

Reflections of shimmering water danced along the eyes of a young Kirlia boy. He stood alone at the edge of the town he grew up in, his hands clutching a marble tightly to his chest. Years ago, before his father passed on, he was given that marble for safe keeping. He was told that it was his 'good luck charm', and that he should always hold onto it no matter what. Now, he felt so uncertain about the path he wanted to go down. The reflection of his body warbled in the water, the voices of his friends behind him. What was lost in the waves was his beautiful eyelashes, a cape too long for his plump little body, and a Muscle Band that needed a double knot to wrap around his head.

"You don't need to evolve now," spoke an assured Meowstic, "you could just wait until you're older."

"Doesn't matter who you are," the Zangoose next to him assured his friend, "you're still the same guy we've known for ages."

Even still, the Kirlia in part knew his path was set out for him. "...I want to be a hero." he promised his friends. "That means picking what I think is the right choice. And..." he'd lift the marble up to the sky and close his left eye, letting the tangerine skies bounce through what little translucency there was. A viridian swish with a crimson streak defined the little orb. "...I think my Dad knew what I wanted to grow up to be, anyway."

"You're certain, then?" the Meowstic wondered.

Nodding slowly, the Kirlia would turn around to pull something out of his bag. A gemstone big enough to require both of his hands, one of a teal hue that sparkled like a glittering eye. Moments of hesitation, moments of reflection, he was past those. He was going to honor his late father's gift. He was going to make him proud.

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How long was Aspen out for? Grass tickled the leftmost side of his body, his arm and leg primarily. His head was swarming with swampiness, a mucky feeling he'd get back in the day when he got absolutely mollywopped in a fight. His instinct was to pull himself up to his feet, even if the task wasn't pleasant. He grunted and groaned, joints creaking stiffly until he stood upright. Where was Aspen? His eyes scanned an aquamarine treeline that closed in upon him. The clouds above swirled and moved in a manner foreign to him, the sky's hue bright and blue to contrast the cloudy day. Warm air was flapping his cape to the west...or was it west, truly? This was a forest he wasn't familiar with, a sky he'd never seen before, yellow-green grass he'd never felt before. His confusion was put on hold when his ears twitched. Voices were coming from not too far away. He whipped his whole body toward the sound, his cape flapping behind him, hips wobbling when he recentered himself. He might as well see what the commotion was about...



of

"I see you two are

The dark,

“Okay

Reaching over

“Sh







































































