

SILENT STORM

From one storm to another, you leave behind Thunderdale and join the team heading forward to another lost location. You are on your way to Murkhaven, This city was never one of the 'prime holiday' locations and it wasn't very friendly to outsiders but its people still deserve saving. From what we know of the city before it was lost its people tended to reject technological advancement and leaned more towards traditional methods....this does not give us hope for what we might find but Thunderdale did express that they had contact with the city longer than we did.

DRAW OR WRITE ABOUT YOUR TRAINER MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH A THICK SWAMP. THE ENVIRONMENT IS VERY WASHED OUT DUE TO FOG DAMAGE AND THE SWAMP WATER ALMOST FEELS LIKE THICK TAR. DO THEY TRY AND NAVIGATE ON FOOT? IN A CAR OR HOVER-VEHICLE?

*T-207: HELLAR
T-205: LAWRENCE*

Word Count: 560

While in many cases Hellar would try to go it alone, she allowed herself to be carried in the arms of her husband for the moment. She was small in his arms, curled up into a ball with her scarf wrapped fully around her head so that it wouldn't drag on the mud below. Lawrence while he was walking steadily stopped for the moment to look down at bundled up woman. "Hellar..." He softly coo'd out her name as he reached over to ruffle the scarf so that he could see her face. "You know it's been a long time since you've so willingly let me carry you around like this."

"Yeah? And if you keep this up it'll really be the last time you ever get to."

A light laugh echoed from Lawrence over the threat before he looked up once more. His eyes scanned the surroundings and he were to hum in thought. "I don't know if we will reach Murkhaven before it gets dark, love." He said. The tree's somehow seemed more overbearing than he remembered, everything was darker and they loomed over them in a threatening manner. The webs of varying pokemon filled the spaces around them yet it all was strangely quiet- too quiet. There weren't any beacons, there was no hum of electricity- from way out here in the swamp you could even see the stars if you looked up. Real stars. Not the fake holographic ones that most cities would display at night and all of it was simply too quiet for Hellar. The longer they were out here the more she felt goosebumps forming and chills being sent up her spine.

"Murkhaven might be destroyed." She reminded him bitterly while caused him to hum once more.

"...You're right. I do not know if we will reach the ruins of Murkhaven before it gets dark then. Should we try and set up a camp before then? Just the two of us~ Camping out under the tree's~ Won't that be nice. It'll be just like the old days."

Hellar couldn't help but scoff at that. She'd rather forget the old days if given the opportunity but she didn't argue it. Instead she simply motioned to be put down which Lawrence obliged with.

She pulled a face as she felt her feet being pulled into the mud but the path they were on wasn't the most swampy out there. It wasn't like quick sand it was merely unpleasant. "Lawrence, do I have to remind you we don't have any beacons." She said as she reached into one of their bags to pull out the two Pokeballs her husband had. She The fighting woman was never fond of them- but if they were coming out at night then she would rather have them out than not.

The first one was Gizno- a small pedigree rattata that quickly scurried up onto Lawrences head with a hiss the moment it was released while the second one was Beano. Hellar *hated* Beano. The ghostly metallic fusion appeared in a flash of red and their red crossed eyes looked over to her. It looked as if it was trying to stare into the depths of her soul- but it was good at putting any wild pokemon to sleep. Hopefully it would also work with Shadow pokemon if they got attacked.