

BLINDING CHANCES

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CHAPTER 1

The air was crisp and moist in the lab located under the very busy office building. No heat could be supplied to the basement, for fear of being discovered & losing the funding of their very temperamental boss. Seven large tube-like containers filled with an orange colored liquid filled one side of the over stuffed basement. A scientist was shivering under his winter coat, it was summer. He checked the vital signs of each containment unit and looked at a clipboard. The door opened to the basement lab and a man wearing black uniform with a giant red R on the chest walked in. "Dr. Kach, the boss wants a progress report on the specimens."

The scientist known as Dr. Kach sighed and put the clipboard down on a desk filled with an assortment of papers, charts, and theories. He took off his winter coat to reveal a uniform similar to the man's. "I'll be there in a moment. But the signs will be the same, I hope. They are all showing progress, but none show any signs of waking up soon." The man at the door didn't show any signs of listening and left. Dr. Kach sighed again, wishing there was any other way to get the funding he needed to do his research.

As he walked through the hallway, he blended in to the crowd of men and women wearing black uniforms. No one, not even the citizens who didn't even know what Team Rocket was, or what they did, suspected anything as Dr. Kach made his way to "The Boss's" office. He knocked and entered when he heard, "You may enter." The office he was in had a very cozy feeling; it had the softest chairs money could buy, along with a large window on one of the walls that overlooked a beautiful garden covered in rare and valuable Pokémon. A large chair was behind a very well carved desk, the back was facing him. "You called, Giovanni?" was all that Dr. Kach said.

"Yes. Give me a report on how the clones are developing." Said a dark voice from the chair. Dr. Kach paused for a moment, thinking on how he would word his response. "They are progressing faster than before and look like at least five of them will survive. Things are going nicely, although I could do better if there was heat in the lab. It is very costly to keep them in room temperature and if the temperature goes down more than ten degrees, it could damage their systems." Giovanni waited while Dr. Kach finished his story of how his super clones were progressing. From the sounds of his voice, he was mostly telling the truth. "I want them awake by next month."

Dr. Kach was shocked and immediately protested, "But sir! They aren't developed enough to wake up yet! There have been no signs that their brains are thinking or even conscience enough to survive on their own!" Giovanni stood up and his Persian hissed at the doctor. "I said I want them awake by the end of the month! I have been funding this operation for three years now and have gotten nothing in return! Get at least one of my super clone awake and ready in 30 days. Or I am cutting my losses and have my own scientists continue in your place!"

Dr. Kach flinched; he needed to do this job and the research that came with it. He bowed his head in defeat, "Very well sir. I will focus all my energy to waking one of the clones safely. If you give me 45 days, I might be able to pull it off." Giovanni nodded approval and sat back down in his chair. "So, which one of my super-clones will be

awakened first?" he asked, rather curious. Dr. Kach blinked and thought for a moment, "Well, I suppose that clone R8X77-2F3 is the most developed. I should be able to wake it at the end of the month."

Giovanni smiled, clearly pleased and turned around in his chair, meaning that Dr. Kach was excused. Dr. Kach, bowed, even though Giovanni couldn't see it, and left the office. As soon as he closed the door, he shivered harder than when he was in the frozen basement. He shook his worry off and continued to blend into the crowd before taking a different turn, and ending up in the lab again.

Dr. Kach looked at the containment unit that housed R8X77-2F3, and reviewed all the progress that it had. "R8, you are going to be the oldest one of all of you, despite all my protests. If you survive this next month, you will be the second clone to ever survive human projects. My research will be complete soon. You...are the only one who can make my dreams come true."

CHAPTER 2

~One Month Later~

A sleeping mass was surrounded in strange liquid and hooked up to multiple wires. It stirred in its sleep, and slowly opened its dark blue eyes. Its eyes started to glow with a light blue aura and suddenly; it was outside the unit, with the container untouched. It slowly stood, blinking, new to everything. It was soaking wet from the liquid it was in moments before, and rubbed its eyes to clear away the blurry wetness that blocked its vision. (Where am I? Who am I? What am I?) It cast its thoughts out automatically to the nearest person; it could speak only through telepathy. The person turned around startled and dropped the clipboard he had been holding. "Oh my word! You're awake! And a week early as well! How, how did you get out of the unit without making noise?" the man looked at the unit, it didn't have a scratch on it. (What do you mean? I don't understand.) It replied, confusion in its voice.

The man smiled & looked over it, which made it very uncomfortable. "Well, you are called R8X77-2F3, but R8 for short. You are a clone of a rare Pokémon. I am the man who made you, so you may call me either father, or Dr. Kach." The man pointed to a picture on a wall. "That is the Pokémon you were cloned after." R8 looked at the photo and blinked. (So, do I look like this? Am I just the same as it? Nothing more?) Dr. Kach laughed as if R8 had made a joke, "No! You are far greater! You have been advanced in ways that Mew could never beat. You are a super clone! Just like your genetic DNA donator."

Donator? I am a clone of a clone? I feel something...he is hiding something from me... R8 thought while watching Dr. Kach talk and explain about everything. "And so you will help humans with their problems. I admit some of it will be confusing, but as long as you obey orders, and do what comes natural to you, you will have no problems." Dr. Kach smiles & pushed up his work glasses. R8 nodded to show that it understood him. Dr. Kach then proceeded to guide R8 to a room where it would put on a uniform so it could hide and blend with in the crowd. R8 felt it didn't need it. I...won't need to hide...I just need to know what to do. R8 thought as it changed into a human with the uniform on. Dr. Kach was astounded and very pleased, "You even more perfect than I

imagined!”

R8 smiled and started to walk, its central programming kicking in and giving it knowledge of everything the doctor could fit in. Both Dr. Kach and R8 blended in as they walked over to the office Dr. Kach had been to only 21 days ago. Dr. Kach knocked on the door and a guard opened it for him. R8 and Dr. Kach stepped inside. A man spun around in his chair with a look of pure annoyance. “What do you think you’re doing?! You can’t just walk over to my office anytime you want! People might think I am linked to you!” the man shouted at Dr. Kach, as an instinctive action, R8 stepped in front of Dr. Kach, even though R8 didn’t really want to. The man who was in the chair looked at R8 and was confused. “Who is this and why is he in my office?”

Dr. Kach smiled and pointed to R8, “This, Giovanni, is your funding in its truest form. Meet, R8X77-2F3. The first super clone to survive and awaken...on its own.” R8 took that as a sign to change back, and did so. The man known as Giovanni was stunned and he fell back, but had a big dark grin on his face. “So, this is my first servant? Well we know it has mastered the transforming, what about its battle skills? Is it fit to battle?” Servant? I am NO ones servant! That cannot be my destiny. To serve at the foot of a pitiful HUMAN? R8 thought while glaring at Giovanni. “Giovanni, his skills are magnificent! At this rate, I think the six other clones will also survive! All of them different and yet related. But I doubt if he will do anything I don’t tell him to do. I am his father after all.” Dr. Kach smiled arrogantly.

R8 stared at Dr. Kach and thought about what he was saying; his dark blue aura surrounded his body. (Your orders? I will serve no one! I am NOT some common Pokémon! I am far greater! So why should I obey to someone not worthy of me? Not even you Giovanni have the authority to command over me! I am my own master!) R8 used his powers; powers he had just tapped into, and destroyed the office while flying out of the building, not caring if anyone saw him. He needed to find his DNA donators, the ones who could tell him what was right and what was wrong.

R8 was still young, in size, and actions, but not in mind. He had the knowledge of someone 100 times his age, but he was confused, and needed the parental guidance only Mew could offer. Mew and whoever was his other donator. R8 wanted nothing more than to know what to do. He needed a true purpose since the one he was programmed with didn’t suit him. He searched his mind & erased any programming that involved serving anyone but himself. After he was through, he felt so free.

He made a rest stop on a beautiful mountain and looked out to all the other Pokemon. Freedom. What must one do to gain true freedom? True happiness? I have deleted my first purpose, so I’ll have to find my own. R8 looked up at the sky and the brightly shining sun. Mew... I am your clone, but have been made to be your son. Who is my other donator? Who... is my father? R8 blasted from the mountain to continue his search of his mother and his unknown father.

CHAPTER 3

~Far away, in Sinnoh Region~

A pink cat-like Pokémon flew around above the water. It laughed as pink bubbles appeared everywhere and it bounced from each one. After it jumped off one, it popped,

only to be replaced by a new one. “Mew, mew mew mew! Mew mew!” said the little pink Pokémon. (“Mewtwo come out and play! It’s fun!”) A dark purple shadow stepped out of the forest near by. (I’d prefer not to, Mew. Pink... isn’t my thing. And neither are bubbles.) Mew turned around & flew over to Mewtwo. “Mew, mew mew mew mew mew.” (“You just don’t want to play because you’re boring.”) Mewtwo frowned and glared at Mew. (I am not boring. I just think that playing with bubbles is for babies.) Mew glared at Mewtwo & then smiles, “Mew mew mew mew mew!” (“Takes one to know one!”)

Mewtwo glared at Mew & popped the rest of Mew’s bubbles with his powers. (Don’t mess with me Mew, or I’ll pop more than that next time.) He smiled and Mew knew he was joking, they often joked like that with each other. They both smiled and decided to take a small walk, well, Mewtwo walked, Mew floated. It wasn’t long before they both felt an odd presence near them. Someone of high powers that were similar to their own.

Suddenly, a form teleported right in front of them. Both of them were shocked & rather confused. Mew spoke first, “Mew, mew mew mew? Mew mew mew Mew.” (“What is your name? My name is Mew.”) Asked the very curious mew to the black & navy blue figure standing in front of them. It looked rather like Mewtwo, but not like him. It didn’t have a double neck, like Mewtwo did, and it was black with a navy blue tail & hands. The hands looked different than Mewtwo’s, they were more for holding & gripping and for attacks than Mewtwo’s.

The short dark figure looked at them both & cast its thoughts out to them. (Are you my mother? I’m made from your DNA and someone else’s. I am called R8 by my creators. You may call me whatever you like.) Mew blinked & turned to Mewtwo, “Mew? Mew mew mew mew?” (“Son? I have a son?”) Mewtwo shrugged and had no idea of what it was talking about. Then it put two & two together, (Wait, you were created by Mew’s DNA & someone else’s? Must have been mine, since you look so much like me. Which means Giovanni must have made you.)

R8 nodded to say that the man had indeed funded his creation. (Yes, Giovanni was the funder in my creation, but how did you know? Did you enter my mind?) R8 accused Mewtwo of betraying his privacy. Mewtwo looked like he could’ve cared less for R8’s privacy and responded tartly, (Why would I need to? Your emotions are like a blinding light in the darkness. I can read what you’re feeling without even trying. Besides, Giovanni also created me, I was his first clone, but I made short work with him. I refused to follow the purpose he had thought of for me. We once stood as equals, but he solely saw me as his personal property.) Mewtwo turned away folding his arms across his chest and closing his eyes.

R8 blinked and asked one more question with curiosity, (So you too were made to serve him? I thought I was alone in my world. I guess... you are my father. After all, I overheard Dr. Kach say that I was made by Mew’s DNA and a super clone was my other genetic donor. He must have meant you.) R8 looked at his genetic parents, neither of them knew what to do with him, they weren’t prepared to raise him, and R8 could tell that they didn’t get along too much.

“Mew, mew mew mew mew mew mew mew mew mew. Mew mew mew?” asked Mew to her son. (“R8, I hope you don’t act like your father. You won’t right?”) Mew twirled around R8, looking him over, asking about how he felt, what he could do, if he

calm R8 down; she didn't want to see him hurt like this. Mewtwo began to have a few doubts if Giovanni really ever had control over this kid, and dismissed the possible threat he might have had. Yet, that didn't mean Mewtwo had any affection for his 'son'.

~In R8's mind, a battle rages~

R8 was covered in a white mist, and all around him was black nothingness. He looked around, hoping that he was not alone. Were my mother and father but a dream? Did I really find them? Was I ever really free? He thought, having doubts of what was real and what wasn't. (Hello? Is someone there? Please? I don't like to be alone...) he cried, slowly frowning in sadness. He sat down in the black earth, nothing there to suggest that it was solid, but it was enough to hold his weight, so it must have been. He curled up into the fetal position and cried softly.

Then, a voice echoed in his head, or rather, all around him. "You could be free." R8 looked up, (Hello? Are you there? Who are you?) Nothing. Then when he thought he might have just imagined it, it came back. "I could help you get what you want. I could help you find a purpose." R8 got up & twirled around, searching for the source of the voice that was talking to him. (Where are you? What do you mean?) He looked all around him, but nothing moved, nothing to suggest that the voice even had a source.

"Come this way, follow me...I'll show you what you were meant to do...what your purpose really is..." R8 again twirled in the air, searching for where the voice was leading. (How can I follow you if you won't show me who you are? I can't find you.) Without answering R8, the voice made a lantern of light to show that it was there. R8 could not see the figure, but knew at least it was really there. The figure made a small motion, and a whole row of lit lanterns appeared.

The figure motioned again and started to travel along the path of the lit lanterns. R8 blinked in the light, and slowly followed the figure into what he thought was his true purpose.

~Back on the Lakeside of Sinnoh~

As Mewtwo was turning around, dismissing R8 as a possible threat, he was struck from behind. Mewtwo was surprised, for he didn't expect to be attacked, and had let his guard down. The blow was strong and swift, hitting his spine and making him temporarily paralyzed. He coughed up a small amount of blood and slowly looked back to see the eyes of his attacker. His eyes widened when he gazed into a pair of navy blue eyes with a light blue aura surrounding them.

Mewtwo gasped as his mind went unconscious, (R8...) his head hit the mud near the edge of the lake and he was left completely open for attack. R8 looked down at his 'father' and aimed his paw at his throat. (Shadow Claw.) R8 said while getting his paw ready to make the move. Suddenly, he was stuck in a large pink bubble. He looked over his shoulder, eyes still filled with his aura. Mew was staring at him with both shock, and confusion. "Mew? Mew mew mew mew? Mew mew mew mew mew mew?" ("R8? What are you doing? Why would you strike at Mewtwo?")

R8 popped the bubble with his shadow claw and landed back down, facing Mewtwo, but looking at Mew. He looked like he wasn't even fazed by attacking

Mewtwo. His eyes were so cold and hard, Mew was afraid of his gaze piercing through her heart like his shadow claw was about to through Mewtwo's throat.

CHAPTER 5

~Meanwhile, in R8's Subconscious~

R8 padded softly to follow the voice that made him feel better. He often had no idea of what it meant, but the way it said things, they made him tingle with a new emotion that he had never had before. He blinked unsure of where they were going. (Where are we?) he asked the figure, curious. "Your true purpose." It responded in its lulling voice. R8 smiled at the feeling again, (Uh, ok.) Finally, after what seemed like years, they came upon a very well lit clearing.

In the center of the clearing were chains & shackles. R8 felt uncomfortable near them. He looked around, not really looking for something, just scanning. The figure now could be seen in the lit. It had no real form; it was in the form of R8, like his shadow since it had no color other than black. "There, put your arms and legs in those." It motioned to the chains & shackles. R8 looked at the shadow of himself with shock & fear. (What? I don't want to do that!) R8's shadow walked over to them & put them on himself and then looked at R8 with its empty face. "See? Nothing to fear. Now you put them on." It took the shackles off so R8 could put them on.

R8 was weary as he did what he was told. He put them on, and then suddenly they clasped and sealed onto him. He could take them off and wasn't strong enough to break them. The shadow of R8 laughed and R8 was shocked (What did you do to me?) the shadow motioned and a screen appeared in front of them. "What do you mean? I have done nothing. This is your purpose. Now tell me, do the shackles hurt at all?" R8 paused to think, No...they don't hurt at all. He thought while testing them. It almost felt like they were part of him. He was meant to wear them. He could move about almost as much as if he wasn't wearing them, the only thing was that he couldn't walk more than a few feet.

The screen that was blank suddenly showed Mewtwo's back, walking away. R8 was startled and blinked rather confused. (Is...is that Mewtwo? What is he doing?) Shadow R8 pointed at Mewtwo on the screen. "He is leaving you. He doesn't like or care for you. To him, you only matter if you are a threat, which he doesn't think you are." R8's eyes were filled with sadness and longing. (Why? What should I do?! I don't want him to leave me! I just finally met him!) Shadow R8 smiled, but he had no teeth, since he was a shadow. "Show him that you can be a threat. Get him from behind." R8 shook his head, (But...I don't want to hurt him...) Shadow R8 smiled playfully, "Don't worry, you can't kill him here, it's like a game! Like tag! He wants to play. See, when he shows you his back, it means you're it. If you don't play, he'll leave...forever."

(Really? Well, if you say so. What should I do?) Shadow R8 motioned and a helmet appeared floating in front of him, it was connected to where ever the top of this place was. "Put that on, everything else will con naturally. Remember, this is your true purpose." R8 smiled widely, happy to play a game with his father. He quickly put the helmet on and the screen showed up on the visor of the helmet. Cool... he thought while he looked at all the helmet visor had. He closed his eyes and a blue aura took over.

Shadow R8 smiled and narrowed his eyes. "Gotcha. Foolish kid. Now I'm in

dream visor, saw a world that truthfully didn't exist. He wasn't attacking Mew, like his physical form was, nothing even near that. R8 in his own little part of his mind, was playing tag with his mother. He was happy and ignorant of the world outside him, all the troubles, all the distress, and all the bloodshed. As they say; Ignorance is bliss.

R8 was happily chasing his mother in a childish game, while his father was watching with amusement and pride. Everything R8 wanted in his life, was here, yet, it wasn't. This wasn't real; it would be like believing you're in a sauna and relaxing, when really, you hit your head and are lying down in a burning building. The mind tricks you to be happy.

Mew suddenly slammed into a tree and didn't move. R8 ran over to her, he looked at her, and she opened an eye. "Mew mew mew!" ("Ya got me!") She said laughing. R8 burst out laughing and so did Mew. Mewtwo smiled as he watched them. Mew then got up to a sitting position. She looked at R8 oddly, and a sad look appeared on her face. (Mother? What's wrong?) She didn't answer, and things started to change. His world that the visor had created, was dimming... into a nightmare... Mew let out a scream, Mewtwo's loving look changed to pure hatred, and the colors dimmed into a dull numb feeling. R8 was surrounded by his hateful father, and screaming mother, both of whom towered over him, his father with disapproval, and his mother with shame and regret.

His dream visor, the one he had no idea he was wearing, was rigged to change his most pleasant dreams into complete nightmares... R8 curled up into the fetal position; he just wanted to die. Tears of pain fell like rain across R8's face, and none heard his whines of sorrow. He was left locked in his own mind, to suffer a most painful torture, one no one should go through, let alone live in.

Why? Can't this pain ever go away? Why do I have to be so alone? I thought... I thought I had family... and what about... the one who came to get me when I was alone before? Where is it now? I feel... so isolated...alone. His thoughts echoed around him, he was back in the misty place silence his only greeting.

CHAPTER 8

~Back to Mew's suffering & Shadow R8's control~

(Just give up Mew... I've had the most wondrous idea of how to kill you. You don't need to live; you have no purpose like I do. Plus, I won't have to hear your idiotic pleasant look on life anymore. Win-win right?) Shadow R8 said in R8's body, Mew still had no idea that R8 was no longer there. He walked over to where she laid beneath the tree. He picked her up and made his paw into a shadow claw.

Mew let out a whimper, and her face was filled with her heartbreak. To Mew, it looked like R8 smiled, not the darkness that had taken over. He threw Mew up in the air, and bent his arm with the shadow claw. He shot his paw upwards, towards the now falling Mew, and his shadow claw flung up to meet her.

A gasp was heard throughout the clearing. Yet it was not from Mew, nay; her cry was silent and drowned out by the gasp made from R8's own cry. His eyes were large, and his pupils were small. Mewtwo was behind him, he had struck R8 in the back & it had gone through his body. Mewtwo's paw was covered in R8's blood, luckily for R8; it

didn't completely tear any of his vital organs.

Mewtwo was wheezing from the energy used to get up, sneak over & attack so hard as to go through R8's skin, muscles, and bones. R8 fell off of his arm, his blood beginning to soak up the earth. Mewtwo's face was that of regret and pain. Even though he had just recently claimed that R8 meant nothing to him. Mew got up slowly from where she was kneeling. She held her stomach, where the shadow claw had burned into her. She did not float over; she had little energy to even think of doing so, instead she walked over, which was different for her.

"Mew... mew mew mew mew?" ("Metwo.... He'll be ok right?") She plead to Mewtwo. Metwo just shook the blood off his paw. He closed his eyes, not saying a word. I don't think so Mew...not ever... he though to himself, yet Mew easily read his open mind and knew the cold hard truth. R8 would never get up again. Mewtwo turned around, read to bury his only son. The son he never appreciated, even though he had only been around for less than an hour, the moment R8 had struck him in the back, so easily, he earned Mewtwo's respect.

Mew did not go into a crying fit. She did not curl up and wish things were different and she was the one who was laying there, a hole in her gut. She felt she should have, but since she nearly died herself, and the last emotion on R8's face was that of enjoyment at her suffering, she couldn't pull up the goodness inside of her to pity him.

Mew made a bubble and put it around R8's motionless body, and used that to carry him back down to the lakeside. Mewtwo had dirt covering him, mixed with mud and blood. Mewtwo had his back to Mew, that way... she wouldn't see the small tears that fell across his face. Then, like Mewtwo, the world cried, making a drizzle which wiping away all traces of the struggle that ended in heartbreak. Mew gently laid his body in a hole made by either the storm or struggle and stood over it.

The sky clouded up and the world seemed to go grey, and yet the rain tinted the earth with a faint blue. R8's own navy blue, the part not stained with his internal blood, glowed with the rain. Mewtwo closed R8's eyes, to prevent rain or dirt from getting inside. Then, the rain covering them in a coat of water, they slowly began to walk away.

CHAPTER 9

~Back in R8's small part of himself, Shadow R8 appears~

The misty world seemed somehow darker, but just as alone as before. R8 decided to see if the one who came last time would come and comfort him again. He got up from his sorrows and started to walk around. That's odd... I feel heavier, like I'm being held back by something cold and hard... R8 thought to himself, he looked at his arms, nothing was there. He shrugged and started to try and walk again.

It felt like he had been walked and looking forever. He was getting very tired, and the feeling of being held back didn't help any. Suddenly, he was thrust backwards, and hit a wall. He let out a gasp as he hit the wall hard, with the force of a jet plane slamming into him. He slid down to the ground, and the place lit up. In front of him was the Shadow R8 who had comforted him before. Now, his blank face was the look of pure annoyance and evil.

R8 blinked, and saw that he was wearing a visor, and the shackles were still

binding him to the ground he was sitting on. (What... what is going on? I thought I was in the misty place again... Did... did you throw me against the wall?) The creature before him rolled what should have been his eyes. "You imbecile! I was the one who caused you foolish nightmare! I also am here to make sure you do your purpose. MY purpose! I was supposed to be in control, not you!" He slowly walked over to R8. R8 couldn't get away, he couldn't move due to the shackles that were still binding him.

Shadow R8 smiled, in a way that you never want to see, with the pleasure of the thought of giving out pain. He lifted up R8 by his throat with ease. "I'll give you one chance to give what is rightfully mine. But first... I'll tell you a secret. I was the programming of darkness that you foolishly tried to delete... and when you tried to remember something... I got released from the shackles that now bind you. Now, give in to my influence... become part of me, and I'll make sure you complete your true purpose. Plus, you'll never be without me, thus you'll never be alone again."

R8 frowned, and yet was somewhat pleased with never being alone. That is until he saw the screen that showed the past few things he had done. He opened his mouth in shock (You... I... what did I do to my mother?!) Suddenly R8 was filled with rage, and glared at Shadow R8, his eyes slightly beginning to glow. Shadow R8 smiled devilishly, "Wasn't it a riot? Your body is perfect for our purpose. The only issue was that you distracted me when you cried out in fear once the nightmare. That gave Mewtwo enough time to strike me down. Now... if you don't make a choice soon, we'll both die from the hole in our gut!"

R8 grabbed a hold of Shadow R8's arm that was holding him above ground. (Let me go...) Shadow R8 smirked, "Why should I do that when you haven't made a decision?" R8 growled, (Oh, but I have. If you think that hurting others important to me is a RIOT then I'm about to make a golden storm!) He flung Shadow R8 off of him and into the opposite wall. Then while Shadow R8 was distracted, he tried to get the shackles off of him.

Shadow R8 was now pissed and got the dirt off of him. "You'll never win. You can't, you're alone. And you always will be. You'll always be weak!" Shadow R8 flung himself at R8 and knocked him to the ground. He lifted up one pure black paw and claws formed. A similar version of Shadow Claw. R8's eyes glowed blue and a blue aura circled around Shadow R8, lifting him up and not letting his body move.

(You live for death, pain, suffering, and to have a riot. To make all happiness be torn with deceit. Well, you want to have a crazy party so badly? Fine... from now on, you are nothing like me, nothing apart of me. Not even my shadow. You're Riot... the crazy deadly force that will end up with one killer ending... I will destroy you, if only because I hate my purpose.)

Riot smiled with a grin of deadly delight. "Aww, thanks for the name. It really... fits my personality. Riot... I like it!" He said with a smirk of crazy happiness. Riot used his own aura, and disappeared, leaving only these parting words: We are one R8... one and the same. Only I express our more... wild side! You'll never rid of me, **we are one.**

CHAPTER 10

~In the shallow grave of R8's body ~

The rain was starting to build up in the small grave dug out by the world. If R8 didn't wake up soon, his body would be flooded by the rainwater that was getting into his body through the hole in his gut. Mew was sadly and slowly walking besides Mewtwo. She was holding her stomach and wheezing hard. Mewtwo looked down at her. (Mew... would you like me to carry you back to my hide away? You can dry off and recover there.) Mew looked up at him, her rain stricken face showing how much she hurt inside. "Mew mew mew mew, mew mew." ("That would be nice, thanks Mewtwo.")

Mewtwo bent down & picked up Mew's delicate body. He carried her like he would a child, with his arms crossed and her head laying on one crook of an elbow, her legs on another. The rain started to get worse; they could tell a storm was coming. Mewtwo took his time getting back to his carved out home. He didn't want to aggravate Mew's wound anymore that the rain was. Lightning started to burst, and thunder soon after. Mew jumped slightly at every thundering roar. Mewtwo did not make a slide joke at her fears; he did not chuckle at her constant scare. He was too sad, but would never show it to Mew, or anyone else, his pride prevented him from doing so.

As they neared Mewtwo's hideaway on Mount Coronet, Mew began to fall asleep. Mewtwo just looked down at her & continued to walk. Once he was close enough, he used his powers to levitate himself and Mew to the entrance to his lair. The storm was just getting worse and worse as time went by, but Mewtwo's thoughts remained on one thing. Why? Why couldn't I have just been like Mew and respected the young clone? We were of the same creation; he may have been the only clone out there that was remotely like me. And I only resented him... until he had enough courage to strike at me. Then again, that also meant I had to kill him. Poor kid... destined to follow my cursed blood-line and die a tragic death... perhaps Mew would one day be forced to kill me as well. Her or any other legendary strong enough to appose me.

Mewtwo watched the screen in his room that showed whatever his mind wanted to see. He used his telekinetic powers to change what the screen showed. The large flat screed flickered until it showed a Pikachu with three humans. Mewtwo smiled very faintly as he watched the human upon the Pikachu was sitting, battle with another human Mewtwo recognized. They were battling with a Buizel and a Croagunk. The Buizel was with the boy in the hat, and the Croagunk was with the taller and older boy with the vest. Mewtwo was interested to see who would win. They both seemed pretty evenly matched, so it was exciting to watch every move, every dodge.

Soon, Mewtwo blocked out the growing storm, and Mew's sigh of deep sleep became nothing more than soft breathing. The world seemed so far away at that moment. That was until lightning struck his roof. That knocked out the power he was getting for his screen. The screen went black, and Mewtwo was instantly annoyed. (Great. Just great, now I have to go out there and repair the antenna. Otherwise I won't be able to see who won that match.) Mewtwo grumbled, even though no one heard his broadcasted thoughts. He stood up from his carved out chair, and walked to the doorway. he frowned, Nah, forget that. I don't want to go out there, if I got struck by lightning, it would reflect off me and hit some poor Pokemon... He turned around & went back to his room. Perhaps I might get some sleep? No, I don't need sleep, I need to meditate.

CHAPTER 11

~During the world ripping storm, R8 stirs in his grave~

R8 stood in the middle of his mind, feeling like he was fading. He looked at the screen and saw that he really was fading. I have to find a way to wake up... or I'll die! He was still shackled to the ground, but strangely that didn't matter, the chains somehow grew as he stepped over to the platform Riot was on earlier. As he stood on the flat stage, a bar rose up from the floor. He was puzzled since the top of it was the shape of his paw, he could grab it and it would fit the perfect shape of his paw. The bar was somehow drawing him closer... he reached out and couldn't stop himself from grabbing the top of the bar.

The moment he wrapped his paw around the top of the bar, he suddenly felt immense pain in his stomach, and his sight was changing, from the clearing in his mind, to deep darkness with the feeling of rain on his skin. Ugh... what happened? Where am I? How did I get here? His thoughts were slow & his mind felt fuzzy. His eyes flew open. A storm was raging, and he was submerged in water. Lucky for him he was part water and didn't need to breath. He tried to move & get up, but his stomach was killing him. He looked down & saw not only his middle was gone, but that he could see through his chest to the ground he was laying on! His eyes widened and he pushed past the immense pain and got himself out of the hole he had awoken in. The rain was plummeting onto his fur, and the thunder's roars deafened his ears.

He could feel the trail of power that his father and mother had left. I ... got to... find them... was all he could think about. His gut was distracting and he folded his arms to cover the hole in his gut, each step hard and painful. He made his way across the land that separated his family and himself slowly and in agony. The storm was increasing in power and he knew he wouldn't last much longer with that hole in his gut. Soon, he could feel the power emanating off of his father near by. He looked around for him, but his eyes were clouded with water from not only the rain, but also the tears he had been crying silently.

R8 cried a little harder, I'm going to die before I get a chance at life... this is all Riot's fault... if he hadn't come around... if he hadn't attacked mother... his mind was growing dim, he knew he had one chance. If I can detect his power signature... I might have enough power in me to teleport there... I just have to hold on! R8 struggled on finding the power source when he couldn't even see. Lightning blasted, thunder roared soon after, his gut burning, slowly letting out precious life blood down to the earth, only to be washed away by the pounding rain.

Found it! His mind raced, trying to accumulate enough power to teleport. He just barely had enough, and used it all on teleporting to the power signature. Right as he landed at the entrance to what seemed to be a lair, lightning flashed, making a silhouette of him in the entryway. He looked inside and found that he was right, his father was in there. R8 smiled, happy to have made it. (Glad to have... found youuuu...) he slurred his words as his mind becomes fuzzy and he begins to fall, passing out from all the pain.

CHAPTER 12

~Mewtwo's Lair~

His eyes widen in astonishment as he sees a silhouette in his entryway, (R8! But how?)

He could see that R8 was pleased to see him, and heard him say (Glad to have ... found youuuuu...). As soon as R8 began to fall, Mewtwo rushed to catch him. He caught him in time, but R8 was already passed out, and Mewtwo knew why. He frowned sadly, How could he have lived? Especially after this hole I gave him... He shook his head getting rid of his thoughts. (R8 needs help... and now!) He picked up his knocked out son and glanced at the still sleeping Mew before teleporting to the nearest Pokemon Center.

As he arrived in the center, he could tell that R8 may be alive, but he wouldn't be for much longer. He looked at the front desk and into the eyes of a very startled Nurse Joy. (I don't have time for explanations. He needs help. NOW.) He indicated R8 to the nurse. She gasped as soon as she got a good look at him. "How did this happen!" When she saw that Mewtwo didn't wish to answer she called to her Chansey. "Chansey, get an emergency stretcher, stat!" A Chansey rushed out with a white stretcher, and gently took R8 from Mewtwo and placed him on the stretcher.

Mewtwo watched with worry as he watched three Chanseys take R8 into critical care. He turned to Nurse Joy, (I assume you'd like to know what he is?) Nurse Joy looked up at him and nodded, "Well yes, I need to know what type before I can help any. And I'd like to know what you are as well." Mewtwo scowled, (And what would knowing anything about me help any? I see no reason to tell you.) Nurse Joy looked as if she was about to argue, but Mewtwo stopped her, (Look. You can argue with me, or help R8. You're choice.) Unhappily she nodded and closed her mouth. They both started walking swiftly to the critical care unit.

Mewtwo sighed and began to tell her what he knew, which wasn't much. (All I can tell you is that his name is R8 and he's my clone. He sees me as a father, and Mew as a mother. I have reason to believe that his typing is a mixture. Mainly dark and water, with some psychic abilities and perhaps a small amount of ice.) Nurse Joy was astounded, "Why that's amazing!" she cried as they opened the door to R8's room. "But I'm afraid he's lost too much blood... I don't think I can help any. At least not without a transfusion and judging from what you've told me, there would be no match on this world!" she said sadly as she read his test results.

Growling at himself, Mewtwo looked at R8 who was still knocked out, and still bleeding badly from the wound he had caused. What have I done? He asked himself, closing his eyes. This is all because of me. He turned to Nurse Joy, (Can't you combine different blood types to match his? Perhaps you can use mine as a basis, I mean, he's a clone from me. Right?) Nurse Joy looks sad and shook her head in no. Mewtwo frowned, not wanting to accept the fact that R8 may never wake up, even after trudging all the way to his lair.

Mewtwo suddenly turned around and briefly turned his head to Nurse Joy, (Tell me when he wakens... if he does.) "Wait, where are you going?" She asked, worried for the both of them. She could tell something was bothering the strange pokemon. Mewtwo narrowed his eyes, but made a reply, (I won't be gone long. I need to check up on someone is all.) Nurse Joy frowned, "Well how can I contact you if something changes?" (Just think. I'll be able to read your thoughts.) And with those parting words, he teleported back to his lair.

CHAPTER 13

~Mew at Mewtwo's Lair~

Still drowsing and weak, Mew blinked open her bright blue eyes. "Mew?" ("Huh?") She said to herself tilting her head. Her blue eyes scanned her surroundings. "Mew mew mew?" ("Where am I?") Then her memory started to come back. Oh right... I'm at Mewtwo's... after getting attacked by- her thoughts stopped as new tears formed. As much as she was hurt by his betrayal, Mew couldn't help but cry over the innocent seeming son she had for less than an hour. Her crying distracted her until she noticed something. "Mew mew mew?" ("Where is Mewtwo?")

Then, as if a calling, Mewtwo teleported into the room. He looked at her with a look that she knew meant something bad was happening. Her eyes saddened, "Mew mew?" ("What now?") She asked with almost a depressing numbness in her voice. Mewtwo just bowed his head, (I have some good news... but it's darkened by really bad news...) Mew used her front paws to push herself up from the comfy bed and floated up, her tail wavering as she moved. "Mew mew." ("Tell me.") She insisted. With a big sigh, Mewtwo turned around, his back to her, (R8 is alive...) a squeal erupted from Mew, but was cut off as he continued, (But won't be for long. I took him to the Pokemon Center... but it doesn't look good. He needs a blood transfusion, but due to his mix types, there is no blood match, so he won't make it. There is nothing we can do but watch.)

Mew's tears returned with a vengeance, and she flew at Mewtwo, embracing him in a sorrowful grasp around his neck. "MEW? MEW MEW MEW?" ("WHY? WHY MY SON?") she bawled, not wanting to accept his death twice in one day. Mewtwo only looked out at the calming storm. The Eye of the storm must be passing... he thought to himself as he noticed the storm raging in the distance. As he watched the dark navy blue sky, he saw a flash. A gasp came from Mew's lips. She had looked up in time to see the flash. "Mew mew mew!" ("A shooting star!") she proclaimed.

Mew let go of Mewtwo's neck and floated in front of him, watching the star go by, "Mew mew mew! Mew!" ("Make a wish! Hurry!") Mew swiftly bowed her head, and made a silent wish. Mewtwo, though thinking it was pointless, did as she asked and also bowed his head, making his wish on the passing star. Their wish was the same, Let R8 live...

Yet... what they believed was a shooting star, was actually a Pokemon, just awakening from its 1,000 year slumber. Its body resembled a star, and it had blue spell like things on each point of its head. Yellow wing like arms flowed behind it, and its small silvery body had a third eye in the center. Hearing Mew and Mewtwo's wish, it decided to investigate, to see if it was worth granting. To hear a wish from not only one legendary but two is something worth looking into... it told itself.

As the Pokemon searched the meaning of their wishes, he noticed a power signature not far off that was similar. Now I may have been sleeping for 1,000 years, but I know that I haven't missed ANOTHER clone... or have I? As the Pokemon changed its course to this new power signature it noticed that the signature was young. Intriguing... as it lowered itself down into the building the signature lay; it made itself not visible to the mortal eyes of the humans and Pokemon within the building.

Then it found the power it had come to see. As it gazed into the room, it saw exactly why two legendaries had wished to save its life. Poor little one... it looks so innocent... but sight cannot be the judge, I must see its soul to decide whether or not to

grant this wish. It floated to hover above the massacred body, and close its two eyes, thus opening its powerful third eye. The eye locked onto the bloody body of a black and blue clone, and the Pokemon entered its dreams.

CHAPTER 14

~In R8's subconscious~

R8 slowly opened his navy blue eyes. Not again. He thought when he realized he was back at the misty place. Sighing, he heaved himself up to a sitting position. (What will it take to get out THIS time?) "I'm afraid you aren't leaving this time little one." He snapped his head around just in time to see a bright golden glow appear nearby. The glow formed into the body of a Pokemon. R8 tilted his head in confusion, (Who are you and how did you get here?) The expression on this Pokemon was of sorrow and pity, along with caring. These looks only confused R8 further.

After a long moment of silence and waiting, the Pokemon replied in a young sounding voice, but also with wisdom, "I am Jirachi... and I am here to grant a wish." R8 blinked his eyes, the mist surrounding them both. (What wish? What does it have to do with me? And what do you mean I'm not leaving?) He was utterly confused, and growing worried as he continued to think.

Jirachi's face softened, "Hush. I will tell you on one condition. You don't blame yourself." R8 nodded not sure of what he was agreeing to. Jirachi then waved its little arms and the mist vanished, showing a calming field with the sun warming the earth. "There, this is much more relaxing," it said putting its hands on its little hips. R8 still wanting answers, but felt it would be rude to pry, got up and floated over to Jirachi. Jirachi then proceeded to plop down on the grass, and gazed up at the sky.

After what seemed like forever in waiting for an answer, R8 had enough. He put his head over Jirachi, looking down at him. (Um excuse me... but are you going to give me my answers or look at clouds?) Jirachi laughed and poked R8's muzzle. "Of course I am silly. I'm just relaxing... I haven't seen a beautiful sky or clouds or sun in a thousand years!" R8 felt like he was dealing with a kid even younger than him, but he felt the knowledge this Pokemon held. (Why haven't you seen them?) he asked innocently to Jirachi.

Jirachi blinked, "Well I have to sleep for 1,000 years, then I'm awake for seven days, then the cycle repeats. It's because I'm connected to the Millennium Comet." R8 sighed and thought, these answers are only causing more questions! (I'm going to skip asking about the comet, if you tell me the answer to my previous question... what wish?) Jirachi sat up, almost bonking R8 in the head, which caused R8 to step back and sit down across from Jirachi in the grass. Jirachi laughed a little more, then proceeded to answer his question with another one, "Who do you think would wish for you?"

R8 bent his head in sadness, (No one... after what happened with Riot, my only shards of family hate me, and Mewtwo already hates me. No one would care if I stayed here...) R8 was beginning to realize that he was probably dead, and that was what Jirachi meant by saying he couldn't leave this time. (I was going to try to explain it to them... but then... I wound up here...) tears started to stream gently down his black face.

CHAPTER 15

~Jirachi's P.O.V. ~

Jirachi's look was of shock. This little guy is even more depressed than I thought! He sure needs a little boost of confidence... but I can't grant the wish just yet. I don't know enough... I need to know about this Riot person. Jirachi thought, R8's gaze still on the grass and tears still flowing. Gentle and with a soft voice, Jirachi tried to ask a question while still comforting him, "I'm sure they don't hate you... Who could hate such a kind heart like yours? But... who is this Riot you mentioned?"

Suddenly, the calm and gentle field started to darken, and the sun faded into the moon. Shadows engulfed R8 and sent Jirachi flying away. Jirachi got up with a little pain, and gasped at what he saw. R8 was different, his navy blue was gone, replaced by ebony and his eyes were like black holes. The new figure smirked and made an evil chuckle. "Did someone call my name?" it asked, making a polite looking bow, even though Jirachi knew it was mocking. "Welcome to MY part of the mind... I am Riot. Fitting isn't it?" Riot said, looking at Jirachi with a devilish grin.

When Jirachi stayed silent, Riot teleported in front of him, grabbing his arm before he could move. "Well? You wanted to know more about me... here... I ... am." He said, his voice seething with darkness. Jirachi cringed once he caught Riot's gaze. His black eyes drawing him in, and sending shivers down his little spine. "Who are you? You don't belong in this gentle soul's mind!" Riot just made another devilish chuckle and pulled Jirachi by the arm up to eye level. "You're wrong... it is R8 who doesn't belong... I am his original programming, made by our creator. I may not be able to take over the body again, but I can certainly take over his mind."

Jirachi's eyes widened in terror. "Why? How is it that such an evil being can reside in only one mind?" Riot's paw turned into shadow claw, and he punched Jirachi in his third eye, sending him flying again. "Don't be a fool. I know why you are here... you're here to see if R8 is worthy of living. In your perspective his most certainly is... but just for kicks, I'll let you in on something not even you can prevent now. The moment you grant Mew and Mewtwo's wish... not only will R8 be freed from death, but so will I!"

Jirachi was now shivering in the pure terror of releasing this horrid monster. He got up and clutched his third eye, lucky for me I had it closed... He boldly didn't try to move as Riot approached once more. R8 deserves to be freed... but can I risk Riot also being let loose? Riot picked him up once more, but this time by the neck. "Now why does this look familiar...? Oh right... I did the same thing to Mew! Only this time... Mewtwo isn't here to stop me." Riot smirked and continued after he saw the flash of fear in Jirachi's eyes, "Oh relax. I won't kill you. I need you alive to grant this wish. Besides, even if I did kill you here it would do nothing to your outside body. You are a guest here, and as such, I cannot destroy you, but you can be harmed."

Jirachi felt no comfort with the fact that he couldn't be killed here. "If you keep hurting me like this... I won't be able to bring back R8 or you!" he warned, trying to bring back the sweet and gentle side of this mind. The darkness and evil surrounding Riot was zapping all of his energy, he wasn't sure if he would have enough power to stay in this mind much longer.

Riot smirked, "Very well fool. I've had my fun, and you've seen what I can do." He dropped Jirachi onto the ground and took a step back, "I expect to awaken soon..." and with those parting words, the shadows that had engulfed R8 opened and let him free, sinking into the ground. The area around them changed back as well, but back to the misty blackness that was creepy, yet comforting.

R8 staggered on his legs, holding his head. (Ugh... I feel sick to my stomach...) Jirachi made a small smile and got up, floating over to him. "Look... I've had to make a very hard decision... and I have decided to grant the wish. Despite all my fears... I believe that in order for such an evil being to reside within you, you must be a very virtuous one." Opening his third eyes, he flashed a light onto R8. R8 was blinded, and didn't have a chance to say anything before the light grew and engulfed them both.

CHAPTER 16

~Mewtwo's Lair~

After they had wished, Mew and Mewtwo went back to where Mewtwo kept the big screen. Mewtwo sat on his carved out chair, and Mew lay on a stool. Both were watching the three from before walk along a path. "Mew mew mew mew mew! Mew mew mew mew mew mew!" ("Hey I recognize that path! That is out side the city!") Mewtwo looked closer, (You're right... I guess fate just wants us to meet again.) Mew shrugged and continued to watch.

Mewtwo was pleasantly watching the screen when he got a splitting head ache. He let out a groan and held his head. Mew was instantly worried, "Mew mew mew?" ("You ok Mewtwo?") Mewtwo glanced at her, (I'm fine Mew. Nurse Joy is trying to contact me, and sounds frantic, hold on.) He focused on his mind and speaking to Nurse Joy's. He could hear her soft voice as if she was standing in front of him in his lair. "Mewtwo! Mewtwo! Can you hear me?" she shouted in his head. He made a grunt before speaking, Settle down! Focus your mind! I can't hear you if you think too fast! Now calm down and tell me what's the matter. He felt a pause in her thoughts before she spoke to him again. "You won't believe this! R8's vitals have changed drastically! And his mind readings are going crazy! You better get down here fast!"

Mewtwo didn't need anymore convincing. He turned to Mew and gave her a look implying, 'Let's go.' Then he swiftly told Nurse Joy to expect them briefly. He grabbed Mew's arm and teleported to the Pokemon Center, and as fate would have it, the three humans were just walking into the center themselves. When he and Mew suddenly appeared in front of Joy, she gave a brief gasp and shocked expression before hurrying them to the critical care unit.

"I didn't believe the machines before I came in to the room and checked myself, but his mind is buzzing! First it was a calm change, as if it was talking to something, then without any warning, it went crazy and started going off the charts!" she told them while swift walking to the room. Once she opened the door, she was shocked to find that there was a new pokemon lying on the bed, holding its golden head with one small silvery arm.

"What is that?" Nurse Joy gasped, never before seeing a pokemon like it. Mew floated over to her face, "Mew mew mew mew." She simply put, as if it was obvious. When Nurse Joy looked confused, Mewtwo translated. (His name is Jirachi.) Mewtwo

then walked over to the small star like pokemon and looked at it, asking in a gentle, yet demanding voice, (What are you doing here, with R8?) Jirachi looked up in confusion, as if he asked why the sky was blue. "I was granting your wish," he stated. When Mewtwo looked blank Jirachi continued, "The wish you and Mew made on me when I flew by. To let R8 live. I inspected his mind, and found it a valid wish."

Mew spoke before Mewtwo had a chance to say any more, "Mew, mew mew mew mew mew mew mew mew mew mew?" ("Jirachi, where you the one to make his mind go crazy?") A flash of fear went through Jirachi's eyes and he slowly shook his head. "Was not I... it was..." he paused and gulped like it was painful to continue, "Riot." Nurse Joy missed half the conversation as she looked over R8's body.

"Astounding! All his wounds are gone! Not even a scar left!" she gasped, amazed at Jirachi's handiwork. Jirachi made a small and proud smile, lifting his little head.

Then, R8's body began to move, stopping all chances to continue to talk. His eyes squinted and he let out a soft moan. He slowly opened his navy eyes and gazed at the harsh hospital lights. (Where... am I?) He asked as he slowly used his arms to get himself up to a sitting position. Mew let out an excited squeal and flew over to R8, grasping him in a hug. Shocked at the embrace, R8 smiled at her. Then his gaze locked onto Mewtwo's and his smile vanished, replaced by fear.

Nurse Joy and Mew noticed the look of fear, and only Jirachi knew the explanation. He turned to Mewtwo and gave him a look of sympathy. "It wasn't his fault. None of it was. I know the truth... and it's even darker than if it was R8." Mewtwo narrowed his purple eyes. (What do you mean? The attacking?) R8 winced at the mention of it, and cringed away from Mew, afraid he'd hurt her. R8 then put a blue force field around himself, and teleported before anyone could stop him.

CHAPTER 17

~Outside the City of Hearthome~

R8 didn't focus on where he teleported, just to a place away from the memory of what he had done. I can't face them. I can't face them about what I've done. It doesn't matter if it was Riot or me in control, I let it all happen. He told himself as his heart ached when he looked at the distant Pokemon center. He looked back up at the sky, and saw black clouds covering the stars. The storm is returning... R8 turned and a thought suddenly occurred to him. What am I going to do? Where am I to go? (I have no one... and no place to go...) he said out loud, feeling like he had nothing.

Suddenly he heard a shuffling near a tree. He turned over there, his eyes glowing blue. (Who's there? What do you want?) When nothing came out he decided to use his power to bring it out. He raised his arm and his hand started to glow softly with his psychic abilities. Yet before he could make what ever it was come out, it jumped out at him. He stumbled back in surprise and blinked away his aura. The one who had been hiding behind the tree was a human girl.

The girl was wearing a brown jacket and matching pants with blue and green stripes on the legs and arms. Her dark brown hair had a hint of purple in the front, and her eyes were a soft blue. She was staring at R8 with a look of curiosity and wonder. "So... you can talk...?" she asked him, not at all afraid. R8 nodded and got up, seeing that

neither of them was in any danger of the other. The girl took a step closer and scanned him up and down, which reminded him of Dr. Kach and felt just as awkward.

Suddenly the girl smiled and grabbed something from behind her. She then threw a small ball like object at R8. It hit him, and he was engulfed in a red light. The next thing he knew he was cramped up in a small space. Angry in being confined, he used his powers to shatter the confinement and set him free. Then he was back outside, with the girl wearing a shocked face and looking at her broken ball in amazement. "You... You broke my pokeball! How? You didn't just get out... you BROKE IT!" she cried, picking up one of the many pieces of the now shattered ball.

R8 was mad, but he couldn't bring himself to harm the girl. Sternly, he spoke to her in her mind, (Leave me alone and I won't break anymore.) The girl looked up at him, "What are you? I've been a trainer for more than three years, and I've never seen anything like you before." R8 looked at her, deciding if he should just teleport out of there or reply. He decided that he might as well have company while he can. (Of course you haven't seen anything like me. I was only awakened just a few days ago.)

"Only a few days! You look young... but not baby like!" she cried in confusion. R8 was a little miffed, (Baby like? What is that supposed to mean?) The human girl giggled and got up, still holding the broken piece. "Nothing, it was a compliment." R8 blinked, (Oh.) the human girl took out her hand, her brown jacket almost catching her golden bracelet. "Oh, by the way, I'm Karen Yami, but everyone calls me Kay." She said smiling, waiting for R8 to shake her hand.

Slightly puzzled, but figuring it was a human thing, he shook Karen's hand. (I'm R8X77-2F3) he responded. Karen blinked and laughed lightly, "Some name... you have anything a little shorter I can call you by?" R8 made a small nod, (You can call me R8 for short. Just like everyone else.) He thought to her rather bitterly. Karen was confused by his tart tone, but she didn't ask.

R8 turned and looked at the upcoming storm. He didn't say anything, but his face spoke for him. Karen put a hand on his small shoulder, "You need a place to stay for the storm? I have a hotel room checked out for the weekend. You could stay there while the storm passes if you want." R8 looked up at her in surprise and almost looked overjoyed then his smile became a frown and he stepped back, shaking her hand off his shoulder. (No. I don't need anyone. I'll be fine.) He then showed his back to her and with a sad glance at her, teleported once more.

CHAPTER 18

~Back at the Pokemon Center~

It happened so fast. No one spoke for a moment, and then Mewtwo broke the silence. (What the?) Mew looked around the room. Her face grew sadder, "Mew mew... mew mew mew mew?" ("Not again... where did he go?") Jirachi floated up and answered them both, "R8 has left for your all safety. He now knows what is at risk, and he shouldn't be near any of you until he has control." Mew's frown grew, and her eyes began to water, but she made no cry not even a whimper. She just closed her eyes and let the tears fall slowly.

Mewtwo's emotion was not readable. But he did look crestfallen. (What now?)

Should we try to find him?) Jirachi made an angry frown and scowled, “Did you not hear what I just said??? R8 is dangerous! As much as he is a good person inside... it matters not! I can't let either of you find him. You are legends like me! We are needed for this world to be balanced! So focus on your individual duties and let R8 find his own!”

Mewtwo's emotion became clear as he narrowed his eyes and glared at Jirachi, sending shivers down his spine. (Look. I respect your power, but you should also be wary of my own. I don't have a set duty as of the moment. Now R8 isn't a legend and has no purpose as of the moment. He also trekked across a mile of land in a storm, with a hole in his gut to find us! I'm not going to just sit here and do nothing!)

Jirachi stared back at Mewtwo, thinking over everything. “You speak the truth, but you don't know everything... let me explain and maybe you'll reconsider.” He turned to Mew to see if she was also listening. She was with her eyes still slightly watery, but not a full cry. Mewtwo still looked mad, but he said nothing and just sat down on the bed R8 was previously on.

Jirachi then turned to Nurse Joy before he began. She seemed to get what he was asking, and left the room. After she had left, Jirachi finally began to tell them. “R8 was not responsible for attacking either of you. Even if his body was, it was not his spirit. It was... something much much darker.” He shivered slightly before continuing. “R8's true programming was evil. It was dark and viscous, cruel and unpredictable. Before R8 encountered either of you, he tried to delete his purpose, and partially succeeded. But he didn't rid it from himself, leaving a dark shadow in part of his mind.” Jirachi paused for a moment, letting his words sink into Mew and Mewtwo.

They both seemed slightly confused, and interested in what else Jirachi had discovered. “This darker R8 was basically his evil twin shadow. With one thing on its twisted mind. To destroy, cause destruction, and pain. When R8 was tricked by Shadow R8 to let him have control of his body, you two ended up paying for it. But not nearly as badly as R8 did. I know little of what else happened, for I didn't get to go that far into his mind. But I can tell you that somehow, R8 managed to defeat Shadow R8, who he then named Riot.”

“As I was talking to R8 in his mind, while he was in his coma, Riot suddenly took over, and attacked me. Riot is still in his head, and has the power to control R8 when ever he loses control of himself. If R8 ever gets angered enough or is in danger or has enough fear, then Riot takes control. THAT is why he is dangerous, and why he was not completely at fault when he attacked either of you.” Once Jirachi had finished what he had learned, Mewtwo looked truly guilty, and deep in thought.

Mew just closed her eyes and stayed silent. Jirachi could take it no longer, and spoke up. “Look... I didn't want to depress either one of you, but you had to know. And now that you do...” he took a deep and calming breath, “It is time for me to go. I have granted your wish, and have told you what I can. Now I have six more days and I need to grant as much honest wishes as I can. I doubt we'll see each other for another 1,000 years, so... Good Bye and good luck.” He waved to them both and then with a blinding flash, vanished to wander the world.

CHAPTER 19

~Deep in the forest near Hearthome~

R8 once again teleported to an unknown place. Now where am I? He said as he looked around into the dark forest. The sky was covered in black clouds and lightning could be seen flashing behind the blanket of the clouds. He sighed and started to walk deeper in the dark pines. I need to find shelter, before the storm breaks. As he walked, he felt the presence of other pokemon near by.

His navy blue eyes scanned his surroundings and he could make out the shapes of individual pokemon. Houndour, Eevee, Nidoran, Duskull, Starly, Roselia, and Stunky. Interesting... I wonder why they aren't moving... The forest was becoming less thick, and he could now make out that the pokemon were watching him and made a clear path for him.

Before he could understand the reasoning behind this strange behavior, the forest cleared up into a field, and a mountain wall blocked his path. Now what? Should I backtrack? He asked himself before a Stunky came right up to him. Its purple fur ruffled in the wind that the storm was causing.

(Hello... can I help you?) He asked the Stunky, his blue eyes shining in the lightning flashes. The Stunky just looked up at him, and then its head turned suddenly to the forest as thunder roared. R8's gaze followed the Stunky's and he noticed that the pokemon were on the brim of the forest, staring at him.

Is it because I'm a clone? Do they sense I'm not born of this world? He questioned himself. Rain started to fall, and it made a soft drumming sound all around R8. Then the Stunky nudged at his leg, and used its tail to point to the far side of the cave wall. R8 turned his gaze to the rocky blockade. At first he couldn't find what the Stunky wanted him to, that is until a lightning flashed and the shape of a cave shone before the light faded.

(Oh I get it; you helped me find shelter... Thank you Stunky.) He patted the pokemon's head and started to walk to the cave. Then another lightning flashed, and briefly blinded him. Suddenly, an Absol appeared in front of him, blocking his path. "Sol..." R8 was confused, but paused in his way to the shelter. (What do you want? Are you telling me not to go into the cave? It's the only good shelter from the storm!) He tried to reason with the Absol, but it wouldn't budge out of his way.

Absol wouldn't take his gaze off of R8, and when he tried to go around it, it sidestepped to stand in his way again. R8 was getting irritated. (Look, I don't want to hurt any pokemon, but I will if I have to. Now move aside so I can get decent shelter!) Lightning was now flashing regularly, and unfortunately it was striking dangerously close to the field and forest. The roar of the thunder almost drowned out all sound, and R8 had to strain to hear what the Absol's response was.

"Ab sol sol absol!" The Absol seemed deeply upset about something, but R8 hadn't a clue as to what. Right when R8 was about to ask the Absol what was wrong, a lightning struck directly in between him and the Absol, sending them both flying in opposite directions. R8 got up slowly, his arm scrapped against the ground. When his vision cleared, he saw the Absol lying on its side, and fire engulfing the grassy field.

The fire that was caused by the lighting was feed by the grass, and it grew swiftly. Not even the rain was enough to starve the fire, and its path lead to the forest and the city. R8's eyes widened as he thought of the city of people, engulfed in flames. He swiftly got

up and looked around at all the pokemon fleeing from the deadly fire that licked at their heels.

At first R8 was frozen by the sight of the enormous fire, but then he remembered Karen. Karen was still near the forest, most likely looking for him. (The fire will destroy everything in its path! All the pokemon, the trees, and anyone in the forest will die if that fire isn't stopped soon!) R8 began to run, to run to catch up to the speeding wildfire. He had only one plan, to tap into his abilities and hope he had enough power to use hydro pump or surf. (I may never have used a water type move yet... but it's the only chance I have.)

As he ran to get ahead of the fire, he dodged fleeing pokemon, and burning trees tumbling down from their great glory. The fire was moving quickly with so much to feed it. He tried to take a deep breath, to build up energy, but all he inhaled was smoke from the fire. He coughed to try and get it out before it seared his throat. The smoke was becoming thicker, and the glow of fire made things look unreal. His vision was become blurred, the smoke stinging his eyes and making them water.

Pokemon cries filled the forest, some not fast enough to escape the hungry beast of the flame. Finally R8 pulled ahead of the fire, but it was catching up fast, and he didn't have long to prepare. He cupped his blue hands, and focused on water, and only water... water flowing from his energy, drenching the forest, drowning the fire. He closed his eyes and envisioned churning currents flowing to meet the speeding embers.

He didn't feel the water appear from his body, didn't notice that a huge tidal wave made from his power quench the deadly wild fire. He only felt the calm of water engulf him, and then suddenly it was over. As he opened his eyes, he saw the ground was wet, and the glow of the fire was gone. Everything the flames had touched was smoldering, and many burnt ashes that were once pokemon and trees lay in a clear path of the black earth the inferno had made.

Silently mourning for the lost pokemon, he looked around him, noticing that he was dreadfully close to the edge of the forest. I hope Karen made it to the city ok... I'd hate to think what would have happened if she was among those cinders... he thought to himself. He teleported back to the rocky wall where the fire had started, and was sadden to see that the Absol was still laying on its side, right were the lightning left it. (I'm sorry I didn't understand you sooner. I bet you knew this was going to happen; it is your ability to foresee disaster. And you had the other pokemon lead me to you so you could warn me and maybe ask for my help... But I was blinded by my selfishness to see. For that I am sorry.) He used his power to pick up the deceased Absol, and laid it near the mouth of the cave, putting stones around it in a stone grave.

After a brief moment of mourning, he turned around to find that the surviving pokemon of the fire were yet again watching him. After a moment, he smiled and a thought occurred to him. I could protect this place... I could care for this forest and all the pokemon in it. That can be my purpose... This cave can be my home, these pokemon my friends, this forest my treasure. I can be a guardian...

EPILOGUE

The sky was clear even after weeks of the storm and wild fire. Mew flew across this land once more, searching for the unseen. She and her clone Mewtwo had been looking for

some time now and still, he was not found. Mewtwo decided to go back to his lair stating before he left, "He'll come out when he wants to be found." Mew could feel the regret boil up again, until she had to stop again in the last place she saw him. She didn't go inside, it was better that no one saw her. She merely hovered above the city of Hearthome, and wondered again what was happening to R8.

But Mew was not the only one who was searching for a friend. Karen, after watching him leave, had grown to want to find him again, wondering what made him leave. She continued her journey, but came back to Hearthome when ever she could, and once again wondered the forest. But all she saw were regular pokemon, nothing unique like him. As their searches had loving causes, some were more malevolent. Dr. Kach had not forgotten him, and neither did the powerful Giovanni. They were no pleased at R8's insolence and started to crave a type of revenge that when sought for, get delivered...

Dr. Kach paced in his white lab coat, his glasses slowly falling off his nose until he paused and pushed them up again. This cycle repeated for some time, until the only door to his freezing laboratory was slammed open. "I WANT TO KNOW PROGRESS NOW!" ordered a man in a fancy red suit, his voice ringing with authority. Dr. Kach quickly showed the man to two containment units, each filled with an orange liquid, and something curled up in the middle.

"Giovanni sir, I have reason to believe that these two will awaken shortly... each type has an advantage against the fugitive." The doctor stated to him, a smile on his lips. Giovanni looked at each container for a brief moment, "You're sure I'll have control over them?" Dr. Kach took a step back to grab a chart showing figures and calculations that Giovanni could not read, "No sir, there will be no need! I have put a chemical in their construction that will give them certain sinister qualities that will make them *want* to follow your orders, and enjoy them as well."

The man looked very pleased and nodded with a few approving words, he left the room. Dr. Kach watched him leave, and as he left, turned back to the units. "You will be greater than that foolish R8X7-2F3... The world will crumble at your might... J1D3D-8 and EM3R4-7L will be the unstoppable force that will make Team Rocket rule, and my studies will become famous! I will be revered even more than Intestine. Everyone will know my name, and yours my dears. R8 was a name that no one could call famous, so I will give you 'field names'. Jaded and Emeral... soon your chapter will begin..."