

PokeGirl

By Cecoeluv

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A young trainer really sucks at battling because she doesn't want her pokemon to get hurt. But when she feels worthless and runs away, she realizes she's more important than she thought.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Cecoeluv/43296/PokeGirl>

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0 - *If you want to be in this*

NOT A CHAPTER

Okee dokee >.< Because the new fanart central deal eats all the old comments when too many new ones get made, I keep losing all of the character bios on the fanfic's main page, so since I'm too lazy to actually go through the chapters and re-find everything, I'm gunna make here be the spot for the character bios in comments

After you post...

DO NOT COMMENT ANYTHING BUT YOUR CHARACTER'S BIO

JUST your bio

Don't ask questions or say anything else unless it's in your character bio's comment box

I'll answer it in your profile

And in return, please answer in a comment in another chapter

sorry to have to do this but it's really annoying me to have to keep askin people to repost

Application thing:

Name:

Appearance:

Clothes:

Personality:

Pokemon:(only 2 for now please)

Pokemon Stereotype:

Goal in pokemon:

Check if you want to:

Win []

Lose []

Reappear later in the story later []
Fall in love (or something) with an existing character []
If so, who: []
Be associated with a gym []
If so, what type []

Note~

No pokeeggs please, Pokeeggs are special in the pokemon world, and I don't want everyone to have them. MAYBE your character will be given one.

Also, if your character's gonna fall in love with someone who's a character who doesn't belong to me, ask THEM You'll know who doesn't belong to me cuz I'll post their Character's bios next.

Another note, what I mean by 'pokemon stereotype' is like, in the pokemon games, they are like 'guitarist, hiker, pokemon fan, bug maniac, etc' If you chose that one that's like 'glass blower', you won't actually be a glass blower. It just gives me an idea of how to bring you in.

Characters to be put in:

Name: Kara
Appearance: Slightly short and lean, long light brown hair (one bang is dyed blue), hazel eyes, and a scar on her left shoulder (bad run-in with a Hondour)
Clothes: White bandanna, white tank top and blue poncho, white pants with light blue designs, blue sandals, and blue bag with 2 pokemon eggs in it (one for Eevee and one for Mudkip)
Personality: She's what you would call a wallflower...she's really shy and absolutely loves her Pokemon....she's a bit of a klutz though...and always puts her pokemon before herself
Pokemon:(only 2 please) Espeon (Kirani) and Poochyena (Ryou)
Check if you want to:
Win [X]
Lose []
Reappear later in the story later [X] (as much as possible)
Be associated with a gym []
If so, what type []

Name: Stephanie Skyes

Age: 13

Gender: Girl

D.O.B: October 18th

Hair: Dirty blonde, short and spikey on top, the back is long and kept in a ponytail

Eyes: Green/blue, they change between green, green/blue, and blue.

Outfit: Normally she wears faded blue jeans, a light blue t-shirt, and a navy blue headband. She has a blue phanny pack with an Eevee keychain on it.

Poke'mon: Charmander, Eevee, and Trapinch.

Personality: Friendly, determined, loves to battle, level-headed, hates snooty trainers(*cough* Harley *cough*), makes friends easily, respects others fears and doubts cause she has one too that is really ridiculous(she's afraid of jump ropes)

Dream: To beat the Elite Four and become a Gym Leader!!!

Other info: Stephanie loves Poke'mon. She enters contests on occasions(not enough to go to the Grand Festival though), but is usually off battling gym leaders. Her first Poke'mon was Charmander, cause she's from Kanto. Her mom works at the Poke'mart in Vermilion.

Okee dokee! Congrats my luv, you get to travel with cecoe

How I Know Cecoe: Rival Maybe Proably not(But I am In it more then Gary In the Pokemon Seris if so) and If not Rival then current friend,or a rival that she doesn't consider to be her rival...Or something else What ever

Name:Leo

Appearance:Greenish Brown Eyes(today they look Blue green though for some reason)Black Hair, With Blonde Spikey Tips

Clothes:Tuxedo Vest, A thin stretchy shirt sorta Like Tights but in a shirt form the shows off my abbs, the brand name is athletic Works, so if you Know what that is and can Decribe it better than me, Be my gues. and Jeans. Other cloths are Jean Jacket Black shirt and Jeans.

In Bag:Normal Trainer Stuff,and Pokemon Evo Stones even though I almost never get to use them -.-

Pokemon:Mime Jr. and Ralts...I can talk to Them With my Mind and understand them. Some times in Battel they appear to be teleporting but they are just inhancing speed with there minds or they are just telporting teleporting

Pokemon I want to catch: Spoink,Medite,Natu, and Wynaut

Pokemon SterioType: OK....Extreem Pokemon Physic, Teleport traveler *My pokemon and I Can teleport to one another, and teleport with each other*

Goal: To be able to use my physic Powers To become a Pokemon master and help the world understand the mind of a Pokemon

Personality:Funny, Sarcastic, Cool*but not Like Drew in The Pokemon Series* and you can just sort of tell from talking to me what his personality is, he basicly is me. Loves Pokemon and Talks and Laughs alot. Ohh and if we are rivals then I always Beat you to your designation were ever it is.Even if You were to vist Home i would be there.That would give you believe to me being a psycho stalker, I am more like a Physic Stalker who has nothing to do but to surprise you with a vist and to be your adiunce in a battle with a gym leader.

Check if you want to:

Win [X]

Lose [X]At One Gym battle, where you were just about to face him and won, so then i face him again and when then beat you at your destination.

Reappear later in the story later [X](Very Very Often)

Love relations: anyone you want me to love I will...

Be associated with a gym[X]

If so, what type [X]All Possible

1 - A New Trainer

The doors burst open to reveal a stampede of new pokeschool graduates rushing to the lab for their pokemon. The sounds of screams and cheers bellowed through the whole town, and people outside of their houses quickly ran in and locked their doors and turned off all of the lights. It was... somewhat of a self-appointed tradition for the graduates to- after getting their pokemon- go around town and knock on all the doors asking for pokemon supplies. Then, they would stay one last night at their houses, and then meet early in the morning to go off on their journeys in packs of their friends. And then, they would be gone. So the mothers of the graduates would gather at one of their houses and cry and talk about their kid's childhoods, and the fathers would brag about their kid's achievements.

The cloud of smoke cleared, and a girl staggered slowly out of the school. In her hand was a paper, and she read it grimly. The first student in five years to not have passed the final pokeschool exam. She shuddered. Not have passed?!! HOW?!! Her parents were retired pokemon CHAMPIONS!!! She lived on a pokemon preservation she had to take the bus home to!

"We apologies, you can retake the test in three months. Until then, Enjoy the summer!" Was the last line. She crumpled it up and threw it in the garbage bin. She stepped into her bus and it drove off.

At home, she couldn't bare to face her parents, too ashamed to tell them she had failed. So she just walked into the pokemon preservation's tour path. After she got closer to the lake, she strayed from the path and walked through the dark trees of the forest area. As she walked, the pokemon came up to her, noticing her troubled expression.

"Hey guys...." She said dully. They backed off, knowing her, they knew she wanted to sulk by her lonesome... until she got to the lake.

2 - Cecoe Mackal

She closed her eyes and put her hands behind her head, resting in the soft green grass around the lake. The wind blew gently, and a flock of bird pokemon flew high above the trees. The lake was the most peaceful spot she had come to know, and the whole preservation itself was pretty peaceful. She rolled over onto her side and looked out toward the curve of the lake far off. Her pokemon was coming to her, so she sat up.

Her whismur, which she called Melody, came bobbling toward her, and jumped into her arms, she hugged the cute little whisper pokemon, and it chortled at her. Though she couldn't understand it, she knew Melody had heard the news from the Pidgey she had told, they just can't keep secrets...

"It's alright, Melody... It's not that bad..." She cooed, mostly trying to comfort herself, "Will you style my hair for me?" She asked, changing the subject. Honestly, her hair was too short to actually be *styled*, but Melody, with her tiny stubs of hands, gave great head massages. Melody nodded her head, her ears flopping around her face. Laying back down by Melody, Melody got to work, weaving her tiny hands around her head.

Cecoe Mackal. The first girl in five years to have not passed the final pokeschool exam. She could just see herself reading it in the paper. With a picture of her on the front page, with a dunce cap drawn on top of her simple short hair style with buck teeth and a goofy smile over her wide, pretty grin and crossed eyes over her big with really long eye lashed hazel eyes. Then- who knows where in hell this thought came from-, she thought of mug shots being taken of her. Turning to the front, sides, back, a low lying frown on her face, bags under her eyes, and... a beard? What?

She opened her eyes, not having noticed she had fallen asleep. Melody was lying on her stomach, also sleeping soundly. Other pokemon, also, had grouped around them, completely off in dreamland.

She sat up slowly, carefully lifting Melody into her arms, stepping over the sleeping pokemon, and walked off to her house. When she got home, she carried Melody to her bed and set her on her special pillow, which was just a giant Exploud pokebed where the pokemon slept in the Exploud face's mouth. It was really funny to look at, and Cecoe had devoted a whole folder on her computer to pictures of Melody in that bed.

Thinking, she wouldn't tell her parents... she couldn't!! They would.... disown her! The great pokemon champions' daughter couldn't even pass a pokemon test? Did they do something wrong in raising her? Didn't they give her all the advantages in the world? A pokeWORLD in her backyard, a private technique tutor, a house with a whole indoor battle arena for scrimmages?

No, she couldn't bare to put up with that. She had never.... failed... ugh... it was so hard on her to even *think* that word. She had never *failed* her parents before.

That's it! She would... *lie* to her parents. She would tell them that she had passed with flying colors! She

would tell them that she could leave the next morning! Yeah!... Wait.... no..., she couldn't do that. If the people who knew she didn't pass told her parents before she got a chance to leave, she would be swamped, and dead for lying about it with the added bonus sheal about 'able to tell your parents anything'. So she had to leave soon, so, then, once her parents found out the truth, she would be so far away that she wouldn't have to face them in *person*.

She pulled out a piece of paper and pen and began writing the letter telling her parents she couldn't wait to start her journey. She told them she got one of the highest test scores in five years- wow - and told them all that she was packing, and told them not to worry, she was a big girl now, and they had taught her well, so she could cross the street without holding their hands and all these other meaningful but completely meaningless metaphores pretty much just saying 'I'm leaving, thanks for the last 14 years of food, and I'll call you if I find the time.'

Cecoe packed her backpack quickly, raided her parent's bedroom for the collection of empty pokeballs, a wad of her saved-pokejourney-money, snack foods, and put on all of her pokejourney accessories. Black spighetti-strap tank top with a picture of a bright yellow cute pikachu face, her dark blue Vans jeans with a picture of a Bellossum on one of the pockets, her big black belt with pokeball holders on it, and a baby pink cap beanie with headphones built into the sides of the hat that could hook up to her mobile radio- which was hooked up to her belt.

She was ready, now she just had to wait for Melody to wake up to tell her the news.

3 - Scary Forest

Night had swept over the town, and Cecoe was just now reaching the forest. The setting sun had made her want to stop and just sing with Melody, as they had every other night as sunset. But today, she had to cover as much ground as she could. Melody hobbled along next to Cecoe, holding onto her leash, which was really a string tied to the bandana scarf that was around one of Melody's ears that kept her from separating from Cecoe. Melody yawned. Cecoe blinked and then yawned as well. Melody, hearing Cecoe yawn, yawned again. And Cecoe started to yawn, but then forced it from happening and looked down at Melody, who could barely keep her eyes open.

"OH, don't worry!" Cecoe reassured Melody, "We'll get through the forest in no time! And once we get through, there's a town right there and it has an inexpensive hotel!" Melody looked up at her, and suddenly stopped walking. When Cecoe felt the rope lose its slack, she turned back. "What's wrong?" Melody sat down, her eyes open, but you could tell she wasn't even half awake. "Oh fine." Cecoe said, reaching into her bag and pulling out Melody's pokeball. She gently tapped it against the sleepy pokemon, and Melody disappeared in the red light.

"Great... now I'm walking alone..." Cecoe thought to herself, and continued walking. A sudden chill went up her spine, realizing that she was alone at night in the middle of a forest. She tried to walk strongly and confidently. "Oh, you know this town well enough to know there aren't any bad pokemon or people around here!" She told herself, as if the angel on her right shoulder was telling her the brightside.

"Pshh, yeah, during the daytime." The devil on her left shoulder snickered at the angel.

"Even if that was true, you're pretty good with pokemon, I'm sure you can end up asking scary pokemon for help!" said the angel.

"Yeah right, before or after they eat you?" the angel and the devil poofed away, and Cecoe was alone again.

After a short while of walking in silence, Cecoe had gotten bored and plugged in the radio, swaying her head slowly to the love and old 70's songs they played late at night. Though the music was turned up pretty loud, it didn't drown out the faint sound of a branch breaking and falling to the ground. Cecoe stopped suddenly, standing stiffly and looking around. She turned off the radio and listened attentively. No sound was heard, except for the whistle of the wind through the trees. The corny and overused line of 'It's quiet.... too quiet...' came into her head, and she finally understood how inconveniently true it was. She whipped her backpack off, and searched for something... anything that could be used as a weapon.

The only thing she could find was a comb with a pretty sharp handle. She stood up quickly, pointing it in front of her threateningly if the thing was still there. She heard another cracking sound from her side now, and she whirled around, her eyes wide, her weapon in ready position in her quivering hands.

Suddenly, a low, deep laugh bellowed from some where in the trees, and she saw two big, bright red

eyes peered out at her from the darkness, she screamed, dropped her comb, grabbed her backpack, and bolted away. She heard footsteps from behind her, but they faded quickly, and pretty soon, she had reached the town.

4 - Old Friends, Happy Memories

The town, being dark, just seemed like a usual, ordinary town, nothing seemed too different about it from her home town. Houses, shops, one hotel, one pokemon center, some occasional trees. But she had a feeling that in morning, the town would light up with its originality.

The hotel's lights were out, but Cecoe could tell they were still open. She opened the door and walked in and over to the front desk, where an old man with a book sat on a Sirvipor shaped seat. He looked up at her when she got near. "Hello, miss, you're out late. Looking for a place to stay?" He asked her, his voice kind and welcoming. He looked a lot like Santa Claus. She nodded shyly. "Alright, well, I can tell you're a new trainer, and I like helping out the new champions of the world, so you can stay here for free tonight, okay?" He said, and Cecoe smiled.

"Really?" She asked happily.

"Mmm-hmm" He said nodding quietly, and turned around and plucked a room key off of the wall, "But only if you let me see your pokemon, I just love seeing starter pokemon, because it says a lot about the trainer."

Cecoe smiled, and pulled out Melody's pokeball, pressing the button. The beam of light formed on the table in front of the old man. When the beam left, Melody was asleep. The old man smiled down at the Whismur. "Ah!" The old man admired, "Isn't that somethin', I started with the exact same pokemon!" Cecoe's face lit up again.

"Really?!!" she asked, looking interestedly up at the old man.

"Yep... I had named him Chirp, because he always used to Chirp when he was happy. Me and him won some tough battles..." The old man recalled, leaning back in the chair and sighing, looking at the ceiling.

"What happened to him?" She asked, feeling kind of sad suddenly for the old man.

"Well... I retired us both when I was forty, and we both got old, he got fat and his voice got dry and worn. And one day, about five years ago, out on a walk, a pack of Houndooms came at me, and he bellowed such a loud scream to drive them away, he damaged himself, and his old heart couldn't take it..." The man closed his eyes. "He used to make such good music... what I wouldn't give to hear that voice again..." Melody had woken up, and was stretching now, looking at the old man.

"Oh... that's so sad... so he did it to protect you?" Cecoe thought, then smiled, "Pokemon are such loyal friends. And... if it makes you feel better," She began, looking at Melody, who caught on and stood up. Cecoe made a hand movement, and Melody began singing the tune that all Whismur's seemed to be born with. The old man looked down at Melody, who swayed gently to the tune. Tears formed in his old eyes, and he wiped them away.

The room was kind of small, and there was no TV or phone, just a computer and a tiny bed. There wasn't any bathroom in the room, but she had seen one down the hall. But hey, it was free, so she couldn't complain. She set Melody down on the floor, and she hobbled over to the bed, calling a part of the bed. Cecoe smiled, slowly walking over. She was so excited about tomorrow. She wondered if she would catch any pokemon, or if she would meet any new friends, or if her parents would catch her... that was a horrifying thought. She wondered how long it would be before her cell phone rang. She had taken one of her mom's credit cards... what if her mom canceled the account? Naww... she wouldn't do that to her own daughter, she would know that that was the only way she could survive.

She took off her shirt and pants, folding them neatly and tucking them into her bag, and pulled out the pair of clothes she would wear tomorrow. She set them on the floor and lay down on the bed, snuggling up against Melody. Eventually, the two of them fell asleep.

5 - How They Met

The next morning, instead of the usual sound of the alarm clock playing the tune to '2BAMaster', with a Blastoise jumping up and down on a bell, sunlight pouring in through the window awoke Cecoe. She had her eyes opened, but didn't move. Her first thoughts asked where she was, and then she remembered, and slowly sat up and stretched. She looked to her side, to see Melody had rolled onto the floor and was sleeping face-down with her arms spread out. She looked like a throw pillow.

Trying not to wake Melody, Cecoe changed into today's clothes; a midriff-showing camofloge vest, and pair of short shorts with the words 'kiz it' on the butt, with two Smoochums kissing toward each other. Cecoe tied her combat-like boots over her black knee socks, and let out a sigh when she had finished. Her first day of being a trainer! She couldn't wait to get started, but she wanted to let Melody have her rest.

Thinking of Melody made her remember how they had first met. It was... what? Three years ago?

Her parents had just moved to the preservation a few months ago. Cecoe had been too afraid to go into the forest, in fear of the things she might see, and boys at her school had told her scary stories of little girls getting lost and getting eaten by pokemon. She had never seen one for herself, and from the stories, she never wanted to see one. In the books, people made them out to see so cute.

And then for her eleventh birthday, her parents gave her a Ratatta. At first she didn't know it was a pokemon, and so brought on by joy of her new pet, when it ran from her into the forest, she followed after it without realizing what she was doing. Eventually, she had lost sight of the Ratatta, and she had gotten herself into the middle of the forest.

Scared, she just started running and yelling, hearing all the sounds of the pokemon in the trees. She could see out of the corner of her eye, the millions of bright yellow and red eyes peering out at her. She could practically feel their breath on her neck as she ran.

Though it was the middle of the day, she felt as if it was night, and she was blind in the darkness the forest created. Out of breath, she stopped by the lake and started crying. She still swears she could hear the pokemon laughing at her from the forest.

After crying the last tear her body could muster, she knew she needed to calm herself down, so she began singing a song she had learned that day in school. The song worked, she slowly stopped sobbing, and got caught up in the song.

She became so distracted by the words she was singing, she thought it was her imagination that another voice was singing with her. The song was originally a duet, and Cecoe had gotten herself singing the lower part, the harmony, and this new voice was singing the higher tunes, the melody, of the song.

*When the world leaves you
And there's no song to sing*

*And the cold holds you
I'll carry you to spring*

*I'll carry you to sunshine
I'll carry you to rain showers
I'll carry you to sweet smells
Coming from the flowers*

*So hold your head up
And you could be a king
and if you get let down
I'll carry you to spring*

*I'll carry you, sweetie
I'll carry your comb
I'll carry your shoulders
And I'll carry you home*

When the lyrics ended, and the song went to a soft humming, Cecoe had messed up one note, and that's when she realized she wasn't imagining the voice. She turned and looked around her, jumping at the sight of the tiny pink ball sitting next to her. She screamed, startling the pink ball, making it scream, and the two started screaming together, trying to get louder than the other. When they could get no louder, they both broke out in laughter.

The friendship was almost...

love at first sight.

((Lol! There ya go, kouni!))

((IT TOOK ME FOREVER TO WRITE THE LYRICS!!! But yeah, that'sCecoe and Melody's song

6 - Breakfast Encounter (part one)

The day was gloomy, rain had started pouring down when Cecoe and Melody had gotten ready to leave. Downstairs, there were crowds of people around tables that had been set up for the continental breakfast. People that had apparently stayed in a room and some who had come in to escape the rain piled up against one another in front of the food. You could tell what kind of pokemon people had by the clusters that had formed around tables. Girls with sunglasses on the tops of their heads who looked as if they had been planning on a road trip to the beach fed their water pokemon- that could stand to be off of water-. Little boys scared their sisters' baby pokemon with their bug pokemon.

Other groups were more obvious, especially the mohawks and dyed hair teens with tight clothing, the fire and electric fans. Cecoe was rather drawn to them because, basically, they were rather drawn to her. Cecoe was exentric and fiery, full of sparks, and she was friends with everyone who would be friends with her. Her loud personality made her fit just in with people who would shave off all but a line of hair just to make an entrance. Being loud also made her and Melody a perfect match for each other.

Today was no different. The instant Cecoe entered the room, coming down the stairs and walked toward the buffet, she heard the conversation stop among the flamboyant teens. They were very close to her in age, and Cecoe was very pretty, and since they were all boys, Cecoe couldn't help but blush at the thought of what they had started whispering about.

Cecoe set Melody down on the table with food, and Melody started eating out of the platter of pokechow. Cecoe smiled at how Melody cute melody looked. A spark of some kind of electricity poked her shoulder, she jumped and let out a small 'eep!'. She turned around and was then looking right in the face of a boy with spiked blonde hair with red tips, snake bite lip rings, cartilage piercings, and an eyebrow stud. He had piercingly bright blue eyes, and a cute smile plastered on his face. "Boo," He said, then laughed when Cecoe blinked, confused.

He brought his face away, straightening up revealing how tall-and skinny- he was, with no shirt on, but tight faw leather pants. He was holding a fluffy little Mareep in his hand. A possy of other delinquant-looking boys stood behind him, they all laughed in a flirtacious way at her.

The guy without the shirt on smiled and stuck out his long, bony fingers, "'Sup? My name's Stripe," He introduced himself. His voice didn't match the way he looked at all, it was sweet and charming, and she could even detect a bit of hidden shyness in it.

"Hi! My name's Cecoe!" She said, and grabbed his hand, immediately feeling some sort of numming pain enter her whole body. She looked down at the Mareep and saw that it was sending sparks up his arm so he could shock her.

She pulled away sharply and held her hand, turning away. 'Stripe' and all of his friends laughed hard. This was weird, she couldn't remember her friends at home ever being this mean to... anyone! Why were these guys of the same stereotype being so... mean?

She wasn't going to deal with this. She knew these guys were way too strong for Melody to take on if it was a battle they were trying to get out of her. She simply looked down at Melody, who had obliviously stuffed herself. Cecoe grabbed a plate, filled it with the free food, nudged Melody, who then hopped on her head, and the two seated themselves at a lonely table in the corner. She didn't bother to look back at the boys, she knew they would follow her.

She stubbornly ate her breakfast while Melody danced around on the table top. Stripes sat down at the seat across from Cecoe, and smiled, looking down at Melody's dance.

((will continue later, I'm tired now.))

((Sorry Kouni, Kara won't be in this chapter! Sorry, couldn't think of a way to bring her in yet. m>.

7 - Breakfast Encounter (finished)

Melody, once realizing Stripes was sitting there, smiled widely, and started dancing while facing him. Stripes laughed - at her-. Cecoe looked up at him.

"Why are you following me around?" She asked him, then smiled slyly, "Are you in love with me or something?"

Striped looked at her with those bright blue eyes of his and smiled the exact same way at her. "Yes." He answered.

That was an answer she wasn't expecting. She sat back in her seat, and blushed, giving him an expression that was half embarrassed and half confused. This was awkward, so she just looked back down at her plate of food and ate. Boys weren't like this either... well... at least not to her. The last boyfriend she had had was way back in last spring, and they hadn't even been going out for real. They went on cheap dates where they acted like friends, they went to ice cream shops and bought separate bowls of the same flavor of ice cream... she paid for all of the dates. Boys in general weren't that into her either. She was an absolute babe, skinny, cute, big beautiful green eyes. She hadn't ever thought about it before; why it was guys didn't like her like *that*.

Maybe that was why she spent most of her time in the pokemon preservation. Pokemon were so loving to everyone. No matter who you were, a Snorlax would always let you nap with him, he would always enjoy your company. A Furret would always want to play with you. A Tangela would always want to braid your hair no matter how bad of a hair day you were having. She suddenly started to miss her home already.

"So... I can tell you're not from around here." Stripes said suddenly, putting on a new tone, a sincere tone. Cecoe understood why once she realized his friends were gone.

"Oh yeah? How can you tell?" Cecoe asked with a smile. It'd been a while since she had flirted, pokemon had kept her so innocent.

"Cuz' you're stayin' in this place. You came down the stairs." He said. Oh yeah, she forgot that she was in the lobby of the hotel she had just stayed in. She took a bite of pancake, not knowing what to say to that.

"Oh." She finally said, her mouth half-stuffed.

"So, what? Did you just start your training? Judging from your Whismur, you haven't fought a single battle yet." He said, his voice getting a bit quieter, he then blushed, realizing how that could sound mean. Cecoe could tell now that he was really shy, and his friends had probably put him up to talking to her.

"And what about you? Judging from the way you're digging for something to say, is this the first time

you've spoken to a girl?" She said, with a smile that said itself 'There, we're even'. He chuckled, and shook his head as he bowed his head down, rubbing his head slowly with his hands nervously. Melody, thinking this was a game, jumped onto his head.

Cecoe laughed, Stripe just lifted his head and looked around, as if he was expecting someone to be standing there, holding his head. This made Cecoe laugh harder. When Stripe finally realized what she was laughing at, he himself laughed. He lifted Melody off and set her down on the table.

The two of them continued talking for quite a while. So long, even, that Stripe's friends had left the building. The two of them talked about their homes, about themselves, and about their pokemon. When it got to showing each other their pokemon, Cecoe got Melody to sing a song for Stripe. Then, Stripe showed her his pokemon. The Mareep, who he called Spark and Growlithe named Blu.

8 - A New Friend!

The rain had eased, and people left the breakfast buffet. The workers at the hotel had began clearing away the tables and empty food bowls.

Outside, the day was bright. And because of the slight rain, everything was wet. It was a bit muddy outside. There were no sidewalks where Cecoe was walking, but the feeling of a bit of loss distracted her from her shoes getting muddy. Cecoe and Stripes had said goodbye as if it was so casual that they were leaving each other. Cecoe wasn't usually the one to feel bad about leaving people, so this new feeling confused her. Melody sat on her shoulder, scouting the surroundings for... whatever. Melody could feel Cecoe's mood, but tried not to let it get her down. Maybe if Cecoe saw that she was happy, Cecoe would get happy!

"Ryou!!! Ryou please don't play in mud!! AHHH!!!"

Cecoe looked up. Was someone around? She couldn't see anyone. She sped up a bit with her pace, and around the corner she saw a girl with a white bandanna over light brown hair, with one blue bang. The girl had on a white shirt, with a blue poncho over it. Her pants were white with blue designs. A blue bag was slung on the girl's back. The girl looked small, and Cecoe winced a bit to see the poor girl was covered in mud, with her Poochyena playing around in the mud puddle beside her.

The girl had probably tried to get her Poochyena... Ryou... out of the mud and slipped into it herself. Poor girl.

Cecoe walked over and offered her hand to the girl. "Here, let me help you out." Cecoe said with a sympathetic smile. The girl seemed to jump slightly when Cecoe first spoke. She looked up at Cecoe with timid hazel eyes. Melody waved excitedly to the Poochyena, who stuck out his tongue and panted happily toward her.

"Oh... thanks," the girl said, her voice quiet, as she took Cecoe's hand. Cecoe heaved her up gently, the girl's eyes widened a bit. Cecoe couldn't help but smile. The shyness of this girl was so cute! She couldn't resist, when the girl had caught her balance, Cecoe hugged her. "Ahh!! Uhhmmm...?" The girl said, not knowing what to do to such a gesture.

Cecoe giggled. "Sorry! I couldn't help myself." Cecoe laughed, then looked down at the girl's muddy clothes. "Wow, that sucks." She said simply. The girl looked down at her pants and made a face of horror. "Hey, don't worry yet! We just met! Save that for after we introduce ourselves!" Cecoe said, trying to change the subject. Melody slid down Cecoe's arm and landed on the ground. The muddy Poochyena walked over to Melody and sniffed her. Melody, in turn, sniffed him. The two then giggled and began playing in the mud together.

"Oh... right," She apologized, as if Cecoe's logic was something EVERYONE went by, "my name's Kara... and this is Ryou." She mumbled, gesturing down towards the Poochyena, as he buried Melody's feet in the mud. Hearing his name, he looked up and panted toward Cecoe and Kara.

"I'm Cecoe, and she's Melody. Nice to meet you!" Cecoe said with a 'don't-be-so-shy' smile.

((AH I FINALLY PUT SOMEONE IN HERE!!!!))

((haha its early. Will have them battle.... later...))

9 - Hashin

Cecoe smiled, happy to have made a new friend. "So, what'chya doin here? As for me, I'm heading to...." she paused. Where WAS she heading? She thought for a moment, the direction she was heading in was toward Hashin, the city best known for its beautiful women, warm weather, sunny beaches, and hot surfer guys. It had mostly water pokemon. "to Hashin." She had to look like she knew what she was doing. She couldn't let people know she was making this up as she goes.

"Oh, I was going there too." Kara replied, pulling out an envelope. "I'm taking this to someone there. Someone named Stephanie." Then, as if she just remembered something important, Kara perked up, and looked at her watch. "And I have to get there before tomorrow! Sorry, I have to be going." She said, as she patted her leg and started walking at a quick pace. Ryou followed after her, barking excitedly.

Cecoe caught up to her, picking up Melody and shaking the mud off of her. "Hey, let's go together!" Cecoe exclaimed, as if she had just come up with a great idea. Kara looked up at her shyly, and nodded quietly, then looking at the ground. Melody squirmed in Cecoe's arms, wanting to go and play with Ryou. Cecoe held onto her.

"Hey," Cecoe thought out loud, "after you deliver the envelope, wanna' battle me?"

Kara looked up again, and blushed. "Uhh... okay." She said, and Cecoe smiled, and put an arm around Kara's shoulder lovingly, as if Kara was her little sister.

Hashin was beautiful. Bright green plants and cloudless skies. It was all boardwalk, looking over a beach. There were stores of all kinds lining along the boardwalk, and houses could be seen behind the stores. Cecoe and Kara walked along the walk, Cecoe held the sleeping Melody in her arms as she looked out at the beach with an overjoyed expression on her face, making her look like a tourist. She reached over and into her bag- in a really uncomfortable position just to LOOK at. Cecoe pulled out a photographer's camera and slung the strap around her neck. You never know when you'll want a camera in this place!

Kara looked at the envelope, then at the stores, trying to find the address she would find Stephanie in. Cecoe peeked over Kara's shoulder to see the address. Then looked up and said joyfully, "There!!" she pointed to a small pokemart, where a girl, close to their age, was laughing with the man who was handing out ads for the pokemart.

Kara walked up to the girl, blushed, looked down, and finally sputtered out, "A-a.... are you Stephanie Skyes?"

The girl looked at Kara, quiet, with a look of confusion for a moment like 'why is this girl asking for me?' and then burst out laughing. "Oh, sorry. Yeah, I'm Stephanie. You have a letter for me, right?" She boasted, feeling kinda' dumb. Cecoe appeared behind Kara. Kara handed the letter to her, and

Stephanie took it and ripped it open. She read a bit of it for a moment, rolled her eyes and then crumpled it up and threw it into a nearby garbage can. "Blech, sorry for the trouble that must have caused you. I thought it would be something from my mom, but it turned out to just be junk mail sent to the wrong place."

Cecoe jumped up. "I CHALLENGE YOU NOW, KARA!!!" She boasted, pointing a finger at Kara dramatically. Kara blushed brightly and backed up, tripping over Stephanie's foot and falling back. The guy with the ads caught her and pushed her back to her feet. "Oh... sorry." Cecoe said, shrugging.

((HAHAHAHAHAHA!!! I hope the suspense is killing you!!! :P))

10 - First Battle

((I'd like to start off by saying, sorry for making you all wait so long.. BUT I'M FREE!!! My 8th grade grad. happened tonight, and I've got summer to be free!! :D *dances* DANCE WITH ME!! Anyway, so I thought for my first summer-ly duty, I'd write up a new chapter. This is what yall're waitin for! :) Enjoy :*))

Ryou stood attentively, looking straight at Melody, who was playing merrily with her ears.

"Okay, now. This battle will consist of one pokemon only, the first one to fall for at least five seconds is the loser." Stephanie said, playing the referee of the battle. "Your pokemon are of equal level and stats, so the battle seems to be totally up to your judgements as trainers." Cecoe gulped. Crap... she had failed her test to be a trainer... how could she surpass a battle where she had to use her OWN BRAIN?!!

She looked down at Melody, hoping for an encouraging-looking ball of pink smiling at her hopefully; but instead found a pink bubble spinning in circles, trying to reach its own little stubby tail.

"Ready.... Set... Start!!" Stephanie called, throwing her arm down. The battle was taking place in the sand under the dock. Kara and Cecoe stood behind their pokemon, Kara with a relatively blank expression with just a bit of worry. Pshhh... she was worried? Cecoe didn't show it, but she strongly feared she had made the wrong choice, for Melody's sake. She couldn't blow this for Melody... this would be her first battle, and how would she look as a trainer to the pokemon she just made lose?

Zoning out, she had hardly noticed the first attack had begun. A headbutt just barely missed the twirling and spinning Melody.

"Concentrate, Ryou!! Find you aim... noooooow.... GO-" Kara started, but Cecoe cut her off with her own command.

"Jump over him, Melody!!" And Melody, in response to her name, stopped twirling. But before she could comprehend what had just been said, it was too late. The hard head of the hyena pokemon had hit hard into Melody's back. "You okay, Melody?" Cecoe asked. Melody slowly sat up, having been thrown a good few feet forward. "Good job, Mel! Now! Uproar!! Make it LOUD!!" Cecoe said, but had to yell over the shrill sound of Melody's reaction to the word 'uproar.' Every moving thing stopped for a moment, frozen in shock of the horrid noise that was splitting their ears in two.

Cecoe just stared, unaffected. She had heard this noise so many times before, it didn't hurt her ears anymore. But the unprepared ears of the Poochyena made it fall to its front legs, in hopes of hiding from the noise. But then, being the fragile thing she was, Kara fell to the ground, holding her hands over her ears, beads of tears forming at the bottom of her eyes. Ryou's head spun around, to look at his trainer. His eyes narrowed. They were hurting Kara! He could take the pain, but when you brought Kara into it...

Ryou stood up, and ran at the shrieking Melody. He headbutted her hard in the stomach, sending her flying back. She grunted hard when she hit the ground.

"Melody!!" Cecoe screamed. The little ball of pink grunted again, as she weakly tried to stand up, but fell back down. Cecoe ran to her, "Oh... Mel..."

"Cecoe's Melody is unable to continue! Kara wins!" Stephanie cheered neutrally, as Kara smiled and opened her arms to Ryou, who jumped in lovingly and began licking her face.

Cecoe cradled Melody in her arms and stood up. "Good battle, I really am no good at this... you were fantastic, though!" Cecoe said, trying to be a good sport. But she then darted up to the boardwalk to find a pokecenter.

"Wait!!! Cecoe!!" Stephanie and Kara yelled at the same time.