



Water Holds Memory, It Washes Away

Pocket Monsters | Pokemon - All Media Types · Not Rated · 527 words

by Arukir

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Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: Original Pokemon Trainer(s), Original Characters, Original Pokemon Character(s)

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I went through something and found a Wooloo Pokémon card, so I wrote this fic about a Wooloo to work through my emotions.

My 128th fic, only 72 more before I reach my goal of 200 by the 7th of March, 2025.

Marble moved slowly behind Trainer, unsure how to feel about their surroundings. She hadn't expected to leave her Pokéball just to find herself in this place that should've been familiar, but wasn't quite.

Was this really the valley she grew up in? Was that barren patch of land the hill she'd roll down with her herd, those broken rocks the smooth stones she'd bounce over?

Were those ripped stumps the forest she'd played in? Were those ditches the fields where she had first seen the stars?

Tears welled up as she trudged through the slimy mud that was once beautiful wild-flowers. They fell when she passed the cliffs where the old Smeargle used to paint stories, faint lines still visible on the washed rock.

Were these the pebbles she'd tossed around with other lambs? Or were they these? Or were they not even here, washed far away like she?

There is where she took her first steps, and over here her first roll. Down there is where she first saw humans. Up that hill, she swears she can make out the cave where she hid from her first thunderstorm.

The tears have nearly stopped, and she starts to smile. So much she'd forgotten, drowned out as she tried not to remember how it all ended. Yes, the tears are nearly gone, except the ones caught in her wool.

Then they start again, because she sees it. The stones, piled high, that had flung so fast when—

It cuts, it burns, she can't see. There's water everywhere, she can't breathe. She can't see, and it hits her, and she knows something's missing—

The tears flow like the floods, but it's okay. Because over there was where she used to dance, and near that rock is where she got stuck in a thorn bush, and right here is where the best Combee honey was.

A story isn't its ending. It's all the parts before that.

"Are you okay?" Pac asks, jumping from Trainer's head to hers. His tail wipes across her eyes, drying the last of her tears.

"I'm okay." She is, now. Or, she will be, at least.

"We're almost out of the valley, old girl." Trainer calls over his shoulder. He's smiling. "Hard being back here, isn't it?"

It is, and she wants to leave, but there's just one thing to do first. She turns a little, to a little clearing that once was, piled high with rubble. She closes her eyes, and it's a cozy place again, a place where she curled up in rest night after night.

"Wait, you've been here before?" Pac asks, still on her head. "What is this place?"

"Home." She answers, sighing and opening her eyes. Some rubble falls, and it's almost as if the land is saying farewell. "Goodbye." She whispers, hurrying after Trainer out of the valley.

Good and bad, it was home, once upon a time. Maybe in her heart, it still was. But she has a new home now.

Her old story's over, time to start the next.

— end of "Water Holds Memory, It Washes Away" —