

Pokemon! Kotori

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Kotori Midoriyuki is beginning her journey as a Pokemon trainer! This exciting adventure is never gonna end!

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1 - I'm Ready for Adventure-Nya!

As I turned over onto my side, I felt how soft my warm sheets were. Even though the thought of my first Pokemon hung in my mind, I could not bring myself to get out of bed. I opened my eyes to glance at the clock on my bedside table. 7:00, I thought, letting my foot touch the carpeted floor lightly. *I still have time.* Then I noticed the postcard next to my clock. Three thumbnails of the starter Pokemon in Kanto ran across the top near the address. Bulbasaur, Squirtle, and Charmander. The words on the postcard were so inspiring, signed with Professor Oak's signature. I read the words one more time, remembering the good feelings I got from it.

Dear Kotori Midoriyuki,

I have recieved word from your mother, Miss Midoriyuki that you have recently turned ten years old. It is your choice whether or not you want to become a Pokemon trainer, but I would hope so. The three Pokemon available to you are Bulbasaur, Squirtle, and Charmander. I hope you choose a trustworthy partner, Kotori. I will see you soon.

Take Care,

Professor Oak

I knew perfectly well that there was not a very wide selection of Pokemon in Kanto. However, my mother had decided that instead of heading to Hoenn with rest of the family, she would stay here with me so that I could begin my journey in the original region. She wanted me to choose from the starter Pokemon in my birthplace. I slid off my bed onto my knees. There were still some very regal Pokemon here and my spirits were high. "Honey," I heard my mother call. "Breakfast is ready. Are you coming?" I shoved my bags at the wall. "Yeah, I'll be right there," I called, running downstairs. "Wow, that's how you're going to present yourself?" my mother teased, setting a plate of hotcakes in front of me. "Nu, I ridn't herv enoff tine to gat dwessed." I protested, my mouth full of syrupy hotcake. "Don't talk with your mouth full." I nodded and put another forkful into my mouth. "So which one will you choose?" I wiped my mouth off on a napkin. "I don't know. They're all cute. Charmander packs a punch, but is weak to a variety of Pokemon. Squirtle is not weak to many types but looks like a hunk of rock in it's final evolution. Bulbasaur, though weak against many, is cool, classic, and cute!"

My mother smiled. "Remember, it's about strength, not how cute they are. Are you packed?" I shook my head. "Not completely. I still need a town map and a pair of running shoes, then I should be ready." As soon as i cleared my plate, I ran into my room and began getting dressed and finished packing my bags. My bike was in the driveway, my helmet hanging over one side. By the time I was finished, I was exhausted. I warily kissed my mother on the cheek and slipped out the doorway, hearing her shaky voice behind me. I pulled my hair up into a red bandana imprinted with a Poke ball, sat on my bike, and pedaled straight into the world of Pokemon.