



Moon's Shadow

Pocket Monsters | Pokemon - All Media Types · Not Rated · 478 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Pocket Monsters | Pokemon - All Media Types Rating: Not Rated Category: Multi

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Pixy | Clefable & Gangar | Gengar

Characters: Pixy | Clefable, Gangar | Gengar

Tags: Halloween, Magic, Wishes, Late at Night, Friendship, Short & Sweet, Short One Shot, Random & Short, My 172nd fanfic overall :), Fan Comics, at least partially

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*A Clefable is out on a most peculiar night, watching the moon and wishing for a friend.
The story of the first Gengar.*

Me: [knows exactly how I want to end a fic]

As well me: [has no idea how to write the ending]

So, I drew it (in under an hour) instead! I hope you enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing/drawing it! ☺

Happy Spooks Day, everybody! ☺☺☺

Clefable sighed, leaning against a tree and looking to the sky, to the bright orb that hung among the pinpricks of stars.

Home. She thought, and knew not why. She had spent her whole life on this mortal coil, alone and wondering how she longed for a thing she could not name.

A wind blew through the bare branches, cold and howling like a living beast. It was the Harvest Night, the time when the veil between realms was weakest, when few ventured out alone.

It was on this night, above all others, that Clefable felt but a step from home. Against warning and reason, she traveled on her own to the darkest places, hoping one misstep might find her in the realm she belonged; she was certain she did not belong to this one.

Alas, each year her hopes were dashed, and she was cursed to spend another wishing for things she could not grasp. Still she silently pleaded, looking to the moon as she felt her heart break and grow full all at once. It was a fool's folly, but she would not be deterred.

Unknown to her, that night was particularly special. It was a thousand years from one thing and a hundred from another, a year and a day since a curse and ten thousand since a blessing. It was a time that almost never came, when the barriers were nearly worn through with clashing magics, and it fell on that most sacred night.

So when her hand trailed through the water of the lake she sat by, when her loneliness and longing crushed her soul, when her eyes lit up with unspoken desires? She thought nothing of it. She noticed not when the ripples went farther than they should, only to stop much too suddenly. She noticed not when her reflection blurred, for just a second looking like some ghastly thing.

She noticed not when her shadow's eyes snapped open.

What *am I*? He thought, his very first. He was quite proud of it, as it seemed a rather sensible question.

A *friend*. Something replied, though he couldn't tell if it came from without or within.

This sounded fairly reasonable, so he accepted it with a nod. He hadn't known he could nod before right then, and the knowledge made him wonder what else he could do.

With a bit of trial and error, he discovered that he could open his eyes. Which was peculiar, as he was quite sure he hadn't had eyes before he'd gotten the idea to open them, but perhaps that was simply how eyes worked. With no way to know one way or the other he quickly dismissed the thought, focusing instead on the much more interesting things that made up his first sight.

— end of "Moon's Shadow" —