

# The Master and Student

Our story begins high in the mountains as the sun rises to a new dawn for the village of Jitsu-Yama. In this wonderful world of Pokemon, everyone knows of the village in the mountains. Its wide open space of endless nature, trees that reach unimaginable heights, the lakes and rivers crystal clear, rich with an abundance of water pokemon. The village itself is quiet and peaceful, the local villagers live their lives comfortably, merry, and with no worries. True it is a bit away from the outside world, but not in absolute isolation. Weather conditions can be brutal from long cold harsh winters and terrible storms. However, the Pokemon here make it worth living in this beautiful valley they call home. But what makes Jitsu-Yama most famous are the stories and legends of powerful warriors who train in the Temple. These Masters are held in high regard in the village and seen as protectors and bringers of peace throughout the land. It was a special day at the Temple. The time has come for Masters young and old to take on a new Student. Many Pokemon from the village or those who made the climb to the village, await to be chosen. This is especially a big year for two individuals who have yet to embark on the most incredible journey of their lives.

Outside the Temple, in the courtyard, one by one the Masters picked their Students. Many have been chosen and began their training well on their way down the path to greatness however only one remains. A small Pokemon was seen sleeping on a stump in the middle of the courtyard. Luckily for him, there was only one Master left and he was approaching. This young individual was not unfamiliar to him however it was very rare, to say the least for a Pokemon of his species to be here in the mountains. He knew what a Munchlax is but for one to be here is surprising and raises some questions but for now "Wake up!" he shouts. The Munchlax falls back on the stump and rolls onto his chest and scrambles to his feet. Climbing back onto the stump he

is greeted by a scruffy, grizzly-looking Pokemon who looked like he had his share of battles. His right eye is scarred, his right ear is nicked, a part of what appears to be a dreadlock or some kind of antenna is missing and on his left arm, two spikes have broken off. To his knowledge, only stories are told of this particular Pokemon species being extraordinary and powerful, almost enough to rival the legendary monsters of old. What he sees standing before him is Lucario. “What is your name, young one?” he asks in a very gruff and deep voice. “Che...Cheezo... My name is Cheezo sir.” he replied standing at attention. His voice was soft and kind like a young child but he had a certain air of confidence and enthusiastic energy. The scruffy Jackal Pokemon looked him over from ear to toe and said “My name is Kuroku and as of today your Master.”

The two Pokemon stood in the courtyard, Kuroku tried to evaluate his new and first pupil. “So Cheezo, what brings you to the Temple?” Cheezo gives a smile and looks up to his new mentor and hopefully a new friend. “Well, I would like to become a Master and hone my skills Mr. Kuroku sir.” he happily replied “It's just Master or Kuroku. Well, you seem to have the drive and attitude for it so let me see what you can do.” Kuroku gestures for Cheezo to step down from the stump, however, was unsure what he meant. “What do you mean Master?” “What can you do? Demonstrate your abilities.” Kuroku replied. Cheezo then climbed back on the stump and ready himself “Here we go! HUFF!!” he shouts as he leaps off the stump and with a loud thud hits the ground like a stone. Kuroku was not impressed but maybe there was still hope. “Anything else?”. Cheezo rolls over and sits up looking at Kuroku as he takes a deep breath and “BURP!!”. The putrid smell of musty, stale rotten food felled Kuroku’s sensitive nose making him dizzy and felt like he was gonna be sick. “Good Arceus above. *Cough.*” he recoils unprepared for this revolting smell. “Sorry about that. You did say to showcase my skills so... ya what do you think?” Kuroku looked at the small Pokemon with a raised eyebrow. “ You threw

yourself on the ground and belched in my face. Anything else you can do? “ Cheezo looked at him and felt silly for his display. “Well that’s all I can do. I mean I can tell good jokes.” He clears his throat and looks to Kuroku “What did the one Geodude say to the other Geodude? Let's Rock!” he shouts as he begins to bang his belly like a drum as he laughs at his joke. Kuroku just stared at him. It was very upsetting. Cheezo felt the pressure now seeing that his Master was not at all impressed with his abilities. “Well, do you have any experience in battle? Any form of training whatsoever?” he asked, questioning Cheezo. Though it was abundantly clear that he doesn't, however, any Magikarp can become a Graradois, at least that's what his Master once told him. Cheezo looked at him and scratched his head smiling “Well basically...no Kuroku I don't.” The situation has gone from unimpressive to very disappointing. Maybe this is a sign for Kuroku seeing he was late to pick a Student but at the same time, this will put his skills to the test. “Alright, follow me.” he gestures to Cheezo. They make their way through the Temple and into the training grounds.

Kuroku turns to face his pupil and sees that he is... eating? Cheezo is eating a rice ball. The small Pokemon looked at him and smiled a bit embarrassed and had bits of rice in his teeth. “Where and when did you get that Rice Ball?” he inquired. “Oh um...hold on” the little Munchlax reaches into his long thick fur and pulls out another Rice Ball that appeared to be covered in hair and looked a bit green. “Rice balls are my favorite snack so I carry some in my fur. Among other things, won't one.” he offered one to Kuroku. “I'd rather not thank you. I need you to focus. You see that boulder right there. Watch carefully.” Cheezo watches as Kuroku takes a fighting stance and takes a deep breath. He lowers his right arm to his side, clenches his fist, and it begins to shine with energy as he throws his punch. With one strike, the boulder was destroyed. “Wow”. Cheezo was amazed by his awesome power “Consider this your first lesson.

Focus Punch; to use this attack you need to focus your mind and channel all your energy to your fist and through your punch. Understand?” “Yes sir! I mean yes Master” seeing that optimism again Cheezo stands in front of another boulder. Cheezo prepared himself, took a stance and closed his eyes, and took a deep breath. “Focus your mind. Channel your power to your fist and throw.” Cheezo put a foot back and threw his fist and...the boulder still stood and a high-pitched squeal was heard as the young pupil got on his knees. “Ooooweee”.

Poor Cheezo was on the ground crying a little as Kuroku picked him up to his feet. “It doesn't look bad. Pain is only in the mind ”. “ No. It's in my hand,” he replied. Kuroku just looked at his pupil “Well I showed you what to do. So it's up to you now. Remember to focus your mind and *concentrate!*” Cheezo stops midway biting into a rice ball as he chuckles nervously trying to offer it to Kuroku again. The grizzly Pokemon smacks it away and Cheezo watches as it flies away. He looks back to his Master now scolding him. “You lack discipline. So you're not leaving this spot until you destroy this boulder. I'll be back in an hour. I expect results,” he says as he heads back to the Temple leaving Cheezo alone. Cheezo stared at the boulder and tried again, yet no matter how many attempts he made the boulder was still standing. “Darn it! ”. Feeling defeated and on his back, the poor little fella felt he may have bit more off than he could chew. “How am I going to do this? Maybe food will help? I wonder where that rice ball went?” Almost as if the universe heard him, a small ball of rice appeared just a few feet away. After scarfing it down he looks over to see another and another and another and another. Like a Mightyena on the trail of its prey, Cheezo picks it up and eats. Until he comes to a stop to see someone or something holding a plate of freshly cooked rice balls. Another hand comes out and gestures to him to come closer to claim his prize. Despite his better judgment he approaches to grab the plate. The plate goes back into a hole and Cheezo stumbles in.

About thirty minutes go by and Kuroku returns to check on his young pupil only to find that he was gone and the boulder was still there. He sighs as he rubs his temples and looks around for Cheezo calling his name. "I may have expected a little too much here. Now where did he go?" he pondered as he looked around the training field he saw no sign of Cheezo until he heard a muffled scream. He walked toward the source of the sound and was ready for anything, expect the unexpected, and yet... he was not prepared for this. Cheezo's little legs were kicking desperately as his lower half was showing and his top half was stuck in a hole. Kuroku goes to his student and pulls with all his might to get him out. He noticed that whatever he fell into had some resistance and it was pulling back. He kept at it trying his hardest to save his pupil little did he know the hole was increasing in size rather quickly. "What is the name of Palkiaaa" was the last thing he said as they were pulled into the hole and it closed behind them.

The two Pokemon went through what appeared to be a void in space further and further along they fell. Cheezo was panicking, shouting, and screaming. "Are we just gonna keep falling like this forever!" he shouted as he turned around and there was a little light at the end. Cheezo was the first to make it through as he fell forward tumbling on the ground only to be met with a face full of mother earth and a muffled moan from the pain. Kuroku came after he somersaulted and flew over Cheezo and superhero landed perfectly in front of him. "Cheezo! Cheezo are you alright?" he asked, helping him to his feet. "The pain is now in my face, but I think I am ok." he replied. He sets him down and looks around; they appear to be in a dense forest. "I don't recognize this place." Kuroku looks around as does Cheezo "I have no clue where we are but... I smell something good. Must be a camp nearby, come on." Cheezo ran through the forest following his nose. Kuroku followed behind, easily keeping up with him. As they ran, Kuroku noticed the closer they got to the source of the smell the forest became less and less dense with

trees. Eventually, they made it through the forest and saw what appeared to be a campsite. “Wow well let's go” before he could walk to the camp he felt that he was lifted off the ground. “Now hold on. We don't know who or what is out there. For all we know they're probably not friendly” Kuroku says as he sets Cheezo down. “We won't know until we see right?” Cheezo asks and watches as Kuroku’s eyes begin to glow. “So many Pokemon it looks like a small settlement.” “How do you know? Is it that Aura thing?” Cheezo questioned. “Yes. There are a lot of them. So let's be careful.” “You don't need to, it's filled with friendly Pokemon ” Both Cheezo and Kuroku turned to see who or what spoke. It was a quadrupedal Pokemon and looked very odd, it had a yellow handkerchief around its neck. Zorua was the name of this Pokemon, Kuroku, and Cheezo have heard of this Pokemon but have never seen one in person even if they did. It was probably an illusion. “ Welcome, Kuroku and Cheezo to Base Camp. My name is Merriweather.” The two of them looked at her and were curious about this stranger. “Hi. Merriweather...that's a nice name.” This made her smile with a little blush and her tail began to wag “Aw. Thank you. You're so sweet.” She replied. Kuroku of course remains cautious of this new Pokemon. “How do you know our names?” he asked. “ Oh well, we've been watching you.” “We?” Before he could ask any other question a gold hoop appeared next to Merriweather and out of nowhere a Pokemon emerged from it and bowed with a rather cheeky smile greeting them. “ This is my best friend in the whole wide dimension, Hoopa!” Both Kuroku and Cheezo couldn't believe their eyes, Hoopa the Hoopa the Mythical Pokemon of Mischief. The stories and myths were true; they do exist. “Hey wait a minute... I saw you before. You were the one who held the plate of Rice Balls before I fell.” They nod and look at Merriweather and she smiles and giggles. “ Hoopa says it was the only way to bring both of you here. Seeing that you have a weakness for Rice Balls” Cheezo was scratching his head a little embarrassed “ Why? Why are we here and

what do you two want?" Koroku asks "Glad you asked. Hoopa and I were watching and observing the two of you and we both agreed that you guys had a nice yin-yang thing going. We both thought that the two of you would be a perfect team for the Hyperspace Tournament!" Merriweather says excitedly about the same amount of energy Cheezo had when he started his training. " A tournament? What kind of tournament?" Kuroku questioned a little worried now. Merriweather looks at them as Hoopa nods and disappears again "follow me I'll explain along the way."

The two newest candidates followed Merriweather as she trotted along with her tail wagging in the air. As they walk through they see all kinds of Pokemon walking around in pairs. There were different tents, shacks, and dens that accommodated most. Berries, berries, and more berries were growing all around. Cheezo was happy to see one particular berry growing. "Fuku berries," he says happily "Yep everyone here loves them. Anyway, all the Pokemon that you see have been picked by Hoopa and me because they are the best and most unique. The Hyperspace Tournament so far has about 50 contestants each paired up with a partner which we call Expedition Teams." she explains as she leads them through base camp. "So what is it that we do in this Tournament?" Cheezo wondered. "Well each round will take place in a demission founded by Hoopa and the challenges will be announced by them through me. It won't be just fighting. It will have rather racing, puzzle solving, etcetera." "So the tasks will put our skills to the test." Kuroku conquers."Exactly" Merriweather continues as they get closer to the sources of the smell that lead them here. "This stall belongs to Gran and Dora, they provide Catering and Medical Aid. " The jolly old Gran waved hello and Dora was just hiding behind the stall and just peeping over. Cheezo was mesmerized by the smell of food as he tried to sneak off and get a taste of it but was stopped by Kuroku and pulled along to follow Merriweather to the next stall. "This one

belongs to the twins Espurr and Espurr; they are in charge of delivering needed supplies and helping set up the rounds for the competitions.”The twins wave to Merriweather, Kuroku, and Cheezo. “Well, that's about it. Any questions?” “What is the prize if we win?” Kuroku asked. “Oh yes, I almost forgot. You see, one of Hoopa’s hoops got damaged from an accident.” “Is that why they are... you know?” Cheezo asks carefully not to offend Hoopa. “ Yes. That's why.” she looked a little sad like she remembered what happened “Anyway. So with the hoop being damaged it has enough power for a one-way ticket for a chance of a lifetime. They decide the winners will have the door opened to a world where no Pokemon excites but only humans. A Human world.” Both Kuroku and Cheezo were confused and a bit concerned about the prize “ Master. What's a human?” “I have no idea?” Merriweather started to get nervous “I see there are no humans where you're from. Well, it's still a chance of a lifetime.” “What happens if we lose?” Even Cheezo started to get a bit nervous. Kuroku stood fast and wondered what would happen. “ If you lose and the Tournament is still in progress you remain here at Base Camp and spectate, then when it is all over you will be sent back to a world that is filled with Pokemon.” The way they looked at it, if they win they will be sent to a world that is alien to them if they lose they go home.

Merriweather smiled nervously as she began to walk off “ Make sure you have a name for your team and a uniform. Will provide you with a team color soon. If you need anything don't be afraid to ask me. Good luck boys.” Merriweather walks away leaving them alone. “What do we do now?” Kuroku looked at Cheezo and got down on one knee “ looks like we have to compete. As we do so I will continue your train as much as I can. Starting with the Focus punch. From here on out where we work and train together.” “With plenty of laughs and food on the way,” Cheezo said with a smile. As they make their way back to the others Kuroku begins to think of



the best way to train Cheezo and maybe ask the Espurr twins if they have a book on Munchlax and Snorlax abilities. To see what moves he can teach Cheezo to better train him and be able to defend himself. Cheezo was thinking of the food back at that stall. He'll be hanging around there often also. "What's gonna be our name, Kuroku?" "Simple really. Will be called Jitsu-Yama." Cheezo smiled, and Kuroku didn't even smirk but gave a nod of approval. "Hey, Master. Why did the Squirtle cross the ocean? To get to the other tide." he chuckles as he drums his belly. Kuroku just stares and walks to camp. "How about this? A Pikachu ran into a Jolteon the other day, the energy in the room was eclectic." once again he laughed at his joke, Kuroku was unresponsive. "Oh, this is a good one. Why should you always bring a Charmander camping? Because he's a fire starter!" Kuroku just sighed, this was gonna be a long Tournament. Thus begins the unexpected journey of Kuroku and Cheezo of Jitsu-Yama.