

## SPRING CLEANING

*After essentially being forced to stay inside after the region went on lockdown due to the fighting, you realise your living space isn't...as clean as it could be. Your Pokemon are looking at you with sad eyes from under a pile of old pizza boxes! Spend some time cleaning up your home, and depict what that means for you and your Pokemon.*

### *T-190: SAS HIMI*

*P-815: BONITO || Adaptability - Adds one cooking item from missions*

*P-817: MAGURO || Hyper Cutter - Adds one cooking item from missions*

*P-818: EBI || Hyper Cutter - Adds one cooking item from missions*

**Word Count: 764**

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He was living like a slob. Sashimi was looking around his room, staring at the mess with his hands on his hips and his pokemon all by his side. Bonito, Maguro, and Ebi were on all sides of him staring at the mess they had played a part in creating. His clothes would often get stolen by Bonito, pulled from the drawers to make a nest in the corner of the room. The Wytini was always trying to nest in his clothing and it meant that for the time being his drawers and closet were empty. Maguro while not stealing his clothes often liked to climb up onto his dresser if they were displeased with something. They'd stare him down and much like one might expect from a kitten- they'd push anything that wasn't glued or nailed down so that they'd come crashing down and break. The Pipsel would knock over cups, plates, plushies, frames- anything and everything would be sent to the ground. Then there was Ebi...

Sashimi looked towards the large dog. They were harmless, and sweet. Everything about them was perfect and unlike the other two they didn't try and steal his things or knock stuff down- the problem here was that she was simply too big most of the time for this room. He used to have a chair, in fact the remains of the chair were still here but when the Wailyena had tried to climb up onto it the poor piece of furniture had broke. He'd yet to clean it up. The other problem was that they liked to give gifts of food that they'd steal from the fridge. They surprisingly didn't eat as much as one might expect- the wailmer half of their fusion simply made them so round and adorable- but they liked to try and make others eat. At some point she had decided it was her job to feed Sashimi and the others, and that meant that food scraps were littering the room.

"Ladies and gentlemen, today we embark on a grand task." He called out to the gathered pokemon and all of their heads turned to face him. Staring at him with a mixture of awe and annoyance due to the grandeur of his voice. "I know it will not be easy, we might even lose a few of us along the way." A very pointed look was shot towards Maguro, which made Bonito and Ebi stare at her in turn. "But we will persevere, and make this area into a space where trainers and pokemon alike can live comfortably!" He raised a fist into the air. "Hurrah!!!"

Sashimi gave it a moment, hoping that at least one of the three pokemon who was with him on this task might join in, but they all just stared at him. He kept his fist high in the air for first one minute, then two, then eventually he let it begin to fall down. "...Guys. Hurrah? You know.. A cheer? For Moral?" He said a bit sadly before trying again. His fallen hand was punched back up to the air. "Hurrah!!!"

Ebi just stared at him lovingly, not moving nor barking, Maguro just snorted evidently thinking her trainer was a fool, but Bonito? The lovely little Wytini? They squeaked and bounced in their spot which made all the disappointment that Sashimi had felt fade away in an instant. "Yeah!!! That's the spirit! You've got this Bonito!!!" He called out cheerfully before going forward to begin this monumental task.

First thing first was to start trying to clean the floor. They needed to see what they were working with and all the clothes, blankets, and other things that Bonito had dragged from their places were making it impossible. If broken glass was somewhere thanks to Maguro's little acts of defiance he wouldn't know, thus that was task number one. Ebi followed closely behind Sashimi and so Sashimi deemed her the transporter. He'd pick up the fallen fabrics and fold them up before setting them on the Wailyena's back. Stacking them high to the air before sending the pokemon out to go dump them in the

living room and come back. Sometimes to clean a space, you gotta make a mess somewhere else. Bonito joined in with Ebi wrapped around their friends neck, while Maguro? Just as Sashimi suspected Maguro was gone within minutes. The Pipsel wanted nothing to do with Sashimi's new found desire to clean, and thus they decided it was best to simply leave. That was fine, Sashimi could do this without her.