

# Introduction

What is love? Is it an ethereal connection between souls, predetermined by fate? Or is it forged from bonds, themselves created from memories? Perhaps it is both. Perhaps it is something else: a basic element of life. A force so powerful, so moving, that it could push its will over gravity itself. And by extent, what does it mean to love? To make these bonds? This love, creator of community and family, can it be more than just a feeling? Perhaps love is a power. An element so raw, so pure, that we only comprehend it as a feeling. Can our feeble minds even begin to comprehend such a force?

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The earth rumbles. It cracks beneath the skin on your feet. You raise a foot to see the crack under your sole. It's deep. As you look around, you notice you are in a desert. The sky is black and empty, and the sand is grey and unmoving. The moon is your only source of light. You reach your hand into the hole in the ground, itself filling slowly with that grey sand. A heat catches your attention, as you grab something. Its heat perfectly juxtaposes the coolness of the sand, and as you pull it up, the hole, filled by that dark sand, disappears. You open your hand to see a small marble. You recognize it immediately. You've heard tales and seen news of this powerful phenomenon. A mega stone.

The sand begins to swirl around you as a light emerges from the stone, beaming into the sky and cutting through the thin clouds above. The clouds and sand begin to swirl together like an all-consuming black hole eating a star, merging into a dark figure with four legs and two horns that appears before you. The figure stands straight, and lets out a terrifying wail.

Behind you, you notice another figure, a slender giant made of stone and glass. Floating next to it you see a small, cat-like figure.

The vibrations come from the ground, but you understand them as a voice.

The Earth: "This is not your fight, human. Be warned. When it is released, there will be only one. Be prepared, or get out while you still can."

*Answer 2 questions*

## The ground feels warm.

It's a nice day out today. The sun shines brightly down on the warm grass. It feels so nice you could just lie in it.

But there is no time for that. No time to take in the day just yet. A professor is waiting for you at his lab. Professor Redwood, a tall and powerful fellow often lost in his own mind. His focus of study? The bonds between Pokemon and People. More specifically the bonds of battle and love. Redwood believes in a powerful energy that ties People and Pokemon together: something he believes to be profoundly embedded in our roots.

You gather your thoughts. You just left your house, seeing your mothers off. You're 11 now, and off to start your Pokemon adventure, just as any other 11 year old in Hully. Probably just nerves from your first day. And you are well on your way!

## The ground feels warm [Ending wip].

The ground feels warm. The earth rumbles. A power rises from cracks in the earth, a golden light that moves like tentacles up through the air. You can only watch as homes and skyscrapers succumb to the earth, eaten up by the light. The ground feels hot. You wish you could be standing anywhere else. Joan stands atop her grand machine, itself glowing red from heat. Her eyes are closed and she is smiling. People and Pokemon, living their regular lives, have now been interrupted by this power. You watch as a great, giant red line appears from the chest of every man, woman, child, and pokemon. This thread intertwines at a point, connecting everybody, and pulls, bringing them ever closer and closer to each other. They try to pull away, but there is no escape. The thread has them.

A minute passes. In only a minute, the city has become a wasteland. All you hear are the screams and cries of the people and pokemon, begging to be spared from the pull of the thread.

At the epicenter of this pull, a mass forms. With every new person pulled into the mass, it grows. This reddish purple, rugged mass forms a face. It has the face of a dragon, and the body of a serpent. It grows the legs of a lion and arms of a gorilla, with claws as sharp as drills. As it grows, its skin grows bumps, each given a face.

The Mind is reborn. And a thread appears in your heart.