

MASTER RANK FRONTLINE MISSION

SOMBER SYMPHONY

A mysterious individual has reached out to you. You don't know where the message came from, but somehow they contacted you directly.

"I am in need of a Strong and Courageous Trainer such as yourself. You've proven yourself time and time again and I know you're up to the task - I'm in your head now. The Sylvangloam, it cries out in pain. Something is wrong. The Pokemon are growing wild, everything is... Angry. The ground shakes. There isn't much time--" Draw or Write about your Trainer and how they approach the Sylvangloam in peril. Battling enraged pokemon, calming the environment, investigating the source...

Rewards: 200 Credits • x1 Master Lootbox • x1 Choice of City Jar • x2 Crafting Loot • x2 Cooking Loot • x2 Brewing Loot

T-116: HONEY
P-335: THREE - STAGE 2

Word Count: 1027

"This is the worst"

There was nothing worse than Sylvangloam. Absolutely nothing and Honey was clinging tightly to the back of a rather large Dragonair fusion. Three was his most trustworthy and currently his strongest pokemon to date so for a trip to Sylvangloam he couldn't imagine having them balled. They crawled across the ground, slithering from the left to the right and pushing apart the numerous bio-luminous fungi that filled this particular region. The young orange haired trainer wasn't paying attention to his surroundings at all, instead burying himself entirely against the fabric that made up Three's body and honestly it made the pokemon roll their eyes. While Honey hated it, they felt rather at home in an environment like this- but even they were noticing that something was wrong.

It was a subtle change in the air- a tension that usually didn't exist. There were reports of everything being angry with earth rattling shakes or pokemon that would throw themselves at you in aggression; yet as it stood so far the pairing hadn't stumbled across anything outside of the normal. That is aside from that simple feeling of dread that would hang over them.

"Hey, we can just go home right?"

Honey asked as their hands clung tighter to the the desaturated blue fabrics.

"Haven't found anything~ So we can just go back and say hey. We took a look, didn't see anything, too bad so sad and then go home! Right? Three?? Right??"

The Dragonair Mimikyu didn't turn around or change their path at all despite the words of his trainer. He could hear how that upset him- but there was just something about the area that felt wrong. Sad perhaps. It felt as if Honey was wrong in saying nothing was any different. Smoothly the large pokemon moved himself up over a fallen log and as the pairing was passing over the obstacle the silence that had filled the mystical forest was shattered. The uneasy feeling that had surrounded them was turned into chaos and Honey's worries about Sylvangloam were proved entirely true.

The world that had been still shook violently and Honey's arms clenched tightly around Three as it did so. The foliage that rose up high around them was crumbling down around them as the entirety of Sylvangloam seemed to scream out in pain. Honey wanted to hide away against his pokemon instead the trainer's gaze was locked on watching their surroundings to try and guide Three through the chaos.

Things were turning upside down and the ground that had been below them on the hill was rising up- Everything was changing and it earned a quiet whine from the trainer.

"This is why I hate Sylvangloam. This right here? This is exactly why I don't like it- the land shouldn't move like this. It should stay still, have working internet, and not try to eat us?"

The land wasn't trying to eat them, but they were most definitely at risk of being crushed by the landscape. Thankfully however Three worked swiftly to dodge any of the landscape as it tumbled and soon the world went still again. Almost. It still seemed to shake but it was much more gently than what it had before. More of a gentle rumbling than the catastrophic quakes of before. Where exactly they had ended up though was anyone's guess and Honey groaned as the trail they had been following was long gone. He already was lost and hoping that Three would be able to find their way home, but with the ruined landscape he doubted that the pokemon would be able to find their way easily either.

Three looked around for a moment before they raised their body up and Honey who was complaining about Sylvangloam was soon falling down to eat it. They complained, snapping at Three over his behaviour but the pokemon didn't pay him any mind. Instead they slid forward to wrap around one particular mushroom that was on the forest floor and hadn't been squashed by the shaking world. It still trembled though, looking like it was scared almost and quietly Three leaned down to nose at it.

"...Three it's a mushroom, it's not like the other pokemon- it's not shaking because it's afraid. It's shaking because this place is a nightmare-"

Three's tail came over and a solid thunk echoed through the air as it collided with Honey's stomach making the trainer crumble down.

"You're so violent..."

While the young man wheezed The tail of the pokemon wrapped around Honey and he was quickly dragged over to the mushroom that had been circled around. The Dragonair fusion once more leaned down to nudge their nose against it in the same manner he would do to comfort upset children- and Honey just stared in disbelief.

"This is really what we're going to do? This?" He asked but as the tail of his pokemon tightened around him Honey sighed. While he could keep trying to fight it, to argue that even if the mushroom was shaking it wasn't actually alive, it was likely just some peculiar movements of the planet's crust that was causing all this. Still though, guilt was starting to rise up within his chest. Three looked so sincere in coddling the mushroom that it was making him feel bad for trying to tell them that it wasn't actually feeling anything at all.

With a heavy sigh Honey gingerly reached forward to give the mushroom two gentle pats. It was slimy to his touch and he could feel his skin crawl. He would much rather just continue to be on the back of his Pokemon but that wasn't an option. "...There there." He said quietly, glancing towards Three as he did so to see how the Dragonair looked rather pleased. "You're okay, little... nightmare mushroom."

He didn't know for certain if this would help to calm the environment- as far as he was concerned it was a pointless gesture but Three seemed insistent on it after the outburst of tremors. So, even if he felt it wouldn't do anything he would at the very least give it a try.