

Day 5: Should I keep going?

Dear Diary,

Today I woke up and went right back to sleep. I really didn't want to face reality. I actually did that several times. I don't think I got out of bed until 4PM. I checked my phone and saw Rinka called and texted me a couple times. I still haven't got back to her... I'm not going to just stop talking to her, but I can't talk to her right now.

Right... when I finally got up, I went downstairs. Mom left me a note that read: "It'll get better, hang in there. Went for groceries, be back soon." I could see mom's rhyhorn staring at me from the front window. He rumbled at me when he saw me look at him. There was a fletchling dancing on his head.

It was pretty cute.

I had planned to go back to Lumiose and give professor Sycamore his pokédex back, but I haven't had the energy. Bella, Lucky, and Norman have been out of their pokéballs and been allowed free roam of the house. I plan to either release them later or if they don't want to go, I can keep them more like housepets. They all seem rather restless, though. They aren't housepets... they need a trainer that can help them live up to their potential. But I can't force them to leave either. I'll have to figure it out tomorrow.

Mom came back shortly after and made more soup and tea. And then she surprised me. She was the one who didn't want me to be a pokémon trainer, but now she is trying to encourage me? I think? She basically went over her career as a trainer, telling me about her losses and the crazy events that happened; and she showed me pictures of her pokémon that passed, if she had them. And then she went over the times her friends and competition in the pokémon races had freak accidents or had been sabotaged and their pokémon didn't make it... She said she wanted to spare me the pain of losses like this, though she did admit my case was pretty extreme. She said she even wanted to give up more than once. But then she said she doesn't regret any of it.

I am not sure if she meant that to be a pep talk or discouragement, but somehow, despite her not wanting me to train pokémon to begin with, I don't think she wants me to give up.

After our little chat, I went outside to sit on the porch. The fletchling that was dancing on rhyhorn's head earlier kept flying by and landing near me. He was a cute little naive thing. His call was odd for a fletchling, though. It almost sounded like he was saying 'Peter' over and over. 'peeterer' it was the strangest thing. I tried to get him to come closer, but mom's rhyhorn kept scaring him off and then pining for my attention. He's cute too. Though you'd think we never paid him any attention with how needy he is.

Anyway, mom and I watched some movies today and just took it easy. Bella got really rowdy and so we let her outside. She flew around for a while and kept yelling at that same fletchling that's been hanging out. I have started calling him Peter now, since that is what it sounds like he is saying all the time. I think the reason Bella was getting rowdy was because of him. She kept giving him an evil look when he would get near me, even later in the day. I think rhyhorn may have been jealous of him as well.

Funny how that works.

Later that night, when rhyhorn and Bella were both sleeping, Peter came by again. Not sure why it was still awake, considering instinct should have had it asleep along with them, but he came up and landed on my lap. Then he puffed out his chest like he was attempting to impress me or something. It was adorable. I reached out and pet him, and he just cooed and sat there.

Why was this little fella' so interested in me?

It didn't last very long, though. Bella must have sensed him and woke up, because she came down and screamed at him. He flew off of course, and I pet Bella, who started poking at my badge before falling asleep in my lap. When Bella was a pidgey, it was easy keeping her in my lap, but now that she is a pidgeotto, she is much bigger and heavier...

I eventually called her back to her ball for the night. I did the same for Norman and Lucky before starting to write.

I dunno, diary, what do you think? Should I keep going? Should I try to be a pokémon master still? Mom, despite everything, doesn't want me to give up. Bella is a little testy, anxious for me to keep going. I'm not sure how Norman and Lucky feel about it, but they seem pretty bored too...

It's getting pretty late. If I don't try to sleep now, I won't be able to get to wake up at a decent hour tomorrow. And I kinda want to get this pokédex back... if I decide to quit after all.

I'll make a decision when I get up tomorrow. For now, goodnight diary.

Love you mon amie,

Yvette

P.S. I made a little memorial for my lost friends. Mom helped out, we used flowers from her garden. It's beautiful. And sad.