

# LEVEL UP

## EMILIO ADEPT

*T-171: EMILIO*

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“...I am, so sorry. It’s not that bad? No one will notice.”

A quiet apology sounded from Emilio as he stared at a mirror that was placed in front of him. Beside him there were two other pokemon who were both staring intensely at their reflections. Fairy Dust and Woolie were on either side of him and while Woolie didn’t seem to mind the sight of their reflections the Typhlosion was much different. They looked *devastated* and it sent a pang of regret through Emilio’s chest. Quietly he brought his hand up to pet at their back, an attempt to hopefully comfort them but the pokemon flinched at the touch. Their whole body seemed to curl away from his fingers and with a rather dirty look they stomped a few paces away. The larger pokemon sat down on the ground in the corner of the room with their back to him and Emilio let out a long sigh at the behaviour. They were sulking now, and if they could he was certain that they’d start to grow mushrooms from the sheer intensity of their apparent depression.. It was a bit over dramatic in his opinion.

“...At least you’re not mad at me, right Woolie?”

The Wooloo didn’t reply or even acknowledge the fact that their trainer had spoken- they only continued to stare at themselves in the mirror. At first Emilio had assumed that to be a good thing- they weren’t huffing or throwing a fit like Fairy Dust was but they also now weren’t doing anything at all. “...Woolie?” Still there was nothing and quietly Emilio poked at the side of the pokemon’s face. “Woolie? Hello? Are you there?” It took a few more pokes before the pokemon reacted and a shrill scream filled the entire room.

Woolie, was now screaming which in turned cause Emilio to scream and stumble backwards. The sheep-like pokemon while frozen like a statue moments ago was now seeming to scream bloody murder and ran in circles as if they were being chased by an unimaginable horror. They did one lap- then two- then they froze again to stare at themselves in the mirror before returning to screaming all the way up until in their agonised running Fairy Dust scooped her up to hold them in his arms.

Emilio had fallen back at the sudden fit being thrown to stare in pure disbelief but as they were now being soothed by the Typhlosion he found himself feeling rather indignant. “You’re both overreacting! It really isn’t that bad!” A loud puff of abhorrent disagreement came from Fairy Dust as Woolie sat quietly in the Typhlosions arms looking as if they had seen a ghost. “It was just a little hair cut?? It’ll grow back!”

That was all that Emilio had done, the fur of both the Pokemon had gotten a bit long and messy, so while he had debated on bringing them to a Salon to have them cut professionally he decided to give it a try himself. He’d snipped at the strands of fur of the two pokemon who trusted him until it was short and while he didn’t think it was that bad the two of them clearly disagreed. The haircut wasn’t exactly even or smooth- there were some parts that were shorter than others and Woolie looked as if they had almost been entirely shaved down with some slightly longer patches. It was just how things went when you were cutting the fur of Pokemon! Wasn’t it? He didn’t feel like it was that bad, but based on the reaction of the pokemon maybe it was something he shouldn’t try again.