

# Misty's Story

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*The backstory of everyone's favorite pokemon girl!*

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# 1 - The Start

Misty. Sure, a pretty name, fit for a pretty girl. I don't think I deserve it. I'm not pretty, i'm just plain. Short messy orange hair, flat chest. Unlike THOSE THREE. My sisters may be lazy ditzes, but at least they're pretty. Beautiful even.

Sigh...

"Heeeey Misty!"

Ugh.

"Heeeey! Me, Violet, and Daisy are going shopping! So take care of the Gym, squirt!"

"I'll take care of you, you-"

And they're already gone. Figures. I'm always left to take care of the Gym. I wanna go out and have fun too....

Rattle, rattle. Staryu's Pokeball.

"Staryu, are you trying to cheer me up? Thanks!"

Hmmm...it's such a nice day too....and a bike ride would be nice....Well I am a Gym Leader. I have to catch more Pokemon!

And that is how I ended up at the river with a fishing rod. But nothing was biting....I was feeling discouraged, when something strong pulled at the line! Maybe a Gyarados?! I pulled as hard as possible, and something came out. But it wasn't a Gyarados. There was a Pokemon, but it didn't belong in water, and it wasn't alone. There was a boy too. Me, being so nice came to his aid. And what did he do? HE STOLE MY BIKE! I looked all over, and when I found it, the boy was gone, and MY BIKE WAS EXTRA CRISPY!!! To make it worse, I left my bag at the river when I chased after him. I'll never forgive him!