between the stars and us

by magumarashi

Summary

Convicted of a crime he did not commit, Akira Kurusu is sent to the Alola region to serve out his probation. He quickly grows bored of island life, and to give him something to do, his caretaker offers him the opportunity to become a Pokémon trainer. Around the same time, the bright young student Goro Akechi is preparing to begin his own journey in the Alola region, ambition burning in his heart. Opposites in nearly every way, yet more alike than they’ll ever admit—where will these trainers’ journeys take them…?

Notes

This fic is a Persona 5/Pokemon Sun and Moon crossover. It is set in the Pokémon world, after the events of SM. I wrote this with the intent of accessibility for people who may not be familiar with one franchise or the other. HOWEVER, this fic does include a couple of pretty big spoilers for P5 at its core. If you’re planning to play P5 (or watch the anime) and would like to be surprised by its twists, you may want to save this fic for later.

This fic may touch on a few of the darker themes addressed in Persona 5, particularly child abuse and neglect. While nothing will be shown in detail, I will add cw tags for these themes once the chapters featuring them go live.

In stark contrast to the last set of fics I wrote for P5, this fic will not contain any sexual content whatsoever. Akira and Goro are their canon ages of 16 and 17, respectively. This fic is also not contiguous with any of my other Pokémon fics, and will not reference characters or events from them. (It seems like a silly disclaimer, but if you’ve read any of my other Pokémon writing, you know that I tend to be a self-referential nightmare—so rejoice! Not
this time!)

My Alola Form designs for Akira and Goro can be found here!
Akira Kurusu supposed that if he had to be sent somewhere as punishment for a crime he didn’t commit, the Alola region wasn’t the worst place they could have picked.

Sure, he’d be missing this year’s license exams—forfeiting his chance to become a Pokémon Trainer—and he’d be sent to live on a tiny island in the middle of nowhere with family friends he’d never met.

But sure. A year of probation in a tropical island paradise. He could live with that.

At least it wasn’t somewhere cold.

---

It had been a rough couple of months, starting with one unfortunate night the previous fall. He’d been heading home from one of his evening trainer classes in Saffron City when he noticed a drunk guy trying to convince an unwilling woman to get into a taxi. Akira wasn’t the kind of person who could just walk by a situation like that, so he stepped in. One thing led to another—the drunkard tripped and bashed his head on the sidewalk. Ranting about being a Silph Co. bigwig, the man had Akira arrested, then sued him for assault. Successfully. Akira was sentenced to a year of probation, and he’d be sent to another region to serve his sentence.

“Somewhere far away,” the Silph bigwig had specifically requested.

“Maybe somewhere he can mellow out,” the prosecutor added.

And that was that. Alola it was.

Akira could almost laugh about it, if the whole thing hadn’t been so crushingly unfair. The woman he’d tried to protect even testified against him, just to add insult to injury.

Well, stuff ‘em, he thought on the plane over. It was a long flight from Kanto; he had a lot of time to stew. Stuff shitty adults, stuff Saffron City, stuff Kanto. I’m over it. I’ll have a nice vacation just to spite them.

I mean, come on. Alola? Who doesn’t want to go to Alola?

---

The plane touched down in Hau’oli city. Akira hadn’t brought much with him; just a couple of carry-on bags. He was supposed to be meeting a Professor Kukui at the main terminal, so he made his way there at a leisurely pace. The airport was teeming with activity: tourists milled around with their Pokémon, and the various stores overflowed with kitschy souvenirs.

The main terminal opened up into a broad driveway. A small crowd waited for incoming travelers, armed with signs and balloons. Akira scanned the crowd until he found his own name: a white sign held up by a man in a labcoat, baseball cap, and sunglasses, who looked to be in his late thirties.

That’s the professor? He’s younger than I thought...
Akira approached him, waving cautiously. The professor looked up at him.

“Ah! You must be Akira,” said the professor. He put the sign down and waved in a circle with both hands. “Alola!”

“A… lola…?” Akira answered.

“In the Alola region, we greet each other by saying ‘Alola!’” the professor explained. “In native Alolan, it means both hello and goodbye. You’ll get used to it. Anyway—you can call me Kukui.”

“Akira Kurusu. Nice to meet you.”

Akira wasn’t usually timid or shy, but he wasn’t exactly here by choice. Probably best to keep his head down for a while.

Kukui showed Akira out to his car; they’d have a bit of a drive back to the professor’s house. As they headed down the main drag in Hau’oli city, Akira had his head on a swivel: between the sparkling beaches and bustling city, he wasn’t sure where to look. It was definitely a vast improvement from the scenery in congested, smoggy Saffron City. He didn’t think he’d ever seen water so clear in his life.

“First time in Alola?” Kukui asked.

“Yeah,” Akira admitted. “It’s beautiful here…”

Kukui smirked as he turned back to the road.

“Welcome to paradise, cousin.”

“I’m not really here for vacation…” said Akira quietly.

“That’s what the bigwigs over in Kanto want you to think,” said Kukui. “Your parents told me the whole thing. Pile of Tauros manure if you ask me. That Shido guy in particular…”

“I don’t wanna talk about it.”

“I get it,” said Kukui. “Well, starting today, you can put all that behind you. One easygoing year, and you’ll be back home before you know it.”

Akira nodded; he’d been prepared to spend the next year defending himself from adults who wouldn’t listen to him. Kukui’s support was a welcome surprise.

Alola’s already got one up on Kanto…

After about an hour of leisurely driving, they arrived at Kukui’s place: a ramshackle old beach house at the outskirts of Hau’oli city. Akira was surprised that his caretaker lived in such a dingy-looking house, but once he was inside, he found it well-kept and neat. Pokémon could be seen playing and lounging, and one corner was home to a sizable fish tank, water-type Pokémon floating lazily inside. A dog-like Pokémon noticed the two of them coming in and ran up to them, barking cheerily.

“Oop! Rockruff, down boy!” said Kukui. “Sorry—he gets excited with new people.”

“Gotcha.” Akira knelt down to pet the Pokémon running in circles at his feet. Its fur was warm, but it had a sort of sandy feel to it. Rockruff panted happily, rubbing against Akira’s hand.
“You’ll be staying upstairs in the loft,” said Kukui, hoisting one of Akira’s bags over his shoulder. “It’s not the most private, but it’s what we’ve got.”

“Thank you,” said Akira. “I’ll try not to get in the way.”

“It’s fine. Relax, kid!” Kukui clapped him on the back. “If anything, we’ll be the rowdy ones here! I don’t know if your parents told you, but my research focus is Pokémon attacks. I’m always testing out new moves with the guys.”

“Ruff ruff!” Rockruff chimed in.

“Burnet’s coming over to make dinner tonight, too,” Kukui continued, “Oh—my wife, I mean. Her lab is in Heahea city over on Akala Island, so she actually lives over there most of the time.”

“Sounds rough…”

“Nah,” Kukui held up his left hand, showing off his wedding band. “I knew what I was getting into when I asked her to marry me. Here—you should get settled in. I’ll let you know when the grub’s on.”

“Alright.”

Akira climbed up the ladder to the loft, expecting little more than dusty boxes in storage—but found that it had been arranged to form a homey-looking room. There was a futon couch, a modest dresser, and a few bookshelves to store what little he’d brought with him. On top of the dresser was a small Pikachu-patterned notebook; someone had written “Probation Journal” on it in black marker. Akira flopped down on the futon and sighed, the sounds of Pokémon playing floating up from downstairs.

A whole year, starting right now…. Maybe it won’t be so bad.

* * *

Three days into his probation, and Akira was already bored out of his mind.

He had packed light, expecting to be able to buy books and games in Alola with the ease he did in Kanto. He’d grown up in Saffron city, where convenience had become an art—even in the suburbs, anything he needed was within a short walk from his parents’ house. Kukui’s house was an hour’s drive from the city; even the nearest Pokémon Center was a significant uphill trek. The professor spent most of the day away from home, and if Akira wanted something, he needed to schedule an errand the night before. The lack of mobility was a little stifling.

Akira had been content to relax on the beach with a book from Kukui’s library for the first afternoon or two. By the third day he was already going stir-crazy.

“You look bored to death, kid,” the professor commented, passing Akira on the couch. “Need something to do?”

Akira lifted his book from his face, groaning.

“It’s not that I don’t have anything to do,” he said. “I just… don’t feel like doing any of the stuff I have. And it’s a pain to get to the city on foot…”

“I can drive you, if you want.”

“That’s a pretty dry read,” said Kukui. “I’ve got some more user-friendly trainer handbooks around here somewhere…”

“Eh, it’s fine. I’m just passing time…”

“You know, your parents told me you were studying to be a trainer,” said Kukui. “That something you’re still interested in?”

“It is, but…” Akira frowned, looking away. “I was taking trainer classes, but after the assault charge they flunked me out. I guess I could try enrolling here, but my probation will be over by the time exams roll around anyway…”

“Sounds to me like you’re making excuses,” said Kukui. “You know I can get you a trainer card, right?”

Akira sat up.

“Seriously?”

Kukui nodded, grinning.

“Alola’s pretty rural, and not a lot of kids have easy access to trainer school. If someone in a respected position can vouch for you—say, a Kahuna, or the local Pokémon Professor—you can get a trainer card with just a signed permission slip.”

Akira stared at him.

“You’d do that for me…?”

“Sure! Don’t see why not,” said Kukui. “It’s not fair you got sent here on bogus charges, anyway. If anyone asks, I’ll just say you’re off building character. Fair?”

At first, Akira didn’t want to believe it was possible—was it really so easy to become a trainer here? And would it really be alright, considering…?

The more he thought about it, though, the more he realized it might actually work. The rules of his probation were fairly lax; so long as he stayed in the Alola region, there were no restrictions on his travel. He just had to be at Kukui’s house to meet with a probation officer once a month, and keep a record of his daily activities in his journal. Any further trouble and he’d be hit with more severe punishments. The information packet hadn’t said anything about becoming a trainer; just that he would be ineligible to take that year’s trainer exams. If he had special permission from a professor, on the other hand… that was a different story entirely.

“Actually, you know what might really look good on your resume?” said Kukui, grinning. “If you spent this year taking on the Island Challenge!”

“What’s that…?” Akira had never heard of it.

“The Island Challenge is a traditional rite of passage here in Alola,” Kukui explained. “It actually goes way back—further back than most Pokémon Leagues, if you’ll believe it. In the Island Challenge, kids as young as eleven take their first Pokémon and visit all the major islands in Alola. Each island has several Trials, led by Trial Captains who design and set them up. You won’t be
fighting the captains, though. Your real opponent is… well, I won’t spoil it for you.”

Akira was leaning forward in his seat now, listening intently.

“Pass all the trials on an island, and you earn the right to face off with the Kahuna. Pass every trial, defeat all four Kahunas, and become the Island Challenge Champion—is how it used to be. A few years ago we set up a bona-fide Pokémon League, with an elite four and everything. It’s not as big as the leagues in other regions, but once you’ve beaten the Island Challenge proper, you can hit the league to test your mettle against previous winners.”

“I see…” said Akira. It wasn’t quite the same as winning badges—he’d spent most of his childhood dreaming of the day he’d have eight badges lined up in a neat little case—but it sounded enticing in its own way. Really, anything was better than spending the next year trapped at Kukui’s beach house.

“Actually, if you wanted to start the Island Challenge this week, it’d be perfect timing,” said Kukui. “I got a request to prepare some Pokémon for a kid who’s starting his Island Challenge on Friday. I could get you both started together!”

Akira stared at him.

“Is that really okay…?”

“Sure!” said Kukui, grinning. “I’ll let you pick from whatever ones he doesn’t take. I’ll get your Pokédex ready, and—oh, here, let me grab you some books about the Alolan starter Pokémon, so you know what to expect…”

Kukui headed downstairs, murmuring to himself; a few of his Pokémon followed him. Akira watched him go, some part of him still trying to process their conversation.

_Got sent off on probation, and now I’m becoming a trainer…?_

He couldn’t help pumping his fist a little.

_Take THAT, Silph asshole! I’m gonna come back and rub my Pokémon in your FACE!_

Chapter End Notes

As a kid I didnt like interpretations of Pokemon where you need to take classes and get a license to be a trainer but as an adult it makes perfect sense that you should need some kind of certification for that lmao
First Pokémon

Chapter Summary

Professor Kukui brings Akira up to Iki town to meet the Kahuna and get his first Pokémon. Once there, he meets the other young trainer who will be starting his journey...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

That Friday, Akira hopped into the passenger seat of Kukui’s car, and the two of them set off toward Iki town. On the way, Kukui explained their plans for the day: they’d be meeting with the Kahuna first, and then later there would be a festival in Iki town to celebrate the new trainers starting their journey.

Iki town was much smaller and quieter than Hau’oli city had been. Many of the buildings were made of wood, with traditional-looking architecture, and the walking paths were all unpaved. The town was so small that it didn’t even have its own Pokémon Center. Kukui parked his car at the outskirts, and the two of them walked up the hill to the town proper.

In the center of town was a huge wooden platform, with white lines painted on it to mark the boundaries of an arena. Waiting at the edge of this platform was a portly older man in a patterned shirt and sandals. An almond-haired boy Akira’s age was chatting with the portly man—could this be the other trainer Kukui mentioned? He certainly looked dressed for adventure, though a bit more stylishly than most of the other trainers Akira had seen in Alola.

The two strangers looked up as Akira and Kukui approached. The younger boy turned out to be around Akira’s height, with surprisingly delicate features. The boy met his gaze, and Akira suddenly realized he’d been staring.

Oh no, he’s cute—!

“Why, it’s Kukui!” said the portly man, his voice booming. “Alola! How’ve you been, old friend?”

“Never better!” Kukui answered. The two men clapped each other on the back. “Akira, this is Hala! He’s the Kahuna here on Melemele Island.”

“N-nice to meet you, sir,” said Akira, bowing politely.

“Same here!” said the Kahuna, grinning beneath his mustache. “Kukui tells me you’re new to Alola.”

“I am. Just arrived a few days ago from Kanto…”

“I see! From Kanto, eh? I bet Alola’s a nice change of pace.”

“It’s taken some getting used to,” Akira admitted.

“Go on, Goro, say hello,” said Hala, giving the other boy a nudge.
“Good to meet you.” The brown-haired boy straightened up a little. “My name is Goro Akechi, from Hau’oli city. I know we’ve met before, professor, but ah…”

“Akira Kurusu,” Akira took this as his cue to introduce himself fully. He held out his hand. “I’m from Saffron City in Kanto.”

“Saffron, hm?” Akira wasn’t sure, but he thought he saw the other boy’s expression change, subtly, before returning to a cordial smile. He shook Akira’s hand gently. “That’s certainly a long way. I hope you enjoy your time here all the same.”

“Thanks, Akechi.”

“Oh—Goro is fine, actually,” said the other boy. “In Alola, we usually address each other by first names; even people we’ve just met.”

“Huh. Weird…” Akira didn’t care much for formalities himself, but it still felt odd to jump straight to first names. “Well, in that case, call me Akira.”

Goro nodded to him, smiling.

“Alright, boys,” said Kukui, hands on his hips. “I bet you’re both raring to get your first Pokémon, yeah?”

“I can’t wait!” said Goro. He touched his cheek bashfully, adding: “I almost couldn’t sleep last night, I was so excited…”

“Haha! Well, the wait is over!” said Kukui. He took three Pokeballs from the pockets of his lab coat and indicated to the wooden platform. Akira and Goro went to stand in front of it, flanked by Hala and the professor.

“First up: we have the grass-type, Rowlet!”

The professor opened the first Pokéball, and a round, owl-like Pokémon popped from it. Rowlet looked around curiously, chirping to itself. Akira had seen pictures of it in the books Kukui had lent him, but this was his first time seeing one in person.

“Next, the water-type: Popplio!”

The second Pokéball opened, and a bright blue seal Pokémon took its place next to Rowlet. Popplio looked up at the two boys and barked happily in greeting.

“Finally, we have the fire-type: Litten!”

The final Pokéball popped open, and a black and red cat Pokémon leaped from it. Litten took a seat next to the others, gave the boys a cursory glance, and then began grooming itself.

“Now, Goro, you get to pick first,” said the professor. “Take whichever one you’d like.”

Goro considered the options for a long time, dividing his attention equally between the three Pokémon and murmuring to himself. Finally, he walked up to Rowlet and lifted it up.

“I choose this one, professor,” he said. “Grass-types are easy to raise, so they’re good for beginners, and it’ll afford the best advantage in a region that’s mostly water. Besides… it’s just so cute, I can’t resist…”

Rowlet chirped happily. Goro set Rowlet back down on the platform, and Kukui handed him its
Pokéball. Before he could recall it, however, it jumped into the air and flew over to perch on his shoulder.

“Whoa, Rowlet—!”

Rowlet cooed lightly, nuzzling Goro’s hair. He giggled a little and reached up to pet it.

“Alright, Akira,” said Kukui. “Now it’s your turn. Take your pick.”

Akira looked at the remaining Pokémon. Back in Kanto, he’d thought long and hard about which of the three starter Pokémon he wanted—and he felt the same average way about all three of them. If two other people got to pick before him, it would have been just as well; he wouldn’t have to waffle over his choice.

Between the two Pokémon in front of him, though, there was a clear winner.

“I like this one,” said Akira, approaching Litten. The cat Pokémon stopped licking itself and looked up at him. He reached out cautiously to pick it up.

“Litten can be a handful for new trainers,” the professor warned him. “Are you sure…?”

“Yeah,” said Akira. “This one’s cool.”

“Nya,” said Litten.

“I think I’ll name you…. Morgana,” said Akira, after giving it a second or two of thought.

“Oh! I should name mine too,” said Goro. He looked at his Pokémon. “Hm, you’ll eventually evolve into Decidueye, won’t you? A sharpshooting Pokémon like that will need a cool name… how about Robin Hood?”

Rowlet cooed happily, as though pleased with its trainer’s choice.

Akira considered his choice a little more. He’d skimmed the books the professor gave him, not really paying attention to the Pokémon’s evolutions. He couldn’t remember the name of Litten’s final stage, but he remembered it looking cool and strong… Well, maybe Morgana would be a fine name for it after all.

“So…” said Akira, turning to Goro. “Wanna have a battle?”

“Actually, can you two wait until later?” Hala cut in. “It’s an Iki Town tradition for new trainers to save their first battle for the sendoff festival!”

“It’ll give us some time to get to know our Pokémon, too,” Goro added. “Trying to battle before you’re familiar with your Pokémon’s moves and abilities is a recipe for disaster.”

“Gotcha,” said Akira. He didn’t really want to wait that long; the festival wouldn’t be until later that evening. But if it was tradition, he supposed he could wait…

“Oh, that reminds me,” said Kukui. “It’d be hard to get to know your Pokémon without one of these!”

Kukui took a couple of rectangular red devices from his pocket and handed one each to Goro and Akira. Akira pressed the sole button on the front of the device, and its screen lit up with a welcome message: *Alola Region Pokédex.*
“This is a Pokédex…?” Akira furrowed his brow. It was much different from the clamshell devices given out in Kanto. The welcome message faded, revealing a couple of rows of icons: “Party Pokémon,” “Pokédex,” “Photo Album,” and “Map” were a few of the options.

“Sure is!” said Kukui. “Here in Alola, instead of having kids carry around a bunch of different devices for trainers’ needs, we just designed a Pokédex that can do it all. You can even install new applications on it!”

“Cool…” Akira poked around on the device a little, exploring the different options. Under “Party Pokémon,” there was already an icon for Litten. He took a moment to set its nickname as “Morgana.”

“Ah—here, Akira, I have this for you, too.” The professor took a folded slip of paper from his pocket. “Take this to the Pokémon Center, and they’ll get you a trainer card.”

Akira unfolded the paper, and Litten peered at it curiously.

Akira Kurusu has permission to receive an official Alola Region Trainer Card. - Professor Kukui

“I just take this to the counter?” Akira asked, looking up at him. It seemed almost too easy.

“Yep! They’ll know what to do,” said the professor. “Goro, why don’t you go with him?”

“Me?” said Goro.

“Akira’s never been to the Pokémon Center near here,” Kukui continued. “I’ve got some stuff to do to get ready before tonight—can you show him the way?”

“I suppose I could do that,” Goro turned to Akira, smiling. “Come on. It’s not too far, but it’ll be a bit of a walk.”

Trying not to think of this as a golden opportunity to spend time with a cute boy, Akira nodded gratefully. Goro waved to Kukui and Hala before setting off, Rowlet fluttering at his side. After bowing quickly to the others, Akira went to catch up with him.

* * *

Like the roads in Iki town, the path to the Pokémon Center was unpaved. The grass lining the path seemed fairly well-kept, but just beyond the wooden fences was taller grass and wilder jungle. A sparkling ocean bay could be seen just to the west, the mountain peaks of another island visible on the horizon. There was a shy silence between the boys as they walked; the normally talkative Akira was now somehow struggling to find something to say.

Goro had his Pokédex out as they walked; his eyes jumped between the path ahead and the device in his hand.

“So you know Leafage, Tackle, and Growl,” Goro murmured, more to himself than his Pokémon, “Your ability is Overgrow, which will be a big help in a pinch…”

“What’s Overgrow do?” asked Akira. Goro jumped; he seemed to have forgotten Akira was walking with him.

“It boosts the power of grass-type moves when the Pokémon is low on health,” Goro responded. “Your Litten will most likely have the fire-type version of that ability, too. Starter Pokémon are commonly bred with abilities like that.”
“And you can remember all that off the top of your head?” said Akira, frowning. “What do you even need a Pokédex for?”

“Even I can’t tell what abilities my Pokémon have by looking,” said Goro matter-of-factly. “I may have most of the abilities memorized, but I’d still be lost without a Pokédex.”

Internally, Akira was relieved: if Goro had been able do all this even without a Pokédex, he would have been a little too perfect. His know-it-all attitude was starting to get on Akira’s nerves, too.

That’s what I get for judging a book by its cover, I guess…

Akira searched for something else to say as the conversation ebbed. Now that they’d started talking, he didn’t want the rest of their walk to pass in awkward silence.

“Do you think we can battle wild Pokémon to practice?” Akira asked finally. “A first trainer battle is one thing, but—!”

“Traditionally, no,” said Goro. “A first battle is a first battle, Akira.”

“Ugh,” said Akira, putting his arms behind his head. “Getting to know your Pokémon is great and all, but I’m the kind of guy who learns by doing. I don’t wanna wait this long for my first ever Pokémon battle…”

Goro looked at him incredulously.

“You haven’t had one before?”

Akira returned his confused look.

“Have you?”

“With school Pokémon, for class,” Goro clarified. “This will be my first fight with a Pokémon of my own, of course.” He paused to pat Rowlet on the head, earning an affectionate coo in response. “Much as I’d like to get in a few practice battles before tonight, tradition is tradition.”

“I guess…”

“Do you… have any experience with Pokémon at all?” asked Goro, frowning. “Not to seem rude, but—!”

“I was taking trainer classes back in Kanto,” said Akira, “Other than that, not really.”

“I see… what brought you to Alola, then?”

“I, uh,” Akira rubbed the back of his head nervously. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Ah, so you’re not here by choice,” said Goro. He smiled warmly. “Well, curious as I am, I won’t pry.”

“Thanks…”

“Anyway,” Goro continued, “Since you’re participating in the festival tonight, I’m guessing you plan to take on the Island Challenge, too.”

“Uh-huh,” Akira replied, noncommittally, “Might as well, if I’m here.”
“I wouldn’t take it so lightly, if I were you,” said Goro. “The Island Challenge is an important coming-of-age milestone here in Alola. Many Alolan kids spend their whole childhoods preparing for it.”

“And you’re one of ‘em, huh?”

Goro nodded.

“One day, I’d like to become a Trial Captain myself,” he said. “Once I have the Island Challenge on my resume, reaching that goal should be easy—even if I’m not an Alola native.”

“You’re not?”

“I grew up here, but I was actually born in Kanto,” Goro admitted. “My mother moved back here shortly after I was born, so I might as well be an Alola native, but… Well, anyway, that’s neither here nor there.” Goro paused for a minute, seemingly searching for a change of subject. “What’s Kanto like? I’ve never been there.”

“It’s busy,” said Akira. “People are always in a hurry to get somewhere. Alola’s way more laid-back than I’m used to, for better or for worse.”

“I see,” said Goro. “Well, I hope you enjoy your time in Alola, Akira. There’s nowhere else quite like it.”

Goro smiled at him, briefly, and for a moment Akira wondered if he was meant to feel charmed. Normally a dazzling grin from a cute boy would have made his heart race, but for some reason, Goro’s smile only made him feel uneasy.

Cute, smart, and well-spoken; this Goro kid’s really got it all.

And yet—I wonder why everything about him seems so… fake?

Chapter End Notes

In Sun and Moon, Kukui mentions that Rotom Pokedexes are rare, and I didn't want to have to deal with the extra comic relief character. Since this fic takes place after the events of the game, I decided to have Akira and Goro receive "regular" Pokedexes, which I then had to design... you can check that out here!
The Festival in Iki Town

Chapter Summary

Evening approaches, and Akira and Goro return to Iki Town to participate in the sendoff festival.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Once they reached the Pokémon Center, getting Akira a trainer card was surprisingly simple. The two boys spent the rest of the afternoon hanging out at the cafe in the Pokémon Center, exploring their Pokedexes and getting to know their Pokémon. A few of Goro’s classmates were hanging around the Pokémon Center, and they all came by to wish him well; Akira couldn’t help listening in. Apparently, he’d been able to graduate ahead of his class—and had even been personally recommended for the Island Challenge by old man Hala himself. Akira almost felt a little intimidated that someone of Goro’s skill level would be his first ever opponent…

As evening approached, the sound of drum beats beckoned them back to Iki Town.

Iki Town almost seemed like a totally different place with a festival going. The streets and paths were lined with festival-goers, some toting Pokémon and children. Many of the elderly residents were dressed in traditional-looking clothes. Delicious smells wafted from food carts, and a band with drums and flutes provided a musical backdrop.

“All this is for us…?” said Akira.

“Of course,” said Goro. “The Island Challenge is a big deal, Akira. Some kids spend years on their journey without ever returning home.”

“Ah…”

Before Akira could come up with anything more intelligent to say, a voice called out to them through the crowd.

“Akira! Goro!”

The boys looked up to see Kukui coming toward them, dodging festival-goers on his way.

“Professor!” said Goro.

“Whew, you guys made it on time!” said the professor, grinning. “Hurry, the main event is about to start!”

Akira and Goro looked at each other before following the professor into the crowd. Kukui led them up to the town square, where the band and food vendors had set up shop around the wooden platform. Hala stood atop the platform, waiting for them.

“There you boys are!” he said. “Come, come, take your places!”
Hala motioned for the young trainers to join him. Akira hoisted himself up, swinging his leg over the edge to climb on; Goro scoffed before walking around to take the stairs.

Hala ushered Akira over to the opposite set of stairs and had him stand in a box marked off by white paint. Goro took his place in his own box. From where he stood, Akira could see most of Iki town: the festival goers were starting to make their way toward the town square. A crowd began to coalesce around the platform, and Akira felt a pang of nervousness in his stomach. Would all these people be watching his first ever Pokémon battle…?

Hala stood in the center of the platform, and when the crowd had mostly settled into place, he opened his mouth to address them.

“Good evening!” he said, “Just as our ancestors have from ancient times, our festival today is held to express our thanks to the great Pokémon guardian deities for always remaining by our sides—and to bless these two trainers as they undergo their rites of passage.”

Guardian deities? Akira knew that many regions were home to Pokémon regarded as gods, but this was his first time seeing anyone actually worship them.

“For all life on our islands, and for those who undertake the island challenge with joy in their hearts…” Hala paused for effect, nodding to himself. “We pray for your protection. For these two trainers, and for all of Melemele.”

The crowd fell silent in a moment of contemplation. Akira glanced over toward the other side of platform, and was surprised to see Goro’s head bent in reverence too.

Hala’s voice finally broke the silence.

“May their first Pokémon battle be an offering to our island’s guardian deity—Tapu Koko!”

The crowd broke into applause and cheers.

“Before you stands Goro Akechi—this year’s first graduate of Hau’oli trainer school!”

Goro’s name was met with more cheers; he waved them off humbly.

“And before him stands Akira Kurusu, of Saffron City—a newcomer to our islands, but nonetheless full of promise.”

Good thing he didn’t mention that I’m here on probation... Akira thought smugly. He already stood out as a non-local kid embarking on an Island Challenge; if people got wind that he had a criminal record, that would just be the icing on the cake. Even so, the crowd met his name with the same cheers and applause as they had Goro’s. Maybe his hometown didn’t matter as much in the scheme of things.

“Alright, you two,” said Hala, glancing between Akira and Goro, “I’ll be the referee for your fight. Each of you will use one Pokémon, and the fight ends when either side’s Pokémon is unable to battle.”

“Understood,” said Goro, taking Rowlet’s Pokéball from his pocket. Akira took Litten’s Pokéball from his own pocket, heart pounding. This was it, his first battle as a trainer…!

Hala backed up to stand on the far side of the platform and raised both his hands.

“Begin!”
“Let’s go, Robin Hood!” Goro cried, tossing the Pokéball in his hand. His Rowlet popped from it and fluttered down to take the field.

“Get ‘em, Morgana!” Akira threw his own Pokéball, and his Litten appeared in front of him. He’d spent all afternoon figuring out which techniques it could use, and he knew he already had a clear type advantage over Goro’s Pokémon. All he had to do was make sure his inexperience didn’t show.

“Alright, Robin,” said Goro, putting a hand to his chin. “We may have a disadvantage here, but that will make it all the more impressive when we win. Keep a cool head.”

“You’re awfully confident,” said Akira. He pushed his glasses up his nose a little, grinning. “It’s fire versus grass here, and everyone knows how that matchup ends. I’m gonna leave you in the dust!”

“We’ll see about that! Robin, use Tackle!”

“Morgana, we’ve got this! Use Ember!”

Litten moved first; it opened its mouth and spat a stream of small flames toward its opponent. Rowlet took to the air to get out of the way, then dove forward, ramming into Litten with a full-body tackle.

“That’s it!” said Goro excitedly, “Good dodge, Robin!”

Rowlet cooed proudly as it alighted back on Goro’s side of the field.

“Neat trick, but don’t think you can get away with that forever!” said Akira. “Morgana, use Ember—you can still hit it in the air, so keep firing even if it tries to get away!”

“I don’t think so!” said Goro. “Robin, defend yourself with Leafage!”

Litten sprung into action, spitting another stream of flames from its mouth. Rowlet leaped into the air again, but this time Litten continued its attack, aiming upward. Rowlet retaliated, letting loose a flurry of leaves in an attempt to negate the Ember attack. For a while the tactic worked, but Litten’s Ember soon overpowered Rowlet’s counterattack. The owl Pokémon took a direct hit and tumbled from the air.

“Robin, no—!!” Goro cried. Rowlet managed to catch itself before hitting the ground; fluttering its wings, it landed back on its feet.

Well, he’s creative, I’ll give him that… Akira thought to himself as he considered his next move. As long as we can keep hitting him with Ember, we’ll have this fight in the bag—but he’s definitely not going to make it easy.

Goro, meanwhile, was kneeling at his Pokémon’s side.

“You’re doing great, Robin,” he said. “I know the odds are against us, but we might still have a chance. Focus as much as you can on evading Litten’s attacks, alright?”

Rowlet cooed, nodding in the affirmative.

“You guys just don’t give up, do you?” said Akira. “Who knew my first Pokémon battle would be such a challenge?”
“A Pokémon battle ought to be challenging,” said Goro. He straightened up, flashing Akira a confident smile. “If there’s no challenge, there’s nothing to be gained! Robin, use tackle!”

“Morgana, keep using Ember!”

Litten repeated its earlier barrage, but this time Rowlet launched itself forward; it powered through Litten’s attack and slammed into it. The cat Pokémon was sent flying, landing at Akira’s feet—but it was quick to right itself. Rowlet fluttered back to Goro’s side, panting slightly. After taking the Ember attack head-on, it was only a matter of time before the grass Pokémon ran out of steam.

“That was brave, Robin, but don’t overdo it,” said Goro. He seemed to consider his next move before holding out his hand decisively. “Let’s use Leafage this time!”

“Morgana, finish it off with Ember!”

This time, Rowlet managed to pull its attack off first—but it was too late. Litten’s Ember reduced Rowlet’s feeble Leafage to ashes, striking the bird Pokémon for a critical hit. Rowlet toppled to the ground, unconscious.

“It looks like Rowlet is unable to battle!” Hala announced from the sidelines. “And that means Akira and Litten have emerged victorious!”

The crowd erupted into cheers. Akira stood there for a second, a little stunned. He’d never touched a Pokéball in his life until that morning, and he’d somehow won his first battle…!

“Nya nya!”

Akira looked down; Litten had come to sit at his feet, smiling proudly.

“We did it…!” he said, bending down to pick it up. “Great job, Morgana!”

“Nya!”

Across the platform, Goro knelt down beside his defeated Pokémon.

“You fought well, Robin,” he said, holding its Pokéball out to it. “Here, rest up a while.”

As Goro recalled Rowlet, Hala walked forward to the center of the platform. The Kahuna motioned for the boys to come join him.

“That was a wonderful battle, you two,” said Hala. “You both brought out your Pokémon’s power brilliantly. I’m sure Tapu Koko is pleased with the results, as well.”

“Thank you, sir…” said Goro, though his disappointment was clear in his voice. He turned his gaze to Akira and nodded. “Well? Shall we shake hands?”

“Sure,” said Akira. He held a hand out, and Goro took it. Hala watched over their handshake, nodding as if sure of something.

“Now that you’ve had your first battle, you’re ready to take your first steps out into the world as trainers,” said Hala. “Before you can begin your Island Challenge, however, I have a few parting gifts for you.”

He reached into the pockets of his shirt and produced a couple of bracelets in one hand and a pair of wooden charms in the other.
“First—these are Island Challenge Amulets,” Hala explained, holding out the wooden charms. They were vaguely triangle-shaped, decorated with leather ties and colorful beads. “These will identify you to Trial Captains and their staff, so that you may enter areas that are restricted to trial-goers. Wear them with pride; they are imbued with the guiding power of Tapu Koko.”

Akira and Goro each took one of the charms. Goro fastened his to his messenger bag, so that it could be seen clearly. Akira pocketed his, making a mental note to tie it to his bag when he got back to Kukui’s place later on.

“And next—there would hardly be any point to embarking on the Island Challenge without one of these!”

Hala held out the bracelets this time; one was black, and one was white. They almost looked like watches, but their faces had an arcane Z design engraved in place of a timepiece.

“What are they?” asked Akira.

“You don’t know?” said Goro, incredulous. “These are only a trainer’s most important tool, second to the Pokédex—Z-Rings!”

“Z-Rings…?” Akira stared at them, wondering how they could possibly be more important to trainers than, say, Pokéballs.

“Indeed,” said Hala. “A Z-Ring is mysterious armband that can draw out the power that lies deep within Pokémon.”

“Of course, we’ll need to collect Z-Crystals before we can tap into that power,” Goro clarified.

“Right you are,” said Hala. “During the Island Challenge, you’ll take on many trials throughout the Alola region. Complete a trial, and you’ll receive a Z-Crystal for your efforts. There are Z-Crystals that correspond to each Pokémon type, and even some specific to certain Pokémon! You’ll have to travel all around Alola to collect and discover all of them.”

“Huh…” said Akira. He wondered if these Z-Crystals were Alola’s version of gym badges. And what did Hala mean by ‘drawing out a Pokémon’s power’...? He wanted to ask, but decided to save the questions for later—the ceremony was already almost over, and he didn't want to drag it out any more than he needed to.

“Here—pick whichever one you like,” said Hala, holding the bracelets out to them. Goro immediately went for the white one, slipping it on his wrist and admiring it a little in the waning light. Akira had to settle for the black one, not that he cared what color he got.

“With your Amulets, Z-Rings, and your first Pokémon... you’re ready to embark on your Island Challenge!” Hala announced. “Everyone—join me in wishing these trainers off on their journey!”

The crowd burst into applause and cheers, and even the band joined in to contribute to the noise. With that, the ceremony came to an end; Hala ushered the two trainers down from the platform. Kukui was waiting for Akira at the sidelines.

“Great job, cousin!” he said, clapping Akira on the back. “That was a hell of a first battle!”

“Thanks,” said Akira. “Morgana did all the work, though.”

“Nya nya!” Litten piped up from Akira’s feet.
“I’m real proud of you both,” said Kukui. “Come on, let’s get you something to eat! My treat, of course.”

“Oh, thank you…”

Akira turned to look over his shoulder—but Goro was nowhere in sight. He must have slipped away into the crowd, embarrassed by his loss. Figuring that this explanation was enough, Akira turned back to follow Kukui toward the food stalls.

Chapter End Notes

What do you think Goro’s rival battle music would be? I’m thinkin a battle arrangement of beneath the mask, in the sunmoon soundfont, and you bet your ass that if i had any idea how to use music editing software i would make that happen
Evening on Route 1

Chapter Summary

Looking to escape the crowds, Akira slips away from the festival for a moment...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The festival continued well into the evening. Kukui spent much of the time talking to friends from town, and eventually Akira slipped away to get some peace and quiet. He found an overlook on the outskirts of Iki town that had a view of the bay, and walked over to lean on the wooden fence, letting Litten out of its Pokéball for some fresh air. Even in twilight, Alola was strikingly beautiful. Gentle waves could be seen rolling on the surface of the darkened sea. In the distance, the silhouette of another island rose faint against the sky, dotted with the nearly-imperceptible lights of a city. A cool breeze came off the ocean, playing in Akira’s hair.

“So this is where you wandered off to.”

Akira jumped a little. He whirled around—Goro was coming up the path toward him, a now-revived Rowlet fluttering at his side. Goro came to a stop at the fence; Rowlet perched on one of its wooden beams and started to preen.

“Not one for big crowds?” Goro asked.

“Nah,” said Akira. “Too many people…”

“Understandable.”

Goro leaned forward, resting his forearms on the fence.

“I was a bit too shocked to tell you earlier, but… nice battle back there,” he said.

“Oh, uh… thanks,” said Akira. For some reason, he’d expected the other boy to be taking the loss much harder.

“Honestly, I’m impressed,” Goro continued. “From the way you fought, I’d never have guessed it was your first time in a Pokémon battle.”

“Thanks,” Akira repeated. He looked away, fiddling with his bangs bashfully. “You oughta give yourself some credit, too. Even with a disadvantage, you sure gave me the runaround.”

“Of course—I’ve been taught to make the most of difficult situations.” Goro leaned back a little bit, letting the breeze play in his hair. “I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t a little bit mad about losing to a complete rookie, but you did have a considerable advantage. Perhaps we’ll have a rematch once we’ve built up our teams…” Goro glanced at him. “I’d be happy to show you my real potential.”

“Sure,” said Akira, grinning. “Just don’t expect me to go easy on you because you lost this time.”

“Please,” said Goro, returning his smile. “What would be the fun of that?”
Ah, there it is again.

Just now… was that charming smile of his real or fake?

Akira looked back out over the ocean, hoping the other boy hadn’t noticed how long he’d been staring. It was well and truly dark now; dim street lamps lit the overlook with a red-orange glow.

“Well, in any case,” said Goro. “I live in Hau’oli city, so I’d better get going. It was nice meeting you today, Akira. Unfortunately I won’t be around town much longer; I’ll be setting out on my journey early tomorrow.”

“Why the rush?”

“Well, there’s not much worth waiting around for here,” said Goro simply; his tone suggested that he was in no small hurry to leave. His demeanor quickly lightened, however, and he added, “A world of dreams and adventures awaits, as they say!”

“Yeah,” said Akira. “Maybe I’ll head out tomorrow, too. No use sitting on my ass at Kukui’s place if I have a Pokémon now.”

Goro laughed lightly. He stepped back a little from the fence and held out his arm; having preened to its satisfaction, Rowlet fluttered from its perch and alighted on his wrist.

“In that case, I hope we run into each other somewhere—if the opportunity arises.”

“Me too,” said Akira. “See you around then, Goro.”

“Mm. Until next time.”

With that, Goro took his leave; he and his Pokémon headed down the path and away. Akira watched him until he disappeared behind some trees.

If the opportunity arises…

Akira hoped that opportunity would come again soon. There was something about Goro that both repulsed and intrigued him—an uncomfortable question without a satisfactory answer. On the surface he was charming and likeable, but sometimes his friendliness almost seemed uncanny. Maybe Akira was imagining it. Either way, it left him feeling like he didn’t know Goro half as well as he wanted to.

“Nya?” Litten looked up at him, curiously; as if it could sense what he was thinking.

“It’s nothing, Morgana,” said Akira, smiling. “We should probably head back to Iki town, before Kukui sends out a search party—”

“Akira? Where’d you go, cousin?!”

Kukui’s voice rang out in the distance.

“—Nevermind, too late.”

Akira took one last look out at the ocean. It was well and truly dark out now; the lights of the next island over flickered in the distance. His eyes traveled upward, taking notice of the stars. He hadn’t been outside at night long enough to notice it, but now he could see that the night sky in Alola was breathtaking. In Kanto, he could have counted the lights in the sky on one hand—and sometimes they were just airplanes. But here… these were the stars he’d heard so much about.
I could get used to living here.

“Akira!”

Kukui’s voice, closer now, snapped him from his thoughts.

“Coming!”

He nodded to Litten, and the two of them set off back toward Iki town.

Chapter End Notes

That just about wraps up the first little arc! Unfortunately I can't promise when the next update will be (I haven't, uh, written it yet lmao) but rest assured that I have big things planned *u*

thanks for following along so far!
Preparation for the First Trial

Chapter Summary

At the Pokemon Center on Route 2, Akira scrambles to record the last week’s adventures in his probation journal...

Chapter Notes

What is up everybody!! Sorry for the lack of updates lmao, I got stuck writing a pokemon battle ;~; and to be fair im still stuck on it, but I at least have a direction for it, so hopefully I can get that done and out the door soon! I have so much planned for this fic.... and so many pokemon battles to get stuck on....

Art for this chapter can be found here!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Akira’s Probation Journal:

April 9

- Departed Professor Kukui’s house
- Caught Rockruff
- Made it to Hau’oli city

Akira paused, squinting at what he’d written.

“D’you think I should make it more detailed?” he asked, turning to the Pokémon on the couch next to him. Litten, Rockruff, and Pikipek all sounded off in cacophonous agreement.

“Yeah, you’re right…”

Akira took a moment to erase the bullet points so he had more space to flesh them out.

Akira’s Probation Journal:

April 9

- Departed Professor Kukui’s house with Morgana at 10 AM
- Got lost on the way to Route 1
- Caught Rockruff (Miles) at Ten Karat Hill
- Returned to Kukui’s; the professor gave me a ride to Hau’oli
- Stayed night at downtown Pokémon Center
April 10

- Caught Pikaip (Dan) in Hau’oli city...

Akira was supposed to have been keeping a daily record of his activities in the journal the professor gave him, but it wasn’t until a week into his journey that he remembered to actually start using it. Hastily backdating each entry, he listed off the important happenings: things like where he caught each Pokémon, and the places he stayed overnight. Things that could be corroborated quickly and easily. The information packet had given him a vague but ominous warning of what would happen if anything in his probation journal couldn’t be confirmed.

“Ugh, this is such a pain…” Akira grumbled.

“Ruff, ruff!” said Rockruff. He licked Akira’s arm encouragingly.

“Thanks… I’m almost done, buddy. Then we can leave.”

Akira jotted down a few last things before tucking the Pikachu-patterned notebook back into his bag. He stood up, stretching; Litten immediately jumped into the open bag and settled down.

“Don’t get too comfortable; we’re leaving soon,” said Akira. Turning to his other Pokémon, he added, “You two wanna stay outside your balls this time?”

“Ruff, ruff!”

“Pikipiki!”

“Alright, alright.” Akira slung his bag over his shoulder, making sure Litten had room to poke his head out. “Let’s head out!”

Akira left the oceanside Pokémon Center in high spirits; with his journaling done, he could get back to making the most of his probation. Pikaip flew to perch on his shoulder, while Rockruff trotted happily at his heels. According to the map app on his Pokédex, Melemele Island’s only trial site would be close by. He wasn’t yet sure how much he wanted to invest in the Island Challenge itself, but it wouldn’t hurt to see what a trial was like first. He was still curious about the mysterious power of Z-Crystals, too—he’d seen trainers sporting similar Z-Rings throughout Hau’oli city and the surrounding areas, but he hadn’t yet seen how they were used.

Akira looked the map to make sure he was heading in the right direction. The app had a photo of a cave covered in greenery and moss, the entrance flanked by decorative wooden poles. He looked up to confirm where he was, and spotted the wooden poles at the edge of a rocky hill not too far away.

As he approached, he noticed that there were two people standing and chatting between those poles. One of them he recognized immediately: Goro Akechi, with his almond hair and distinctive blue argyle shirt, was easy to spot. He was talking to a shorter boy with pink hair, tanned skin, and similar taste in fashion. The pink-haired boy noticed Akira as he approached and waved to him.

“Alola!” he said. “Are you here for the trial too?”

“Oh, uh, yeah,” said Akira. Sheepishly, he added, “Alola?”

The pink-haired boy giggled.
“This must be the trainer you were telling me about,” he said, aiming his comment at Goro, “From Saffron city.”

“That’s right,” said Goro, “Akira, this is Ilima. He’s Melemele Island’s Trial Captain, and he was my senior back in school. He practically taught me everything I know!”

Yeah, I kinda figured… Akira thought to himself, glancing between the two boys. The fact that they both were wearing argyle couldn’t possibly have been a coincidence.

“Akira, is it?” said Ilima, smiling. “Captain Ilima here. It’s nice to Ili-meet you!”

Did he just… is this guy for real?!

“Nice to meet you, too…” Akira tentatively held out a hand, and Ilima shook it warmly.

“Ruff, ruff!” Rockruff piped up. The dog Pokémon walked up to Goro and sniffed curiously at his shoes.

“I see you’ve caught a few Pokémon since we last saw each other,” Goro commented. “Er—this Rockruff is yours, correct?”

“Yeah—hey, Miles, cut it out.” Rockruff had started enthusiastically licking Goro’s ankles, and Akira bent down to grab his Pokémon. “Sorry about that…”

“It’s fine, I’m used to excitable Pokémon,” said Goro.

“So, the trial…” said Akira, turning back to Ilima.

“Oh, right!” said Ilima. “Actually, your timing is perfect, Akira. I was just about to explain the trial to Goro, and now I can tell both of you at once!”

Ilima turned slightly, indicating to the cave entrance.

“This is Verdant Cavern, and it’s where you’ll be undergoing my trial,” he explained. “I designed it to be accessible for younger trainers, so it might be a bit easy for you two. All you have to do is walk through the cavern to the inner sanctum and come back with a Z-Crystal—in this case, a Normalium Z.”

“That’s it?” said Akira.

“Yup!” said Ilima cheerily. “Simple is best, don’t you think?”

“That’s not all there is to it,” said Goro. “What about the Totem Pokémon—?”

“You can worry about that when you get there,” said Ilima, waving him off. “There are no gimmicks or traps, I promise. Just bring me a Normalium Z. One each, if you can. There will be a little altar that has a pile of them waiting to be claimed.”

“Sounds easy enough,” said Akira.

“Indeed,” said Ilima, “But there’s a catch: once you enter the trial site, you will not be able to leave unless you complete the trial, or are defeated by wild Pokémon. Through attempting the trials during the Island Challenge, one can exceed his or her own limits… That is what the Alolan people believe.”

“Gotcha,” said Akira. He’d stocked up on potions and such before leaving Hau’oli city, but he had
yet to need them in the field—he never seemed to be far from a Pokémon Center.

“Oh, and one more rule: you won’t be allowed to catch any Pokémon during your trial, either,” said Ilima. “If I see either of you breaking that rule, you’ll forfeit your trial for the day.”

“Jeez, okay,” said Akira. “No leaving, no catching Pokémon. Got it.”

“I think my Pokémon and I can handle it,” said Goro. “Akira, what do you think? Are you prepared to start?”

“I’ve been ready for the last ten minutes,” said Akira. “C’mon, Goro, I’ll race you.”

“What? This isn’t a race—!”

“It is now!”

Akira put Rockruff on the ground and took off running, his Pokémon close at his heels.

“Last one back’s a rotten Exeggcute!”

“Oh, real mature!” Goro shouted back. He turned to Ilima with a resigned sigh. “I’ll be off, then. Thank you for all your help, Ilima.”

“Mm-hm. Good luck!”

Taking a Pokéball from his pocket, Goro dashed off into the cave to catch up with Akira. Ilima couldn’t help smiling to himself as he watched them go, the greens hanging over the cave entrance quickly hiding them from view.

“Hmm… should I have mentioned that the Rattata and Yungoos have been particularly territorial lately?” he mused to himself. “Oh well. I’m sure they’ll find out soon enough…”

Chapter End Notes

I toiled long and hard to find a good English equivalent for Ilima’s 恐れイリマす (osore-ILIMA-su) catchphrase and eventually concluded that there isn’t one. At the same time I needed to include that quirk of his because it’s extremely cute and dumb. “It’s nice to Ili-meet you” is what I landed on.

1/29/2020: if you’ve read this far and are wondering why there isn’t any more of this fic to read, here’s why. I wouldn’t say it’s dead or abandoned, I’m just not working on it right now. Sorry about that!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!