

Day 4: White flag

Dear Diary,

I'm back home right now. I'm giving up being a pokémon master. I can't do it anymore. I spent several hours at the police station today giving my statement and picking the two crazed furfrou owners from a line up. I'm not sure why the line up was necessary.

They... **murdered** my pokémon. And nearly did the same to me. A husband and wife duo... that went around attacking other trainers and their pokémon. I... I am not even sure exactly what happened. It's all a blur right now. My hands are still shaking...

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Okay... I'm a little more calm now. I broke down into another fit of crying... Mom came in and comforted me. She's back downstairs heating up some of my favorite soup right now.

Let me try and recall this day as best I can. I think writing it out will help me to process this tragedy and put it behind me. I don't want to forget it, even though it is terrible. Phew... okay... Need to stay calm...

I started out earlier than the day before. Rinka actually woke me up when she was getting ready to leave. Apparently she had an appointment in Lumiose this morning, which is why she didn't mind staying the night with me. We said farewell, she gave me a kiss, I blushed like crazy. That was about the only good thing that happened today. But the memory is kinda soured now. Almost like it was the kiss of death.

Ugh, let's move on... I left, went to route 5 toward Camphrier again, stopped by Azzy's grave site. Made it through the route without much issue. Ran into a few trainers and some wild pokémon, nothing new except a few cute Abras that teleported away as soon as I approached.

I heard some people in Camphrier town talking about the castle there and decided to stop by. It was pretty bare bones and in disrepair. Apparently the owner was so generous with his money that he gave everything away. Seems silly to me, but I guess there are some people like that in this world.

Before I left, someone came in and told him that it was 'that time' again... and they both left in a hurry. I followed them, because I wanted to know what it meant. Call it nosiness if you want, but I couldn't help it. It was a big ass snorlax. Sleeping on, and blocking, a bridge over a stream. The formerly rich generous guy asked a favor of me. He wanted me to go up route 6 to the other castle and retrieve a pokéflute he'd given as payment for what he owed on his own castle.

Okay, that's just downright irresponsible. You don't give your shit away if you owe someone else.

I digress... because the next part...

Hold on, mom just came in with soup.

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The furfrou came out of no where. I didn't even know what had happened at first. I just hit the ground hard and next thing I knew, there was a pink heart and blue star in my face. I think my pokémon knew I was in danger before I did. Shooburt and Popochin were out of their balls and trying to fend them off when I regained my senses. And... Popochin got headbutted so hard that I think I heard bones breaking. A nauseating sound came from his little body before it went flying into a tree. He might have survived that, maybe... but the pink heart furfrou was right behind him, grabbed him by the neck and shook him so hard...

Shooburt didn't seem to fare much better. The blue starred furfrou headbutted him and sent him flying through the air as well. I'm not sure what happened to Shooburt. When it was all done... I went looking, but couldn't find him or a body. I just remember the blue starred furfrou coming back from the really tall grass with blood on its face.

The rest of my pokémon came to my defense. Whittley went after the blue starred furfrou, but unfortunately, it retaliated before Lucky was able to get a barrier up. Whittley was also sent flying through the air. The blue starred furfrou caught her on the way back down and shook her like Popochin had been.

There was blood. It was getting everywhere. Why? Why did the owners want them to kill other pokémon? They were commanding these vicious beasts to kill, not just battle...

The rest is kind of a blur... I remember Bella swooping down and wrenching her claws into them. They yelped, but still fought back hard. Lucky took a few hits, but with the barrier up, it was negligible. Just like what she was giving back to them. Norman came in from behind and

started an inferno. The thick, hard fur of the furfrous was getting singed, leaving them more vulnerable to Bella's attacks...

I am not sure if I fainted, or if I blocked the rest out... all I can remember from that point is bits and pieces. I remember seeing the two dead furfrous, searching frantically for Shooburt and getting Whittley and Popochin's bodies. The owners were apprehended by officer Jenny. I'm not sure how they found out or when they arrived. They took me back to Lumiose where they pronounced Whittley, Popochin, and the two furfrous dead.

Officer Jenny asked me to retell all of this, and then point out the owners. They called my mother. She came and got me. She was crying and telling me that this is why she didn't want me to go out and be a pokémon trainer. Bella evolved, too... but it seems kind of like a moot point now. She can better defend me, but I am giving up. I'm throwing in the towel. Waving the white flag... Whatever you want to call it. Five of my friends are dead. And if I had been a better trainer, or never started training at all, they would still be alive. Probably.

Soup's finished.

I'm tired, but I'm going to go watch a movie with mom before I go to sleep. So that's all for now. Not sure if I'll continue writing in you, Diary... but,

Love you mon amie,

Yvette.

P.S. I told Rinka what happened, and she offered to come by... but somehow, I don't think I want to see her anymore. She did nothing wrong, but there are so many negative memories and emotions tied to her now... I'm not a strong person :(

P.P.S. The movie sucked, but that made it funny. Good night.