



Roll Up The Hill (My 100th Fanfic!)

Pocket Monsters | Pokemon - All Media Types · General · 961 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Pocket Monsters | Pokemon - All Media Types Rating: General Category: Multi

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Tags: Original Character(s), Friendship, Challenges, Short & Sweet, Fluff, Fanart, Talking Pokemon, Sort Of, it's from the Pokémon's perspective so the reader can understand them, Whistle is partially based on The Scarecrow from Batman, milestone fic, My 100th fic, author is proud of themself, that needs to be a tag (how do you create an official tag?)

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A little Voltorb has a big dream; rolling to the top of a hill! Can he do it?

My 100th fic!!

Edit: As of the 28th of May, 2026, this is my first ever fic to have a Podfic made of it ☐☐☐

I can't believe I've already gotten this far! I started posting in March this year. It's only been about five or six months (129 days), I honestly can't believe it.

Thank you to everyone who's read and enjoyed my fics, especially those of you who've left such nice comments! What can I say? Here's to next hundred. ☺☺☺

I included a screenshot of my stats at the top. I'm proud of myself.

I might write more about this little group in the future, who knows?

Roll... Roll... Roll up the hill.

Roll... Roll... Roll back down.

Vol... Vol... Voltorb.

Vol... Vol... Voltorb.

"It ain't gettin' ta da top." Meowth remarked, watching the round Pokémon like he had every day since they'd set up camp in the forest.

"Maybe we should catch it." James played with one of his Pokéballs, glancing thoughtfully at the Voltorb.

"Nah, it wouldn't let ya." Meowth shook his head. "Not until it does wha' it's here ta do."

"Which is?" Jessie asked, trying to get a fire started. Wobbuffet looked up curiously as he brought more kindling.

"Climb up a hill, apparently." Meowth shrugged. He watched the other Pokémon for only a few more minutes before turning to help his friends make dinner.

It was a particularly cold night, and Rol knew he should've turned in a while ago, but he was so close this time! He could feel it.

"Could you stop thumping over my den?" Wash asked, the Bibarel perking out of a hole in the ground. "Perhaps you could try rolling a bit more to the left, you'll get better traction on those stones anyways."

"Sorry, Wash." Rol adjusted his angle. "Didn't mean to wake you up."

"No worries." Wash yawned, ducking back into his den. "Good luck..."

Roll... Roll... Roll *up* the hill.

Roll... Roll... Roll *back* down.

Vol... Vol... Voltorb.

Vol... Vol... Voltorb.

"Are you still at it?" Sparx asked, the Wattrel perched in a tree above. "The other side is really not that much, just a river in a valley."

"But it's a river and valley I've never seen." Rol explained, continuing his journey.

"Grounders are weird." Sparx muttered, settling down for rest. "Eh, well, good luck I guess."

Roll... Roll... Roll *up* the hill.

Roll... Roll... Roll *back* down.

Vol... Vol... Voltorb.

Vol... Vol... Voltorb.

"I could just roll you up." Thorn offered, the Trevenant's long arms already moving to assist.

"Oh, please don't." Rol dodged the arm, rolling back down the hill. "Thank you, but I'd really rather get up myself."

"Eh, you're jusssst ssset-ting your-ssself up! For disss-a-point-ment~" Whistle sang, the Cacturne covering up his worry with mocking. "Give up nooow, you'll feeeeel better~"

"Thank you, but I'd rather not." Rol replied, halfway back up the hill.

"Good luck." Thorn waved, elbowing Whistle.

"Yesss, yesss, besst of luck." Whistle cackled. "You'lllll need it!"

Roll... Roll... Roll *up* the hill.

Roll... Roll... Roll *back* down.

Vol... Vol... Voltorb.

Vol... Vol... Voltorb.

"Spin, Spin, Spinda." Vertigo hummed, skipping alongside Rol. When he slipped and rolled back down, she bounced unevenly after him. "Spin around, spin around. Spin, Spin, Spinda."

"You don't have to stay up with me, Verti." Rol insisted. "You should go to sleep."

Vertigo stared at him blankly for a second. "Around." She said simply, then started twirling until she fell over. "AROUND!" She giggled as she hopped back up, wobbling up the hill.

"...Right." Rol resumed his rolling, made all the harder by his friend repeatedly falling in front of him.

Roll... Roll... Roll *up* the hill.

Roll... Roll... Roll *back* down.

Vol... Vol... Voltorb.

Vol... Vol... Voltorb.

"It's almost sunrise." Wash exclaimed, crawling out of his den. "Have you been at this all night?"

"Yes." Rol answered, rolling past him.

"I need to be at the river soon anyways." Wash said to himself, trodding alongside his friend. "Today you shall roll up the hill, to the top. I can feel it."

"The sun will be up soon." Sparx chirped from his tree. "Haven't you slept?"

"He didn't." Wash answered for Rol, since the Voltorb was much too focused to do so. "He's going to make it to the top today, I can feel it."

"If you say so." Sparx answered sceptically, hopping to the next tree. "Roll up the hill, Rol. I shall watch you do so."

"The acc-urssss-ed ssssun! Sssshall rissse sssoon~" Whistle sang, stalking them.

"Haven't you slept?" Thorn asked, worriedly trailing along.

"Nope." Sparx answered, since Rol was straining too much to get an answer out. "He's been going all night."

"He's going to get to the top." Wash added. "I can feel it."

"Wellll, who are weeee, to ar-gue with yourrrr..." Whistle hummed for a minute, "...feel-lingsssss."

"Oh, I think he can do it." Thorn smiled. "Go on! Roll up the hill!"

Rol was already further than he'd ever gotten.

"Spin. Spin. Spin." Vertigo chanted as they neared the crest.

"Roll up the hill! Roll up the hill!" The others cheered, growing excited.

Roll... Roll... Roll *up the hill*.

Roll... Roll... Roll...

Vol... Vol... Voltorb.

Vol... Vol... Voltorb.

With one last push, Rol cleared the final rock. He was at the top of the hill. Everything was silent as the fact registered to the gathered Pokémon.

"WOOO!" They all burst into cheering, none louder than Rol himself.

"So, tell us," Sparx perched on Rol's head, "why?"

"Wait a second and you'll see." Rol grinned, looking out over the valley with its river. It was an amazing view, getting all the better as the sun slowly rose.

Light twinkled over the river, bathing them all in its golden rays. The world was peaceful and calm, sharing a moment in quiet reverence.

"Well," Rol spotted a mountain in the distance, far past the valley, "on to the next!"

And with that, before anyone could question him, he rolled down the hill.

— end of "Roll Up The Hill (My 100th Fanfic!)" —