

Her Beginning

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Darkness shrouded the world in an almost unreal blackness. How can it be 'the world' if the dreamer did not know what it was. Something brushed by the dreamer's head. An almost unseemly non-existent creature stared.

~I know who you are. I always have and I always will.~ Almost instantly it vanished, replaced by a creature dripping in blood.

It licked its lips. "Join us!" it demanded before reaching a blood stained claw to snatch the dreamer.

Aaaaahhhhhh! the mind of a Pokémon screamed. Her eyes snapped open. She frantically looked from left to right. Hoping to find a way out of her dream.

Her prison was nothing more than an oversized test tube. The top and bottom were fixed with metal fixtures and a light glowed from the top. This caused a reflection off the orange bubbles in the orange liquid that she was submerged in.

The Pokémon reached out blindly with her three fingered paw and tried to find an exit. Her paw grazed gently over a small depression. She stopped and pounded on the depression. To her surprise the depression she had hit was part of a glass door. The door swung out, leaving the Pokémon to fall out and crash onto the floor. She collapsed onto her hands and knees, soaked and trembling. Only after she had calmed down did she bother to take a look at her surroundings.

The room she was in was dimly lit, other replicas of her tube-like prison scattered the room. She counted five in total, all seemed to be occupied besides that of which she fell out of. One in particular caught her eye of a dark red creature. She chose to ignore it as she looked around again. Large computer consoles were positioned against the wall and some dead center in the room, amongst the other containment devices. Shakily she stood and padded softly along the cold and black linoleum floor.

"Where am I and why isn't anyone here?" her unfamiliar harsh voice questioned dead air. A woman in a knee length lab coat walked into the room with a casual demeanor. The woman carried a clipboard that she was looking at intently.

"Excuse me. What is this place?" inquired the Pokémon, sounding a bit bewildered. The woman dropped her clipboard in alarm, having just noticed the Pokémon. The Pokémon had the strange notion that the woman was scared of her. "Look, I won't hurt you. Just please tell me where I am." The woman looked at her warily and ran for a phone on one of the computer consoles. The woman dialed a number frantically. The Pokémon watched the female scientist dial with interest.

"Hello, Doctor. Subject: 001 M2M1 50F PsSDa, is awake." The scientist paused and looked over her shoulder before continuing. "How she broke out of her tank? Well . . . It looks like she just opened the glass door. No sir, no evidence of her using any form of psychic, dark or steel powers." The scientist then made a few nods, and a couple of 'yes sir's', then hung up. Her attention was drawn back to the Pokémon. "What caused you to wake?"

“I had a terrible dream that startled me,” she said in a rather sheepish tone, not certain why it made her ashamed in the first place. “So where am I? What am I? Who am I?” The Pokémon gave a demanding look. The one thing any living being wanted to know was themselves.

A group of eight people dressed in pressed lab coats entered the room just when the Pokémon was in the middle of her questions. They had rushed there, anxious to deal with the creation they had struggled so hard to nurture to that point. One of them, obviously the lead scientist, stepped forward and spoke.

“I will answer your questions. This here is a laboratory. You were created from it.” The scientist, named Doctor West signaled to one of his colleagues for him to go to one of the consoles. He was getting on in years, although not quite in build. His hair was graying noticeably and he wore a pair of metal framed glasses; generally, a smart looking man. The Pokémon watched with mild interest, glad that someone was taking charge and willing to inform her. Two individual pictures, each of catlike Pokémon, were on a large screen. The first was a painting of a pale pink Pokémon with long narrow feet and a long, narrow tail. Its eyes were ocean blue. The second picture was an actual photo of a very pale lavender Pokémon, with defiant lavender eyes, a lavender tail and a second neck. It almost looked like a mutated creature, considering such irregularity of its body. The Pokémon suddenly knew their names, stats and other such things, getting the information from an unknown source. Something about the images jarred her memory.

“You don’t have to explain. I am a clone made up from the DNA of Mew and Mewtwo,” she stated smartly. Mew happened to be the first creature, Mewtwo the second. “They are both psychic types, as am I. Mew is semi-female, her attitude is gentle and playful. Mewtwo is semi-male, his attitude is serious and violent. In a way they can almost be addressed as my parents.” Doctor West was not terribly surprised by the sudden spurt of intelligence.

“Do you know your name?” The Pokémon shook her head. “Your name is Mewblade. We thought about calling you by either a code name or numbers but it lacked originality. Mewthree was a worse-off option, despite it being your species name. Personally, I think Mewblade is well suited to you.”

“Mewblade?” Mewblade looked at Doctor West. “What do I look like?” Her mind became blank and she felt like she was drifting. It was only for a second. She could see herself and became alarmed. It was like she was looking through the man’s eyes. Her mind state went back to normal and she knew the answer, although she could not explain how she got it.

Mewblade had the almost identical build as Mewtwo, except most of her body was black with many different and distinctive features. For one she did not have the second neck. Her eyes were slightly more feminine, with long eyelashes and purple irises. Her height was identical to his, 6’7” from toes to the top of her ears. Mewblade’s tail was slightly longer than Mewtwo’s only by about a foot or so. It too was colored with a vibrant purple. Along the length of her spine, the center of her forehead and her tail she had twenty various sized blades. They were made of titanium, with black diamond tips, looking very deadly since they were almost scythe-like in appearance. The largest blades were on her forehead, slightly above her eyes and one on the very tip of her tail. If one were to count her height with the blades included she would be an impressive 8’7”. Her

last most bizarre feature was a small, metallic energy cannon that was strapped to her right arm. She could feel that her very bones were titanium as well. Because of this Mewblade could tell she was rather heavy, weighing in at four hundred and thirty-six pounds.

Doctor West started to explain what Mewblade looked like but she held up a paw for silence. She did not need to hear what he had to say. "Thank you but I already know my appearance." Doctor West raised his eyebrow slightly, not sure about how she knew that. A man wearing a black uniform with a red R on the chest burst into the room. He hesitated as he saw Mewblade. Mewblade looked him up and down, wondering about his intentions.

"Giovanni has just arrived and wants that Pokémon under control." He left in an obvious hurry, only briefly glancing at Mewblade as he left. For some weird reason he was afraid of her, Mewblade could only guess why. Mewblade then sensed the wavering amount of fear among those who were assembled in the room. It was not towards her, but towards the sentence that the employee had mentioned.

Giovanni must be a highly feared person, she mused as she looked at the nervous and waiting scientists. Her personality was quickly shaping into what it was meant to be, no longer making her the easily frightened Pokémon. Someone had approached the door and opened it. An average looking man in a smart business suit walked in followed by a snobbish Persian. *And I bet that's the head honcho himself*, thought Mewblade.

Giovanni ignored the scientists and stood in front of Mewblade. He was judging her as she was judging him. Facing Doctor West, he spoke. "Is she battle worthy?" he questioned with an obvious air of authority that no one would dare question.

"We are not sure. But she is quite intelligent and her attitude is gentle," replied Doctor West, basing what he said on Mewblade's present state of confusion.

"I don't care about that! Can she fight? Yes or no?" Giovanni said hotly and this caused Doctor West to shake.

"We don't know, sir. She hasn't been tested yet," Doctor West murmured, worried that Giovanni would force Mewblade straight into battling without a trial run. Mewblade took some interest with this.

"Excuse me, but are you by any chance my trainer?" Mewblade asked in relative concern. She knew as much information as what had been programmed into her head during the duration of her creation. Trainers did not elude her, nor did the concept of who was suppose to be her trainer.

Wow, she's dumb, thought the Persian. Mewblade glanced in Persian's general direction and only briefly needed to think of how she understood. For the last few minutes she had been reading minds.

Mewblade looked at Persian, eyes glowing blue, thinking briefly of the annoying Pokémon crashing into a wall. She almost instinctively manipulated the energy in her body, forcing it to do as she willed. As she had visualized, the Persian was seized in a blue glow and thrown against the wall. It made a yowl of protest and pain.

"I am not as dumb as you think," she said to the Persian who was lying on the ground in a half conscious daze. She looked back at the flustered Giovanni who would have hurt Mewblade for injuring his Persian but only if she was a weakling. It did not seem like Mewblade would need testing for training. Several minutes out of her tank and

she had already grasped one of the most dangerous psychic abilities known. "I guess you are my trainer from the sounds of it." Giovanni nodded but kept quiet. Mewblade took a few steps towards him. "Then if I am your Pokémon may I ask you of my first duty?" Mewblade spoke. The back of her mind kept nagging at her, telling her in vain that something was wrong.

Now Giovanni was pleased. A strong, and obedient Pokémon, willing to obey him. "You are to battle trainers and their Pokémon who come to my gym. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she lowered her eyes.

"Good. Doctor West, I want you and one other to accompany me back to my gym. You'll be allowed to continue monitoring the project after this one has been tested to see the full extent of her abilities. As for you," he motioned to Mewblade, "you will also accompany me. I hope you don't get airsick." Mewblade knew she did not and responded with a shake of her head. "Okay, we're heading off to the copter." Giovanni picked up his beloved pet and left the room. He headed down a long whitewash corridor and out an exit door. Doctor West, another scientist and Mewblade followed close after. The door led outside to a landing pad.

A several seated helicopter was positioned on the landing pad. The Team Rocket employee who had earlier told the scientists of Giovanni's arrival opened the door for the group. Inside the helicopter were soft, leather seats. Mewblade became worried for the fact that her blades might tear the seats. Giovanni ordered her to sit and she did so. For some odd reason her blades did not puncture the seats, she knew why.

Because she did not have any intention of cutting something, her blades pressed and sunk into her skin and became extremely dull. Well, most of her blades did this except for her top most head blades and her end tail blades since they were not contacting anything. Mewblade felt relieved.

The helicopter left shortly after, taking Mewblade from one unfamiliar place to another.

The gym was rather impressive. The Viridian Gym had quite a large battle floor for a city gym. Marble columns were positioned on the exterior of the actual battle area. There were a few large doors and a balcony where the Gym Leader and his Pokémon would emerge from. A large skylight was above, allowing in natural light. The whole gym was mostly an earthy color. Mewblade could feel the gym had been previously destroyed and then rebuilt shortly after in exact likeness.

Giovanni offered to show Mewblade around. She accepted his offer without much hesitation. Doctor West and his colleague knew where everything was and did not need the tour; yet, they followed as well, which was mere convenience to Mewblade.

Mewblade had an early grasp of her new found power and intended on using it to her full advantage. She let her mind go through the desired information in the scientists' heads and it gained her the knowledge about the layout of the gym, plus a few other things as well. Still, Mewblade politely allowed Giovanni to guide her.

He showed her the training areas, his office, the medical rooms, the areas for storing Pokémon. Mewblade also noticed that Giovanni was the leader of an organization

called 'Team Rocket'. Mewblade became rather suspicious. Her mind, unknown to Giovanni, was concentrated on his. Giovanni thought only of collecting rare and valuable Pokémon. He cared nothing of Mewblade's well-being and using her for battle was why she was created. Mewblade was exceptionally skilled at mind-reading and she was proud of it. Giovanni stopped and turned his full attention to Mewblade.

"So what do you think of my gym?" he asked, turning to face her with an air of confidence. Mewblade decided to use her telepathy and answered. She wanted to make it known to him that she was very aware of her psychic abilities, and anything she said was not to be made light of.

<"It honestly does not suit you. You do not deserve to be called a Gym Leader let alone own a Pokémon. I see through you so clearly, so I have decided to leave. Don't worry about me destroying you because I won't. But if you chase after me you will be hurt."> Giovanni stared at Mewblade, completely flabbergasted by what she knew and what she was saying. The Mewthree that he had spent millions of dollars on was refusing to obey him. There was nothing he could do to keep her there. Without the right equipment, Mewblade could leave whenever she wished. Mewblade had a smirk on her face as she learned of Giovanni's shock. <"See you,"> she sneered, briefly flashing a smirk at Doctor West. The scientist was in a way disappointed that he could not witness Mewblade's performance, but also relieved that his precious creation would not be mistreated by Giovanni. Mewblade summoned her psychic powers and used Fly. She took off, barely giving the humans time to see her go. Once outside she only glanced at the Viridian Gym and left.

A Pokémon that fit under the description of Mewtwo had been taking a leisurely walk in a Johto forest. The Pokémon known as Mew flew beside him, explaining the importance of nature and its natural beauty. She was his guardian and teaching Mewtwo was her number one priority next to her duties as a Legendary Pokémon. He needed to be able to understand the world around him since Mew knew very well that Mewtwo was naturally narrow-minded. Mewtwo abruptly started to grit his teeth and glared at Mew. She looked at him, having no clue of what could be wrong.

<"Mew, why are you trying to read my mind?"> he demanded with a great deal of irritation in his voice. A psychic Pokémon could naturally resist weak mind-reading but strong ones were hard to resist and at times painful.

"Mew mew mew, mew," (It wasn't me, Mewtwo,) Mew said with a tinge of confusion in her voice.

<"If it wasn't you then who was it?"> Something coughed nervously from behind. Mewtwo and Mew turned and were both equally shocked. There stood the deadly looking Mewblade. She did the only other thing she knew, and that was to find those similar to her. Mew and Mewtwo were two very elusive Pokémon but she found them all too easily and within a half hour of leaving the Viridian Gym. It was pretty obvious that she either lacked proper social skills or was rather naive as she spoke to them.

"Sorry for bothering you. I will introduce myself. My name is Mewblade, your clone," Mewblade smirked. Mew and Mewtwo looked at each other, not knowing what to think. There was a Pokémon standing in front of them that looked a lot like Mewtwo. The

outrageous claim was even harder to comprehend. It just came from nowhere. Mew, not wanting to let silence hang, flew up to Mewblade. Using both paws she gripped Mewblade's right paw and shook it. Mewblade had no idea what a hand shake was and just let Mew shake her right paw. She figured it was some strange Pokémon gesture and it must have been a greeting of sorts.

"Mew mew mew. Mew mew mew mew mew mew mew mew mew," (Pleased to meet you. I am Mew and that stubborn Pokémon over there is Mewtwo,) she squeaked happily, nodding towards Mewtwo. Mewtwo turned his back to them both, feeling threatened by Mewblade's sudden appearance. If Mewblade was what she claimed, then she could only be there for one reason, and that was to get him. There was no other way to explain why she had found them so easily.

<"Oh great . . . Our clone. She is probably here to destroy us. I for one will not associate with her."> Mewtwo glared at Mewblade over his shoulder, detesting her existence. Despite having his back turned Mewtwo was on his guard, Mew on the other hand was trying not to jump to conclusions.

"Mew, mew mew!" (Mewtwo, be nice!") Mew looked at Mewtwo and turned back to Mewblade, letting go of her paw. "Mew mew mew mew mew mew." (He doesn't really trust anyone.)

"It's understandable if he hates me. If he wanted me to leave he could have been more forward with it." She turned away, feeling rejected, not able to figure out what she was suppose to do. Mewblade had made the decisive decision to leave the gym, since she knew she would not be respected but could not quite understand why Mewtwo, her genetic parent, would so openly resent her. She had little wisdom to base things off of, despite how smart she knew she was. With little warning Mewblade swiveled and stormed off in the opposite direction of Mewtwo. She went down a path and out of sight.

"Mew! Mew mew!" (Mewblade! Come back!") Mew shouted. Mewtwo turned around and sighed.

I've got to be kidding myself if a clone of mine would act like that. Maybe I should have looked into it a little deeper, he thought regretfully. If Mewblade was a real threat then he could handle it, so he followed.

Mewblade sat by herself on the edge of a small lake. The lake was surrounded by trees, bushes and grass clearings. There was also a small beach by the shoreline. Mewblade looked at the water as a breeze created a few ripples.

"What is the point of existing if life can only offer pain and disappointment?" She stared at the sky, eyes darting back and forth momentarily as she tried to search for an answer. "What am I supposed to do? What is my purpose?" Mewblade knew that her life was blank of meaning and drive. A Pokémon like her was designed to fight, so what exactly could she do, knowing that was in a way, her destiny? She looked behind herself at the sound of a noise and a presence. There was Mewtwo slowly walking up to her, he knelt as soon as he reached her side. Evidently Mewblade's conversation seemed to be designed to be eavesdropped on.

<"You should do what you want to do and never be limited by what others say."> Mewtwo had a light smirk in his eyes. <"By the way, I apologize for treating you the way I did."> Mewblade glared as she saw his face, it was a partial lie. He was not trusting

enough to tell her the truth and unable to cover a lie if he tried. Mewblade snarled at him. Jumping to her feet she made a tight fist. Now Mewblade thought Mewtwo to be the deceiving one since he blatantly demonstrated it. She thought that he thought she was vulnerable and would use this against her. Mewblade swiftly changed her mind on that idea, her mind flicking like a switch to a different setting. She started to smirk, almost challenging Mewtwo as she addressed him.

“You’re such a liar. You hate being weaker than any other Pokémon, that must be why you hate me.” Mewtwo looked surprised and stood.

<“Why would I say or think those things?”> he replied, not knowing why Mewblade would jump to such a conclusion when there was nothing to support the statement.

“You do think those things. I’m obviously the strongest Pokémon in the world and you are just second class.” Mewblade’s eyes were narrowed in anger, then even more since Mewtwo was not catching on to her challenge. Mewblade did not even notice her mood swing and even if she did, she would likely have to struggle a great deal to get it under control. “Will you fight me or not?” Mewblade demanded. Mewtwo was taken aback.

<“No, I don’t want to fight you.”> This was honest.

“Well,” she grinned, “you have no choice.” Mewblade’s left paw became encased in steel, 3” long metal claws at the end of her fingers. She made a motion to hit Mewtwo but he Teleported above the lake and floated there.

<“You need to listen to me,”> he said to Mewblade but she refused to listen. To Mewblade he likely could not accept her position, he probably would try and kill her as well. Mewblade would be the one to kill him first.

Mewblade glared at Mewtwo. She gathered dark energy in her right paw, creating a Shadow Ball. Then with a swift motion tried to hit Mewtwo with it. It passed by his head. Mewblade quickly made another, this time aiming for his waist but Mewtwo Teleported again.

Where is that Mew?! Mewtwo thought as he reappeared on the opposite side of the lake, being evasive rather than offensive. *Maybe she could convince Mewblade to stop.* He could not possibly attack her with his abilities. Mewblade already demonstrated both steel and dark abilities, making her type known.

Mewblade flew behind Mewtwo, moving so fast that she could barely be seen. She had collected energy in her energy cannon in the short flight and shot at Mewtwo. Mewtwo saw the dark glow but had no time to evade the attack. Taking a blow in the back Mewtwo fell on his knees. Mewblade smacked him onto his back with the flat of her blades. Mewtwo struggled desperately to get his footing but a long, deadly tail blade stopped him. The blade was pressed firmly against his jugular. Mewblade looked down at him as her tail gently twitched.

“Oh, how the mighty have fallen,” she spoke and leaned forward. “Isn’t that right, father?” Mewtwo glared at his half clone, he started to shout.

<“Mew!!! Get over here!”>

“No one will help you now. Your hate towards me will bring about your death.” Mewblade raised her tail and sliced the blade towards Mewtwo’s neck.

“Mew!” (Stop!) squeaked Mew as she flew up behind Mewblade. Mewblade’s tail blade stopped less than half an inch from Mewtwo’s very vulnerable neck. “Mew mew mew. Mew mew mew mew mew mew mew mew mew mew mew. (You can’t do this. Only because you had a bad start in life doesn’t mean you have to take it out on Mewtwo.) Mewblade did not bother to look at Mew.

“Yet he doesn’t appreciate my existence,” snarled Mewblade, refusing to move her tail away.

“Mew, mew mew mew. Mew mew mew mew mew. Mew mew mew, mew mew mew. (Still, you shouldn’t fight. I know you are a good Pokémon. As for Mewtwo, he is just the way he is.) Mewblade looked down at Mewtwo. There was something awfully wrong about this set-up now that she had time to think it over. She could not place her finger on it but it was physically starting to repulse her.

“Argh . . .” Mewblade winced, backing away. Her aggressive mood subsided, going away as quickly as it had come. *What have I been doing?* she thought in grief. Mewblade had taken her frustration out on Mewtwo, for almost no reason and it physically sickened her. She should have known better than to approach Mewtwo and expect him almost immediately to accept her. It was nothing to be angry over; yet, it changed into a despicable anger where she wanted to assert her dominance. Mewblade could not understand what drove her so quickly to that state.

Mewtwo had no desire to deceive Mewblade from the start and watched as Mewblade seemed to become more and more distressed. He was puzzled by the sudden change of mood and was unable to identify with it even though he went through such a state of stress himself. Mewblade could only be repulsed by herself.

“Mewtwo, Mew, I should apologize for my actions. I was confused and I wasn’t thinking,” she admitted shamefully, still unable to shake the feeling. Mewtwo stood and briefly dusted himself off. Mewblade came across as very honest, although very emotional. It was in the way she spoke and the way she expressed herself. Mew was a better judge of character and gave a nod to Mewtwo, letting him know it was okay.

<At one time I was also angered by ignorant people and Pokémon. But,”> Mewtwo paused, <“you can’t let it get to you in the way that you did. I’m just glad you calmed down before you got too much out of hand.”> If it were not for Mew, Mewtwo would have been on the offensive as best as he could at that moment. Mewblade looked at the ground, wary still.

“I’m sorry!” she said rather forcefully. The emotions she was feeling confusing her, leaving Mewblade with nothing but questions. She blew-up for no reason, acted aggressively, then could not bring herself to harm Mewtwo further because of a sickening feeling. *I can’t stay with them if I do this. If only I knew what in the world is wrong with me . . .* She turned away from her genetic parents. *I need time to find answers for myself before I try this again.* “Good-bye!” she snapped, having overwhelmed her mind to the point where she wanted to withdraw in some corner by herself. She needed to get away. Mewblade brought her energy around her body, levitating and ready to fly away as quick as she possibly could.

<“Mewblade, where are you going?”> called Mewtwo, wanting answers for his own questions before she took off.

<“Away.”> Mewblade said in telepathy as she moved away, accelerating her flight speed as she did. <“Away to some place where I can figure everything out.”> She left, out of viewing range, even out of sensory range for she was blocking her presence.

“Mew mew, mew,” (Good luck, Mewblade,) murmured Mew.

Best of luck, clone, thought Mewtwo with a frown. These were troubling matters to him.

Mewblade flew at sensational speeds. <“I will find my destiny and find myself and I don’t care who knows!”> she shouted telepathically to dead air. Her eyes concealed a deep and hidden flicker. <“And no one will get in my way.”>

~More than you think. Much more than you think, Mewblade . . .~