



"25 Tweniverse season 11 episode 1"

"All's Well That Ends Well Part 1"

Written by Twenyanon

Inspired by works of Phosanon

Special thanks for jannies for banning me

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Warm rays of sunlight were cascading down the burnt black earth. Golden clouds soar through bright orange sky, it was sunset. Bright white circle was slowly, but surely disappearing at the horizon. Just a moments ago, a fierce battle was unfolding here. A clash between forces, which sides were always uncertain. None of them were good, none of them were evil. Each of the competitors here had a questionable past, actions, you may not entirely understand or understand a lot and feel compassion to them, a pity maybe. One particular man, who was left with time to recollect his thoughts and reflect on what happened sat down on the black ground. He deeply sighed. His amber eyes were aimed on the desolate land beneath him and white, curly hair were cascading down his waist. Black waistcoat over white shirt with otherworldly design, that looks oddly fine even after previous brawl, make him look like a polite young hero from your average anime, but his character was far away from that.

"Oi, an' 'ere comes the bloody dero!" his head perked up at his fellow, who plumped right next to him and sat in the same manner. He was no better after so much to witness and be a part of *this*. Man in red coat was around his age. Having a messy brown hair, locks on the back of which were curled up from constant pressing from coat's collar. Thick layer of black eyeliner, used to hide his eyebags from lack of sleep and broken schedule. Among oddities on his face were bright green eyes, that had their pupils missing. Slightly gaping lips, cracked, from habit to lick them. Odd squarish teeth, intended to interlock with each other like a jigsaw distances this young man from humans more and more. Big magenta coat with rolled up sleeves on little belts

to hold them locked into position, black fingerless minets are a nice touch, made out of material that sits tight on his skin, but most eye-catching detail is the watch on his left wrist. An odd-looking digital watch, with magenta and pinkish-white primary colors. On white corpus placed black cover with two magenta stripes, on its left and right sides placed smooth buttons, three on each side. Each corner is covered in little red blocks, purely a cosmetic choice. It has nice, shiny and thick magenta belt, having little windows exposing squares of lighter pink belt inside. Another detail is white hexagon with black "25" on left side of jacket's chest that connected to a thick black stripe that comes from shoulder to bottom, two other trims cover his right shoulder. Blue jeans, red sneakers. Black t-shirt with magenta trim down his chest, outlining number "25".

"Shuuuut your *mitten*," The other one said with heavy russian accent. He looks directly into the Sun. Its brightness reflects on his eyes and seemingly, piercing shine doesn't affects him or maybe he just doesn't minds the stinging pain. "I'm done. I'm pooped- I'm cooked- I'm juiced- I'm wasted 'nd buuuuurned out!" He lets out raspy throaty cackle, rocking his head up and down, finishing it with prolonged sigh. "Iono-Eye-oh-noh- Ee-ono, I-o-no, how much in this name"

"Again ya wit' that cartoon Sheila of yours," White-headed aussie snarled with a grin before punching his companion's shoulder "Are ya really *that* obsessed wit' 'er?"

"Good morning!" Scrawny guy replied by dramatically throwing his arms over his head, he shifts his weight, so he looms like he's about to fall, but quickly regains his slouching posture, holding one hand on his knee. "Like I'm even hiding that! Personally," Bending his back and leaning on arm as he mocks a high profile look he pretends to polish his fingernails. Pinching lips and looking at his friend from beneath eyelids and bended brows. "I think my obsession saved my life few times AND brought me unbelievable amounts of fun" His gaze slowly tracks away "...And some embarrassment as well," Sits up "But we're not talking about that." His gaze lingers back at the Sun. Something in this circle of blinding light attracts him. No matter where he is, Sun, his star, will be with him. There, on the sky or somewhere away in the universe. Its like a part of him if you give it a thought. Like a part of his body, or rather to say, soul. Its always present, its important for his life, both physiologically and mentally, here to keep his body warm, show him something, banish all problems away and most importantly...

"The sunset..."

"The what?"

"Sun...sets... don't you think that among everything that Earth's nature has to offer, sunsets are the best? Cold blues of the sky slowly turn into orange and red hues, and even if it actually indicates that our planet gets cooled off, for us it only gets warmer. Its soothing. A moment of piece before cold night, an interlude of a day... And all thanks to this ever-burning, blinding ball of plasma that was looking our kind evolve and change. Someone, who was the inspiration for entire cultures. Being compared to a Sun is a compliment. Sun is so beautiful... and yet... I still want to have a personal "Sun"..." White-haired man listens closely. Maybe its not a first time for this odd guy to suddenly dip his head into philosophy, but its always interesting to hear him out. "I need someone to be my "Sun" so I can always have the most beautiful sunsets" He slowly stands up, grunting through clenched teeth. Turning around,

swishing his coat around he turns to aussie and with wide smirk spreads his arms open, blocking the light.

“I guess that’s the end! This is where our paths depart, probably forever! I must say, All’s Well That Ends Well,” He extends his hand for a last handshake. Aussie shoots grin and holds his hand, he stands up and clenches it into manliest handshake they can have. No one thought of it, but the idea of their actual, final disbanding, forces a lump to form in their throats. This stinging pain appeared not because of simple friendship, this pain of two men, who’s path met its conclusion.

“It was nice knowing you, Rez” Scrawny one said through wide grin and tears forming on his eyes

“Yer one of an ace mate, Twenty-Five” Rez returned with a clench of his hand, also feeling painful tears.

Both of them finish it with one final hug and with that...

A new story begins.

Late morning in Mesagoza city, a capital of such world region as Paldea, place with one of the most richest history of all time, giant infrastructure, placed a truly ancient place – Uva Academy, most prestigious school in the region, its known and respected not only inside borders of Paldea, but world-wide. Many oversea children dream to be lucky to be part of this student elite. Many great people graduated from there and many have to.

But for the student themselves, this Atlantis of education is nothing more than a cheap school their parents shoved them in.

Alarm clock beeps somehow make the lump of clothes on disheveled bed came to life and move, but only to petite scruffy girl to emit from them. She's probably late for a class. Clock is still beeping. She tries to find it on bedstand, but only thing she finds is her glasses, that she almost shattered with a hit of her palm, of course this was an accident and her real target were those damned clock. Glasses don't deserve that, she loves them, since without them she's as blind as mole, or, a Digglet you may call it here. She puts them on and slightly, but they make her look a bit better. Plus beauty points for her.

Girl seems to be not in a hurry, lazily, she gets her feet under the big, soft green blanket and sits up, but sudden cold under her right feet made her shudder a bit. Looking down she saw those damn watches that woke her up. She groans and steps on it more to turn it off, then she reached for them and put back on a bedstand only to repeat same process next morning, maybe only without finding them on the floor.

Next stop in her morning routine is to clean up the room. She looks around. Sun illuminates surroundings, showing her all those anti-sanitary horrors, that make any tidy-freak have a stroke. This picture makes her think, that maybe its better to leave it for later and skip right to the bathroom to tidy herself at least.

[GFL - Castalet \(cover\)](#)

Walking into bathroom, courtesy of academy, she looks into the mirror. Her raven black hair stand in each direction of four cardinals, vibrant blue eyes with bags beneath them make her look bit older because of sleepless gaming nights she had for years.

She tries to smile to make herself look presentable to society, but big, jagged teeth in her mouth is a huge downer. People were repulsed by such oddity sometimes, sometimes she was made fun of. Girl takes a time to stare at her teeth more, eyeing each of them, her pink gums, listens to lisping sound of her breathing through little crevices. After feeling enough with examining her teeth she takes a toothbrush and gets to brushing them. Mint toothpaste should make her breath smell good. She hopes.

After washing her features, she takes a huge wooden brush with some of her hairs stuck in it. She starts straightening her hairdo. With rough motions of her hand, brush turns tangled hair into straight shiny locks, resembling something similar to hime-cut. Long bangs hide her big forehead (in which you can see your reflection if its squealy clean enough). She finishes her preparations with making two soft buns on her head and tie them with red and blue rubberbands for each bun respectively. Making sure she's definitely looks good, forcing a smile

she leaves bathroom. Time slowly moves on and currently, she's past second period, but this fact doesn't worries her. In her own tempo she puts on firm school uniform. Black jacket, pants and shoes, light-yellow waistcoat, white shirt and blue tie with a silver clip. Jacket has blueish-white jagged pattern on it, a signature feature of Uva's design.

On her bed rests her little pet, or rather to say partner. Tadbulp. Odd amphibian that stores actual electricity in its lightbulb-shaped body to light things up. It always smiles and quite useful if lights go out. It patiently looks at the actions of its trainer before suddenly getting scooped by her and getting squished and hug.

"Aww, look at'chu! Aren'tcha a cuuuutie?" She coos right into its face, nuzzling her nose against Tadbulp's squishy body "Too bad we're in hurry, tho chop-chop!" And just like that she throws it on the bed like some cheap toy. Tadbulp squeaks surprised when it lands, looking back at her, it pouts. Girly walks back and forth, stuffing her bag with books and notepads with important school subjects such as math, physics, history and biology. Hooking bag over her shoulder she strides off her messy room, locks the door behind her and looks around.

Dormitory. Its silent as graveyard. Most of students who live here are already in the main building, classes it may be or just loafing around the campus to kill free time. Going downstairs takes toll on her weak, short legs. Sometimes she feels like a toddler when walking around all those mature guys and girls who is at least head and a half higher than her.

Leaving the dorm building, bright midday light stings her eyes. She covers herself away from it and moves forward. Emptiness presents on street as well. Not a single soul. She feels like she's a last man on Earth. Or woman. Wonder what would she do if she was indeed the remaining one of human species. Wander around the globe? Not so fun... but getting all the riches? Faint lopsided smirk drags on her lips and brow mischievously crooks, making her look sly as Thievul.

Corridors are empty as well. Not a single soul around. Pretty neat if you ask her, still, shine of midday amplifies an eerie feeling she gets from this hollowness.

[Toby Fox - Darkness Falls](#)

Standing in front of the class door she takes a deep breath. It became an important part of her mental preparations before meeting her classmates. No one will notice her until they feel like they need a lolcow. "Bruxish-girl", "Croco-mouth", "Sharpedo" and many other hurtful nicknames that she was called because of their initial fear of those biters first day people met this Levincia girl. Quickly, she became a social outcast. Their freak out grew into disrespect and venery. It was impossible to make friends with her classmates, but found a niche among no-ones like her. Girls from literature club, some boys from her own club, dedicated to video games. If you can call it. Teachers try to cut the air for her, because "video games cause violence!" Once she was compared to a terrorist from Sinnoh region for having "so much" in common. A shut-in from a sunny harbor city, freakish look. She was teased for that, that one day she'll snap and will try to kill everyone. Who knows what happens inside her head? She's totally a psycho! And maybe they're right! Maybe she does wants to kill them all and bath in the-

She finds herself gripping tight the handle of door. She lost herself in thoughts once again...

Door slides open, but one seems to care. She slips into the class without a single word and keeps walking fast to the corner of the room to take her seat on the last table and quickly scatters her belongings and opens the notebook, trying to look like she was there the entire period. Once she opened the notebook, she leaves few pages blank before getting to writing down what teacher says. Maybe later someone will give her to copy what she missed.

Heavy clouds block the sunlight, slowly everything turns gray, making the feeling of monotony even stronger. Time stretches to be unbelievably painful, dread of existence creeps on her back with its sharp claws, forcing her think about her own future. Fear of unknown gets into her, she doesn't knows what awaits her, what cold, cruel world will do with her-... Again her thoughts get interrupted, this time by a school bell. Class was over. She gathered everything in the bag and stood up, holding belt of it clenched in her palm. Girl scurries away to the door, sticking close to wall so she may leave first, its just her intuition says that something bad about to happen. She was right.

"Hey! Shredder! Where have you've been?" One of the boys called her out, his friends cackled alongside him. "Shredder" ignored them and scurried away from the class. Behind her she heard a thud and outcries.

"Watch where you going, *new kid!*" Same dude barks.

A new kid? That's something... none of her business. She hurries into the next class. Its history. Teacher there is interesting, he likes his subject and also keeps everyone in check, so loud-mouths kept shut for a while or just leave the room until bell will ring again. Light in the window turns warmer, clouds slowly leave the Sun alone. She smirks, thought of that she and Sun have this common thing – their warm shine being blocked by grey masses. She didn't notices that *newbody* plops on the seat right in front of her. She still can't see his face, but long, unkept hair, with tips on the back looking upwards catches her attention. She hopes no one will attempt to get closer to talk with him. Or rather "it" as she refers to him in her head. She sneers under her breath.

Lesson starts, teacher rolls out a long, but interesting lection about world's history. She doesn't listen. Having her trustworthy DS she plays one of the Metroid games, she's sure teacher won't ask her since she just confident about that. With the corner of her ear, she heard something about Hisui region, an old naming of modern Sinnoh. If she'd listened closely, she would learn about the age of expeditions and settlement of this once barren land, filled with hostile pokemon, just like once it was with Paldea.

But all of a sudden, her peace gets interrupted.

"Mr... Tension, you, as a Sinnoh's native, should know something about its history from the first hand, right?" Teacher asks politely, but under his guest-friendly question hides test, a test to learn is this new student worth something or just another braindead slag.

Both girl and new kid got caught off guard by Teacher's unexpected question. New kid quickly comes off his place and stands up, gathering all the unwanted attention, meanwhile girly behind him tries to hide her console and act as if she was listening as well.

"It- its Tennyson, sir... ehh, d-dunno? Should I?" He looks around, nervous and his voice trembles a bit.

"I guess you should, Mr. *Tennyson*, it'd be a shame if you don't know history of your homeland. Like, when settlement of Hisui began? What year was this?" Teacher reads confusion in Tennyson's eyes "Maybe you can name few people that made huge contribution to forming the modern Sinnoh?"

Tennyson sweats, his eyes roam around the class before he mumbles something inaudible. His hand reaches to hold on back of his neck.

"Faaaaaakh.... I mean..." Clears throat into fist "Volo?" He shrugged and scoffed, trying to play it out smooth as possible. "After all, many people living on Hisui's...territory contributed to its development one way or another..." Tennyson looks at the teacher, praying that he's buying it. "Caaaan't name 'em aaaall, gyehe." Class is silent. Teacher thoughtfully hums and nods.

"You may sit"

New kid quickly falls back on his seat and expresses himself through heavy breath.

"Gaaawdmfckin' daaaaam' youuu pulled this off Twenty-Five, good job, now he thinks you don't 'now shit" He cups his forehead and mumbles more under his nose.

Girl behind him listens to what he brags about, but can't understand a single word. Probably he speaks on Sinnohnian.

Rest of the class gone without any incidents. Slowly, Sun was creeping down the horizon and everything was turning into warm orange. Twenty-Five was locked on the view in the window for the rest of the class, as girl behind her were playing her DS. When last, faint ring bells, everyone lazily gather their belongings and scatter in groups to leave the academy for leftovers of spare time they have, leaving only two teens, locked in their own perspective obsessions. Once girl realized that its time to go, she looked forward to see that even new kid was ahead of her, being already near the doorway, but he was just standing there... Before he turns his head 45 degrees right to look at her.

"Peace" He shoots her a lopsided grin and obligatory peace hand-sign like he's some sort of chill bro, which he clearly wasn't, but wanted to look like.

"... Peathe"

He leaves, leaving her alone in the class with the setting Sun.