

A Pokemon Carol

By EeveeNinja77

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Based on on the original Christmas Carol. Its my first story, so don't expect it to be all totally awesome. Soooo..... yeah. Read your head off! XD

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1 - Edward the Pikachu

It was Christmas eve, and the fire under the chimney was warm and bright with orange flames flickering to and fro. The house was quiet, except for the occasional clonk of the top of a coin tower toppling over the edge of a desk. It was also snowing outside. White blankets of pure white snow covering just about anything not under any shelter.

Clank! Clonk! Clunk! Two towers filled with a mixture of shiny new coins and rusty dirty old coins falling to the floor. It didn't matter to Mr. Edward Pikachu that some coins were all blackish brown with rust and some coins were so shiny you couldn't look at them. To him it was all the same. "But its not that bad! It *is* money." is what he always said. What did matter to him was that now they were scattered all across the floor and he would have to count them all over again. "Ahhh poop pellets!!" yelled Edward as he knelt down to pick them up.

When he finally gathered them all up, the door bell rang. He let loose a long annoyed sigh and piled the money on his desk. Edward opened the door and saw a Plusle and a Minun. The Plusle spoke first, "Hello good sir. We are here collecting money for the poor." Then the Minun spoke, "Would you care to donate?" Edward didn't care about hobos living in cardboard boxes. But, he didn't feel like slamming the door in their faces either. He had to think fast. Then, something came to his mind.

He replied, "Well, if I give you money, then the hobos-- er, I mean the poor would no longer be the poor because they have more money, so, you would be out of business!" As he pushes them gently toward the sidewalk, he talks again, "And you wouldn't want THAT to happen, would you?"

"Huh?"

"Have a good day sirs!"

He closes the door firmly behind him.

"Bah hum bug!" he screamed in his mind. He thought, *I hate Christmas, and always will!! I'll never like it again because I hate it so much that I could blow up!!!* He stomped back to his desk to start counting his coins again. Well, he wasn't that angry. He liked money, so, he kind of enjoyed it. But anyway, he kept his promise, that he would never ever like Christmas again from one moment from his past. Well, reader, that was until later that day...

2 - A Visit

Edward slouches in his chair and lets loose another long sigh. "Bah hum bug..." he whispers to himself. "Just another darn Christmas"

"So, looks like a Ebenezer Screwge junior," said the ghost of Christmas future. "Havent had one of those guys in a while." He was an old almost friendly looking Duskull. He was watching Edward from a crystal ball that could be turned on and off with a specail tv remote. Crystal balls powered by magic was sooo yesterday. He called over the ghost of Christmas past and present. They agreed that they should do "buisness" with him. Now they had to find a spirit to send the message that they were coming. The ghost of Chistmas past was a Jigglypuff pessimist. He said, "Pshh!! Are you kidding? Thats going to be hard! Not like they fall through the ceiling--" Then, he got cut off by a loud gunshot sounding noise. A small section of the ceiling started falling apart. A small Combusken fell out of the ceiling with a loud crash into the decorations box. He came up slowly to see what had just happened. When he rose up fully, he was covered with chain props and a decorative sword stuck in his back. He yelled, "What the heck?!?!?" "Perfect" said Chistmas future.

"What do you mean?" replied the Combusken.

He started to explain. "You see, we have a Pikachu named Edward. He is Mr. Screwge's great great great grand son. And we need a pokemon to tell him we are coming to do 'buisness'."

"Ohhh. So you're choosing me?"

"Yes"

"What about this sword in my back and all these chains?!?"

"The are perfect! You *are* already dead, you know."

"Fine..."

So the Combusken trots to the teleporter while Christmas future types in a bunch of confusing codes somehow setting the teleporter to go to Edward's world and time. The Combusken slowly disappears into a million little bits floating into the center of the teleporter.

Edward slowly starts drifting off into a deep sleep. He is disturbed by a bonk noise a few feet behind him by the door. Then he heres a moaning. Edward nearly jumped out of his skin when he heard the moans and footsteps getting closer to him. He cautiously turns his head behind the chair and spots a shadow of a pokemon. Edward's cheeks started to spark from pure scaredness. The pokemon gets frightened and trips over its chains and falls towards Edward. He lets out a little squeal of suprise and releases sparks of fire at Edward's face. Its reaches his face and burns his cheeks. Because of this action, Edward defends himself by shocking the intruder. The shock lights up the room for a moment. The pokemon finally replies, "Huff, huff, what? Wait... huff.." Edward lights up the room with a few continuous sparks from a weak lightning shock. Its a Combusken... with a sword in his back!!! Edward said in a loud voice, "How did you get a a sword in your back?!?!?" Edward started to panic. A random pokemon breaks into his house and attempts to ambush him and scare him and now he has A SWORD IN HIS BACK!! He staggers, "A-are y-yo-you okay?" Edward almost hypervenilates untill the Combusken speaks.

"blek... yeah dude, im ok. Im a ghost. Duh!"

Edward was suprised at this statement. He turned on the light and examined the sword in the innocent pokemon's back. There seemed to be no sign of blood anywhere. "Ok, now this is going to haunt me. But anyways, WHY did you come into MY house?"

"Because im here to tell you that you will be visited by 3 ghosts."

Edward thought about this phrase. Then he laughed. "Yeah, and im santa claus! So you snuck into my house with a fake sword in your back scaring me half to death just to tell me some Christmas Carol junk!? Hahahaha!!"

"How did you know about that?"

"TV. Duh!!"

"They don't tell us anything any more... But no, seriously dude! The ghosts of Christmas past, present, and future!"

"How do I know you aren't lieing?"

The Combusken had a sneaky smirk on his face. "Could any ol' pokemon do this?" He ran right through the wall next to Edward and came back and was foating in midair above Edward's chair. "Belive me now?" Edward nodded with eyes as big as tennis balls. "Good. Three ghosts will visit you tonight, Chistmas Eve. Good luck with that..." He snickers then disappears with a snap of the fingers and a poof with smoke.

"What a weird night. I must be dreaming."

Edward pinches himself. He felt the little squeeze of his own fingers. He wasn't dreaming.