

SONG OF THE
TIMELESS

POKÉMON
REBIRTH

PLAN DOCUMENTS

SONG OF THE TIMELESS was a story I wrote on and off in the background while working on Rebirth's larger arcs. While I had more or less managed to work out the entire plot, there never was enough time or motivation to complete the story.

This document contains an exclusive look at just how this story was constructed, with plot notes, excerpts of dialogue and concept art to help you get an idea for what the finished work might have been.

If you are inspired by what you read and wish to create further illustrations, I would be honoured! Please send the art either via Twitter [NiloStudo] or my email [gemmaDOTbrightATgmailDOTcom].

The stars above tantalize from across infinite space. Feeling their gaze from so far away, I am charmed again by life.

Rhaile Daruka could recall little of the following events that happened. Everything swept past him in one infeasible blur of shattered rocks, bloodcurdling screeches and the burn of his own muscles as they complained from the sudden unexpected exertion. The man had deliberately chosen to travel light but, being an inexperienced sort, his choice of footwear had been most unsuitable for his current situation. The ultramarine blue creature was relentless in its pursuit – bladed arms thrusting back and forth in a rapid sweeping motion. At one point it had drawn close enough to brush the back of Rhaile's leg, tearing through the fibres of his trousers and causing a sizable gash. Crying out in pain, the man had stumbled forward before losing his footing and making impact with the rugged ground below.

He knew that even just a momentary pause could spell his own demise. In his heart, it was what Rhaile had been expecting. But instead of the terrifying cries of a predator's impending attack, there instead flowed the soft, gentle tones of a wind-borne melody. Warily opening his eyes and glancing over his shoulder, Rhaile noticed the fearsome reptilian monstrosity that had once been so intent on ending his life was now quietly standing over him, arms by its sides. Its attentions appeared to be diverted, almost as if it too was listening to the song that filled the cavern surrounding them.

It was then that Rhaile saw her. Poised a short distance away, holding a carved wooden flute to her lips, there stood a woman in her mid twenties with long, flowing golden hair. Her mint green dress and thin slip-on shoes seemed far more impractical than the outfit worn by Rhaile himself – despite this, not a mark or sign of wear could be seen upon them, prompting the man to wonder as to how the woman had got there in the first place.

But now was not the time to analyze such matters – the woman lowered her flute and beckoned Rhaile soundlessly, prompting his escape.

Once a considerable distance had been put between the humans and the pokémon they had crossed paths with, Rhaile gave way to a more relaxed state – collapsing upon the grassy hillside with a deep sigh of relief. His female companion arranged the folds of her skirt to sit carefully alongside him, a warm yet concerned expression upon her face.

"That was certainly quite the reckless act," she commented, upon Rhaile finally catching his breath. "Don't you realise that once a garchomp sets its eyes upon its prey, it won't stop chasing until the target is captured?"

"It was my first time encountering such a beast," Rhaile admitted, a little sheepishly.

"Have you never heard the saying 'on exiting the precious light, be on your guard for jaws that bite'?" the woman looked stunned.

"I never did really take an interest in studying folklore," came the slightly haughty reply. It was at this point, the woman gave Rhaile a good hard look up and down. Having been too focused on getting him out of danger before, she hadn't really had the chance to study the man's appearance. And indeed it was somewhat unusual – neatly combed chalk white hair framed the sides of his pale face, from which icy green eyes glittered – alive with avidity. His nose was somewhat more rounded in appearance than most people she had met, and around his neck hung a deep gold chain which held an opulent red stone in a shiny clasp. Most noticeable of all, he was dressed in a highly elegant outfit - hardly one equipped for serious exploration. The woman decided to make a bold inquiry.

"You're not from around here, are you?"

Rhaile chuckled, sitting up and adjusting his hat.

"No...no, I'm not," he smiled. "I travelled to Sinnoh from a region south of here, to study its unique landscape."

"So you're a scholar?" the woman's face suddenly lit up in her rush of excitement.

"I'm a man with insatiable curiosity," Rhaile corrected. "Sinnoh is a land entrenched in many mysteries. It is but like honey to a teddiursa."

"Quite the poet, too," the woman giggled, trying to find somewhere else to look in her attempts to hide the slight blush appearing on her face.

"And *you* are quite the musician," Rhaile pointed out, noting his companion staring at the wooden flute in her hands. "You weaved those notes as an ariadnos weaves its web, and with a result of no less beauty. In quelling the temper of that garchomp, you saved my life – I owe you a great debt of gratitude."

"I did what any caring person would do, sir," the woman responded modestly, blushing all the more.

"Please, discard the formalities," Rhaile sniffed, dismissively waving his hand. "Such things are far too stuffy for my liking."

"So what *should* I call you?" the woman raised an eyebrow, a little thrown off by such a casual response from this richly-dressed figure.

"Well... my name is Rhaile Daruka," he introduced himself. "But you may need only call me 'Rhaile'. And what might your name be?"

"Edolie Mortimer," came the reply. "With all due respect, it would have been a good idea to have a pokémon accompany you while travelling in such areas."

"A valued suggestion," Rhaile nodded. "But pokémon relations have never been my strong point. You, however..." he leant forward. "You seem to have quite a way with them. That song you played...did you compose it yourself? What is it called?"

Rhaile wrenched himself back into a more upright position, realising he had been leaning further and further with every question in his eagerness to hear more.

"I am so sorry," he chuckled awkwardly. "My inquiring mind seems to have once again got the better of me."

"Oh it's no trouble," Edolie giggled. "In fact, it reminded me of myself."

"Really?" Rhaile blinked. It had been the last thing he had expected to hear from a pretty, yet nonetheless plainly-dressed young woman. Edolie glanced back at him, her eyes tinged with a faint sadness – disappointment over a figure she had hoped would not assume through sight alone.

"I imagine my appearance does not amount to much in the eyes of one such as you - one experienced in many things," she began quietly. "And yes, I may be just a humble descendant of a family of musicians. But we are a creative people...a spiritual people...connected and *blessed* with a knowledge that has evaded even the greatest of minds."

For a moment, Rhaile felt deeply touched at what he heard. This awe and admiration soon gave way to unwavering guilt.

"I did not mean to offend you, Edolie," he sighed. "It was hasty of me to come to such a conclusion, and I apologise. Your heritage...it is one of great substance, not to be undermined."

"Thank you," Edolie's previously cold expression softened. "I have learned over the years that it is foolish to judge purely by what one sees. There is great truth in the saying, 'a thin shroud disguises deep secrets'."

The more Edolie spoke, the more eclipsed Rhaile felt and in turn, the more shameful he looked. This woman held far more wisdom than she had let on, more so than himself, and yet had refused to use it to deliberately belittle her companion.

"...what do you see within *me*?" Rhaile asked, following a tentative silence.

"I see a man with great potential," Edolie smiled reassuringly. "Hasty, maybe. Passionate, definitely. Your striving to understand our world could be greatly beneficial if used in the right manner."

Another silence descended. Gazing up towards the sky, Edolie let out a breath – the fidgeting of her hands dictated a strong desire to let her thoughts be known. A desire that clashed mercilessly with a conscience that demanded she kept such thoughts to herself. But Rhaile was an open-minded young man with obvious intelligence – surely telling him would cause no harm. Eventually, Edolie's conscience backed down.

"The same could be said for the knowledge of other worlds," she murmured, clasping the flute to her chest. "At least that's what I think."

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The bed was soft, caressing his tired body with its warmth, the view indulged his eyes and the meal he had consumed an hour ago had more than amply filled his stomach. But none of these matters would satisfy the curiosity that now burned within Rhaile's fervent mind. As he lay staring through the window of his room at the Hotel Grand Lake, Rhaile's thoughts refused to settle – flitting back and forth over the last sentence Edolie had spoken before she left him.

The same could be said for the knowledge of other worlds... at least that's what I think.

"Other worlds..." Rhaile muttered, perusing the surroundings with his gaze. Just a few hours ago, the sun had dipped below the horizon, leaving a star-spattered sky to grace the land beneath it with no signs of revealing any of its untold secrets. Stars had always fascinated Rhaile – as a child he had been told their existence was only due to the necessity and enjoyment of those residing upon the planet they hung over. But was this really true? Were these stars the 'other worlds' Edolie had spoken of?

Rhaile snorted, no better informed, and turned over upon the bed. Speculation was hardly going to further his knowledge on the matter. The only way he was going to understand more of these other worlds would be to ask the very person who had mentioned them in the first place. He needed to find Edolie again.

Fervent research upon the Mortimer family line took Rhaile northwards across the heavily mountainous Sinnohan terrain. Most of this travelling he was forced to undertake on foot due to the uneven ground being impossible for pokémon-drawn carts to cross. It was sunset by the time the man drew to a halt at the edge of a steep incline which led several hundred feet downward to a huge lake below. There, jutting from the middle of this lake was a sizeable piece of land covered in trees and tiny houses.

"So this is where she lives..." Rhaile murmured to himself. "But what *is* this place?"

"That there be Alamos Town, sir," a voice piped up from behind him. Rhaile swung round, momentarily annoyed at having been overheard. However, the annoyance soon dissipated as he came face to face with a slightly grubby-looking old man in tattered overalls who had previously been tending to a herd of miltank.

"Alamos...what a beautiful name," he smiled in distant admiration.

"They say is a beautiful *place*," the man nodded knowledgeably. "Course I never been there mahself, what with havin' me ladies to look after an' all." He thumb-gestured to the miltank at this point. "Still, if that's what you're looking t'do, Renata Pass be just around the cliffside."

Bidding a grateful farewell to the cheerful farmer, Rhaile shouldered his travelling bag and continued in the direction he had been advised. Sure enough, he soon found himself wandering down a long, wide stone bridge with intricately carved sides. A figure with russet-coloured hair tied back in a long narrow braid weaved her way deftly between the ornamental lampposts that banked the bridge – crossing the paths of groups of people as she struck up a vibrant melody on her accordion. While this woman played, her chimchar darted to and fro with excited cries – scaling every lamppost its human companion passed and setting each lantern aglow with a lick of flame.

The cheerful music coupled with gentle lamplight upon his face was enough to stir something in Rhaile's once anxious heart. Excitement and happiness arose within him, forcing his long slender legs into an elegant turn upon the cobblestones. While other pedestrians allowed themselves quizzical glances at the man's sudden performance and continued on their way, the woman holding the accordion began to smile widely and slowed her pace, causing her chimchar to do the same.

"You're quite the dancer," she remarked, as Rhaile thrust out a hand to grasp the pole of a nearby lamppost and use it as a pivot - swinging himself round until his eyes met those of the one who had addressed him.

"Some people say I'm not a bad singer, either," he grinned. "But how could I not dance at such a joyous melody? May I ask of your name? Did you compose that song yourself?"

"Oh no, not at all," the woman chuckled at the eloquently-posed barrage of questions, letting the accordion fall about her neck on its strap. "My name's Clarice, and I learned 'Kirlia's Panoply' at the Mortimer School of Music – I'm a student there, you see."



"A school of music..." Rhaile's words dissipated into an awed silence.

"You sound surprised," Clarice tilted her head while her chimchar peered down from the lamppost above. "Alamos Town *is* known as 'the song of Sinnoh'...but I'm guessing you weren't aware of that."

"Not at all," Rhaile was noticeably impressed. "Would it be possible to show me where this school is?"

"I'd be happy to!" came the cheerful reply. "But first you'd have to wait for me to finish lighting up Renata Pass."

"I can do better than that!" Rhaile exclaimed, bringing out a small mechanical device from his travelling bag. With a single leap he was soon poised gracefully atop one of the bridge's balconies. Another bound sent the man towards the nearest unlit lamppost, at which point he cast open the device in his left hand. A short burst of flame was emitted from the tip of the device, which set the lantern aglow. Sensing that its duty was being compromised, the chimchar bounded from its perch and across the bridge – almost tripping up a passing couple in the process. As Rhaile lit the lamps upon one side, it attended to those on the opposite side. Clarice returned to her accordion playing with an ever-widening smile, forced into brisk strides just to keep up with her enthusiastic companions. This combined music and liveliness proved to be quite infectious – soon others upon the bridge were walking rhythmically as the woman passed. It wasn't long before all the lamps were illuminated.

"Bravo! Bravo!" Clarice clapped her hands as Rhaile and her chimchar landed beside each other at the end of the bridge, having stopped competing and started cooperating. "That was some performance! You and Simon make a good team."

"Why thank you", Rhaile offered a little bow. "May we depart?"

"Not before you tell me *your* name," Clarice smirked in a playful fashion, letting Simon climb onto her shoulder.

"Oh certainly!" he appeared awkward upon forgetting such a courtesy.

"It's Rhaile, my dear. Rhaile Daruka."

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Edolie was halfway through cutting the poffin loaf for the evening's dinner when she heard a familiar shout from outside. A young girl dressed in lavender sat bolt upright at the table with a beaming grin, also recognizing the voice. It was obvious she wanted to run across the room and cast down a greeting, but Edolie wasn't about to let dinner be interrupted.

"Stay seated, please," she told the girl firmly, before approaching the window and opening it. Two figures peered up from the street – one had a sizeable instrument hung around her neck while the taller one had an equally-large satchel on his back.

"Sorry to disturb you out of hours, Ms. Mortimer," the woman called. "But he was insistent."

"Clarice?" Edolie spluttered, more of out shock at seeing Rhaile again than at the time he happened to be making a visit. "Do you *know* that man?"

"Kind of," she chuckled. "He helped me finish lighting Renata Pass and, well...I figured one good turn deserves another!"

"Full of surprises, aren't we?" Edolie raised an eyebrow in Rhaile's direction, though the tone of her voice indicated she was far from annoyed. "Well I suppose it would be impolite of me *not* to invite you in. I'll be right down."

"Ms. Mortimer isn't usually so accommodating," Clarice turned to Rhaile as Edolie vanished from the window, a vaguely surprised expression on her face. "Have you two met before?"

"Her music saved me," Rhaile explained warmly.

"I imagine a lot of people have felt that way," Clarice nodded, misinterpreting the man's statement. "There's always been something special about the melodies of the Mortimer family. They seem...alive, somehow. It's that living essence which draws people to Alamos to study music, I'm sure."

"Is that what attracted you?" Rhaile inquired.

"Maybe a little," Clarice smiled, though with hint of sadness. "I think it was more a longing to give something back to the people, in my case. It seemed better than locking myself away from the world like my puffed up brother."

"Well I'd certainly agree," Rhaile chuckled, as Simon gave further support to the idea. He couldn't imagine why one would *want* to confine themselves when there was so many spectacular things to discover in the world. It was at this point he caught sight of a pair of inquisitive green eyes peering at him from over the window ledge. Clarice noticed them too, and couldn't help but giggle.

"Go on," she said playfully, making a shooing motion with her hands. The little girl giggled in response, offered Rhaile a shy little wave and skipped back to the dinner table.

"That's Alicia," Clarice explained, noticing Rhaile's puzzled expression. "Quite the image of her mother, isn't she?"

"Her *mother*?" Rhaile echoed, a sliver of discontent beginning to arise in his voice. "So Edolie is married."

"*Was* married," came the correction. "Her husband passed away three years ago. No one really knows what happened..."

"I'm...terribly sorry to hear that," Rhaile wasn't sure whether he felt more guilty over having been disappointed in the first place, or the fact he found himself secretly elated over what he'd just discovered. "Maybe it is best I do not enter." He began to curse himself inwardly for his unflinching sense of morals.

"When you've come *this* far?" Clarice exclaimed in disbelief. "Don't be foolish, man! Take the opportunity, I say."

"*You're* certainly a persuasive one," Rhaile chuckled as the lock on the school's front door was heard sliding open. Edolie stood in the doorway, looking expectant.

"Well I'll be on my way, then," Clarice tipped her hat. "Lincoln is no doubt going to reprimand me for being ten minutes late. See you tomorrow, Ms. Mortimer!"

"Don't forget your sheet music this time!" Edolie called after her, before turning to Rhaile. "She's a lovely girl, but quite absent-minded. Do you enjoy Poffin loaf?"

"I find it *most* delectable," Rhaile nodded in a deliberately over-articulate manner. Edolie couldn't help but giggle at this as she led her guest indoors. There was something about Rhaile she couldn't help but find innately charming.

"Alicia plays here every day while I teach the students," Edolie smiled tenderly, noticing Rhaile's surprise at the tame behaviour of obviously wild pokémon. "Godey spends his waking hours in Unity Garden too, finding new inspiration, so he's always around to keep an eye on my daughter."

"Even so, I can't see her being in any danger here," Rhaile commented. "At least not from the pokémon. They all seem so... tolerant."

"That's because the garden is fulfilling the purpose it was intended for," Edolie replied. "Godey wanted it to be a peaceful place where humans and pokémon existed in harmony – a vision of what he longs to see our future world become."

"It is just that," Rhaile sighed with a mixture of envy and admiration. "The heady scent of roserade pollen on the breeze leaves one with a feeling which cannot be captured in but one word."

"Enough to turn a man to a poetic tongue," Edolie pointed out with a giggle. "But you haven't yet seen the best part."

"To the balcony!" Alicia announced, causing the small group of Pokémon around her to sprint ahead. She followed without hesitation, causing Edolie to wedge her hand into the crook of Rhaile's arm and pull him playfully in the same direction. Eventually they came to a ledge framed with a stone railing which overlooked an expansive lake. It was at that point Rhaile's breath caught in his throat momentarily – Sinnoh had many large bodies of water and yet none seemed to quite reflect such majesty as this one did in reflecting the shimmers of the night sky.

Alicia watched the man's astounded expression for a moment before the shinx grabbed the edge of her dress in a request for games. She obliged, and left her older companions to their unresolved contemplation.

"I'm still intrigued..." Rhaile began, leaning upon the balcony and gazing out over the calm waters. "That song you played, the one which stopped that garchomp from attacking me. It was no ordinary song, was it?"

"No, it wasn't," Edolie murmured. "It's called 'Oracion'."

"Such a magnificent title," Rhaile sighed appreciatively.

"It means 'prayer'!" Alicia exclaimed as she ran after a budew, clearly indicating she had been eavesdropping on the conversation. Edolie chuckled.

"It has been a tradition of the Mortimers to teach their offspring Melodus," she explained. "'Oracion' is one of the songs Alicia has learned from me."

"Melodus?" Rhaile tilted his head slightly.

"It's an ancient musical language that was designed to help improve the bonds between humans and pokémon," Edolie explained. "Knowledge of this language, and of 'Oracion', has been passed through my family for many generations. Not everyone has the ability to speak Melodus, but members of the Mortimer family have always possessed the skill."

"Intriguing," Rhaile's curious mind was indeed starting to get the better of him. Edolie smiled at the man's enthusiasm, but it wasn't long before this smile dissipated into a more concerned expression.

"Our meeting again can hardly be coincidence," she began softly. "I must know...what was it that drove you to travel all this way?"

"It was something you said to me, just before you left," Rhaile replied in lowered tones, so that Alicia might not hear. "Of other worlds. Those words have ceased to leave my mind and I feared I may go insane if I did not seek you to understand the meaning of them."

"I should have realised saying such things to a man of your inquisitive nature would have done this," Edolie sighed, though part of her appeared glad that it had done so. Maybe, secretly, this had partly been her intention.

"So tell me," Rhaile's shoulders tensed in his anticipation as he pointed towards the stars in the night sky. "Were those the 'other worlds' of which you spoke?"

"No..." Edolie shook her head. "What I speak of lies far beyond that."

"Beyond that?" Rhaile's eyes widened, his mind struggling to comprehend. "But...how?"

"It is a world which I discovered the existence of not too long ago, a world very much like ours," Edolie recited calmly. "A world with forest and ocean, and a sky full of brilliance. A world with its own challenges to face and its own unique creatures. But it lies out of reach.

Some day, I hope that I may be able to visit that world and its people – to understand their way of life, and to show them mine."

"I..." Rhaile was having great trouble taking all of this in. As much as he longed to accept Edolie's words, a large part of his mind insisted on dismissing the information as fantastical nonsense, maybe as an act of self-preservation. In the end, he resigned himself to another question. "Wh-where did you hear of such a world?"

"Not so much 'hear' as 'read'," Edolie smiled, taking the man's arm in her excitement at having finally met someone who seemed to believe. "Come! I will share all that I found!"

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"...from that day forward, Inci lived in the forest with his pokémon friends, and was known by all as a man in mightyena's clothing."

"That was wonderful!" Alicia exclaimed, as her mother carefully shut the book she had been reading. "Inci was really lucky to have so many pokémon to play with."

"You have pokémon to play with too, dear," Edolie reminded her, smoothing out the folds in the spinda-patterned quilt.

"Yes but...Inci was able to *be* a pokémon, just like them!" Alicia cried, falling back on her feathery pillow. "I wish *I* could be a pokémon. Do you think it'd be possible?"

Edolie couldn't help but giggle at her daughter's imaginative spirit, watching Alicia as she lay there gazing longingly up at the ceiling.

"Inci was a very friendly man, wasn't he?" the little girl concluded after some thought.

"Yes, yes he was," Edolie smiled.

"Just like Rhaile."

The woman flinched slightly upon hearing her guest's name come from Alicia's mouth. It had been most unexpected - partly because Edolie hadn't imagined Rhaile to have made such an impression on her daughter so soon, partly because her own mind had also been dwelling upon the man.

"Yes..." she agreed weakly.

"I like Rhaile a lot," Alicia murmured, her voice laden with the wispy nuances of sleepiness.

"Can he stay with us forever?"

Edolie said nothing, but reached out a hand and tenderly stroked the side of the girl's face with a vaguely saddened expression. Moments later, Alicia had drifted into a gentle sleep. The woman retreated to the staircase, making sure that a gap had been left between the door and its frame for the outside hallway's lamp light to shine through.

Rhaile had been standing examining the framed photographs upon the wall over the mantelpiece when Edolie descended the staircase. He glanced up at hearing the sounds of her footsteps and a kindly expression arose upon his face.

"Thank you for waiting," Edolie attempted to return the expression. "I see you kept yourself entertained."

"Quite," Rhaile said cheerfully, before pointing to one of the photographs. "These are certainly some intriguing outfits."

"Hm?" Edolie approached the mantelpiece and studied the source of Rhaile's attention. It was a picture of a group of young men and women standing close together with bright, hopeful smiles. Their attire was certainly something to be marvelled – unmistakably something born of times gone by and yet not lacking in sophistication. Truly worthy of merit and respect, as was the towering structure that rose majestically behind them.

"Who are these people?" Rhaile inquired, after a few minutes had passed.

"The ones in the center are grandfather Terryal and grandmother Saima," Edolie told him. "Grandfather is...a dedicated student of many fundamental things about life, and it was through him that I gained my thirst for deeper knowledge." She moved away from the mantelpiece at this point and made her way towards a closed door on the other side of the room. As Rhaile followed, Edolie unlocked the door to reveal a compact area crammed with shelves. "This, is where I keep that knowledge."

"Incredible..." Rhaile struggled to keep his mouth from hanging open. "All this reading material..."

"Mostly passed down from my grandfather," Edolie said, walking into the room. It didn't seem the woman had to give matters a second thought, knowing exactly where the volume she desired was located. Motioning to Rhaile to sit at the nearby desk, Edolie knelt beside him and placed the book down in front of him. It was evidently old, though well kept, and bore a curious symbol in gold leaf upon its blue cover.

"This book is one of the many collections detailing the history of our world," Edolie pointed out, running her finger down the index listings. As she did so, Rhaile managed to catch a glimpse of topics he too had studied – defining advanced civilisations, the many vigorous wars which pitted humans against pokémon and other humans, the Divergence, the event which had been responsible for creating the continents that existed today...

Edolie paused, having found what she had been looking for, and swiftly turned over a chunk of the book's pages to expose an image of two regal creatures which Rhaile had seen depicted in carvings and paintings across Sinnoh. One was a fearsome blue-coloured quadruped with deep red eyes, another, a more dragon-like being with short, wing-like protrusions from its shoulder-blades.

"Aren't those pokémon Dialga...and Palkia?" Rhaile murmured, stunned.

"That's right," Edolie told him. "Together, it is thought they possess the power to manipulate space-time and open the way to new places."

"Space...time?" Rhaile echoed distantly. The vastness of space was an unfathomable enough concept alone without throwing time into the equation. And for pokémon to be able to *control* these intangible things...

"It's a...difficult concept to explain," Edolie admitted, noticing Rhaile's face contorting as he tried to understand. "Simply put, space-time is rather like a channel that separates our world from other worlds. Dialga and Palkia were brought to life in ancient times by men who desired to travel to such worlds."

"Like you?" Rhaile blinked.

"I fear their intentions were not as pure," Edolie hung her head. "This was why Dialga and Palkia were deemed too dangerous to exist. Yet, it was equally as dangerous to destroy them – because of this, the organization my grandfather studies under had the pokémon sealed away in Ultraspace – deep where no one would be able to abuse their abilities."

"Those in possession of them both would be able to reach places unimaginable," Rhaile concluded.

"Indeed," Edolie nodded, staring at the page. The look in her eyes had returned once more – the same look Rhaile had seen back when she had first let her knowledge be known. He took the opportunity and decided to make a bold enquiry.

"Is this what you dream of? Finding these Legendary Pokémon?"

"Would it be wrong of me to admit such a thing?" Edolie looked guilty.

"And since when has exploration been wrong?" Rhaile exclaimed. "Another region, another world, what difference does it make?"

"A lot of difference in the case of *this* particular world," Edolie trailed off, unwilling to divulge further. "And yet, maybe that is what makes it all the more tempting to me." She clasped her head in her hands at this point. "Oh, a horrible horrible sin I seek to commit!"

"That is not true!" Rhaile snapped. "How can wishing to see this world be such a terrible thing?"

"I do not know..." Edolie sighed. "Grandfather would not tell me."

"Supposing he does not know either," Rhaile sniffed. "And that he assumes much. How are we meant to learn from these people if we cannot even reach them?"

"Grandfather and his associates are fearful of travellers with dark motives, from either our side or theirs," Edolie explained. "But I'm not looking to elevate myself beyond humanity, Rhaile...I'm really not. I just want to understand. If only there was a way to prove to them that my intentions are good..."

"There is a way," Rhaile looked stern. Dialga and Palkia's visages had burned their way into his mind, ablaze with the desire to make Edolie's wishes reality. "I shall *make* a way."

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Rhaile's persistent lone researching deep into the night brought him much success, and a considerable headache. From the Seers' textbooks he had learned of Ultraspace - a vast, possibly even limitless expanse which lay just beyond the sight and reach of humans and most Pokémon. He had read of how Ultraspace was not composed of just one, but many layers - rather like a building could have several floors. In one of these layers Dialga and Palkia had been sealed away, and it was up to Rhaile to find them both if Edolie's dream were ever to be realised.

Harnessing Dialga and Palkia's abilities in unison was the key to reaching the world Edolie longed to see so much. But if they were in Ultraspace, how was Rhaile possibly supposed to reach them?

"Palkia is a pokémon with the power to manipulate space'," Rhaile murmured to himself. "This I know, but what I don't know is *how*.....and Palkia was a man-made pokémon, was it not? If that is the case, then there must be another type of pokémon with the same ability!" He paused momentarily, a finger to his lips. "If I were to look for more information on Palkia, maybe I shall find references to this pokémon."

With that, Rhaile continued his search, this time for a more detailed observation of the Legendary Pokémon's physiology.

"Palkia, Palkia, Palkia..." he muttered under his breath, flicking through the pages. "The creature is practically *worshipped* in this region, so why is it so hard to find the information I want on i- aha!"

It was at this point the man came across just what he had been looking for. Pulling the candle upon the desk closer, he let his finger run across the slightly-faded ink-etched words upon the aged paper.

"Palkia's bladed wings are not designed for flight. Each 'feather' is composed of a rare mineral substance called Incandium, which has the ability to cut through dimensional fabric and enable the

user to enter other realms. Incandium is the same substance used in the blades of scythes wielded by diguard!" Rhaile slammed the book shut in triumph, accidentally blowing out his candle in the process. Grumbling softly under his breath, he re-ignited the candle with his lighter and returned to thought.

"But what *is* a diguard?"

The book was opened yet again in a fervent attempt to understand the creature behind the name. Rhaile soon found what he was searching for, but to no avail.

"These pokémon live beyond my reach also?" he exclaimed in disbelief, just managing to restrain himself from slamming his fist down on the table. "Curse the limits of this generation!"

Picking up the candle in its dish, Rhaile heaved a sigh and wandered from the study into the room beyond. Maybe it was simply the tiredness dictating his thoughts, but at that point in time, the man felt of very little help. Without some idea of how to reach Ultraspace despite not having a pokémon capable of doing so, he was sunk.

A flicker from the candle in Rhaile's hand cast a momentary spot of light upon the wall, enticing his gaze toward the photograph he had been staring at a short while earlier. Walking closer, the man's eyes widened as he noticed something about the picture that he had thoughtlessly overlooked during his previous examination. At the pinnacle of the tower that stood in the background there jutted six long pearlescent blades.

"Incandium..."

~**~~**~***~**~***~**~***

When Edolie descended the staircase the following morning, she was greeted by a rousing chorus of tremulous snores from the vicinity of the living room. Approaching the sofa, the woman found Rhaile embedded amongst its hand-covered cushions with his mouth wide open and one arm spread in an unkempt fashion across the rug below. Despite a good portion of his chalky-coloured hair being strewn over his face, Edolie caught sight of noticeable rings under the man's eyes – obvious signs of a figure who had obtained very little sleep.

She bit her lip and turned to leave her guest in slumber, unaware that young Alicia had slipped past during this period of contemplation and knelt down beside Rhaile with an excited expression.

"Beep," she announced, having reached forward with one small hand and playfully tweaking the end of Rhaile's slightly bulbous nose. The man spluttered in response, thrusting himself upright and

placing both hands to his face in a drowsy attempt to relieve the discomfort. As Alicia giggled, Edolie turned around – her look of surprise at finding her daughter in the living room quickly altering to one of utmost sternness at her mischievous behaviour.

“Alicia!” she snapped. “That isn’t the way we treat visitors!”

“It’s alright, Ms. Edolie,” Rhaile insisted, looking in the direction he expected the woman to be, for his eyes were firmly shut with the residue of his heavy sleeping. “I could hardly continue my repose here with everyone else awake, now could I?”

“Laaazybones,” Alicia continued to giggle musically despite her mother’s studied expression.

“Well if that is what you wish...” she acknowledged, while Rhaile rubbed his sight back into operation. “I hope your rest was not too uncomfortable.”

“On the contrary,” the man smiled, pushing himself upright upon the sofa. “You have quite welcoming upholstery. But even better than that...” he stood up at this point to emphasise his enthusiasm. “I do believe I am one step closer to achieving your dream! Do you realise that the decoration at the top of that tower in your photograph is constructed from Incandium, a material that can, given the right conditions, cut through dimensional fabric?”

“Dimensional...fabric...” the words left Edolie’s mouth feeling dry and constrained. Rhaile’s sudden leap in knowledge had her quite taken aback. “You mean...you were up all night *studying*?”

“I couldn’t help myself,” Rhaile insisted. “One discovery led to another, and another...it was all so very fascinating.”

“Scissors can cut through fabric too,” Alicia pointed out, causing Rhaile to chuckle in the process.

“But not without your mother’s permission,” he reminded her, not intending to go into great depth as to what fabric he’d actually meant. All the while, Edolie just stood there, wondering what on earth she had got herself into. Part of her tensed with an almost-rebellious excitement, while the other part worried feverishly as to where this wandering amongst wisdom might actually lead.

Oh Rhaile...you really shouldn't have...

“Still, I can’t quite understand why a mineral that important and potentially dangerous would be used as an architectural decoration,” Rhaile continued, scratching his chin.

“It’s not just a decoration,” Edolie responded softly. With all that she had done to lead Rhaile to this point, the woman felt obligated to let him know such things. “Let us go to Unity Garden...I’ll explain more there.”

~**~~**~***~**~***~**~***

After a hearty breakfast consisting of an egg, pancakes and various fruits and berries, Rhaile, Edolie and Alicia left for Unity Garden. The sun had not yet fully risen, and crisp, early morning air took to ruffling the petals of nearby cherrim huddled together upon the branches of nearby trees - still slumbering under their flowery cocoons. Despite this premature arrival, Alicia's pokémon friends were still more than enthused to accompany her on a chase across a wide open area of grass. Edolie sat down upon a carved wooden bench nearby, beckoning Rhaile to do the same.

At first, no words passed between the two adults as they sat watching their young charge being tackled by three oddish and a sentret. Edolie had partly hoped that the change of scene and her daughter's antics would be enough to lead Rhaile's thoughts away from her promise of further detailing. However, by the highly anticipated look upon the man's face, Edolie realised she wasn't going to be able to get out of this situation so easily. Eventually, she decided to speak.

"Incandium crests at the top of Seer Repositories are no coincidence, or a simple aesthetic trait," the woman began. "They're specifically designed for one purpose only. For communication."

"Communication?" Rhaile blinked. "How?"

"I don't exactly know," Edolie shrugged. "It is one of the higher rites that only certain Agrarian Seers - those who *need* to know of it for the purpose of the ceremony itself - fully understand. Regardless of this, they are a very important and sacred part of all Repositories."

"And any particular reason *why* something so precious is standing in full view like that?" Rhaile tilted his head in a confused fashion.

"Not *all* crests are in full view," Edolie insisted. "But during the rite, it is imperative for them to be exposed to the open air. Some repositories have them permanently set in the open, others have means to bring them out when they are required and hide them away again once they are finished with. Still..." the woman took a deep breath and gazed out at the reddish violet sky with deep reverence upon her face. "They are such a beautiful sight to gaze upon, I can understand no one wanting to keep them hidden. Even in a photograph, their splendour is remarkable, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes, yes," Rhaile nodded vigorously. "I only wish I could see one up close. Being so high up, so far away, makes it hard to appreciate them fully."

"True...but that is where they have to be," Edolie told him. "Otherwise the communication is not possible."

"So height is important," Rhaile mused, glancing out across the warm cinnamon tinted slate rooftops. "But there isn't a building in this town with a fraction of such tallness."

Edolie froze momentarily. It was obvious from the deep-seated thoughtfulness in Rhaile's eyes that his mind was up to something. Something tremendous. She was about to open her mouth and ask Rhaile what he happened to be plotting but, at that very moment, another man emerged from around a tall hedgerow. A well-dressed figure of about seventy five years, he wore small round-rimmed spectacles and was crowned with short grey hair, moustache and a spiky beard that no amount of combing would make neat. Upon sight of the elderly arrival to the garden, Edolie stood up immediately, overcome with smiles.

"Godey!" she exclaimed, her voice reaching an amusing pitch that proved uncommon in her general conversation. "How lovely to see you this morning."

"And you, Ms. Mortimer," the man responded warmly, leaning his cane against a nearby stone pillar and momentarily enfolding Edolie in a cordial embrace. "I admit I wasn't expecting to find you here so early, but a pleasure all the same."

"Yes, I..." Edolie's sentence trailed off into an awkward giggle as a red flush spread across her cheeks. "I wasn't quite expecting to be here myself. But my guest needed some fresh air to wake him up."

"That's fair enough, but do you not have your students to attend to?" Godey pointed out. Edolie's eyes shot wide open at the reminder.

"Oh my!" she spluttered, glancing anxiously back and forth across the garden. "Class starts in an hour, and I haven't prepared the material yet! And the music stands need to be set up, and the board cleaned, and..." She paused to look at her two male companions – one who was giving her a kindly, sympathetic smile and the other still sitting in heavy contemplation upon the carved bench. "I do apologise, but I'm going to have to take my leave. Godey, could you make sure Alicia stays out of mischief while I'm gone?"

"As always, my dear," came the immediate response. When Rhaile did not show any signs that he'd acknowledged Edolie's decision to go, the woman coughed deliberately to attract his attention.

"Rhaile, this is my dear friend and mentor, Godey Renata," she announced, before turning to the latter mentioned. "Godey, this is Rhaile Daruka. I apologize for this being such a hasty introduction." With that, Edolie took to her heels and ran off across the park. "I'll be back at midday!"

For a few moments, Godey and Rhaile eyed each other carefully – the older man nudging his left shoulder to keep a pile of documents in secure position under his arm. Then, Rhaile thrust himself to his feet hurriedly in a bid to offer his hand to Godey; almost toppling over in the process.

"I am quite the fortunate fellow!" he exclaimed with utmost conviction. "Your works, sir...they are most astounding indeed!"

"You're too kind, Mr. Daruka," Godey smiled, clasping Rhaile's outstretched hand in his own and shaking it. "Alamos offers me great inspiration, and I only wished to give it something in return."

As the handshake slackened, Rhaile felt his shoulders tense. Here he was, face to face with a highly-esteemed and undoubtedly skilled architect – someone Edolie deeply admired, even trusted. He was being offered a once in a lifetime opportunity, a means to set his plan into motion, and he couldn't mess up in any way. Edolie's dreams depended on it.

"You've captured something truly amazing in this garden, Mr. Renata," he began. "You've captured the spirit of peace."

"Yes..." Godey bowed his head momentarily in a single nod. "Here lies a harmonious existence of Pokémon life with that of our own. But alas..." he turned ever so slightly, gazing at Rhaile over the rim of his glasses "It is but a fraction of a vast world. A drop in the bucket, so to speak. My wish...my wish is to see a pokémon and human society in unity, just as this place is in unity. Looking back on historical events, it seems but a distant fantasy."

"Indeed," Rhaile murmured. "Even legends have clashed in battle over the centuries – territorial, as if they were nothing more than untamed, common pokémon. Aren't you curious as to why our world has been unable to maintain a spirit of peace?"

"Undoubtedly it is a problem with a multitude of sources," Godey responded. "I long for harmony as I expect you also do...but there are those who, for reasons completely unfathomable to myself, wish to persist in the ways of self-centeredness and lawless abandon. They are the ones who continue to widen the rifts between humans and pokémon...even between themselves and other humans."

"The reasons might prove unfathomable to *us*," Rhaile pointed out. "But maybe the residents of other worlds possess knowledge we do not. If we were able to reach out, to contact them somehow, I'm certain they would be able to teach us something beneficial."

Godey cast Rhaile a look tinged with uneasiness and suspicion, but said nothing. The younger man took the silence as an urge to continue, and thus he did, with great enthusiasm.

"This may sound like a far-fetched proposal, but I have been researching into it most thoroughly, and I believe that you are the only man who can help me achieve what I have in mind," Rhaile dashed verbally, scrabbling for his inner jacket pocket before bringing out a crumpled piece of paper. Upon it was a crude -from an architectural point of view- but detailed sketch. "You see, three things are required for this to work – the control of space, the control of time and a great distance of height from earth. I am asking you to help me construct a building with two towers – two magnificent spires which will serve as the blades to part what separates us from those other worlds."

Apparently, it hadn't seemed like a far-fetched proposal in the slightest – Godey's associations with the Mortimer family had brought him into contact with a depth of wisdom that would otherwise evade an everyday man. But it came at a price - the aged figure heaved a sigh reminiscent of one wracked with a longing to make his lesser-educated companion understand his rationale. Despite this, Rhaile lowered himself slightly, as if he were about to kneel down before Godey, yet pausing mid-way through the action.

"In fact, I am not asking you, Mr. Renata. I am *begging* you, as an acquaintance of Ms. Mortimer and as a fellow man...please help me show her what she's been longing to see all this time!"

Rhaile faltered upon sight of the scholar's dubious expression. It seemed that in his peak of emotion, the underlying motives behind the young man's desire had managed to escape.

"So this is not so much about the knowledge of unity as it is gaining the affections of young Edolie," he remarked, the tenseness in his face giving way to a warm, humoured smile.

"No, no!" Rhaile spluttered, going slightly red. "This isn't just about me! This really *could* solve everyone's woes! I have faith it could truly work!"

"Ours is a world full of many many problems..." Godey began patiently. "Injustice, cruelty, pride, domination...we have no right to drag another civilisation into such things."

"But what if they have the means to help *solve* those issues?" Rhaile insisted.

"And what if they have issues of their own, ones far beyond our comprehension to become involved in?" Godey pointed out. "I believe that every world bears a responsibility to settle their own

differences, Mr. Daruka. If all realms were to collide simultaneously in an attempt to maintain a universal continuity, there would be chaos, would there not?"

"I suppose so," Rhaile murmured, comprehending absolutely nothing.

"So then you can see why I am so adamant we, as a planet, remain a solitary body for now," Godey concluded. "'Make peace amongst thou brothers afore thou'st calm ye wrath of kings', that old saying goes, and there's very good reason behind it. Our priority is to combat the difficulties of our own society first. Then reaching out to other societies will be plausible."

"But..." Rhaile began, trying to slide another protest into the conversation. However, Godey wouldn't allow it.

"Mr. Daruka...while I do not wish to offend you, I feel you may be acting rashly out of infatuation," he said calmly. "What you are suggesting is no small thing – it would bring the future of this world and its people upon both our shoulders. And because of that, I cannot possibly assist you in the construction of such towers. Now you must excuse me, I have matters of importance to be attending to."

"I...I understand," Rhaile bowed his head, a bitter coldness welling up inside him. "I apologise for occupying your time, Mr. Renata."

Godey turned around at this point, starting to walk away only to pause and glance back over his shoulder with a mischievous glint in his eye. It was obvious the man was recalling his own reckless days of youthful adoration, even now.

"Love is a beautiful thing, Mr. Daruka," he smiled. "But don't let it swallow your reasoning. Good day."

With that, Godey quietly strode down the grassy bank with his documents tucked under one arm and his cane in the other. Rhaile watched until the respectable scholar could no longer be seen – his departure having been shrouded in trees and foliage.

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Tuesday morning happened to be one of the busiest in Alamos Square. Before the sun had even properly risen, traders would start to filter in with large bags, pulling wheelbarrows or commandeering ponyta-drawn carts. Each would carefully erect a stand around the square's perimeter, every one decorated with their own personal flairs and touches. As the morning progressed and the remainder of

Alamos stirred into life, the volume of townspeople to the square would steadily increase until the area was a buzzing hive of goods exchange and relative enjoyment.

At least for the majority of those visiting. For Lincoln Beris Alberto, it invoked quite the opposite feeling.

"Here's your bag of flour," the ruddy-faced, cheerful miller announced, leaning forward with a considerably-sized cloth sack in his hands. Clarice smiled gratefully in response before taking the bag – shifting uncertainly with the sudden increase in weight, the level of which had been quite unexpected.

"Thank you, Faron," she responded labouredly, staggering back a step or two.

"You really should have your gentlemen friend carry that," Faron tilted his head with concern. "It's something of a load."

"It was effort enough to get my brother to come outside," Clarice chuckled. "If I asked him to take my goods, he'd probably walk straight back home."

"Certainly not the sociable sort," Faron returned the expression of mirth, though with added tones of disbelief. "In which case, I'd better bid you good day, Miss Alberto."

"Please, Lincoln...could you at least smile?"

LINCOLN - What reason have I to smile? I still don't understand why I had to be dragged out into this peasant cavalcade.

CLARICE - You need the sun, the fresh air and the understanding. We may be well off but you shouldn't let that be a barrier between you and the townsfolk.

LINCOLN - Maybe I wouldn't feel so uncomfortable if *you* weren't dressed so...bizarrely.

CLARICE - I could say the same thing.

LINCOLN - **mutters** Bizarre, indeed...

Rhaile is sitting nearby.

RHAILE – Acting rashly...hmpf. He doesn't seem that concerned with wanting peace at all.

But maybe he is right...maybe I'm doing this more out of some deep-seated feeling for her.

CLARICE – Rhaile! It's good to see you again.

LINCOLN - **raises eyebrows** You know this man?

CLARICE – Yes, Lincoln. It's what happens when you go out. You get to know people.

LINCOLN - *tuts, then eyes Rhaile suspiciously*

CLARICE - Did your time with Edolie go well?

RHAILE - Yes, I...it was enjoyable...

CLARICE - Are you okay? You seem upset. :(

RHAILE - I would be lying if I said nothing was bothering me.

before anything else is said BUT its not something I can discuss, I'm afraid...

CLARICE - Oh, I see. Well I hope you are able to solve it quickly. I would stay longer, but I'm on a rather tight schedule this morning.

RHAILE - I understand.

CLARICE - Coming Lincoln?

LINCOLN - I'll be with you in just a moment.

Clarice walks off.

LINCOLN - You're not from around here, are you?

RHAILE - How did you guess?

LINCOLN - Your outfit...your accent...you see how commonly these people speak and dress.



RHAILE - To be honest, I hadn't really noticed...

Do *you* live here?

LINCOLN - **looks almost offended** I am Baron Alberto! Grandson to the esteemed Eryk Alberto, founder of the Sinnoh Steam Railway!

pauses I have settled in Alamos as an example to the people. My manor was custom designed by Mr. Renata himself. Nothing but the best.

RHAILE – You know Mr. Renata?

LINCOLN – Not personally. But my family have commissioned him many times in the past – to design the station buildings for the railway.

- Rhaile thinks that maybe Lincoln can get Godey to build what he wants. But he can't ask for it the same way, or he'll get the same response. A somewhat devious thing clicks in his brain – get Lincoln to ask for separate building pieces, and then he'll find a way to bring them together.
- In looking for the Incandium in order to reach the area of Ultraspace where Dialga and Palkia are, Rhaile turns to the help of specialist minerologists and hikers
- He gets a ton of psychic types with the help of a bounty hunter and uses them to relocate the building pieces during the night, all the while bypassing his conscience and saying it is for a valid cause.
- Rhaile convinces Edolie to organize a huge party/concert thing, to draw everyone's attention from his project. However, Lincoln ends up entering the building as Rhaile activates it, resulting in them both going into Ultraspace



- Rhaile and Lincoln end up in the dimension that Palkia and Dialga have been put in stasis. Rhaile touches one of the spheres and breaks through it. Palkia comes out and destroys Dialga's sphere, Dialga attempts to escape. Rhaile/Lincoln panic, Rhaile tries to stop Palkia from slicing Dialga and it hits him instead. (The slice allows Distortia to pour into his wound, 'poisoning' him).
- Lincoln starts blaming Rhaile for screwing things up, but Rhaile doesn't hear any of this as he is being overtaken by the Distortia. Lincoln witnesses Rhaile's transformation into a spectral being, moments before Dialga snags him up in its wake, and disappears into the future.
- Lincoln ends up in 'modern day' Sinnoh, the one we see covered during Ash's journey. He ends up making a new life for himself in the Alamos of this time period, adapting surprisingly well, as Alamos Town has changed relatively little, structurally. He no longer officially holds the Baron title, though still insists on being called this.
- The energy from Rhaile's transformation causes a rift and throws him back into Oci's dimension again, only it is a week or so later since he activated the dimensional rift. Clarica and Edolie are mourning the loss of Lincoln and Rhaile respectively.
- Remorseful and distraught, Rhaile finds himself barely able to speak in a language humans can understand - scaring people and pokémon away with his appearance and the sheer amount of Distortia energy vibes he is giving off. He is forced to hide in the shadows.
- Rhaile shows up in Unity Garden, where the threatened pokémon attack him. Alicia shows no fear, though, and allows him to rest there while she plays Oracion.



- Alicia marvels at Rhaile's dark, almost pitch black body. He manages to utter a few human language words and tries to say his name "Rai... ..Rai..." Alicia does not understand, but innocently gives him a nickname - 'Darkrai'

- Rhaile realises the Distortia is beginning to take over his mind and blur his memories. Aware that Palkia and Dialga are now roaming the dimensions of space-time and could show up and clash at any point, Rhaile decides that his building must be turned into a giant music generator to broadcast Oracion to calm them, in order to save the city. To save Edolie and her daughter.
- Having completely lost his ability to speak human language at this point, Rhaile projects his intentions into Godey's dreams, to inspire Godey to modify the towers on his behalf. He then resumes watching over the city, though no longer with memories of those he loved, or who he was.

Oracion [Lyrics]

Hear this plea, all those greater

Hear this call, and heed what I say

Halt this enmity

Take the time to understand my thoughts

Is there not enough discord for us, in the world

History has shown us much

That our hatred never wins

In its wake, a harsh and stifling pain

In the end

The end

[break]

Am I wrong?

Is this not the truth

Harmony needs life

Equally we live

Oci is a fragile world, forgive us

And it's a gift, that we now treasure

But those scars of its darkened past, still remain

For now

When the fierce squalls of ancient hearts lessen

And we can speak out for each other

Then our worlds will be united

Think of this, choose peace

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