

## [C] Written by DrpyChatty, find their work [here](#).

Okay, okay. Let me explain.

A few months ago, my mom got me involved in something to keep me outside and busy, more active, and all that other boring stuff she wants me to get in the sun. Better than sitting in front of a TV, as she'd tell me.

And that something... was hunting Pokémon.

It's a family thing, I think. She was probably waiting to get me involved since I turned thirteen about a week after she gave me a whole bag of Pokéballs and explained the general grounds.

Find one around, fight them, get them tired, throw the ball, and hope for the best. An easy summary for me, couldn't tell you how long she went on about the specifics. Problem was I didn't really have a Pokémon to start the FIGHT part, so she lent me our Litten, Marigold.

She was named that way because she's "shiny". I don't fully understand why we call it that, when she looks more white and bright. But I'm not the expert here, am I?

Either way, I was having some hard luck with catching anything. I'd be out by the riverbank every day fighting Rattatas, Pidgeots, Houndooms, Weedles, and a bunch more names I can't even remember.

I think my mom told me about something called a "Pokédex", but she didn't keep one. So, I had to make do by just making up names for the rest of them. Like I saw a big butterfly one day, white wings with a black outline, I call it "Monofly".

Wait, wait. I'm getting carried away. Let me get back to explaining what I'm writing about here. My mom says keeping everything written down in a diary helps for memory, so this is a great way to keep my experiences listed down.

Every now again, when I'm out of the house, I would pass by the woods. Mostly to look around and see what Pokémon I can run into, but none of them really get caught. Marigold's great at what she does, but I don't think I'm really doing anything right. I told my mom if she could give me some tips, but she calls it a learning experience for me to just keep trying without guidance.

Thanks, mom.

Anyway, in the woods, I would pass through a few logs since they're big enough for me to fit through. I might get my tail stuck in one of the small holes, but us foxes get through fine. I'd go through this really small meadow, a perfect circle, really. The trees lined around like a nice garden scene in a movie, and in that place, I'd always see... the one.

A four legged black-furred Pokémon, you'd mistake it for the night sky if it weren't so clear in daylight. It had these blue circles around its ears and legs, and its eyes were so painfully yellow. Reminded me of a traffic light, always telling me to keep waiting. And that's all I could do, because just like the rest, I could never catch it.

I'd tell my mom about how hard it is for me to catch anything, and I think she's surprised by that too. She'd laugh at my struggles at times, telling me how in her day it was a whole lot messier. They didn't have as many advanced balls back then! Turns out the ones she gave me are the basic ones, and I would've had better luck if I tried the newer things.

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Problem was, they were EXPENSIVE!

Pokémon Battles are a great way to scrounge up some money, but I didn't really have any strategy, and I don't want to get Marigold banged up any further. I'd just kinda watch my friends go at it when we'd hang out in the park, but I could barely understand a thing. They'd tell me about things like Pokémon Center, but my mom takes Marigold there, so I don't know much about it either.

But back to that one Pokémon! I told some friends about it a week ago, and they kept telling me it's an Umbreon, and a shiny one at that. Rare in our area, so they helped me look around in the woods to catch it, but we had no luck. Honestly, it felt like it was taunting us, watching with a weird grin while just casually running off from our attempts at catching it.

One of my friends tried to put down a few rope traps he learned to make from boy scouts, but he only hooked the others instead. It was funny getting them down with everyone screaming, and I know that Umbreon was having a laugh especially. I snuck a glance behind us while getting those dumb butterfly knots undone, and I could barely see it peeking through the bushes to sneak a look.

And that's where I left off on my last time catching it, but I had... uh, some different things happened just yesterday. See, I had the excuse of staying in for the day because it was raining. Like, really badly. Lightning that breaks trees kind of bad. My mom wasn't home in the morning, but she left me a note that basically said she'd be gone for the day. Weird timing all things considered, but there was enough leftovers for breakfast and dinner in the fridge.

But I had other plans. That Umbreon was in my head. I swear, it was all I could think about. In my dreams, in class, talking with friends, at dinner with my mom, just everywhere. If I couldn't catch it on a nice sunny day, there had to be something different on that gray day.

So, I put on my best outfit for the rain. Small yellow jacket, not enough to keep my tail covered all the way, but it was better than having my whole body soaked. With some boots my mom used for gardening, I had the perfect anti-rain outfit, and nothing was gonna keep me from going into those woods.

That... was until I heard the loudest thud of my life. And before I could even process what it was, a hard break of lightning too. I guess that answered the source, but what it hit was a mystery until I got a look outdoors. A tree was hit bad, just like I mentioned earlier! Look at me, being consistent in my diary inputs.

No fire, thankfully. Heavy rain wouldn't let that happen anyway, but I was a little anxious something would come out of it. Either way, I left the house, and the door shut behind me almost instantly. The wind was picking up, and I had to really stand my ground to not fly off with it. Trudging along the dirt into the woods, my eyes were stuck to the ground. I wanted to get back to that little meadow it liked going to, but that meadow was... well, not there anymore.

Turns out, the tree that fell, went right over and smashed down into there. Dirt all over the place, turned that nice patch of green and flower into an ugly muddy hole. I tried looking around a bit for any signs of that Umbreon, and before I could get another step in, I heard the second loudest thing in my life.

"STOP!" The Umbreon yelled, stuck beneath the tree.

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"Y-You can talk?!" I yelled back, stumbling back so I didn't step on it. Thinking back on that moment, I should've asked if it was making fun of me and my friends when I couldn't hear it.

"YES! GET AWAY FROM ME!" It went on, trying to scratch at me, when I already backed off. "Typical of you trainers to be catching us in our lowest moment." It added in a gruff tone.

"I... uh..." was all I could get out.

The Umbreon wasn't wrong. I did come out here trying to catch it off-guard after all, and here I am. An easy catch. Probably exhausted from the tree crushing it. I didn't even get Marigold with me with how confident (and forgetful) I was.

I had the best chance right in front of me. Just throw a Pokéball, and call it a day.

My first... catch...

"I KNOW THAT LOOK!" The Umbreon wheezed, its eyes thin and quivered. I had to do something, catching it here wasn't the right move.

I couldn't just push the tree out either, so it wasn't going anywhere. "How... can I help you out?" I asked.

"Leave me alone, and I'll take care of myself."

Well, that definitely wasn't what I did. It took a bit of persuasion, but I had the Umbreon try to breathe a bit, calm down, and figure out a way to get it to slowly move out. I wasn't in the scouts, but I knew a thing or two about getting out of tight spaces from all those logs in the forest. I'm sure it saw me get stuck once or twice, maybe laughed about it too.

I managed to grab one of its paws, only in a "escape in the moment" kind of way, though. Once I managed to pull that one fully out, I got the others through, and finally, the Umbreon was out from beneath the tree. Just took a lot of pushing, and having my legs sit between it and the tree so it wouldn't crush it all the way.

Even with that, it wasn't in good shape. A few really bad bruises, seeing them just rustled through its fur. I wanted to help, but I couldn't do much if I had no idea how a Pokémon would even need to be treated.

Then I remembered the Pokémon Center!

"Hey... uhm... do you want any treatment?" I tried to ask in a nice way, trying not to sound desperate or sad. I did care about it, even if I wanted to catch it. Maybe in a more fair way, or just to let it know I would've preferred it healthy over wounded.

"No..." The Umbreon blurted out slowly. Like, really slowly. Sounded like it would've passed out right there. My claws were itching at just that, but I held off. I didn't want it hurting any more, so... I carried it. Not like it had much against that, seeing it could hardly move to fight me off. Just cradled in my arms like a little baby.

Only it was more half my size, I'm still just thirteen!

I didn't know where to go from the woods to our destination, so I had to run home and get a map. I left it on the couch in a small blanket for a second, get it warmed up while I read the directions, and then immediately bolted our way to the closest place.

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The run was quick, and I heard at least three more strikes of lightning. It was really scary, but it also reminded me of an action movie I saw with my mom a week ago. I was practically a hero running out of a burning building with some lady's baby!

Once I got to the Pokémon Center, I ran right to the counter and put the Umbreon down. Oh man, I was so out of breath by then. The nurse there gave me a weird smile while I held onto the counter, taking a minute or two just to get back the air.

"Good morning, sir. Is your Pokémon exhausted?" She asked, still holding that smile. "We can have it fixed right up!"

I'm not sure what they did between the time she took the Umbreon in, but I could tell they were done when I heard the sounds of people screaming as it leaped over the counter and ran for the door. Hopped right on the handle and got it open, leaving in the blink of an eye. The nurse came back with a messy look, waving me goodbye.

I left the building, and looked around one last time for the Umbreon. Couldn't spot it anywhere, until I looked down, feeling a hard brush of fur on my foot. Just huddled there staring up at me.

"Feeling better?" I asked.

"Much." It answered in that same gruff tone, must've just been its normal voice. "Can't say the same for them."

"Well... I'll catch you when the weather's better." I said, lifting my foot to start my walk home. I got maybe a step or two in, before the Umbreon came up and stopped me again.

"Listen, trainer."

I'll be honest, writing that sounded pretty ominous. I was a little nervous at that moment too. Thought it'd just hit me with some attack.

"You're good."

"Thanks...?"

"You can catch me now."

I guess I won it over in a weird trust system. I wasn't really carrying any Pokéballs with me, so we had to walk back home together. Just by my side the whole time, it kept going on about all the other people failing miserably to get him. Yeah, he was holding a lot of stories. Made fun of me a few times, and he wasn't holding anything back when my friends got involved.

We got home finally, and after a bit, I found one last Pokéball to seal the deal with Devin. The perfect name for my Umbreon. Not a single rattle from the catch, just instantaneous. Man, it was honestly really great to finally have him.

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