

Island Getaway

Many people seem to have a misconception of pokémon being cute and harmless, as if owning a pokémon leads to a luxurious life to live. With all these new gyms and competitions, children as young as six decide to start out becoming a pokémon trainer and get their first starter pokémon. How do their parents even allow their children to go off on their own at such a young age boggles many minds. Sometimes it crosses the mind of such individuals, 'how would my life be if I were to become a pokémon trainer' - however, there are parents that would have never allowed it for their children. That's the thing, pokémon aren't as harmless as everyone makes them out to be.

There are others who share similar views in this world, if they aren't becoming a pokémon trainer then they are studying to have a career elsewhere to make a living. Though try as hard as they may to avoid coming into contact with pokémon - this world has become dependant on their skills and abilities. Of course there are those who do things with sheer human strength and knowledge, but many opt to use other means; much like robotics and machinery, pokémon are very much the same means to an end in getting the jobs done. As such, humans tend to compete in the working field against pokémon. The competition can be very difficult, alas education is still very important and those seeking careers still attend to make a living in the end. Much like Martin, a twenty-three year old man in his last year of engineering while there are others out there exploring the world and capturing pokémon trying to become a 'Pokémon Master', he is here in university studying.

*Ouf! I'm not a fan of this professor, we're about to go on our summer break and he's already given us three projects that need to be done by the time we return. Anyways, what are your plans after class Martin?"

"I have no plans at all, just gonna head back to the apartment and try to get an early start on these projects. Less to worry about later on." Martin begins to pack his assignments into his bag as the class is dismissed. "If you want, you can come by and we can work on these together. Personally don't understand how you all procrastinate and then begin to stress over having little time to finish it. So dumb Ray." Ray gives Martin a snarky look.

"Okay there big boy, you need to relax some. I heard there's going to be a pokémon battle happening on the field in a hour. Curious to see what pokémon will be used."

Martin pauses for a moment, staring out the window and turns back to zip up his bag. "Hmm, I'll think about it."

"C'mon bro, your parents aren't here, not like they'll know you've been watching pokémon battles. Besides, we'll be far away, sitting along the bleachers. There's no way we'll get caught

in a crossfire. Nothing to worry about, just come and watch. Who knows, you might like some of the pokémon and decide to catch one for yourself.”

Martin lets out a scruff laugh. “Nah, that’s highly unlikely. Those things can easily harm if not kill someone if they aren’t trained properly. Not to mention, judging by the IQ of some of the students I’ve met here - that is quite the scary thought.” Martin begins to throw his bag over his shoulder and continues to make his way to the door.

“Fine, fine. But honestly though, have you considered checking out that pokémon summer camp? I know, I know - ‘pokémon are dangerous, didn’t you just hear what I said’. But we will be in a controlled environment, some of the worlds greatest pokémon professors will be there. I highly doubt there will be anything to worry about. Just let your parents know that’ll you’ll be visiting my place for a bit during the break before heading back home to get some work done.” With a poor attempt at mocking Martin, Ray was being sincere with the invite.

“I’ll think about it.”

Martin and Ray continue walking down the hallway to the main lobby, both of them pause and Martin take in a deep breath already predicting what Ray is about to say.

(***)Insert drawing, both Ray and Martin in the open space(***)

“Don’t forget, the pokémon battle at the field in a hour.” He taps Martin against his shoulder and heads out.

“He never gives up huh?” Martin stares at Ray running out towards the field. “Looks like there’s a lot of people gathering around to save seats to watch. Guess it wouldn’t hurt to watch. If anything, sit behind a couple people - use them as a body shield if anything goes awry.” Martin laughs to himself at the thought of it. He begins walking towards his dorm and drops off his bag and takes a seat on the couch. Letting out a sigh of relief. “That camp does sound like fun, not gonna lie. Guess I’ll go and surprise that nub.” Martin picks up the phone and calls his parents, letting his mother know that he’ll be heading to Rays for a few days before heading home for the break. Martin hangs up and gets ready to head out. “May as well go now, I’m sure Ray has a seat saved but best to just be certain.”

Martin exits his room and locks the door behind him as he heads down the hallway towards the exit. Following behind the crowd of people heading towards the field, he keeps his eyes peeled looking for Ray. Pokéon battles have always been a form of entertainment for the vast majority of people, much like any other sport such as wrestling, and boxing - it is no different. There are the odd times when a trainer would send out a terribly under-matched pokémon, in cases like this the pokémon would faint at best, worse case scenario - it would be murdered by the opponent, if the trainer doesn’t know when to surrender. However, pokémon centres are always available to help heal damaged dealt to pokémon but there are just so much they can do.

“Martin!” Ray shouts out standing from the bleacher as he beckons Martin to come. “So you finally caved in eh? Apparently they’re holding a tournament today. Lucky you, get to see more than one match. I’m curious about what we’ll see today.” Ray clearly radiating his excitement, eyes wide open and full set of teeth visible through his smile, begins to scout the trainers from the field. “Ohhh! That kid is most definitely a fire trainer, just look at him coated in red all over. Ah, that one there looks like he’s a bug trainer. Ouf! That be a terrible match up to have.”

“You certainly know your stuff about pokémon huh? Why don’t you ever consider trying to become a trainer? Didn’t you own a pokémon before you got into university?”

"I had to release my houndour, he was still a pup and kept burning the furniture. We decided to keep him outside but that just made his behaviour worse."

"That's understandable. I can see fire types being quite the problem to maintain inside for sure."

"Well, enough about my poor experience. I think they're about to draw the names for the tournament." Ray sits up straight and focuses intently towards the field while Martin just nonchalantly looks around at the crowd. Amazed by how full the field is with people occupying the bleachers and many standing along the track field - some people even brought their own pair of camping chairs to sit up front.

The busy sound of the crowd rustling and chatting started to quiet down as someone on the field began to approach the stage and stood behind a box. He reaches his hand in and grabs a folded piece of paper with a name on it. He reaches in again to grab another, then turns to the board placed behind him on stage and writes down the names. He continues to draw names to fill out the barracks, a total of five are displayed.

"Welcome everyone! Today we will be holding a tournament with five matches in total. The winner will receive twelve pokéballs, one ultra ball, and the good old rare candy. Second place will receive twelve pokéballs, and third place will receive six pokéballs. Now without further ado, lets hear it for our first match lineup!" The referee turns to look at the trainers lined up and calls out the first two trainers to head up to the field and get ready. "On the left we have Andrew, on the right we have Garry! The rules are simple, both trainers can only use up to two pokémon each, the winner is decided by the first pokémon to faint or the trainer who forfeits. Let the match begin!"

"Go Titan!" Andrew throws out a pokéball and a metang materializes and ready itself for battle.

"Show them your stuff Daisy!" Garry threw out his pokéball and a simipour materialized onto the field.

The crowd begins to go wild while people began to cheer for both trainers and their pokémon as the match begins. Martin turns to focus on the field and looks at the two pokémon before him. Staring back towards Ray, he asks "So, what's this match up look like? Pretty sure this one is Andrews' win."

"Hmm... Well metang is a steel and psychic type, whereas simipour is a water type. Neither are each others weakness, however, metang definitely is quite beefy but that simipour might have the upper hand in speed. If I had to choose, I'd go with metang winning this one." Ray and Martin to back their focus onto the match.

Garry calls out an attack sending simipour out in a fury of attacks slashing away at metang, "That's it Daisy, don't give them any chance!" While Andrew is forced into making metang go into an iron defence state.

"Ugh! Titan we can't just keep taking these blows, go and show them how hard that head of yours is!" Metang steadies itself and launches head forward with a zen headbutt, sending simipour flying back a couple feet. Hearing the sound of bones crunching.

"Daisy received a critical hit from Titans powerful zen headbutt, will Daisy be able to get back up or is this the end?" Everyone focusing on simipour as she is laying on the floor, as she begins to slowly regain consciousness and sits up. "Oh! Looks like Daisy is still raring to go for

more! She sure has spirit!" The crowd begins to cheer and scream chanting "Daisy! Daisy! Daisy!"

"Titan don't let her up! Take her down and end it with a meteor smash!" Metang charges down towards Simipour as she tries to regain her balance on her feet. Metang pulls back its arm and gets ready to send a deadly blow.

"Daisy, lets pay them back full force and shred that tin can with shadow claw!" Simipour readies herself as the fur on her back stands up waiting for a close call with Metang's steel fist flying straight towards her. Her body moves like an acrobat, smooth like water and swiftly dodges the punch and slips behind Metang, leaping on its back and holds her hand up high as it gets consumed with a shadow revealing a fighting claw and slashes down the back of Metang's head. "Yea! Unleash that furry and continue with the shadow claw, dig into that metal and rip it to shreds!" Simipour continues to claw away at Metang, hearing the sound of steel screeching - vibrating throughout the field.

(***Insert drawing, Simipour clawing out Metang - furiously with shadow claws - from the back and fluid leaking***)

"Looks like Titan is in trouble! What'll Andrew do?" Metang's back began to dent inward and the steel began to break slightly, oozing a bit of fluid of some sort from the holes made through Simipour's shadow claws. "Alright! Metang is no longer able to battle, the winner of the match is Daisy!" The crowd cheers for Simipour while Andrew recalls Metang back and gets ready for his next pokémon.

"C'mon Rammu! Lets get em!" A Shelgon materialized onto the field.

"Oh ho! Looks like we got ourselves another tank! Garry, will you continue with Daisy or choose your next pokémon?" The referee waits for Garry's response. "Alright Daisy is staying in! Trainers ready? Go!" The sheer excitement from the crowd radiates and echoes throughout.

"Alright Daisy, lets try to end this swiftly" Garry sends out Simipour in a flurry of attacks once again.

"Oh, dang... Shelgon is weak against ice, and I'm certain that Simipour must've been taught at least one ice move. What's Andrew have in mind?" Ray was anxious of this Andrew's pokémon choice.

"Could just be the only pokémon he has left I guess?" Martin responds.

"Could be, but at that point it's more of a gamble. Daisy had a huge advantage in the previous match against Titan because she had a combination of dark and ghost skills learned. Having the opposing weakness definitely gives them the upper hand. May as well have just forfeit the match." Ray responded back.

"Alright Rammu, rollout and turn the lights out on that monkey with a zen headbutt!" Shelgon begins to rapidly spin in its shell building up momentum and moves forward towards Simipour as they both charge towards each other. At the moment of impact, a second sound of bones crushing echoed, the weight of Shelgon's shell colliding against Simipour's head had sent Simipour instantly down to the ground.

"Daisy is no longer able to battle! The winner is Andrew and Rammu!" The match ended abruptly as it started. The crowd was shocked but ecstatic all at the same time. "We are now down to both trainers having to use one last pokémon each. Who will Garry use next?"

“Spicy! Bring us the ‘W’!” A fletchling materializes onto the field.

“Wait, wait, wait.... What?” Ray couldn’t believe what either trainers were doing in this match.

“What’s wrong?” Martin confused by Rays reaction.

“You don’t need to know anything about pokémon to know that’s a really messed up matchup. Like, that poor bird is gonna get killed if that shelgon rams it down. That’s instant roadkill.”

“Assuming it can be caught, I highly doubt it’ll be within reach.”

“Fair point I suppose” Rays knowledge of what he knows of pokémon has just been thrown out the window during this entire match. What he thought he knew held zero merits, this is what many find to be exciting when watching pokémon battles.

“Alright Spicy! Fly up and drill that shell with pecks.” Fletchling sores up high and nose dives towards shelgon, chipping away at its shell.

Shelgon begins to get outraged and starts to spin in its shell losing control. Furiously spinning it repels fletchlings barrage of pecks but also rolls towards Andrew in confusion. Andrew takes off his jacket and readies himself to trap shelgon with it to calm him down. The speed and torque of shelgon causes Andrews jacket to get tugged off and twisted Andrews left arm. “RAMMU!” Andrew shrieked in anger and pain, trying to get control of shelgon.

“Alright Spicy lets put an end to this with whirlwind!” Fletchling stars to flap its wings with such force, gusts of wind begin to form and twirl around shelgon, little by little lifting him up from the ground. Shelgons rampaging speed began to dwindle and come to a halt while his body was lifted six feet off the ground. “Let em drop Spicy!” Garry roared with a victorious shout.

(***)Insert drawing, fletchling creating whirlwinds with shelgon caught in the air in them(***)

Shelgon dropped from six feet and landed onto the field, completely knocked out from harming itself in its fit of a rampage only to be followed up by fletchlings whirlwind attack. The crowd was in awe. Everything went silent, and Andrew regain his composure - holding his twisted arm in his right hand and approached shelgon.

“The winner of the match is Garry and Spicy! Lets give them a round of applause!” The crowd went wild. The referee ushered Andrew to one of the pokémon that’s been on the sideline the entire time. It was a blissey, ready to aid the contestants if anything were to happen. Blissey tended to Andrews arm and his pokémon. “Was that not the best intro to start off our tournament for this evening?” Everyone roared with excitement anticipating for the next match.

Martin and Ray sat through the remainder of the tournament. Enjoying the evening out in the crowds and watching the matches made Martin feel a bit more comfortable being around pokémon. There were a few situations, like Andrew getting his arm twisted and a few other trainers who got harmed from either their own or the opponents pokémon but it wasn’t anything severe. For the most part, everything seemed to be under control and the pokémon were overall well trained and obedient to their trainers - of course excluding moments of confusion and other effects that seemed to have been in play in controlling their pokémon. Overall, Martin felt more comfortable with his decision on attending the pokémon camp with Ray. Especially being with well known professors and a controlled environment - who knows, maybe Martin may even decide to become a pokémon trainer himself.

“Want me come help you pack some stuff for the camp and just head to my place? That way we just get up tomorrow morning and head out right away.” Ray was very enthusiastic about tomorrow. The scheduled time for meeting with the camp committee to head to the pokémon camp was set for 9:00 a.m. Ray suggested that both he and Martin would head out together early thing in the morning. Grab a breakfast on the way.

“Alright sounds good. What are you going to be packing?” Asked Martin, not quite sure of what would me mandatory to bring, apart from a few spare change of clothing and some toothpaste and toothbrush.

“Not much just the basic stuff, the camp is a week long. So however much clothes you need to last ya a full week I suppose. I’ll be bringing a pair of outfits for each day, so say 7 tops and pants and briefs. That should do it.”

“Alright, I’m all set. This should be good for the week.” Martin was fully set and ready. “This is kind of exciting, glad you talked me into this Ray.” The two both had gone to Martins dorm to help him pack his clothes then head on over to Rays place for the night. This was the first time Martin actually looked forward to something that involved pokémon, though he still may be cautious, he has slowly began to be open towards pokémon. Perhaps they aren’t all that bad.

“I’m a bit surprise myself that you’re finally considering actually doing anything remotely involving pokémon. I’ve only been trying to make you open that narrow mind of yours for the past three years through out program.” Ray smacks Martin against his shoulder. “You definitely wont regret this.”

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“Get up big head, gotta get ready and catch the train.”

Tomorrow has come and Ray, clearly too excited to even sleep a minute later, up as early as the sunrise was waking Martin up. Both getting dressed and getting their bags ready to head out. Martin looks out the window, then looks at the time.

“Bro... It’s 6:00 a.m. I thought we had to be there for 9:00.” Martin still groggy and irritated from being woken up. Continues to walk out before Ray and waits in the hallway while Ray locks the door behind him.

“Yea, but we gotta catch the train. Never know if it’ll get delayed, Not to mention we still have to go through screenings. So many things can happen and they don’t intend on waiting on anyone. If you ain’t there they’re leaving with or without you.”

“Fair enough, better than being rushed I guess. So what are we gonna have for breakfast? Is there anything good on the way?” Before Martin got to finish his sentence both their stomachs growled.

“Yea we definitely gotta grab something to eat. There’s a couple of breakfast diners a few blocks from the station, unless you want to grab something inside the station itself. The prices however are a bit pricey. Perhaps would be best to go to the diners instead.”

Both Ray and Martin walked to the bus stop waiting for the next bus to arrive. Typically the stop would be overcrowded with students, however - at six in the morning there is barely anyone up and about. Most of the students have either already left for the break last night or are fast asleep and will head out later throughout the day. The destination to reach the train station is quite a long one itself, the two would have to transfer busses three times as the

station is located in the rural area. It was the best call for Ray to have the both of them leave so early. The destination itself would amount to almost three if there is traffic on the road taking the busses.

“Oooooohhh, I can’t wait! So exciting!” Ray was radiating with excitement with his hands clutched in a fist and his feet stomping on the floor. Anyone who were to see him could just feel the vibe he was releasing this instant. Like a child trying to stay up on the night before Christmas expecting to see Santa.

“Heh, yea I hear ya.” Martin was feeling a bit nervous, the feeling deep in his gut as his stomach turned. The thought of being up close and personal with pokémon was a bit much for him to bare. Although, when he looks at Ray he feels a bit at ease.

Martin and Ray finally arrived at the train station. They get off the bus and head towards the counter and view the train schedule to see the arrival of the next train. They began to view the map and see what is the nearest diner and set out in the direction. Both of them have been starving throughout the entire bus rides, the thought of food seemed like heaven to them about now.

“Alright, we have about forty-five minutes to spare before the next train arrives. So lets go grab us a bite and then head back.” With the confidence of a leader, Ray takes control of the direction as they head out of the train station as they both head towards to the diner.

“Hmmm... Their menu looks sooo delicious. My mouth is just watering by looking at these pictures.” Ray begins to sniff up into the air. “Mmmmmmm, smells so good.”

“Ray wipe your mouth, you’re literally drooling. Now let’s see what am I craving?” Martin views the menu as well and skimming through their options. “Hmmm, could definitely go for some pancakes, and some bacon on the side. Ohhhh their desserts looks so good.” Martin lets out a little squeal at the thought of ordering a one of their desserts on the menu.

“Alright, we know what we want to grab?” Ray raring to order his food as he looks for a waiter.

“Yeee, lets do this!” Martin just as eagerly excited for his tastebuds.

After some time enjoying their breakfast they finish up and look at the time. With twenty minutes to spare they pick up their bags and head to the counter to pay their bill instead of waiting on the waitress to drop it off for them. To get back to the station would take about fifteen minutes minimum, excluding the wait time for traffic lights when crossing over the street. Ray suggests to take a detour to bypass the main roads by cutting through the ravine trail that was shown on the map.

“That took much longer than expected for a simple breakfast.” Said Ray, a little bit flustered at the time. “If we take this path down the ravine it should take us to the station within ten minutes tops. Lets run it. Don’t worry, at best you’d just come across some caterpies or some other small pokémon.” Ray hurries on down the trail.

Seeing Ray run ahead had made Martins body move on its own accord as to not be left behind. He begins to run after Ray to catch up as they both continue down the ravine trail. Martins heart starts to race from the thrill and excitement yet fear building up as well, his adrenaline kicking in, continuing to catch up to Ray. All of a sudden a raticate jumped out of the bushes and its whiskers cut Martins shin. Throwing Martin off balance as he begins to fall off the path and stumble into the bushes trying to regain his balance. His heart racing from fear as the raticate focuses on Martin.

(**Insert drawing, raticate jumping into Martins way as he runs**)

Ray running to catch up to Martin as he notices the wild raticate about to attack. Ray quickly grabs Martins hand and begin to run further into the bushes. Running past many bug pokémon, Martins anxiety starts to kick in. Everything his parents warned him about pokémon started to come rushing into his mind. He should've listened, should've kept his distance away, what made him think this was okay? These were the thoughts filling his mind at this very moment. At that moment he began to lose the feeling of the ground under his feet, his body light - floating in the air. Seeing Ray falling, and Martin landing on top of him.

In that very moment everything in Martins vision began to blur, then vanished with another blurry vision only to be surrounded in an unknown area. The environment changed drastically, one moment they were in the ravine - the next... they seemed to be in what looked like a rainforest. Consumed by large trees, branches towering over them, the floor covered in rich soil. The smell of fresh clean air and pollen overpowering the senses. It was safe to say, Ray and Martin were no longer in the same area; rather a completely new location overall.

(**Insert drawing, Ray floating, holding onto Martins hand. Both with a look of confusion**)

Martin stood up on his feet and stretched out his arm towards Ray to help him up. Ray grabbed onto Martins hand to get up. However, the instant their hands touched Rays body floated up. Both Ray and Martin stared at each other in shock and confusion. Martins grip let loose as Rays body was flung like a rag doll a couple feet into a tree. Ray let out a loud yell from the pain of the contact with his back hitting against the tree. Martin ran towards Ray to help him.

“Are you okay? What just happened?” Martin was scared and frantic. “Where the hell are we?”

“I feel like I just got hit by a truck.” Ray says, while letting out a grunt of pain and sits himself back up. “I don't even know what that was. Ouch.” His body aching from the impact while he looks forward and that's when he noticed. “Oh, that's makes sense now.” Ray nudges his head behind Martin. Ushering him to turn around. “Whatever you do don't freak-out, keep calm. Must've ran over it while we were running and from the shock it teleported itself and us with it.”

Both Ray and Martin stare at the pokémon that was standing behind them. It was an abra; a very angry one at that. Raising its left hand up towards Martin, focusing very hard. Martin, not having a clue on what is going on and confused by what abra was doing felt a pain in his head. His head started to throb making Martin get down on his knees and shouting from the pain. His hands covering his head, squeezing as tight as he could to try and stop the pain. Ray put his hand on Martins shoulder and whispered to him.

“It's okay, clear your mind of any thoughts. Remember that abra is just as scared and frighten as you are. It's a psychic type and it can pick up on your thoughts and emotions. If it feels that you're a threat it'll normally teleport to safety but it might see us as inferior and will retaliate with violence.” Ray reaches over to his bag and opens it, and abra raises its right hand pointing towards Ray when he shouted “Wait! We aren't here to harm you. I have a treat for you, do you like chocolate?” Ray reaches into his bag slowly and pulls out some left over dessert from the diner and holds it out. “See, we aren't going to hurt you, it was an accident.”

Martin begins to feel relief, releasing his grip on his head as his hands drop to the floor as he lets our a sigh. His eyes closed as he tilts his head to the sky and takes in a deep breath in, and exhales out. The desert in Rays hand begins to float towards abra slowly as both Ray and Martin stare at it in mid air. Then both watch silently as abra begins to take a bite, the sight

looked almost peaceful; if not given the current circumstance they were in, Martin would've even considered it a cute moment.

(**Insert drawing, Abra eating a cake adorably**)

“So what are we gonna do now?” Martin whispered to Ray, covered in sweat.

“Honestly, best thing we can do is try to convince abra to help us out. We are currently stranded who knows where, and it be best to keep a pokémon with us that can help fend off other pokémon if it comes down to it. Without any pokéballs we can't capture it but the least we can do is keep feeding it food such as berries or something of the sort we find here. That way it'll hopefully stick around long enough till we can figure out how to get back home.” Ray spoke in calm and collected manner. Almost as if he has been through this before. All his pokémon knowledge seems to finally shine at this very moment.

“Why don't we just use abra to teleport us back?” Martin asked as if it were an obvious solution to their predicament.

“Sadly that isn't the best option. Abras use teleport to escape threats however, they themselves don't really quite know where they'll end up. Many actually die because they teleport out of fear and end up either drowning in the middle of the ocean, falling to their death from a high fall, or even landing in a cave or nest of wild pokémon. It's quite a scary thought, we are fortunate enough we didn't end up in either scenario so this is the best outcome we could possibly hope for. Rather not have to gamble our chances with another teleport. Be best to protect abra so it can feel safe enough to not teleport but also help us fend off other threats.”

Martin begins to panic, his breathing begins to pick up as he starts to hyperventilate. He begins to wheeze and starts to feel like he is suffocating. Ray begins to comfort Martin but it just made him panic further. All of a sudden Martin begins to feel drowsy and his eyes heavy as he slowly begins to slide across the ground. Martin was sound asleep, Ray looks back and notices abra watching attentively at Martin.

“Did you just put him to sleep?” Ray was dumbfounded. Did abra notice Martin panicking and thought having him sleep would help calm his nerves? “At least his breathing is under control now. Thanks.” Ray continues to watch abra as it continues to enjoy its treat.

Paradise Dreams

“Rise and shine princess!” Ray said with a large smile covering half his face.

“Ugh, I feel like shit.” Martin felt like he just woke up with a hangover. “What happened? How long was I out for? Where is abra?”

“Abrás asleep, luckily we manage to keep it around for now. I managed to scavenge some fruits and berries to keep it entertained, seems to be working for the time being. Abrás tend to sleep for eighteen hours a day; during that time frame - we pretty much have to be on guard. With that in mind, I’ve been trying to gather a few strong branches and make some spears. You never know, since abra will be asleep for most of the day we need to make sure we have some means to protect ourselves. Who knows what kind of pokémon lurk in this area. Luckily we found this shelter along the shore. Seems like there were others here before us at some point so I don’t think this island is completely isolated of human interaction.” Ray reaches into his bag and pulls out the map from the train station.

“I figured abra couldn’t teleport us extremely far, but if you look here.” Ray turns the map over which shown a bigger scope of the location they were at originally. Sliding his finger off the land and into the ocean on the map displayed three islands one of which seemed to be a normal vacation destination. “We just need to figure out which Island we are stranded on and head towards the docking port and make our way back to the mainland.”

“Is there any way were we can maybe deduce which island we’re on? Perhaps walking along the shoreline we can see the other islands or the mainland and based on the direction we can maybe make an educated guess. From there we can form a more concrete plan in how to go about making it to the docks.” Martins confidence was coming back, knowing that they weren’t completely helpless had given him the strength and collected mind to focus on getting back home.

“Sounds good to me.” Ray begins to gather all materials he collected for food and the spears and begins to put the fruits in his bag and hands over a spear to Martin. “Don’t lose this, we still have no clue what we’ll come across.” Ray then approached the sleeping abra and lifts it up and places it in Martins bag.

“What are you doing? Why don’t you keep abra in your bag and I’ll carry the food supplies?” Martin objected to the idea of having to carry a pokémon, let alone one that could’ve killed him not too long ago.

“Ah true, just carry my bag. Your bag seems more cozy to keep abra in to sleep essentially.” Ray straps Martins bag over his chest, have the back facing forward with half of abras body zipped in the bag with its head popping out. Snuggled and sleeping soundly, they begin to walk along the shoreline.

“If we weren’t in our current situation, this place would be perfect. The water is crystal clear, and the sand is as white as snow.” Martin kneels down to take off his shoes to walk in the sand much easier. “Not to mention it feels sooo soft against the skin too. It would be like paradise in any other circumstance.”

“It definitely is a beautiful place, honestly this kind of is exciting and is like our very own pokémon camp - extreme edition.” Ray chuckles at his own joke, as he also follows Martins example and takes off his shoes to walk barefoot along the sand.

(***)Insert drawing, abra in a backpack sleeping while Ray and Martin walking along the sand barefoot(***)

“All I see is open waters for miles, we could possibly be at the farthest side of this island opposite the mainland. Looks like this will be much more difficult then the initial thought I had in mind. We should definitely consider trying to find some source of water to keep our bottles filled at all times. The last thing we need is to faint out of exhaustion from lack of water; we can’t just survive off the fruits. Perhaps we can try and catch some fish?” Ray pokes his spear into the water as he thinks about the possible fish that may be residing in these areas.

Ray and Martin continue to walk along the shoreline trying to see if they can find the slightest bit of land from the distance to pinpoint their whereabouts. Didn’t look like they were going to find anything anytime soon as it was just open waters far and wide. Ray began to divert their path into the rainforest to begin looking for a stream to find fresh water source. Trying not to stray to far from the shoreline as to make sure they don’t lose their bearings; they begin to walk just a couple miles inward and trying to see if they can hear any water nearby.

Martin notices something slithering in the soil, as Martin squints his eyes to try and focus on what it was, he noticed a seaweed moving in a direction to the right of them. Martin stops moving in his tracks as he keeps following the seaweed with his eyes as it retracts to a body attached to it. What he saw was a bush of seaweed balled up with a dark void in the centre of it. Couldn’t make out anything apart from the blue-like seaweed as it wiggled around as if searching for something. All of a sudden two eyes appeared in the dark void scaring Martin as he lets out a gasp. The bush of weed began to run further into the forest.

“That must’ve been a tangela, nothing to worry about. Though I heard those vines of it can be used as medicine. Probably wouldn’t be a bad idea to try and see if there’s any pieces that have fallen behind. Keep your eyes peeled.” Said Ray while staying alert and examining the area, trying to find any signs of a stream.

“Wait, look down there.” Martin pointed to the left of the direction the tangela ran off to. “Looks like there’s some coconut trees over there. We should definitely grab a couple.”

“Nice, just be careful - there might be other pokémon that definitely scavenge the area for those as well. Keep your spear ready.” Both Ray and Martin begin heading towards the coconut tree with their spears held waist high ready to thrust.

On the way to the tree they noticed a variety of cocoons such as metapods, kakunas, cascoons, etc. Ray began to walk more cautiously to avoid coming across any poison types like beedrills and dustox. The situation seemed to be more dire since the rainforest seemed to

be a breeding ground for them. If they aren't careful they could possibly ingest a poisonous fume that could kill them in an instant. They have no herbs or medicine to help them if they were to encounter such scenario.

"Martin, from here on out we have to be extra careful of the bushes and leaves. We need to grab those coconuts and head back to the shoreline ASAP." The tone in Ray's voice had made Martin feel a bit uneasy. Ray knew if he explained further it would put Martin in more danger having another panic attack.

Ray and Martin stood at the bottom of the coconut tree staring up at the height of the tall plant. Both trying to figure out how to obtain the coconuts; Ray puts down his bag carefully, as to not awaken abra, and takes off his shirt and wraps it around his right fist then flings the shirt over the trunk and grasps it into his left hand. Tightening the shirt in his hand and hugging the tree.

"I see this many times before, this is how people normally would climb up these trees. Just gotta keep hugging and hopping, I got this." Ray said with a confident smile and revved up, ready to go.

Martin stands guard at the base of the coconut tree, holding the spear in both hands and ready to strike. He could see the shore in front of him, as he rotates to the other directions; all he sees is plants and trees disappearing into the dark due to the coverage of the sunlight from above. Every now and then a ray of light would shine through the leaves as the wind blows them around. Quite an eerie vibe, the thought of it made Martin shiver. The plants to the right of Martin begin to rustle closer and closer towards him. He readies his spear aiming down towards the bush. A skinny little plant slides out, wiggly its way across Martin.

"Phew... That was scary." Martin sighs in relief as the plant wiggles away. "Wonder what kind of pokémon that was. Hmmm." Martin sits quietly and strains his ear trying to hear if the pokémon makes a sound. He remembers some pokémon tend to make sounds that resemble their breed. As he continues to try and listen he hears a "'bellsprout' huh, cute little thing. Its head is too big for its body." Martin laughs at its appearance.

Martin yelps as he hears four loud thumps behind him in the bushes. He quickly spins to face the back and thrusts the spear. He begins to swipe in a cone, side to side, and does another thrust.

"Sorry! Didn't mean to scare ya. There's 2 more coconuts, going to drop them down watch out." Ray was wrapping the coconuts up with the leaves to make sure they wouldn't break open on contact with the floor and dropped them accordingly into the bushes to soften the impact.

Martin begins to grab the coconuts and places them together near abra. As he turns back to grab the last two that Ray dropped down he stopped; hearing the sound of branches snapping towards his 2 o'clock. Martin crouches and examines the far distance and sees a dark figure moving through the bushes. The shadows casting over the entire rainforest was making it difficult to make out what the figure is. The figure resembled that of a human, with two arms and a head - however the head was an odd shape, looked a bit bigger than that of a human.

"Shit, shit, shit... What am I gonna do? Don't make a sound, don't make a sound." Martin looks up at Ray hoping he doesn't expose their location as he tries to climb his way down.

Martin waves his hands up and down trying to get Rays attention to have him be quiet or at best to stay still. Ray notices Martin frantically waving and nods back confirming to Martin that he acknowledges his message. Ray hugs the tree tightly while trying to peer in the direction Martin was staring at. Ray noticed the shadow figure and was observing it. It looked like it was hunting something, as Ray continued to keep way he noticed the figure held a weapon. Rays heart started to beat fast; the weapon the figure was holding looked like a bow and it shot an arrow towards whatever it was hunting. But what scared Ray wasn't the weapon itself but the flock of shadow figures that appeared out of nowhere, almost as if they were camouflaged, they all hurried towards the arrow after it seemed to have hit its target. Ray continued to follow where the flock ran towards and noticed what it was they hunted, the figure looked exactly like the shadow figures. From where Martin was, he couldn't possibly see the same sight that frightened Ray.

Martin notices the figure running as it disappeared into the distance. He began to stand as he looked up towards Ray but before he could say or do anything he noticed Ray staring with piercing eyes right back at him. Rays eyes wide open and his head shaking slowly side to side. Martin quickly crouched back to the floor trying to see what Ray saw but there was nothing. Martin began to crawl backward towards abra, still sound asleep, and kept his eyes at the direction of where the figure was last spotted. Not long did he finally hear it, the cry of a successful hunt. Martins heart sunk to his stomach, his bones were shaking and the hair on his body began to stand.

(**Insert drawing, Ray on the tree scared and Martin on the floor scared**)

twenty minutes have passed and it was safe for Ray to make his way down the tree. Both of them pale as snow and began to puke. They sat in the same location for another hour, too shocked to even move from their current spot. Martin and Ray stare at abra, envy how it can sleep so peacefully while the both of them look like they encountered death.

“We can't rely on walking along the shore anymore.” Ray broke the silence with his voice shaking. “If they notice us, we might be next.” Rays voice broke midway as he finished the last sentence, staring out into nothing.

“What did you see exactly?” Martin embracing himself for what Ray was about to tell him.

“They hunted another, perhaps there are many tribes killing one another or a criminal within the tribe. Whatever the case, they murdered another human. If they see us outsiders, they surely wont be welcoming us with open hands.”

“So what's the plan now? The shore was the one option we had to notice where we're located, if anything we have to keep toward the boarded of the forest and the shore. Don't go in too far but also don't lose track of our sight of the shore. We could still see the ocean so we can tell if there's land nearby.” Martin says as he examines his surroundings.

“We'll also have to stack up on cheri and drash berries since there seems to be a lot of poison type pokémon infesting the area. They'll help us against poison and paralysis if we happen to come into contact with any of those type of pokémon.” Ray didn't want to mention how the tribe was camouflaged into the entire rainforest. If anything they're probably being watched right now as they speak and Martin wouldn't handle that news well.

Martin and Ray began to regain their composure and started to explore again. Looking for out into the shore and looking deep within the forest, everything seemed quiet and calm. It's already been a couple hours when they started to notice abra beginning to wake up. Abra popping its head out of the bag and looking at its surroundings and then lifts its head up

noticing Ray is carrying it. Abra then searches around to look behind Ray and notices Martin not far behind.

“Looks like our sleeping beauty is awake.” Ray said looking down at abra with a smile. “You missed quite a lot of action while you rested.” Ray lifts his right hand up to look at his watch to take note of the time at which abra woke up; 4:00 p.m. “So it seems from four to ten we have a team of three, and anyone before and after will be just the two of us Martin.”

“Hmm, that isn’t so bad. We just need to work around abras schedule.” The moment Martin said that sentence had him laugh. “This almost feels like we’re employed by abra, little boss. Any who, given that time frame we should probably try looking for shelter or building one at the very least around eight to nine that way we wouldn’t have to venture alone to gather materials without its help.”

“Yea, I figure that be the safest bet. Will you be fine taking turns as look out when it comes down to it?” Ray asked.

“Yea no worries, Not an issue.” Martin answered confidently.

As the two continue their exploration they begin to hear the sound of a stream and hurry in that direction. They approach with caution as they make their way to an opening, a strong gust of wind blows through the trees as the sun radiates over the land and the sky visible. The sound of water begins to turn into roars the closer they get; Martin and Ray begin to crawl the floor as they make their way to the opening while abra lagged behind. They noticed the sound was coming from a river and looked up the stream in the direction it was heading as it seemed to cut off.

(**Insert drawing, waterfall scene overlooking the lower lands with a temple in the centre**)

“A waterfall.” Both Ray and Martin said simultaneously as they looked at each other.

They managed to find themselves their source of fresh water and a higher elevation of the land looking over the valley. They hurried to the edge and tried to see if they can notice any other islands in the outskirts of the ocean from their view, they couldn’t see any land but majority of their view was obstructed by trees that protruded out of the land. As they continued to observe the area from above they noticed a temple that also stood a fairly elevated above the ground. Following the stream that spread out from the waterfall travelled directly towards the temple and around it.

“Looks like we have our next destination set for us.” Ray said to Martin as he reached for his map in the bag Martin was carrying. “Lets try and map this out so we don’t get lost. Hopefully once we get to the temple we should have a better view and if there’s no islands on either side then that means they’re behind us.” Ray continues to draw on the map, a diagram that resembles the river heading towards a triangle in the centre of the island and circles around it. He also drew a waterfall to display where they are currently. “It’s a rough estimate but as long as we stick to the stream and keep it to the right of us then we know we’re heading to the right direction.”

“Ouf, so much for trying to avoid any pokémon. Sounds like we’re gonna be in the thick of things now.” Martin begins to prepare himself for the obstacles to come, both scared yet oddly excited. He grabs his spear and shakes his head side to side. “You ready guys? Abra show us what ya got.”

Martin reaches for the bag to carry as it begins to float away from him. He looks at abra with a confused look. Abra hands Martin his backpack which abra was sleeping in and walks towards Martin and sits itself comfortably in the bag. Martin stares at Ray and Ray begins to laugh at the current situation as he grabs his bag and throws it over his shoulder.

"Looks like the boss has decided its carrier." Ray continued to laugh. "Who are we to argue? Haha! Sorry, its just too funny."

"Taking one for the team right." Martin looks down at abra, carefully picking up the back and positioning abra facing forward. Looking at abra and how it was seated in the bag, Martin thought to himself that it had an adorable characteristic to it.

They began to make their way to the temple, keeping close to the edge of the waterfall as they make their way down. This way they wouldn't lose their bearings and know where the river is located. They found a clear passage; thinking it would be a safe spot to perhaps set up camp. Martin and Ray began to gather large leaves and forming a tipi shape with them for shelter, picking up anything they find that was edible. Ray managed to find a couple cheri and drash berries to help them if they happened to get poisoned or paralyzed.

Ray had gathered a few of their findings together and began to divide them amongst each other. Everyone began to eat their share of fruits and coconut. The look on abras face was that of a child eyeing sweets, it was thrilled and couldn't wait to have at it.

"Hmm, maybe we can try to catch some fish tomorrow. We definitely need to have some other source of nutrition apart from what we're having right now." Ray looks at abra as it continues to eat.

"Yea, that sounds good to me. How far do you think that temple is by the way?" Martin asks while he continues to eat some of the coconut slice that was divided between the three.

"There's no telling... Tomorrow we should probably try and head out as early as 7:00 a.m. and just focus on reaching the temple. We already have our water supply filled, and we have some food ratios that'll last us for tomorrow. Definitely can come across more as we head towards the temple. I think we should keep on the move while abra sleeps and once its awake we can possibly try to fish. Surely abra can help us catch the fish much easier than us trying to spear them."

"I like that idea much more. At least that way we can cover more ground and definitely keep our distance from possibly crossing paths with those hunters." Martin begins to yawn mid sentence.

Abra stopped eating and stood up and aimed its arm in the direction behind Martin and started to chant silently chant its own name. Ray unaware of what's happening stares at Martin falling asleep, then looks back towards abra confused. Was abra putting Martin asleep again? Ray began to notice something being lifted from the bushes and floating in mid air; a pokémon with bouquets of roses in each hand - a roserade. Ray quickly reached for his spear and got himself up.

Roserade seemed to have put Martin to sleep. Abra flung roserade against a tree to the right of Ray. Ray swiftly readied his spear and thrust towards roserade, whilst roserade shot out its vines and wrapped it around the tip of the spear and pulled it off Rays hands. As easy as it had took the spear off Ray, it just as easily threw it back in his direction. The tip of the spear stopped between Rays eyes as it remained elevated in mid-air. Ray grabbed it with his hands and continued with a barrage of strikes, abra following up with pinning roserade against

the tree. Roserade turned its focus to abra and shot out a few seeds that landed on its head; planting itself on abra and growing roots. Abra began to pull and tug on the new plant growing on its head, releasing its hold on roserade.

Roserade quickly shifted its sight back to Ray and began to unleash its vines covered in thorns whipping Ray across his body. Abra still struggling with the roots that now have wrapped themselves over abra and draining its life force; Ray began to receive lashes of lashes, pain surging through his body. The thorns from roserades vines slit through Ray's skin and dug in deep as they pull back up leaves gaps with blood flowing out. Ray begins to feel his body stiffen and his temperature rise, sweating heavily and breathing irregularly. Ray began to let out agonizing shouts from the pain, his grip on the spear weakened as it dropped to the ground. Abra was beginning to scratch and bite away at the roots, through its frustration abra released a strange surge that radiated from its body. The area distorted and changed, what was once the rainforest now was covered in a dreamlike state. Roserade stopped its barrage of vine whips against Ray as his body dropped to the ground, covered in cuts.

(**Insert drawing, roserade whipping Ray and blood splattering**)

Quickly turning to abra, roserade began to release its vines to wrap around abra but it seemed to be hitting a barrier of some sort. Abra began to float off the ground and burst through the roots that once held it down and zoned its sights straight down at roserade. Roserade then shot its vines underground as they protruded beneath abra and manage to wrap themselves around its feet. Abra didn't seem phased at all, rather, it began to hold both arms out in front of it and clasped its hand into a fist. Roserade began to falter and retract its vines from underground; but it was too late. Abra raised its hands up, in doing so roserades body also rose in sync. Abra then separated its arms to opposite ends, floating in a T-pose; roserades arms were torn limb from limb as it screamed a gruesome ear shattering cry. Roserades body dropped to the ground lifeless while the entire area began to shift back to the rainforest and abras body began to lower back to ground.

(**Insert drawing, abra tearing roserade apart**)

Ray began to convulse on the floor while abra was trying to wake up Martin. Once Martin began to come to, he noticed Ray on the floor covered in dried blood, gashes, and bruises. Martin hurried over to Ray and didn't know what to do; Ray was completely unconscious. Martin looked around and noticed abra over the carcass of a pokémon that looked like a plant. After a brief examination of the scene Martin connected the dots and realize what had happened and that Ray was most likely poisoned. He quickly searched for the drash berries and began to grind them and apply them onto the wounds. The sun was setting and visibility was close to none at this time; sooner or later abra will most likely fall asleep and Martin would have to defend the two on his own. Martin began to brainstorm in his mind thinking of what he can possibly do. He looked at his surroundings examining the leaves and their durability. Walking towards the arms that were torn off from the dead pokémon on the floor Martin tugged at the vines and found that they were very strong, only issue with the vines were they had thorns protruding every surface.

Martin started to disassemble the vines from the arms that they were hanging out from and began to wrap them up in multiple layers of leaves. This helped to conceal the thorns and made it safe to wrap the vines around Rays body. Martin knelt down next to Ray and began to wrap the vines around Rays left arm and leg making easier wrap the vines across Martins chest and connect to Rays' right arm and leg and tight them, preventing him from falling off Martins back. Martin created a makeshift sort of harness using the vine to hold Ray onto his back and began to pick up all their belongings and had abra latched on the front with the bag as usual.

Martin began to walk in the direction of their initial destination in the middle of the night, keeping close to the right.

Martin began to use his spear as a walking stick as everything began to get dark over time. The night was so dark to the point Martins hands were no longer visible being held in front of his face.