*

Fred stumbled into the Pokemon Center, ready to die. Unfortunately, he came upon a crime scene with yellow tape all over it. The police shoved him out and continued with their investigations. Something about a “huge black shadow”.

So Fred stole. Yep, he stole food. No, he did not have a very good conscience.

“Mmm...Stolen food is the best food ever!” he said as he tore into his bread.

Scarface rolled its eyes.

“Hey! You there!” someone yelled. “You’re the brat who stole my food!”

“Uh-oh,” Fred gulped.

Then he ran off screaming like a sissy, remembering just in time to drag his suitcase behind him.

\*\*\*

He ran all the way until he came to a small, tiny town. From his geography lessons, he thought that it might be Pallet Town.

He sighed and thought, *Time for a little begging!*

Fred knocked on the nearest door. It was opened by a girl his age with spiky brown hair and sharp brown eyes. She sniggered a little when she saw him.

"I think you're in the wrong place," she smirked. "Camelot is that way, Lancelot."

Fred stared at her. Then stared some more. Something black started creeping into the corner of his vision. It grew until he could see no more. Then when he realized that he was fainting, he collapsed onto the ground.

The last thing he heard was, "I never knew Lancelot faints."

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*Man, I must have been hungrier than I thought. Hang on, where am I?*

"Wake up, you fat lug!"

*Fat lug? I'll have you know that I'm in perfect shape!*

There was a sigh, then—

"You know, for a trainee of the Dragon Master thing, you sure are a wimp."

*I prefer the term "hypothetically brave in the face of hypothetical danger"...*

Prod. Fred shifted a bit, but continued snoring.

The girl couldn't stand it anymore.

Whack! She punched him square in the face.

"OWW!!!" Fred yelled, instantly awake.

"There's more where that came from," the girl said darkly. "Who the heck are you?"

Fred looked around. He was lying on a sofa in the living room of, probably, the rather rude girl's house.

"Uh...Fred."

"My name's Rhia. So...why'd ya faint like that?"

Fred puffed himself up indignantly.

"I did not faint. I merely lost consciousness."

Rhia gave him a weird look.

"You see, I was rescuing this poor baby from a fire, when these thugs attacked me! I protected the kid as best as I can. Then I gave her to her mother and told them to run away. And then I beat up the

thugs!”

Rhia stared at him again. Then she burst out laughing.

“Hahaha! That has GOT to be the FUNNIEST thing I’ve heard in my life!”

Fred sniffed and turned his back on her.

“Here.”

A bowl of soup slid across the coffee table. The boy ate it greedily.

“Daisy over here made it, since I’d probably set the house on fire.”

*Daisy?* Fred thought.

He hadn’t noticed them before, but there were three other people in the kitchen. There was a girl of about fourteen in a green dress, a spiky haired boy in a black t shirt and purple pants, and another spiky haired boy who looked like Rhia.

“That’s Daisy,” she said, pointing to the other girl, “Gary”—she pointed to the guy in the black shirt—“and Benny.”

“Oh,” was all Fred could say.

Daisy came in, followed by Benny.

“Oh, isn’t he just the cutest little thing!” she said, pinching his cheeks.

Fred wiggled out of her grasp.

“Yo,” said Benny.

Gary came in, stopping to glare at the new guy.

“Okay, Fred, tell us where you *really* came from. I’m gonna guess Lance’s training school, ‘cause of your outfit.”

Fred gulped.

“No....I mean, yes, but....I mean....” he stammered.

“Unfinished sentences,” Benny smirked. “A sure sign of guilt.”

Rhia pulled out her phone and started dialing.

“No!” Fred shouted, wrenching it away from her grasp.

Rhia started to answer (or punch) when the night sky darkened even more. Everyone went over to the window and peeked out side.

A black shadow crept over the moon. Fred gulped and hid behind Gary.

The shadow kept growing until it covered window. Slowly, a great yellow eye emerged from the darkness and fixed its eye on the group.

Fred froze, unable to do anything but stare dumbly into the great yellow space. The eye closed, and it flew off.

Rhia rushed outside.

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“Benny, be quiet.”

“Gary’s stepping on my foot!”

“Gary, stop crushing his foot.”

“I will if *he* stops bumping into me!”

“Benny, shove him off.”

“Hey! That’s my toe!”

“Stop knocking into me! You’re so clumsy!”

“OWW!!!”

Fred had tumbled onto Gary, who fell on Benny, who landed on Daisy, who unfortunately landed on the unforgiving ground.

After a few minutes of glaring and cursing, they all got back up again and kept following Rhia.

As soon as the shadow had gone completely out of their view, the others had followed Rhia outside.

Fred made out a shape in the distance. It was Rhia, crouching over something. She held out a scale to the moonlight.

“Odd...” she said.

“Watson!” she shouted.

“Yes, Holmes?” Benny answered back, well used to the cousin.

“We’ll have to run some tests back in the forensic lab!”

“You don’t have a lab,” Gary sneered. “All you have is your stupid bedroom.”

“Quiet, Nancy Drew! Dark forces are at work here,” she said dramatically.

“I’m not Nancy!”

“Dark forces indeed,” she said, ignoring him. “I sense that evil is growing somewhere. Evil that can only be destroyed in the fires of Mount Doom in the land of Mordor, where the shadows lay.”

Benny sighed and said, “You might want to take a break from J.R.R. Tolkien, cousin.”

Rhia glared at Fred.

“You!” she accused. “You’re the one that brought the weird thing! You go get rid of it! That’s called karma!”

Fred managed to make some inarticulate sounds from his mouth.

Within a few hours, his supplies, food, water, and everything else that they could think of was shoved into his hands. Then he was pushed out onto the road.

“Wait!” he yelled. “Where am I going?”

Rhia was the one to answer back.

“Do we care? Just do like the heroes do, and adventure around. Then find a helpless NPC and help him/her! Then receive a map with an “X” on it! Then, at the end, shoot Ganondorf with light arrows to stun him! And then thrust the Master Sword through his heart!”

## 4 - I do not like this CHAPTER!!!

Giovanni laughed evilly. Then he stopped.

“No...It should be deeper...”

He tried again. It was the perfect evil, maniac, deranged, cruel laugh. Ever. To. Hit. The. WORLD. At least in his opinion.

Then he debated what to do with his stance. Arms crossed? Or should he be sitting behind a desk with a Persian on his lap?

“Uh, sir?” a grunt ventured.

Giovanni quickly straightened himself up.

“Yes, what is it, my minion?” he asked, making sure that his voice boomed around the room.

The grunt sighed. Lately Giovanni had taken to calling his employees “minions”. Like a video game. Honestly. At least the pay was good.

“Erm...we have a little situation.”

“A situation?”

The grunt crossed over to the mainframe. He opened up a communications link with a few commands using the keyboard.

A face, shrouded in shadows, appeared on the large, plasma, and not to mention expensive, screen.

“Master Giovanni,” the person said, ever the mysterious persona. “I just wanted to let you know that I have found out your little plan. You really should be more careful.”

“What do you want?” Giovanni spat.

The person chuckled.

“You have a week to give me your little ‘weapon’, or I’ll turn you in to the police. I will be sure to call you everyday, in case you want to surrender.”

And with that, the link closed, leaving the criminal boss alone with his thoughts.

\*\*\*

The sun was slowly coming out, and Fred was still asleep. He snorted a bit and turned over.

“Fascinating...” he mumbled.

A Pidgey came over and pecked at him. Fred was instantly awake.

“Get off me, stupid bird!” he yelled, smacking at it.

It fell to the ground and didn't move again.

\*\*\*

Fred walked for a while, and then realized that he was lazy. Plus hungry. Not to mention thirsty. And also tired.

He flung himself onto the ground, kneeling with face turned towards the sky.

“No!” he yelled melodramatically, clutching his head. “Why? Why has fate decided to let me perish all alone like this! WHY??!!!”

He waited for a few seconds. Then...nothing.

“Humph.”

“Like, what are you doing?” said an all too familiar voice.

He looked around and locked in on Liza Silph.

“Like, your acting could do with a few tweaks, you know?”

Fred stared at her.

“Well,” he huffed indignantly, “if you must know, I'm a bit preoccupied with the fact that I have no where to spend the night. And no where to eat.”

Liza looked at him.

“I can totally give you a room,” she offered, “I live in this huge, like, really big mansion! And I *love* to show off my fabulous riches! So you can totally sleep in a guest room! I just need one favor...”

Fred had a feeling that he would not like this favor.

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“I do not like this favor!” he yelled as he ran away from a giant Fearow.

The boy was dressed in a very cheesy Fearow costume. Why? Because he was the bait needed for Liza's science fair project.

"Shut up and go with the plan!" Liza yelled.

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Many hours and pecks later, Fred got out of Liza's limo to look at her mansion.

Actually, the mansion was too big to be just a mansion. There were huge fountains everywhere. In fact, one wall was a giant fountain.

Fred gaped for a while, and then turned to Liza.

A servant came and showed him his room. Surprisingly enough, it was high-tech. Computers and TV screens lined the wall.

"Cool...Super Smash Brethrens Brawl....and it hasn't even come out yet!"

"Yeah...like Dad *totally* has connections! And I make sure that I use them to my selfish desires! Yeah!" Liza piped up, coming into his room dramatically.

*Oh. My. Mew*, Fred thought. *She's a...smart idiot!*

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Liza looked out the stained...er....diamond....window. A shadow covered the sun.

"Alphonse!" she screeched. "Uncover that protoplasmic lamp that happens to be hanging outside! It's bad for my skin, you know!"

Alphonse, her personal butler, came over.

"Mademoiselle...that...is...a sun."

"Nonsense, Alphonse, there is only one sun."

"Er, the 'sun' in this room that you are referring to is...a lamp."

"Oh. Well, then...uncover the sun!"

"I cannot. To do so I would have to journey many light years only to burn to a crisp."

"That reminds me. Bring me some bacon crisps."

"I cannot, mademoiselle. We are out."



“NOOO!!!!”

\*\*\*

Many phone calls to the bacon crisps factory later, Liza finally realized that the sun was still covered. The shadow looming closer. Ever closer. Ever closer. Ever closer.

I’m sure you get the point now.

“Fearow Bait!” she yelled. “Come here!”

Fred looked around for this “Fearow Bait”, but then realized it was him.

“Uh...my name is Fred? Remember?” he grumped.

“Whatever!” she said dismissively.

He looked out the window and saw the same shadow as before.

“Ai-eeee!” he screamed, and then ran away.

\*\*\*

The dark shadow hovered in front of the sun. It scanned the area, looking for the one. Yes, that’s right. THE One. The One that would....er...do whatever he would do to save the world.

It could sense the One. It could smell his fear. It flew closer to the giant mansion. The building reminded him of something. Something a long time ago. And believe me when I say that it did not like that memory.

It snarled and came faster. But then it felt something tugging at its essence. Its master was calling. It snarled again and flew off.

It would get its revenge later, after his trainer let him go.

\*\*\*

Midnight. Twelve o’ clock. 12:00. Anyways, it was when Liza had her gaze firmly on her computer screen.

With a few taps of some keys, she accessed her taping of the shadow.

*What is that?* she wondered.

Then she got it.

“Aha!” she grinned. “It is a new species of Pokemon, ready to be claimed by a brilliant scientist! The brilliant scientist being me, of course!”

\*\*\*

The next morning, Fred woke up to Liza grinning like a lunatic over him.

“Oh—”

Well, you can be sure that he did not say, “Oh dearie me.”

Liza grinned again.

“We’re going on a journey, you and I,” she chirped.

Fred got up groggily.

“J-journey?” he asked.

Something told him that he would not like this journey.

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“I do not like this journey!” he yelled as he ran to catch up with Liza.

On his back was a mountain of packs, while Liza remained pack-free.

“Shut up, Fearow Bait.”