

RC #2319 Interlude: Adjustments

Miguel experiments with his powers and Chris goes to DoSAT for repairs.

The PPC originally belonged to Jay and Acacia. Chris and Ami are mine. Miguel Correa, his mom, Brenda, and Kitty the Persian were originally written by Time Jumper and rescued in my first mission. Violet, who appears at the end, was originally written by goat_lover4444 and recruited by SkarmorySilver. Thanks to SkarmorySilver and son_of_heaven176 for beta reading.

This interlude takes place approximately three weeks after [Mission One](#). (I know, the delay is staggering.)

It had been a strange few weeks for Chris and Ami. Despite technically being full agents (and having read multiple mission reports via HQ internet), they had nonetheless enrolled in an agent training course on a friend's advice. Monty had promised to be informative, thorough, exacting, "and if it helps get my point across, mildly evil."

All three of their "recruits"—Miguel Correa, his mother Diane, and Brenda—had responded well to a Reality Room, two sessions in Medical just in case, and a solid week each of FicPsych sessions. Miguel and Diane now had clearly recognizable Afro-Hispanic features and full command of Spanish, while Brenda was Southern European despite her German-sounding name.

Brenda had regained her human form, though her hair still hadn't decided if it wanted to be blonde or brunette, and would also start burning when she got excited. She still retained the ability to transform into a Rapidash, and had learned how to switch forms at will. Furthermore, she had discovered a love of soccer.

Miguel hadn't actually displayed any Celebi powers before the agents had recruited him, so the Reality Room had amplified and clarified them. Now, he could lift and manipulate things with his mind if they weren't larger than Chris' Mareep or more complicated than a Wii remote and Nunchuck. Given this newfound limitation, Ami wondered whether his time travel powers had been touched at all, and eventually suggested running a few simple tests—this time, with jumps that would *not* span millions of years.

Diane had happily accepted a position as an assistant Nursery worker, and taught beginning Spanish to the kids in her classes.

Chris had dropped off their ruined crash dummy at DoSAT to be reconstructed. (Falchion had said he would pay for it, but Chris honestly wasn't sure what kind of money, if any, the PPC used.) While they weren't able to supply Poké Balls for his new Mareep, Miguel's Cyndaquil, and Kitty the formerly-sapient Persian, it wasn't a total loss. Chris had plenty of extras in his

backpack, and after “capturing” Mareep, he gave Miguel one for Cyndaquil. (Kitty had reacted badly to the idea, so she freely roamed the RC and shedded on everything.)

All that (and feeding the fluffy *Velociraptor*) was easy compared to handling the ten—yes, *ten*—mini-Missingno. Not a day went by where at least one of them didn’t cause some variety of trouble; usually one hid itself among the Wii and GameCube games and pounced on the first person to open the small closet under the TV, though the Aerodactyl-shaped ones preferred flying down and swiping Chris’ snacks right out of his hand. HoOh, mew, and mewtwo liked to play havoc with Ami’s expansive, well-organized book collection. When she threw things at them in protest, they ganged up on her too.

“Can’t you get Meganium to discipline these things?” Brenda asked one day, swatting pokedex away from the laptop for the fifth time. “I swear they’re going to destroy the RC if they don’t drive us all crazy first.”

Chris shrugged apologetically and patted Mareep, which was seated next to him on the faded blue sofa. “Meganium’s moveset goes from basic and support to solar annihilation. Not sure those are really viable options. Besides, how do we know what type these guys are? Do mini-Missingno even *have* types?”

“I don’t think even *actual* Missingno have types,” Miguel commented from the center of the room. He dressed in neat clothes that were usually half a size too small; today that meant a black track jacket over a *Jurassic Park* T-shirt, dark blue jeans, and worn Adidas sneakers. “They weren’t supposed to exist, you know.”

“Yes we were!” all ten minis hissed.

“No, you really weren’t,” he repeated. “Can we do the experiment now?”

“I’m ready when you are,” Ami replied. She fished a legal pad out of the bookcase and levitated a pencil to her from the desk. “Time travel version 1.2, first test, traveling to...June 2014 HST, right?”

Miguel nodded. “Sounds right to me. What do you want me to look for and tell you about so we know I didn’t overshoot?”

“Um...mission pins,” said Ami, making a note of that. “The records aren’t clear, but I heard about Agent Kayleigh inventing them in the middle of the year. Look for a girl in a bikini with a crazy grin on her face.”

“...Got it,” said Miguel.

Kitty meowed in protest and rubbed against his leg.

"I'll be right back, Kitty," he soothed. "I promise. Ready..." His whole body began shining with a clear blue light, and transparent insect wings appeared on his back. Kitty jumped back in alarm. "Here I go!" A shimmering blue portal opened beneath Miguel, who floated down through it and vanished.

Chris was silent for a moment, and then grinned broadly. "So. *Cool!* I can't believe I actually got to witness Celebi time traveling!"

"I know, right?" Ami added, wearing an equally huge smile as she roughly sketched Miguel's time portal. "It's, like, every species' secret fantasy! Including ponies'!"

Brenda giggled and brushed a shock of messy hair out of her eyes. "You're so cute when you're dorky."

"Just because we're excited about time travel..."

"Excited enough to run at least one experiment on it," said Brenda.

The fluffy *Velociraptor* sniffed at the spot where Miguel had been and chittered curiously.

"Furry lizard smell something?" asked articuno.

"I...don't think time travel smells like anything," said Ami. She made a note of the *Velociraptor's* behavior anyway, just in case.

Brenda shrugged and returned to reading an article on Lionel Messi.

"So they have time travel in your 'verse, too?" Chris asked.

"Kind of," said Ami. "The season two episode *It's About Time* has pre-ascension Princess Twilight creating a stable time loop with a spell from the Canterlot library. There's also Zecora's potion from the season four finale, *Twilight's Kingdom*. I won't spoil what exactly they use it for, since I don't know how far you've gotten in my show. You did start watching it, right?"

"I finished the season three premiere yesterday. Those poor Crystal Ponies...I know exactly how they felt." Chris looked at the floor sadly. "Ami, do you think if I went to the Crystal Empire, the Crystal Heart would restore my memories, too?"

Ami felt her chest tighten up. She herself had barely any memories of her life before falling through that crack in reality and landing in HQ. Hearing Chris admit his amnesia filled her with empathy. "I...I honestly never thought about that before."

"You don't remember your life?" Brenda asked.

Chris sighed. "Parts of it. I remember everything from getting my Chikorita up to arriving at Violet City clearly, but beyond that I just get bits and pieces. My Togepi evolving on Route 34. Battling that redhaired jerk a bunch of times. I temporarily traded my Seel for a Kanto guy's Pikachu so he could beat Brock. At another point I left my Vulpix and a Miltank named 'Canada' in the Daycare, and trained their first kid. Don't ask me what Canada is, I don't have the slightest idea. Getting lost in the Ice Path and that weird Rocket door maze in the Goldenrod Underground."

"Wait a minute. You bred a *Vulpix* and a *Miltank*??" Brenda cried, looking a little green.

"It was literally an accident. I didn't know they were in compatible Egg groups at the time," Chris admitted. "Now that I do, I don't think I'd do it again. I remember having a lot of trouble fighting Will and Koga of the Elite Four, too."

"Oh my God, Koga was *so annoying*," said Brenda. "I hated him as Fuchsia Gym Leader and I hated his damn Protect-happy exploding Forretress in Crystal."

"I see you didn't have a strong Fire-type, either," said Chris, ignoring Brenda's horse-like snort. "Honestly, though, apart from that hurdle, Koga's my favorite Elite Four member. I know a lot of people like Bruno or Lance better, but an *actual ninja master* testing your skills? That's so awesome!"

Brenda smiled. "I don't think I ever decided who my favorite Elite Four member was. I knew who my favorite Gym Leader was as soon as I saw him, though."

"Me too," said Chris.

"It's like, he walks into the room and you instantly like him."

"I know, right?" Chris smiled. "And you kind of get a sense of power behind that cheerful smile."

Brenda clapped her hands together. "Yes! You like Wattson too! This is great!"

"Who? No, no, I was talking about *Jasmine*," said Chris. "She's so kind and elegant...and her Steelix! Man, I'd never wished for an Onix more in my life!"

HoOh snickered. "Strange boy in loooooove."

"Shut up!" said Chris, blushing slightly. "It's impossible *not* to like someone as kind as Jasmine!"

"Jasmine wimp," said cyndaquil dismissively.

Chris tackled the mini, startling everyone else. "TAKE THAT BACK!"

"Ow! Ow! It only my opinion!" cyndaquil protested. Chris had the mini in a rough approximation of a sleeper hold and a deathgrip on one of its hands.

Mareep bleated fearfully and shocked both of them with Thunder Wave. They fell to the floor, twitching.

"Yikes. I hope we never get a Stuu that goes after Jasmine," said Brenda, who immediately knocked on the desk twice to deter the Ironic Overpower. "You'd probably eviscerate him."

Chris blinked twice. "Evi-what? Also, Mareep, can you get two Parlyz Heals out of my Bag?"

"Maaaaareep," it bleated. It jumped off the sofa, nosed through Chris' Bag, and then simply pushed it over. Two of the yellow medicines rolled out and stopped within reach of Chris' right hand.

"I sorry," cyndaquil rasped. "I not know love that strong."

At that moment, a time portal opened in the center of the room. Miguel stepped through, looking none the worse for wear. "I'm back! You were right about the mission pins, Ami. Think we should get some?" Then he noticed Chris and cyndaquil on the floor. "What happened to you two?"

"cyndaquil insulted Chris' Lust Object and he tried to choke it out, but Mareep paralyzed them," said Brenda. She got up and applied the Parlyz Heals to each of them.

There was a brief, awkward silence, which the console ultimately broke with a [Bip!]

"Oh?" Miguel went to check. "Hey, Chris, DoSAT fixed the crash dummy. You want me to go pick it up?"

Chris stood up, wincing. "Nah, I got it. The leg pain's more than enough of a distraction."

"Here you go, one repaired first-person crash dummy," said the technician. He passed the stitched-up beige cube to Chris. "You really did a number on this thing. Be more careful with your gear next time. Do you or your partner know how to sew?"

"If Ami knows, she never mentioned it," Chris admitted sheepishly. "Hey, as long as I'm here..." He took out his still-broken Pokégear and gave it to the other man.

The technician's eyes widened. "I haven't seen a Pokégear in *years*! Is this the new kind with unlimited phone memory?"

Chris shook his head. "It doesn't even tell time at this point. I was hoping you guys could get it to run again. You know, for sentimental reasons."

"Sentimental...? Oh. It must be hard, coming right out of Limbo into this madhouse."

Chris took a step back in surprise. "How did you...?"

"Pretty hard to forget a guy dressed like a ten-year-old falling on top of Agent Robyn," the technician laughed. "You should've seen the look on her face!"

"I am *not* dressed like a ten-year-old," Chris grumbled. "I think..."

The technician drew an old flathead screwdriver from his jeans and unscrewed the end of it. A smaller screwdriver slid out of it into his hand. He looked at the Pokégear, frowned, and unscrewed the end of the smaller one, too. "Eh, semantics. We'll send a message to your console when we've fixed it. Want me to update your Pokédex, too? I'm sure someone here knows how to do that."

An explosion sounded from the depths of the labs.

"NO! ...I mean, no, thank you, I don't need that right now. Agent Falchion said he'd pay for repairs to the crash dummy. Have a nice day," said Chris. He patted the side of his backpack protectively and left DoSAT as quickly as possible.

Brenda, in her Rapidash form, greeted Chris at the door when he came back. She carried two large bundles and a cloth lunchbox on her back; zapdos rested on top of the lunchbox. "Oh, hey, welcome back. Sorry to drop a bombshell on you, but I'm going to go talk to the Hyacinth about getting reassigned," she explained.

"You're *leaving*? But you just got here like three weeks ago!" he protested.

She pawed at the ground with her left front hoof. "I know. See, the thing is...I barely had a role in my home fic. I don't wanna be just 'Miguel's Rapidash friend' my whole life," she said. "I'm meant to run, to discover new things. You guys are great people, but I can't do that if I stay with you."

"I think I see your point," Chris mused. "But why take a mini-Missingno with you?"

“Horse-girl likes me,” zapdos rasped. It rolled its bony head sort of like Falchion did. “I not like big cat or furry lizard. Make sense, yes?”

Brenda flicked her tail irritably. “Ugh. For the fiftieth time, my name is *Brenda*. Bren-da! Not that hard!”

“Maybe she actually hate me least,” the mini admitted.

Chris had to smile. “I think you two are gonna be fine. Uh...can I...?”

She tossed her fiery mane and smiled back. “Go ahead. I promise not to burn you.”

Chris reached out and stroked Brenda’s muzzle. As he’d expected, her fur was almost hot to the touch, but not unpleasant. “Thanks, Brenda. Happy trails.”

“See you around, dork.” She nuzzled him briefly and cantered away in the general direction of the Hyacinth’s office.

Epilogue: December 2014 and January 2015 passed without much incident for our heroes, except for the New Year’s Gift Exchange Party and an MST. Thanks to a backlog of paperwork, Brenda finally got reassigned to the DMS just after Valentine’s Day 2015.

One week later, a grumpy blonde angel in a purple tunic showed up at the door, introducing herself as Chris, Ami, and Miguel’s new partner. She further hurt her first impression when the mini-Missingno smelled the residual Glitter in her bloodstream and attacked en masse.

After fighting the last one off, she explained further: Her name was Violet Rose Greenfield, and she’d been recruited from a Kid Icarus: Uprising badfic, evaluated, and sent to their RC for training and reforming. She passed on well-wishes both from Brenda and from Sarah, Falchion’s adopted sister.