

When you look at the stars every night, does it ever come to you that maybe, just maybe there could be life in another world, or maybe in another dimension? Most people don't, they just look at the stars for relaxation, since you can never see a better picture in the sky. I myself am like that. Although I'm not much of an astronomer, I always have that feeling there's something else in the galaxy. Little did I know that that feeling would come true...in a way.

There's an old saying which states, "Truth is in the eyes of the beholder." Well, what I saw that faithful night was nothing far from the truth, yet far from reality.

I was in my house sleeping. It was summer break so I had no worries about the next morning. Of course, that night there had been a pretty bad thunderstorm. I usually was able to sleep pretty well during thunderstorms. Of course, that was until a huge flash of lightning and an even bigger boom of thunder chucked me right up. I looked to the clock on my desk and it read: 4:23 am. I then looked outside my window, making sure nothing got hit. I was about to go back to bed until I saw a figure on the ground on the side of the road. I decided to go check it out since I didn't want to keep thinking about a possible dead cat. Also, sleeping was going to be a harder option with a bolt like that.

So I got my shoes on and went out in the rain. It was coming down pretty good, but I've seen worse. When I got to where the animal was, my eyes went wide open. What I saw lying there was no cat. What my eyes seemed to see what looked like a... Pikachu? I slapped myself across the face a couple of times to make sure I wasn't dreaming. This was real alright, and there was an unconscious Pikachu lying at my feet. A flash of lightning sealed the deal. Whether I wanted to believe it or not, I had to help it.

I carefully picked it up. It still seemed to be breathing but slowly and shallowly. If I didn't get it inside quick, it was most likely going to die. I took it inside and got some towels to help dry it off. It didn't seem injured at all, at least no visible injuries. I put a hand against its forehead. It didn't seem to have a fever. It may have passed out from exhaustion, or something similar. After that, I took it upstairs and put it in my bed so it could rest. I pulled up a chair next to it and sat

there. I made sure to stay by it in case it needed anything. As I sat by, watching it, I could feel myself falling back to sleep and before I knew it, I was out once again.

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About four hours later, I woke up. Pikachu was still sleeping, but his breathing seemed more relaxed. I decided before he woke up that I would try to find some food he would like. I went downstairs to where the kitchen and looked into the fridge to see what leftovers. Since Pikachu was a mouse Pokemon, he mostly ate meat and protein-related foods, which took out the cheese cliché from the I saw in cartoons from when I was a kid. Luckily, I had some extra ground beef from having tacos yesterday. I took what was left of it, put in a bowl and microwaved it. May not have been fresh but it was better hot than cold. When that was done, I went back upstairs.

I guess Pikachu could smell the food, because slowly he opened his eyes. "Pika?" he said, looking around the room. All of a sudden his eyes shot open and Pikachu was starting to panic.

"Hey, take it easy there, fella," I said suddenly, getting up.

Pikachu looked to me with a confused look. "Pika?" he said. I may not have been able to understand what he was saying but I could tell he was curious who I was.

"It's good to see you're finally awake," I said. "I found you last night unconscious in the rain, so I took you in and took care of you."

Pikachu looked at me for a second. Then it smiled along with a pleasant "Pikachu" as if to say thank you.

"Oh, here I got you some food," I said, putting the bowl of food on the bed, "It's probably not like the food you're used to, but there was nothing else I could find."

"Pika?" he said, looking at the food. He took a sniff of the food and then took a bite. It's eyes bulged out with amazement and laughing it said, "Pika!" before chowing down on the food.

I laughed, watching the yellow mouse in amusement. The fact I was seeing Pikachu with my own eyes seemed impossible. He was based on a drawing, so how could he be real? I was probably never going to understand.

After Pikachu was done, I took the bowl off from the bed. "...Right, I almost forgot to introduce myself. My name is Al," I said as I put out my hand to shake his little paw.

Pikachu looked at it for a second, and soon got the message. "Pika," he said smiling as he took my fingers.

"I have to admit, I would never think in my life I would ever meet a Pikachu," I said looking at him. I then frowned. "Unfortunately, you don't technically exist in this world." Pikachu looked up at me, confused. I felt I had to explain. "You see Pikachu, you're based off a show seen on TV. But maybe you do exist after all."

"Chu," Pikachu said sadly, putting his head down.

"But hey, since you're here, we can become good friends," I said, stroking Pikachu's ear, which he liked very much. "But I have to let you know, it's probably best you don't leave the house, especially during the day, 'because I can't let anyone else see you."

Pikachu nodded, seeming to understand this. He seemed rather anxious to get out of the bed and looked fully recovered.

"Well, I better show you around the house then," I said. I then laughed when Pikachu decided to get onto my shoulder. I could see we were going to become best friends rather quickly.

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I was showing Pikachu all around the house. "This is my room here," I said, "It's not exactly the cleanest but it's easy to get around." I couldn't help it, I've never been one to be that organized, but I do try to keep anything technological or dangerous off the floor. As we both went into the hallway, I made sure to tell Pikachu where the bathroom was, just so there were never any

problems. Truth was, my parents moved up to where my grandma used to live, so we were living by ourselves. "Here's the kitchen," I told Pikachu who was still on my shoulder, going downstairs. "You'll have to let me know if you need anything since I don't think you can open the fridge."

And after that, I showed him the living room and downstairs in the basement. I also showed him the television and what he could watch. "At least he can understand what's going on," I thought to myself, chuckling. Finally, I decided to show him my laptop. I got it last summer before I had gone to college. I decided maybe he would like to listen to some music.

"So Pikachu, what kind of music do you like to listen to?" I asked him.

"Pika?" he uttered, looking at me in confusion.

"You know, what people sing and dance to," I said.

"Pi...?" he thought to himself for a second. Then he finally got the picture. "Pika, pika," he said smiling, stating he understood now.

Well, he wasn't a big fan of pop, rap, or rock, well, the look said it all. The music made him cringe and his ears drooped as low as could get or give a look of disgust. However, he seemed to like some dubstep and he definitely liked good '70's music. "Alright then Pikachu," I said, "How about this song then," and I played "Good old fashioned lover boy" by Queen. As soon as he heard this song, his eyes lit up in amazement, and he let up a very happy "Pika." I couldn't blame him, it was a relaxing song, yet romantic and pretty catchy.

"I see you like this song a lot," I said. "I guess it kind of makes you think of being with the perfect female Pikachu huh?"

All of a sudden, Pikachu put his head down and drooped his ears. I knew that comment made him think of his own home and I wish I hadn't said that. "I'm sorry Pikachu, I forgot that you're missing your own home."

Pikachu dropped off my shoulder and got onto the table where I was sitting at. "Pika, pika," he said to me, telling me he was alright.

"Do you have any idea what happened or how you got here?" I asked him.

Pikachu thought for a second but then said sadly, "Pika, pika?" while rubbing his head, trying to tell he couldn't quite remember what happened. I guess maybe he had hit his head, which could explain him being unconscious. I had to admit, I felt bad for him, being plucked out of his world and put into another one, especially one that considers him to not be real.

"Well, I'll tell you what, buddy, I'll do whatever I can to help you get back to where you belong," I said to him.

Pikachu then looked at me and smiled and leaped into my arms, giving me a hug. I laughed. I never thought I would care so much for a character that wasn't supposed to exist. Still, love is love.

"Hey, I got an idea," I told him, "Since we got a full day ahead of us, why don't we watch some movies, luckily I have a good amount of them."

"Pikachu," Pikachu said, nodding his head. And that's what we did. We watched a couple of comedy films which made Pikachu laugh, which of course made me laugh since I was surprised he understood some of the content, and we watched some drama/love movies which made Pikachu cry. This took up most of the day and around six, I decided to get us both some dinner. I also decided to get some pizza since Pikachu has never had it, well, here. After ordering from Marco's, I made sure to tell Pikachu not to go with me towards the door when the doorbell rang

so he wouldn't be seen. About half an hour later, the pizza came. Pikachu was looking at it with curiosity.

"I know you've never had pizza but I'm sure you'll like it," I said. I got two plates out for ourselves and then got a slice for myself and then got one for Pikachu. "Just be careful eating it, it might still be hot," I added, taking a bite.

Pikachu looked at it for a second, and then took a bite of the slice. His eyes glazed over and with a full mouth said, "Pika, pika" rather happily.

I laughed and then took the glass of water I had with me and raised it as a toast. "Well Pikachu, here's a toast to the great times I'm sure we're going to have," I said as Pikachu raised his small, paper cup and clanked them together. Or more specifically, he picked up the cup with both of his paws and I clanked mine against his. Of course, all you could hear was a tap.

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After dinner, we decided to watch some more TV, mostly 'My Wife and Kids'. Before we both knew it, it was starting to get into the late hours and Pikachu was apparently getting tired, since he let out a yawn. "Sounds like someone is getting tired," I said laughing. I decided to go upstairs and make Pikachu his own bed. I found an old, unused cardboard box and put in a small pillow. I then used one of my t-shirts as a blanket and another as a smaller pillow. It wasn't much but I didn't have much else to give. I went back downstairs and saw that Pikachu had fallen asleep on the couch. I picked him up and took him upstairs. When I put him on the bed, he slowly woke up as I got into bed.

"Pika?" he said. Then he shook his head. "Pika, Pika, Pika!" he then said.

"Huh?, you want to sleep in my bed?" I asked. He nodded. "Well, I guess my bed is more comfortable than the one I made for you," I said, chuckling. He got inside the bed and cuddled up next to me. "Just make sure if I end up laying on you, you better thundershock me."

But Pikachu was already asleep. However, I couldn't do so as quickly. I was thinking about how and why Pikachu was here. I had a bad feeling I wasn't going to be able to get him back, but I had to try anyway. Tomorrow, I would have to try to see what I could do to make him remember what happened. And with that, I turned out the lights and fell asleep right alongside Pikachu. Heh, just me and a pokemon. Funny how that sounds.

*End of chapter 1*