

As time has passed and my understanding of personal limitations has become clearer, I have had to make the difficult decision to release Brink in its original script state.

It's become clear to me that making 'Brink' as a comic or prose is not something that is likely to happen, and I don't want to hang on to the story indefinitely, to miss out on having the chance to share it with those who really want to read it, regardless of format.

Even though I cannot fully draw or write 'Brink', I will be including various concept illustrations to help you better visualise what's going on.

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].

Time to embark on Rebirth's final story. Are you ready?

POKÉMON
REBIRTH

BRINK

ARC ONE

PART ONE

SETTING : A coastline in Fiore, shortly after the events of "Ultimatum" Episode 36.

MEGAN WAKANDA, AKIVA GRENIER and MEWTWO are standing, looking out to sea as it rains lightly around them. Mewtwo is keeping all three of them sheltered with a psychic barrier.

MEGAN – It's so peaceful now.

AKIVA - *chuckles* Yeah. Hard to believe this sky was full of battling just hours ago.

MEWTWO – I am glad it has ended. More than that...I am glad there was a way to end it. To finally bring that man to justice.

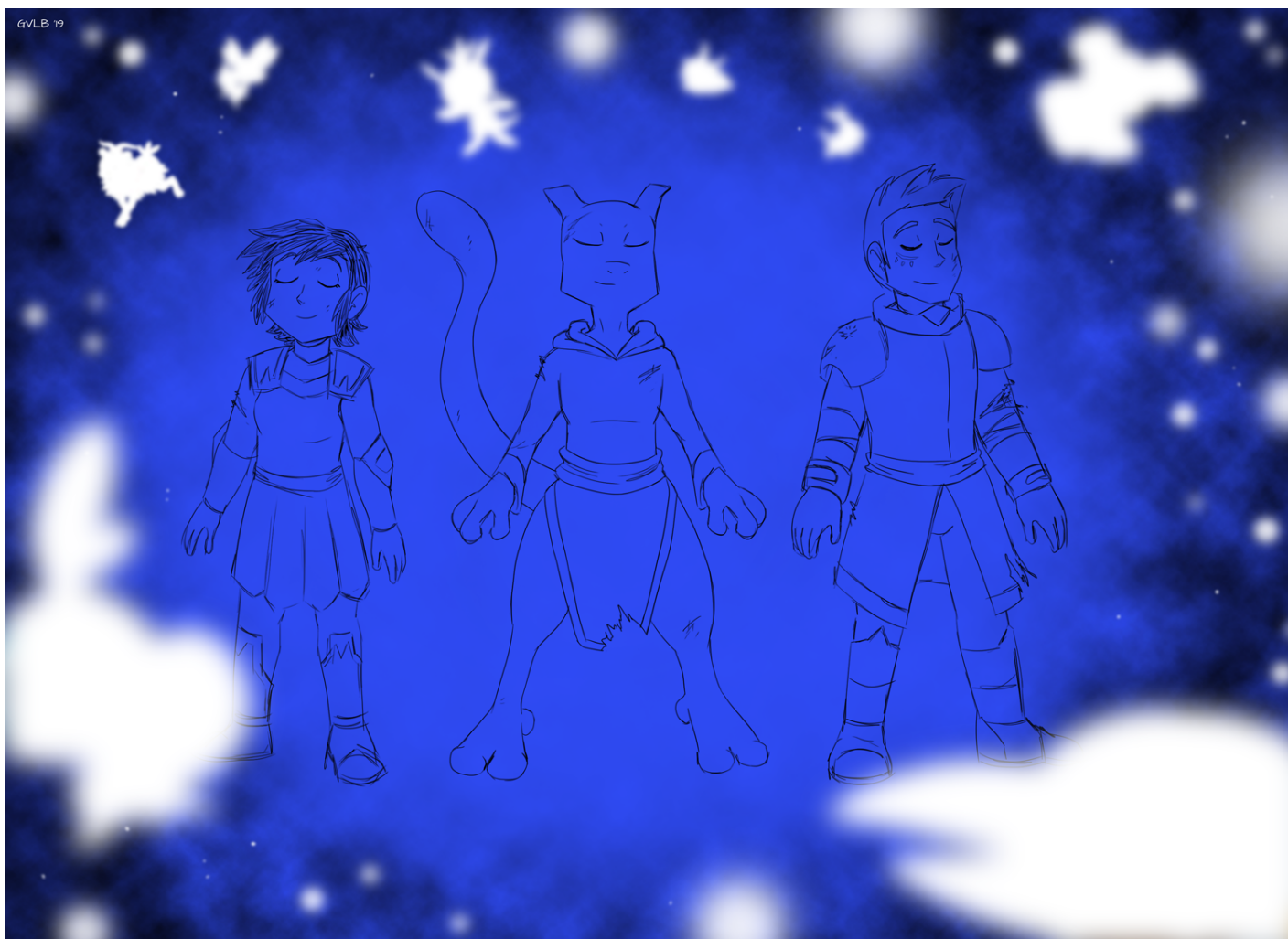
There is a flicker of energy across their communal senses.

MEGAN - *excited* Here it comes!

All three psychics shut their eyes. Our focus is on Mewtwo, as he is plunged into a blue mindscape atmosphere. Tiny lights spatter into existence, growing larger and taking the forms of many new first stage evolution pokémon. Mewtwo glances around at these lights, vivid and numerous, and cannot help but smile.

There is a small voice in his memory. "You're alive...and life is wonderful~"

MEWTWO - *speaking out loud, this is lipsynched visually* <Life...is...wonderful>



"Life...is where you belong."

Cut to JANICE MAYHEW waking suddenly.

She sits up slowly with a confused expression, then glances around to find herself in the bed of a large, pleasantly decorated room. Upon first glance, it looks as if the room is empty. Then Janice notices what appears to be the shadow of a figure in front of the window.

The figure turns slowly...to reveal it is a diguard carrying a tray. On the tray is a cup of herbal tea.

DIGUARD – Dy, dy-gar ^-^

JANICE – Oh...um...for me?

The diguard approaches with the tray, nodding. It offers the tray forward hopefully.

JANICE – *unsure but doesn't want to be rude* Thank you

She reaches out to take the cup, her hands are shaking. The diguard notices this and looks concerned. It reaches forward and steadies the cup

SHEENA GRAYNE enters the room.

SHEENA - *slight smile* You're finally awake. I'm glad to see that.

casting a stern glance at the diguard You escaped punishment this time, Horatio - the Kronostream has remained in tact.

JANICE – *bewildered* What's...happening?

SHEENA – Oh...I'm sorry. This must be really confusing for you.

JANICE – It is. Where am I? Who are you? And what is a Kronostream?

SHEENA – Goodness...where do I start? Well, until an hour ago, you...um...you didn't exist.

JANICE – What?!

SHEENA – Well you *had* existed, at some point ^-^; But something happened in the past to change that. Horatio considered it of utmost importance that you, in particular, should be brought back to the present. *Horatio nods firmly.*

SHEENA – I was worried that doing such things would alter the course of history, but Lobelia seems to have been able to save you from a point that would cause the least rippling in the time stream.

On cue, a celebi emerges from behind Sheena and trills happily.



JANICE – But...but why me? I mean, I'm glad not to be dead, but...

SHEENA – Your guess is as good as mine. Horatio and Lobelia usually stick to the rules.

JANICE - *perplexed* Rules?

SHEENA - *chuckles awkwardly* I must have crammed your poor head to bursting point. I'd better stop.

JANICE – *sad* Please, I want to understand.

SHEENA – *warm smile* And I will tell you more later. For now, you really need to rest – you've been through a lot.

Cut to the Space-Time Axis room. KEVIN GRAYNE is watching over the differently sized/coloured orbs of the Space-Time Axis as Sheena walks in with Lobelia in pursuit.

SHEENA – How does it look?

KEVIN – *points to the small purple orb* There has been a lot of activity in the Kratos plane – I imagine the result of so many new pokémon having shown up.

SHEENA – And how about...the other reading?

KEVIN - *unease* Still present.

SHEENA – Do you think it's something we should investigate?

KEVIN – I don't know. It doesn't seem to be space *or* time oriented – in fact, the signal almost looks like it's resonating across multiple planes. This may be outside our field of expertise...but it still bothers me.

SHEENA – Me too, Kevin. Me too...

Outside view of Sheena and Kevin's house, a little later that same day.

Janice and Sheena are in the garden. There are various pokémon present in the garden – Lobelia is flying around organizing them all, in a manner not unlike a preschool group teacher.

SHEENA – My name is Sheena Grayne. My husband Kevin and I have been keeping watch over anomalies in space-time for the last few years. This is our house in Michina.

JANICE – 'Michina'. Where is that?

SHEENA – Oh, just a few miles north of Eterna City

JANICE - *as it sinks in*goodness.

SHEENA – What's your name?

JANICE – I'm Janice. Sinnoh is...a long way from what I'm used to.

SHEENA – Oh? Where did you come from?

JANICE – Well, I was born in Totto. I'd never been anywhere else...I don't think...

SHEENA – *puzzled frown* You 'don't think?'

JANICE – *distant* I don't know... some of my thoughts are...hard to grasp.

SHEENA – *concern* Oh...what's the last thing you remember?

JANICE – Running. Hiding. I was afraid, I...

Janice puts a hand to her forehead in upset.

SHEENA - *winces a little* I am sorry... don't try to force the memories. Hopefully they will come back to you in time.

There is a short silence, while Sheena and Janice watch the pokémon in the garden.

JANICE - How long has it been? Since I was here, I mean.

SHEENA - Nine years have passed.

JANICE - And...how have things changed? Is the Pokémon League still a thing?

SHEENA - *caught off guard* Uh, yes.

JANICE – Are people and pokémon getting along any better?

SHEENA - People's attitudes toward pokémon have improved...to a degree.

JANICE – And technology – what kind of advances have been made?

SHEENA - *awkward* Well I-I can't say technology is one of my fortes to be honest. I'm more of an historian.

JANICE – *pauses* What about...Team Rocket?

SHEENA - *stern* I think it's best I show you something, in order to answer that question.

Cut to Janice and Sheena in another room, some kind of study, with a computer on a desk. Sheena is showing Janice various articles and other information on the computer.

SHEENA - Team Rocket's leader, Giovanni Mortego, had discovered a way to create human-pokémon hybrids, and ordered an army of them to strike many important and sacred sites across the world in unison. To make sure his plans would succeed, he had his organization seal away the most powerful legendary pokémon. Palkia, Dialga, Giratina...even the mighty Arceus.

We saw the struggles of those pokémon on the machine we use to monitor dimensional anomalies, but there was nothing we were able to do to help them.

Photographs of the repercussions in realspace from the trapped pokémon. Weird crystalline formations, large gatherings of pokémon in places they would normally not be seen, similar to what happened in 'The Power of One'

SHEENA - Something about the way those hybrid creatures were made started to interfere with the environment, which spiralled out of control. This 'One Day World War' looked as if it would be our end, but then...

JANICE - *wide eyed* What?

SHEENA - *distant, puzzled* It stopped.

At first, I was confused. Legendary Pokémon of incredible strength had been subdued at Team Rocket's whims, so what had ended the war so suddenly? What could have had the power to reverse so much damage?

I started researching historical documents for any possible ideas. That's when I discovered this.

Sheena opens another file.

SHEENA - This is the Sabai Prophecy – a message given to a man called Gado Sabai hundreds of years ago. It spoke of a group of elementally gifted humans, called the Nexi, who would link with the creator of our world.

The events that happened recently, mirrored those spoken of in the Sabai Prophecy with chilling accuracy. Yet Arceus had been unable to come to our aid.

She stands there, staring almost wildly into space. Janice looks at her worriedly.

SHEENA - **distant** My family has been entrusted with Arceus' affairs for centuries. I thought I understood the history I had been taught. But for the first time ever, I've started to wonder. Is there something...greater than Arceus?

JANICE - **eyes wide** Is there?

Sheena opens up yet more files.

SHEENA – There are texts that seem to support this theory, but the data is too sparse to be certain.

Closing the files, Sheena returns to TR related content.

SHEENA – In the restoration that followed, Team Rocket's leader mysteriously disappeared without a trace. Without that anchor of guidance, the majority of his organization has drifted apart. Some were arrested, some went into hiding, others simply turned themselves in.

JANICE - **dawning realisation/relief** So Team Rocket is...gone.

SHEENA - It seems that way. And there is great relief for Team Rocket's disbanding but...things have not quite settled down just yet.

Shot of the Time-Space Axis. The spheres representing the dimensions are gliding serenely round one another, not colliding, but every few seconds a minor quake starts from the tip of the Time-Space Axis and reverberates all the way down, jiggling all of the spheres ever so slightly.

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Cut to GIOVANNI MORTEGO sitting in what appears to be a cell, only the walls are kind of ethereal. He is still dressed in the army general style uniform he was wearing during the final sequences of "Ultimatum". Giovanni stares at the space between his feet, trying to work out what has happened.

GIOVANNI – **distant, confused** Where am I? This is not the same. Was everything before...just a dream?

sits up No...I remember something. I was on the verge of success! And then...that green light. Everything started falling apart. The project I'd been planning for years...ruined. All that money...wasted! How *dare* they take that away from me!

A voice echoes out of the ethereal void.

??? - You have much to relearn, it seems.

GIOVANNI - *frowns, a little unnerved* Who are you?

A pokémon appears before Giovanni. [Imagine a Cosmoem-esque head with an Alakazam-like body under a cloak.] It speaks using telepathy.

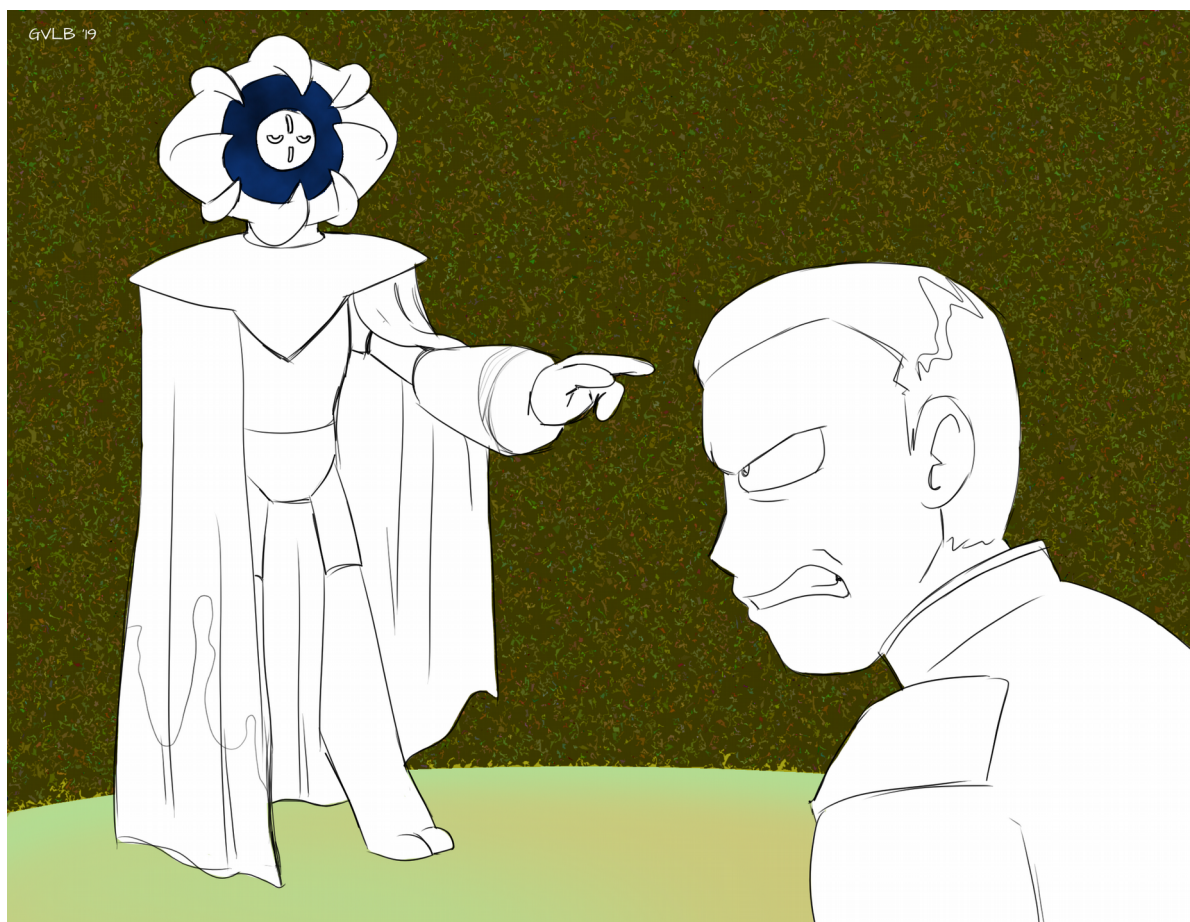
??? - I am the warden.

GIOVANNI - *angry* The warden of what? What is this place? What right have you to keep me here?!

WDN - I have been appointed by the Agrarian Seers, to monitor those who commit evil acts of deepest concern. You have been incarcerated on charges of mass human and pokémon harm, causing near-irreversible damage to the Aura Network, and interfering with Guardian duties on multiple occasions. Your length of punishment depends entirely on how long it takes for you to reconcile your wrongdoing.

GIOVANNI - *angry/dangerous* I have nothing to reconcile.

WDN - Then this may not end well for you.



The warden disappears. We zoom out from Giovanni to see he is inside one of the Absol shaped prison chamber/statues inside the Agrarian Seer Repository on Fiore.

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SETTING - Mt. Silver, Johto. Voiceover is of Kantoan Pokémon Ranger, FRED CERES.

FRED - "Fred Ceres, Ranger's Log - Entry 231116. I've gathered multiple reports from the residents of the nearby town as to disturbances within the cave networks of Mt. Silver. A number of Pokémon Trainers have entered these caves and not returned. As a result, visitors have been denied entry to the caves until further notice."

SQUIRTLE - **looking disgruntled** Skwir skwir-tul skwir.

FRED - Yes, Bubblun, I *know* we're not supposed to be in here. But the Police haven't exactly solved the problem, have they?

Fred, his Squirtle, Ivysaur and Charizard walk a bit further. The cave atmosphere is eerie, with only the occasional water drop and their own footsteps/rustling to break the silence.

FRED - Sure is quiet, huh Aralia?

IVYSAUR - **shakily** Sawrrrrr...

FRED - Like, *super* quiet. You'd expect at least some kind of noise with all those new pokémon popping up everywhere lately. But here it's like...

He pauses as a chill wind blows through the cave.

FRED - **grimaces** ...a void.

They exit the cave on to an outside ledge, where they see a black trail weaving through what greenery was present up on the mountain. The lush grass touched by the trail is brown and crisp, while nearby flowers have wilted and withered, sapped of their vitality.

FRED - **horrified** What the...?

The squirtle prods at one of the flowers hesitantly, only to flinch back as it crumbles to powder. He yelps and scuttles back round the other side of Fred, who shakes his head to remove the creeps he's getting, then looks determined and forges onward.

They enter another cave. Inside here, there is a considerably sized ledge above them.

Charizard flies Fred and the others up, and they land atop the ledge. An even icier blast blows from this opening, causing the ivysaur to shelter behind the charizard's large wings.

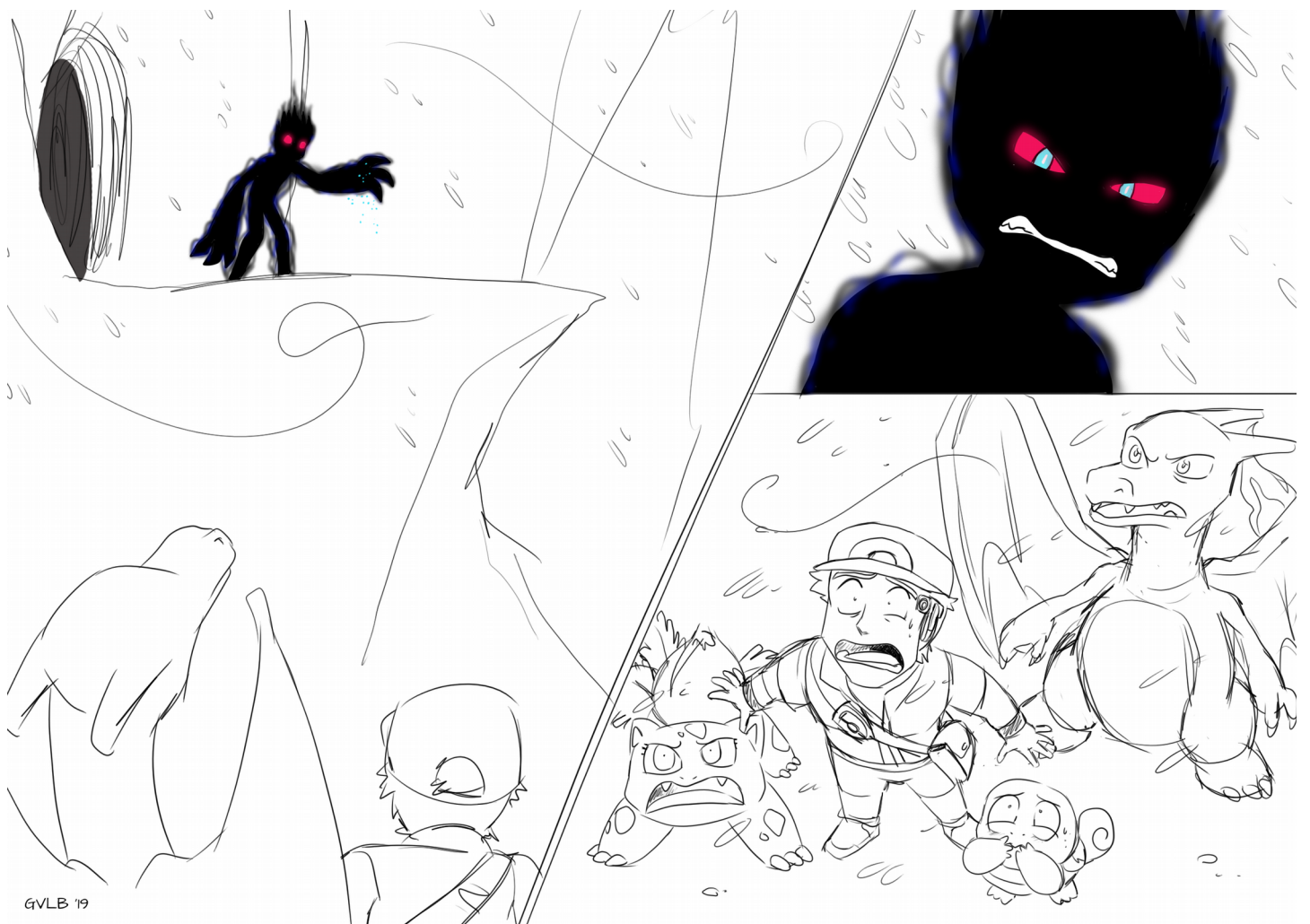
Everyone is caught in hesitation at this point, then a loud roar of an ursaring echoes into the air.

FRED – That pokémon's in trouble!

They all run into an area where – inexplicably - it is snowing, to discover the ursaring is being held in mid-air by a small, lithe humanoid figure with freakishly large clawed hands. The figure is enshrouded in a violet-black aura giving it the appearance of a living silhouette, only its bright red eyes are prominent.

Before they have a chance to respond, the ursaring becomes stiff and pale as its aura is rapidly sapped from it. It then dissipates into particles.

Fred and his pokémon all scream, struck with terror, drawing the creature's attention. It swings its piercing gaze toward on them.



The snow grows heavier still, as Fred and his pokémon scramble to get away. Leaping atop the charizard, they fly off the mountain, but the creature fires an orb of dark energy at them. It strikes the charizard who loses control and they all end up falling into the forest below.

TO BE CONTINUED

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