

Message Recipients: cynthia_10@pokemail.com.si

Message Sender: techsupport@billmail.com

Date Sent: 14 May 2015; 06:30

Subject: Update on previous Host locations

Hey Cynthia,

Managed to track down Alice, she took a flight to Elfworld a couple of weeks back to go after Abe who apparently when there in search of his long lost Magikarp or something. Have no idea what that's all about but I think we can be reassured of Abe's safety at least now that his mum is on the trail.

Hilda's continuing to keep an eye on Jimmy for us while he finishes that big gaming tournament. So far he's shown the same symptoms all the others have reported but like Cly, D and Arty his recovery rate is much faster.

And speaking of Arty he's on the way home to join all the others, last known location was in Petalburg City. Gotta thank the Birches for being kind - and smart - enough to come up with the idea putting all of them in one place for the time being till this crisis blows over.

Any word from the gods yet at all? Or all still quiet?

Teala

Brendan T. Birch walked out of his room to look for his walking stick and promptly tripped over the woman curled up on the carpet outside his door snoozing gently.

"Seriously, Aoo," he grumbled, taking care not to tread on her tail as he inched through the corridor and made his way to the kitchen, where he found Napoleon and D glaring at one another and Norman Birch trapped in between.

"What happened this time?" he whispered to his other son, Professor Dan Birch, who was nonchalantly munching cereal and watching the scene from the kitchen counter.

"They got into an argument over hats. Norm tried to break the tension by telling them his jacket was cooler. The argument became one about coats," said the young professor, opening the fridge and adding milk to his bowl.

Brendan rolled his eyes and using the countertop for support made his way outside to the garden. "Honey," he called out. "Have you seen my walking stick?"

"It was in the kitchen but I think Norman took it away from Nap earlier when he tried to hit D's hipster fedora in a fit of fashion police rage," called back Camilia A Birch (nee Slasha), as she tended to the large Oddish patch at the bottom of the garden. "Also Arty called, he's on the way back and in Petalburg right now."

"Is May with him?"

"She's the one who forced him to go home actually. He's been trying to mask the pain but the last...incident hit him in the middle of a champ challenge. And yes, he'll be alright, May will take care of him."

At this moment the back gate to the garden opened and a figure in a scarf, oversized sunglasses and a wide brimmed hat looked around furtively, and sneaked past them towards the house.

"Hi Cly," said both the Birches without looking up.

"Damned paparazzi, can't even let me go get groceries without telling the world what shampoo I use," was the only reply.

Brendan sighed and hobbled back inside after her.

After so many years of marriage to A, he had once thought that no amount of shenanigans could take him aback anymore but this was pushing it. He had of course heard rumours of some extremely crazy events the last time all the Hosts had got together back when Cly became Unova Champ and joined the PWT; and at one point of time or another had encountered the others individually before. But so many of them all under one roof was another level altogether. Either the Voices had a penchant for choosing really eccentric people with enough various issues to keep a team of psychiatrists very rich; or their time having a bunch of eldritch abominations in their heads was the cause of said eccentricity.

He found the stick hidden in the broom cupboard and returned to the kitchen, to find to his relief that the tensions seemed to have been defused for now, and the men were regaling tales of their adventures in the past instead.

"So Steven Stone turned towards me and said 'Wait, I thought your name was Orlando!' and I went, 'I never said that,' and he looked at me with horror and said 'Well crap, I sent Lloyd to the wrong guy then!' " said Norman, and they all burst into laughter, and even Dan let out a splutter of cereal.

Then again, thought Brendan, the moment he had fallen head over heels for A (both figuratively and literally), the Voices and by extension the Hosts they had occupied and all the extraordinary things that most people never even knew about had become part of his life. True, there were some things he had to live with, but looking back, he knew he would never regret-

His mental monologue came to an abrupt halt when he turned to leave the kitchen and found Aooo blocking his way, her eyes wide open and staring and a look of mingled fear and pain frozen on her face.

"Oh crap,"

He heard the breaking of porcelain from behind as Dan rushed to the aid of Napoleon, D and, yes, even Norman as the former went into a similar shock as Aooo was now in and the other two doubled over in pain. From elsewhere in the house he heard Norman's wife shout for assistance; apparently Cly had been on the stairs when her own attack kicked in

"Camilia," he thought, and forgetting both weakening knees and walking stick, burst out into the garden where his wife was crumpled in a heap, faceplanted in the Oddishes, shouting for someone to go help Aooo to a chair.

"Uh, a little help here!" yelled Dan, his hands full trying to support his brother and D simultaneously. Aoo's wife Sabrina had rushed in from the living room and was attempting to psychically link with her to calm her down.

Brendan returned cradling A in his arms and put her gently on a sofa. "This is insane, I've never seen any of them this bad before," he muttered. "Whatever the hell those new Hosts are doing it's having huge repercussions."

"You're damn right I'm leaving my mark on this world," said A suddenly in a voice that wasn't hers, as did all the others simultaneously.

Brendan, Dan and Sabrina stared at one another and back at the fallen Hosts around them.

"The time for change has begun. The Pokemon of this world shall now be freed," And then the voice changed. *"I'm sorry but those puppets are dangerous. I need to take them away from you for your own good. Please stand back."*

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Message Sender: cynthia_10@pokemail.com.si

Date Sent: 14 May 2015; 12:53

Subject: Synchronisation Event

It appears that the events you described where all previous Hosts seem to undergo extreme pain merged with clairvoyance is the result of a psychic connection of some sort through the Voices themselves. This appears to have been caused by Subjects 12A and 12B as the timing of these events correspond to moments where their paths crossed. Most notably the worst one took place at the same time when both of them were in the same gym causing two realities to overlap simultaneously, and the words recited by the previous Hosts match perfectly with what the current Hosts were recorded saying in the same hour.

Caitlin advises that you transfer Subjects 3, 5, 6, 8 and 10A to the nearest Psychic gym where they can set up a mental field to prevent further psionic feedback occurrences for the sake of their health. We have better means of keeping tabs on the current Hosts then risking the lives of their predecessors. May is diverting Arty there as we speak.

As for the paparazzos, I'll get Steven to go do something really stupid and attention seeking to divert their attention for a while.

Cynthia.