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"They've gotten to calling you 'the Martyr' now."

"Oh." She swallowed. Bill's presence outside her glass and plastic cell was unnerving.

"Better than the False Prophet. If you were running for office, your approval rating... Well, it's shifting."

"Oh."

"I don't approve of what you did. If you were hoping I'd let you out of here, you were wrong. Never did I ask for... this. Goodbye, Prophet."

It was impossible to break silence.

'Mon and people alike would come banging on the Saffron City 'Mon Temporary Detention Center, but they were turned away. They came searching for Prophet, they were told to leave; they tried breaking in, they tried protesting, they screamed on rooftops and they searched long, so long for Prophet, but she couldn't be found and did not hope to; the Flareon left in silence, and *to break silence* was to break law.

However, there were self-described heroes; there were martyrs. They broke away from their path to Victory Road on their own path, living in the countryside as it filled with embers, embers burning bright trails in the nighttime.

FREE THE MARTYR!

That's what the signs read. When one was taken down another came up, when one voice was silenced another called out, "FREE THE MARTYR!"

AJ's time began and ended, "FREE THE MARTYR!" spoken in every street he visited, and even he started to believe it. His Gator was the antithesis to the False Prophet, but "FREE THE MARTYR!" was spoken anyway. The world was in uproar one way or the other, but most of all they were able *to break silence*.

A's time began and ended, "FREE THE MARTYR!" still spoken even when she cried for its silence, even when she cried on Trump's trailing reign of fire, which should have been more noticed- but besides footnotes in her similar story, that Trapinch was simply breaking silence, an unknown, forgotten by some.

Only one 'Mon would ever break Prophet's silence whilst she was in that place, and she- Abby- was one of the few to still call her by that name.

"Nothing big yesterday. There was... a sixty 'mon protest
outside of A's home this morning. Didn't last long."

"I feel you're getting honestly tired, just
relaying the news to me."

"You respond. It's schedule. You're somebody I like,
and I look forward to this."

"Wonder what would've happened if you
came with me to Saffron City."

"Then we'd be in different cells and you'd have no news, haha."

"What've all the 'Mon outside here been
doing for the past week?"

"Nothing that goes in the paper or the broadcasts."

"Hope they're getting me out of here."

"Prophet...
you'll be out soon."

"You can't promise."

"I hope."

"Does Dux hope?"

"I hope."

They freed the Martyr one day.

She had hoped for a crowd, but nobody knew of her absence, so the few that were outside weren't expecting it.

"Sol. Sol! Am I dreaming, or is that her?!"
"You dream about Prophet? You're weirder th--
Holy shit!"

She had eight speeches in the first week on the fast track around Kanto, she spoke loudly and with each long drawn breath full of choir-preaching words, she spoke in churches, on podiums, to the homeless and to the Trainers, and nobody any more could stop Prophet from breaking silence. She had followers now, united and coming behind each place they went; they planned for her, they spoke to her, and it was those allies that couldn't be broken- not *to break silence*. The Prophet- the Martyr had been freed, and all she could wonder was *who* had had freed her. The world moved too fast for questions.

"Anywhere you go, Prophet, I'll follow."

"Me, too. Let's make a difference, yeah?"

"I've got a path now, and it's with you."

“No stopping us now that we’re free.”

“Do what you think is best, Martyr.”

She spoke in Johto next after a night’s trip by plane, which was as casual as could be, and the acquaintances became allies, allies became friends- Dux, Steve, Sol, Abby, Keeper- she spoke of an unknown future, she spoke of unity between ‘Mon, she spoke of unity between Trainers, too, and even those close questioned that speech- but every word’s intention was *to break silence*. She spoke of herself, she spoke of others, she spoke against humans and praised them, too. It seemed like every event anywhere was heard by the Prophet and moulded again and again, taken from that neutral- but strong- angle, spoken aloud *to break silence*.

More trips, to Hoenn next, following where the Voices had gone. “Here,” said Steve. “Coffee. It’ll keep you awake. I-I have tea, if you need calming down, er--”

“There is a story of a Trapinch, here, which I know has been forgotten by many... and far too many, at that.

Her story is overshadowed by a Torchic whose name you all know by now, but it is in no way less tragic. For she was a loving companion of the Trainer- A- possessed by the Voices. A powerful, very powerful man named Bill had tried to stop her. And in his scheme to sabotage that girl’s efforts, he manipulated this Trapinch to do what he wanted. *He* is responsible for Zexy’s death. And it was only the Trapinch breaking this horrible man’s grasp on her that she could prevent the death of the younger Marill.

I come to you all... with this, because soon, very soon, another Host will come, and unless we do something to stop this man, tragic things may happen again.

Bill has- and will- toss us aside for his own goals, like we are animals. Do not stay silent against him, because it is how he wins.

This ‘curse’ of fire is only perpetuated by people like Bill. *To break silence* is to break this pattern. Speak up!”

Prophet had aimed and pulled the trigger. There was no stopping them now.

Trainers who had their ‘Mon lost in the PC sued; ‘Mon who’d been intimidated, blackmailed, captured- they spoke up; money drained paying for bail and for lawyers galore, and Bill lost his power, lost his lab, his reputation, his underlings. He ran back to a cabin north of Johto where he was killed years and years later by a crying, miserable Zigzagoon during a rainstorm.

Six of them by plane, fed funds by those willing, with no end in sight; they lived in luxury like the richest of humans could, they traveled around Kanto, Johto and Hoenn as asked, and every place they went, Prophet tried *to break silence*. She told more stories of those evil, she had built

shelters for abandoned 'Mon to live temporarily, brought people she didn't know to the stage just to hear them speak alongside her. It was often so casual, where her first speeches had been stiff and afraid to exist. Prophet was a friend of the people *and the 'Mon* now, and those who trusted her- followed her- loved her- became forty percent, forty five, fifty percent of the population, and on, and on.

"You're calm, right now."

"Perks of having two Psychics on my entourage, huh?."

"It's just... a lot is going on. You're really calm."

"I was born to do this."

"Coffee?"

"Heh, you know me. Give it here."

"What's next?"

"Sinnoh."

"I thought you said Sinnoh came last."

"Yeah, it is. That's why we're going now."

and it all came back to Sinnoh, where old cities got older.

So much speak. Every week was booked full, every movement *to break silence*, every bit of money budgeted and spent in the same motion. And it all came back to Sinnoh, where Prophet grew older after weeks became months, and a year had passed since her freedom, and all the world was brewing for something big. Brewing.

There was one enemy left which had waited its chance to strike. Too strong to fight against, speak against, and too supported to ridicule, the Department of Pokemon Training was based in Sinnoh, with its crawling, corrupted limbs reaching far and wide to encourage *silence*, and *to break silence was to win*.

Brewing.

Brewing. Another one of those speeches; it spoke of Prophet's earlier days, and it all came back to Sinnoh. After it'd ended, the entourage dispersed silently for the night, letting her some privacy behind the stage.

"Stop! Right there, stop!"

She lowered herself off the cart slowly, with something loaded on it stacked tall.

"What... what is this?" The Bibarel whose name was Six clutched a handgun in two thin paws with a flashlight shining straight on Prophet.

"Careful, now. Explosives."

“...Back off, Prophet. Just don’t try anything. A-And I need to arrest you-- you know that.”
“You don’t need to at all.”

“Why do you have damn explosives in front of you?”

“The... DPT. Nobody’s in the buildings, tonight’s the night to destroy them.”

“Arceus...”

“It’s the only way.”

“Arceus, Arceus... I... I gotta arrest you, Prophet. You can’t--”

“SIX!” The dark-lit storage room almost shook with her aging voice. “You trust me. You’re a ‘Mon, just like me. You’re one of the first ‘Mon-- ever to make it into the IPD.”

“T-The first.”

“Right... and a female, at that. We’re so alike.

And you know- we both know this is the only way.

Just leave now, and you’ll have done the world a magnificent favor.

And-- one for me, too.”

“How the hell do you expect me to do that?! You’re-- gonna blow up a *building!*”

“Nobody gets hurt.

It’s for the greater good, Six-- you believe that, right?”

Just back away. We could be friends, I know it.”

“I-I can’t. I just can’t. It’s everything I’ve worked for in my whole life, a-and Prophet... Prophet, just... just make this easy for us both. Back off, okay? They don’t-- they won’t treat you bad, they know you!”

“*To break silence... is to break...*” She began heading toward the front of the cart.

BLAM!

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To break silence. To play with fire.

She woke up painful. No charges were pressed, the explosives confiscated. For Six, who had trespassed and shot Prophet on a hunch, there was only scolding, everlasting traumatization-regret-, and all evidence voided. For the Flareon, shrapnel that had sat in her for too long, killing her slowly and leaving her near-immobile, bed-kept in a hospital ‘neath the Sinnoh sun. She had visitors. The nurse told her she was going to die, and that it would be soon.

“You don’t... want to talk about what happened?”

“N-No.”

"I, uh... i-if you're... you've really changed my life, Prophet. I didn't know what to believe in.

A-And that's something that's really hard to repay."

"You don't n-need to, Steve. Just k-keep on doing what you've done."

"Yeah. Always. Arceus, always. Thank you."

"Not gone yet."

"Then, uhm, neither am I."

"You're kind of a martyr now, huh?"

"H-Hah. Yeah."

"Twice now. A-And you're not dead."

"To break silence is to b-break yourself, Sol."

"Now that we're free..."

"We could've-- could've changed things, sometimes."

"I d-don't care. I'm glad... we ended up here."

"...Glad we did, too, Prophet."

"I guess I wouldn't want it to have gone anywhere else."

"The world moves f-faster than us, huh?"

"Yeah. I just wish you weren't... here."

"Keep going without me."

"We will. I-I promise, we will."

"You'll see Dome soon, right?"

"H-Hah."

"Y-You're thinking of... leaving?"

"Dying. L-L-Letting it go."

"Giving up?"

"Going silent one last time. I t-think it's time."

"...Thank you for trusting me again, Prophet."

"Tell the o-other four I l-love them. I-I love them all."

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The room fell into a warm, soft blue color, lit by only memories and the aura of Dome as it approached the Flareon. It was a Kabutops, with its limbs low, and a welcoming, warming pair of eyes.

“Abby was right, huh?”

“She is the Prophet.”

“Heh... I didn’t see it earlier.”

“But you saw many things.”

“I guess I have.”

“You have set the world on a path. You and I are ‘Mon, alike.”

“I’m glad... glad to help. What about... you and Bill?”

“He discarded my help long back.”

“Your help?”

“I am a caretaker of the world, just as Helix is.”

“A c-caretaker...”

“Yes... the prison you were in, I freed you.”

“W-Why? Why not... why not let me wait? Why not help me w-with-- everything else?”

“We all need some help, sometimes, *to break silence*.”

And she erupted into tears, tears uncontrollable with their joy as she felt understanding; and reached one paw from under the sheets, holding out for Dome, and it pulled her up- pulled her up- up- up- into a gleaming, shimmering light.

“*To break silence* is not a trivial task which can be performed every day in light, nor in darkness, and it is not easy nor impossible! *To break silence* is, perhaps, to play with fire, and to risk for the greater good- the Martyr and the Prophet alongside, just as I am. *To break silence* is to break boundaries, to break habits, to break fear and to break laws, *to break silence* is to trust in yourself the willingness to go- to go to the light and *speak!* Speak, damn it, speak, if it burns you alive or freezes your mind, *SPEAK!*”

- Prophet, in one of her most famous speeches, four months before her death.

Rest in peace.

To Break Silence