

# Forget Me, Forget Me Not

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*Misty gets in an accident and loses her memory. Can Ash get it back or is this the new and permanent Misty? AAMR*

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# 1 - One Attack Too Many

Well like promised here is my new story, Forget Me, Forget Me Not. I hope I get a good feedback on this one and that all of you guys review please =] Now in my previous story-Blast From the Past, Jasmine, or Jazz, was in it, well she's my fictional sister and both of us are in here. She's a little different in this story cause she really has auburn hair and is 19 so she might have changed a little personality wise.

Disclaimer: Don't own Pokemon, even though Bria and I would be kick @\$ managers =]

Ages: Ash: 17 Misty: 17 Brock: 21 Jasmine: 19 Pamela (me): 16

"Umbreon Quick Attack!" Gary commanded to his faithful Pokemon.

"Pikachu Dodge and then give it an Iron Tail!" Ash countered from the other side of the field. Both Pokemon were putting all their guts into this battle and were getting weaker and weaker by the moment. From the sidelines Brock and Misty were standing watching the brutal battle of rival vs. rival. Worry was written across their faces as they noticed both Pokemon panting heavily and both of them covered in bruises and scrapes. It was only a matter of time before one of them would collapse from pure exhaustion. Ash took notice of Pikachu beginning to lose energy but he couldn't give up. *Come on buddy one more hit and we've got um.* Ash thought to himself.

"Come on Pikachu you can do it, give it all you got!" Ash encouraged his Pokemon and the small rodent ran as fast as its little legs could take it getting ready for a strong tackle attack. Gary noticing what Pikachu was ready to do commanded his Umbreon.

"Use tackle to counter it!" The Umbreon ran at an accelerating speed crashing right into Pikachu, sending both of them flying in opposite directions from the blow. Both Pokemon were knocked out on the grass. Gary and Ash both froze on the spot in worry of their most valued Pokemon but they couldn't let the other see their weakness, a winner had to be determined. Misty looked away from the battle, how much more of it she could take she wasn't sure but Pikachu wasn't in a good state.

"Come on buddy, please get up." Ash pleaded his voice trembling a bit. Pikachu's ear moved a bit and he slowly opened his eyes before giving a faint "Pi". He stood up a little unbalanced but then straightened his stance and a glint of pure determination shone in his eyes. "Atta boy Pikachu!" Ash shouted and Brock and Misty's gave a sigh of relief.

"Come on Umbreon, show him whose number one!" Gary told his Pokemon as it too slowly regained its fighting stance. One more hit and the winner would be determined. Togepi chirped cheerfully from its mother's arms as it watched its Uncle Pikachu fight. It then re focused its attention to a baby Furret that was walking through the fields and it leaped from Misty's arms to go chase it. Misty alarmed chased after her Pokemon.

"No Togepi come back here."

“It ends now Ashy-Boy.” Gary said smugly with a smirk.

“In your dreams Gary.” Ash said frustrated. “Pikachu give him your biggest Thunder Shock!” Ash commanded. Gary hoping his Pokemon still had enough strength to do one more attack, commanded his most powerful attack of all.

“Umbreon Hyper Beam Attack!” Togepi unaware of the battle going on just decided to wander straight into the heart of the battle. Misty not thinking ran straight after her Togepi, just in time to be hit by both attacks. A huge smoke explosion erupted and everyone was too shocked to move. Brock immediately dropped his bag and ran to the battle scene. Ash after realizing what just happened ran toward the smoke. When the smoke cleared Misty lay there on the floor with her Togepi desperately tugging at her shirt trying to wake her up. Ash got on his knees and began to shake her softly.

“Misty come on wake up. Come on this isn’t funny wake up.” He said not sure how to react. “Please.” He added softly. Gary not sure what to do recalled his Pokemon and ran over to Ash.

“Ash I’m so sorry, it just happened so quickly, I didn’t have time to call it off and- ” Gary tried to apologize till Ash interrupted him.

“Save it Gary, we need help and we need it fast.” Ash said trembling noticing Misty’s breathing die down. He gently picked her up into his arms and tried to think of what to do.

“I’ll call an ambulance.” Brock offered grabbing his Poke gear from his bag and contacted the closest hospital. Pikachu tried to console the crying Togepi by assuring it that she was just sleeping, even though he wasn’t too sure. Ash just sat there with Misty in his arms begging her softly to please wake up. The faint sound of the ambulance grew louder and louder till it was in plain view of them. Misty almost close to unconsciousness could hear the familiar yet faint voice of someone pleaded her to please wake up while shaking her gently. The voice was broken up like he was crying and she could feel something wet hit her arms and face. She heard two men ask the boy to please step away and let them take care of her and his constant rebellion against them pleading them not to touch her. Eventually the voice gave out and she felt someone’s strong arms lift her up and set her inside the car. The sound of the ambulance was growing fainter and the last thing she heard was ‘We’re going to get through this Mist, I promise.’ Before she fell unconscious and everything around her faded into darkness.

TBC.

## 2 - A Miracle Unfolds

All right here's chapter 2, A Miracle Unfolds.

Ash paced back and forth in the waiting room, anxiety getting the better of him. Brock's eyes followed Ash's trail till he got dizzy.

"Ash can you please sit down." Brock asked him. Ash walked over to a chair and plopped himself down. The both of them had been waiting hours in the hospital to see how Misty was doing but so far no news was heard, good or bad. She had been taken in with critical damage to her body and the doctors assured them they would do everything humanly possible to help her. Ash looked around to his surroundings. There was the mixture of different voices from doctors and nurses, the squeaking of the wheels from the wheelchairs and moving beds, the smell of latex and the ugly pale blue that covered all the walls. Ash hated hospitals more than anything. Needles, medicine, and yucky cafeteria food, just thinking about it made him inwardly cringe. It was a place where thousands of people went in but some didn't make it out. *She's not gonna die.* Ash thought trying to get rid of the thought. He had already had bad experiences with hospitals ever since his dad passed away as a little kid and he wasn't going to let go of Misty. He watched the white double doors waiting for the moment when the doctor would come in and announce that Misty was perfectly fine and they could continue on with their lives.

"Ash she's going to be fine." Brock tried to assure his friend breaking the silence between them. He could easily read Ash's mind, that he was scared she wouldn't make it, but deep down he knew she was tough, tough enough to pull through this. Before Ash could say something back a man in about his 30's with a white coat walked up to them.

"Excuse me, are you two here for Ms. Waterflower?"

"Yeah how is she?" Ash responded springing from his seat.

"Well right now she's in a light coma and we have tried our best to fix all the damage done on her body. Luckily no internal organs were damaged and the hit just missed her head. Your friends a lucky one, one more inch and I don't think she would have made it." The doctor said in a serious tone. *Thanks for the pep talk doc,* Ash thought to himself sarcastically. The word coma brought back bad memories, the same thing that had caused him nightmares and horrors of when his dad was stuck in the hospital, but unlike Misty, he didn't have much of a chance of waking up. Ash chocked down a couple tears and Brock nodded at the doctor's explanation of what was going on.

"Can I see her?" Ash suddenly interrupted her.

"Yes well alright I guess that's fine, but please make sure you're quiet and you have half an hour till I have to get back in there and check up on her." The doctor said eyeing his watch. Ash nodded in understanding and slowly open the door that read 217. He peered in to see a small figure lying under white sheets. He walked up to her shaking as he saw her pale body. A few scrapes were on her body and a few bruise here and there. Her eyes were gently closed and a machine was connected to her, the

sole thing keeping her alive. He saw her chest rise and drop slowly matching the beat of the machine. The rhythmic beating was really starting to get on his nerves but he had to keep his cool unless he wanted to get kicked out. Brock slowly walked up to Ash and put his hand on his shoulder.

“She doesn’t look that bad Ash and the doctor said she should wake up.”

“How long?” Ash asked solemnly.

“How long what?”

“How long is she going to be like this?” Ash asked in frustration. Brock knew arguing with him wouldn’t do anything so he took a deep breath in hopes of calming the both of them.

“The doctor said it could be a couple days, maybe a week, maybe even a month.”

“Oh so we are just going to stand here waiting forever?” Ash asked his temper beginning to emerge.

“Ash this is just as hard for me as it is for you ok so you need to relax. She has all these doctors at her aid and their job is to save lives and she’s going to pull through this do you understand?” Brock said gripping Ash’s shoulders. Ash avoided Brock’s gaze and Brock released his grip. “Ash since we don’t know how long she will be like this for you can keep going on your journey.”

“What?” Ash asked completely forgetting about his training.

“You go ahead and train, go to the league and me and Misty will be there rooting for you when she recovers.”

“I’m not leaving.” Ash stated. “Not till she’s 100 percent better.” A small knock was heard and both of them turned to the door. The same doctor from before and a nurse walked in.

“Alright gentleman we need to run some tests on Ms. Waterflower, you are going to have to leave and come back during visiting hours.” The doctor said.

“Ok doctor um-” Brock began.

“Sanchez.” The doctor informed him shaking his hand. The both turned to see Ash standing by Misty’s bedside. He was staring at her intently and wiped to the side a stray strand of her bangs. *You’re still pretty.* He thought with a small blush as he made a promise to himself and her that somehow someway they were going to pull through this. Ash walked away from the bed his eyes never leaving her and he shut the door behind him. Ash and Brock booked a hotel that was nearby waiting for a hot-tempered red head to come back. Time was the thing that seemed to be flying in Ash’s mind, minutes were soon turning into hours, hours into days, and eventually days into weeks. After 2 weeks of waiting and wishing the sun rose giving a feeling in the air that hadn’t been felt in a long time, the long lost feeling of hope.

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The girl softly brought her hands up to rub her eyes as she began to open them slowly. The sun quickly

shone into her cerulean blue eyes and she squinted at the unexpected power of it. Her head was pounding and when she looked around she saw she was in a room with a machine next to her and faint voices on the other side of the door. She was just barely able to lift herself up when the doctor came in scaring her causing her arms to give way and collapse.

“Why Ms. Waterflower what a pleasure to see you awake!” Dr. Sanchez said walking over to her. “Sorry for the fright, how are you feeling?” He asked her with a smile. She gave him a puzzled look. *Waterflower?* “Ms. Waterflower are you ok?” He asked her with a slight frown seeing as she wasn’t responding.

“Where am I?” She finally asked.

“Dear you’re in the hospital. Don’t you remember any of it?” He asked her. Misty’s face didn’t change in response and the doctor thought for a moment. “Would you mind if I ask you a couple questions?” He asked her pulling out a pad of paper from his coat pocket.

“I don’t see why not.” She said sitting up and fidgeting with the sheets.

“What’s your name?” The girl took a while. She thought for a moment, trying to figure it out. She looked at the wristband that was around her wrist. *M. Waterflower.*

“Misty. Misty Waterflower.” She finally answered.

“Very good. Where do you live?” He asked her scribbling something down on the pad and looked back at her. Misty’s expression showed a bit of confusion as she sat on the bed stumped.

“I don’t know.” She finally said. The doctor nodded his head and set aside his pad.

“Why don’t you lay down Misty and I’ll have a nurse give you a quick check up alright?” Misty nodded her head in agreement and lay back down. The doctor gave her a small smile before leaving but then frowned as he made his way to the front desk to send a nurse in. “Ms. Adams can you please do an x-ray on the patient in room 217 for me please?” He commanded one of the available nurses.

“Right away doctor.” Replied the blonde. A few minutes later Ash and Brock entered the front door after hearing the news that Misty finally woke up.

“Where is she?!” Ash asked the doctor, happiness gleaming through his eyes. The doctor gave the boy a slight smile before taking a deep breath.

“Your friend is awake but it seems she’s not *quite* herself.” The doctor explained. Both Brock and Ash had confusion written on their faces and the doctor rubbed at his temples with his hand. “I think it will be better if I show you, follow me.” He instructed leading them to Misty’s room. The three walked in to the room just in time to see the nurse leaving.

“Oh sorry Dr. Sanchez, I was just on my way to give you the test results.” The nurse apologized handing him a folder.

"Thanks Ms. Adams." He smiled. She returned the smile and headed out the door. As the doctor quickly examined the results Ash went over to Misty who was sitting once more.

"Hey Mist!" He said in his usual cheery voice. Misty gave him a frown to which Ash answered in confusion. "Hellooo Misty? Anyone home?" He joked lightly knocking on her head.

"Who are you?" She said with a little fear.

"Misty it's me Ash?" Ash answered her a little taken back. *She might not be herself.* The doctor's words ran through Ash's head. "Doctor, what exactly is the problem?" He asked walking back over to him, much to Misty's relief.

"Well according to these results when she fell to the ground from the combination of both the Hyper Beam Attack and Thundershock, she took a strong hit to her head. Luckily no concussion was formed or anything." He explained showing up her head x-ray to the light so they could see. " But she seems to be suffering from a Traumatic Amnesia."

"Meaning?" Ash asked.

"Meaning she has lost her memory. But only for a short amount of time." He quickly assured them. "Like I said before since it was such a minor fall and not from the blast itself her memory should come back in a few days or maybe a week or 2? The best thing you can do for her right now is not over work her, try to get her to remember things from her past, you know stories, achievements, friends and family, that sort of thing. It should jog her memory back quicker." Brock nodded his head but Ash still looked saddened. " Don't worry young man, she'll be back to her old self in no time, you'll see. She was very lucky to have recovered with such a small case of amnesia. My advice to you though is to not have her do any strenuous activities, and let her have a lot of bed rest. I'll let you talk with her, see if she can remember anything about you two." The doctor said shaking both the boys hands as they thanked him for his help. The doctor smiled and exited the door.

"Ash what are we going to do? You heard that doctor, she needs rest, she can't be traveling around with us for the time being especially since the leagues only weeks away." Brock whispered to him

"Where there's a will there's a way." Ash told him. "He said tops 2 weeks right? So we'll stay somewhere and then continue training when she's better."

"One problem with you plan, where do you plan on staying for 2 weeks?"

"We'll figure something out." Ash said not bothering to think ahead. He slowly approached Misty.

"Hey Misty I'm Ash, Ash Ketchum and this is Brock." He slowly told her putting out his hand. She stared at his hand and then finally shook it.

"Nice to meet you."

"I bet this is all really confusing for you but we are going to somehow get your memory back ok Misty?" Ash told her with determination. Misty nodded in approval. *Who is this kid?* They both gave her a little

information about herself, she had three sisters, was from Cerulean, hated bug Pokemon, was a water trainer, and a little about the accident. She took it all in calmly but if it ever registered in her mind they weren't too sure. Ash got an idea all of a sudden.

"Hey Misty do you remember Pikachu?" He asked her releasing his buddy quietly.

"Ash, Pokemon aren't allowed in hospitals." Brock scolded him.

"The doctor said to tell her about old things to get her memory back right? Better start now then later. Lets show her Togepi too, maybe she will remember her the best since it was like her baby." Ash suggested. Brock shrugged his shoulders and secretly handed Ash the egg from his bag. "See Misty, these are Pokemon. This one is yours." Ash told her handing her Togepi, which chirped cheerfully to be back with its mother. "And this one is mine." He finished putting Pikachu on her lap who gave her a friend "pika pi". Misty frightened didn't know what to do so she just sat there with a sad smile as she handed back both Pokemon.

"They're cute, but I just don't remember them." She sighed. Togepi began to cry and Brock tried to calm it down. He quickly put it back in his bag and Ash called his Pikachu back reluctantly.

"Way to go Sherlock, that was a great plan." Brock said sarcastically.

"At least I'm trying." Ash countered in frustration.

"Ash maybe we should call her sisters, see if they can get us a place to stay in for the time being and maybe little by little we can make our way to Cerulean."

"That sounds like a good idea Brock. Come on Misty." He said gently grabbing her hand and pulling her up. She was a little freaked that this kid she met just moments ago was controlling her every move, but in a small way she sort of liked it.

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"You've reached the Sensational Sisters!" Came three perky voices from one end of the videophone. "Oh well look who it is, Mr. Pokemon Master, what's up sweetie?" Daisy cooed noticing who was calling.

"Hi Daisy." Ash said with a small blush at him being referred to as 'sweetie'. "Um I was just calling to say that Misty got in a sort of um accident and she well.."

"She lost her memory." Brock finished for him.

"Like way to go Misty." Violet huffed on the screen. "Well just give her like some medicine and she'll be fine." She continued with a wave of her hand.

"Medicine won't exactly help. She needs rest and can't be traveling for that long and we were wondering if you had any housing options?" Brock asked. The three girls thought for a moment and Daisy spoke up.



“Where are you?”

“In Saffron City.” Ash answered her.

“Well staying here isn’t an option, it’s too far a walk for her, and Pallet’s even further.” Lily replied.

“ Oh! We got cousins in Celadon City which is probably like a 45 minute walk, hour tops.” Violet suggested. “I could call them up and see if they wouldn’t mind having you guys till she gets better.”

“That would be great!” Ash said. Celadon wasn’t too far off their original map route and they could just continue from there.

“Alright I’ll somehow get arrangements with them. I’ll call Misty’s poke gear with the ok. Just take the straight route out of Saffron and keep going straight till you hit Celadon and ask someone how to get to 342 South Beverly Lane.” Violet told them.

“Ok thanks guys.” Ash said with relief.

“No problem.” Daisy said.

“Hope you feel better baby sis.” All three said together before the TV screen went blank.

“Well guys, Celadon City it is.” Ash said his hope one step higher than it was before.

TBC.