



The Phantom Child

Epilogue: The Dream



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The three did not appear where Mewtwo was expecting them to. He'd been instinctively aiming for the safety of the deepest depths of his dungeon to take stock of the situation and go from there. Instead, he found himself in the air, looking down at the largest tree he had ever seen in his life.

He had never been here before. It was impossible to teleport somewhere you had never been before. That had to mean... he'd been guided.

He looked down at Mew, huddling in his arms. Her eyes were barely open, but nonetheless they flickered with intent. Her cheeks were dangerously flushed and as his body adjusted to the cold air he realised she was burning up with fever.

<Go... there...> she whispered, her paw lifting to point the way, then falling limply by her side.

Mewtwo didn't need to be told twice. He darted through the air as fast as he could manage; reminded as he did so of the time he had shot out from Giovanni's Gym so fast he'd left a trail of energy behind him. Right now he

didn't even bother to look to see if the same thing was happening. He kept his eyes focused upon the tree as it grew in his sight.

Impossible. The thing was much too large to be a tree. As he neared it even closer he realised it was instead some sort of incredible landmass. It was so large it was supporting hundreds of trees itself!

In awe, Mewtwo alighted on one of the thin ledges of stone which had appeared from far away as one of the formation's 'branches' and began walking further into the lush greenery of the cliff. This place... it felt clean, untouched. He could hear the musical chirruping of a bird pokémon somewhere in the trees around him. Perhaps a family of swellow.

Mew squirmed weakly against his chest. <Quickly...> she said. <That tunnel. Go.>

A tunnel? Mewtwo scanned the area and finally spotted a small opening, crystalline formations bunched at its entrance and dotting the insides of the tunnel. He padded over and decided it would be best to hover again as he went further.

Flying through the tunnel posed no problems. As he approached with Mew and Celebi in tow - who had remained wide-eyed and silent in her cage during the entire time, hands clasped at her front - the crystals shone with a lovely blue light, illuminating their way.

The tunnel ended suddenly, giving way to an enormous open space. Mewtwo gaped as he landed on the cavern's flat ground, staring up at the two immense crystals shining before and above them, energy so strong it was visible as it flowed from the lower to the upper in a constant stream.

What was this place? Mewtwo could hardly move, struck so powerfully with the view before him. Until Mew unfolded gracefully and levitated out of his arms.

"Meww..." she whimpered, struggling to stay aloft as she made her way towards the crystals. Mewtwo broke out of his reverie in concern, and padded gently behind her, arms tense and ready to catch her if the need arose.

<I think... I think I need to be freed now,> the other pokémon said, the tightness of barely controlled panic in her voice unmistakable. <Get me out.>

Mewtwo turned back to the pokémon, concentrating carefully upon the metal bars. He mentally twisted them further and further until the weak part snapped clean. Mewtwo then psychically bent the cage open further still, prying the bars back until the pokémon had enough space to fly clear.

<Thank you,> she said. <My name is Celebi.> With that, she fluttered through the air on gauzy wings to aid Mew. Mewtwo followed her progress with his eyes and saw Mew joined not only by Celebi but by a hesitant human dressed

in brown standing respectfully still next to a much smaller crystal, one arm aloft, hand held out to Mew.

Mewtwo waited for hot rage to flood him at the sight of the human. He waited for fear. For anger and distrust and cynicism. But they never came. He only felt a slight curiosity. Who was that human standing there - where had they come from? More importantly, how did he know the human meant no harm - rather had nothing but good intentions - without taking even the first mental step towards the human's mind?

Mewtwo watched and waited, still as a statue; watched as the human's stance strengthened suddenly, became far more confident, palm outstretched towards Mew's face. Not even this instilled any unease in him.

“Aura is with me!”

The human's voice echoed through the large space, breaking the hallowed silence, and then his hand began to *glow*.

Mewtwo's eyes widened, unaware that his mouth was already open in amazement. His neck tube began to subtly throb in response to the raw energy filling the space. Celebi remained hovering in the air, large eyes shut and head lowered. And Mew straightened in the air, her arms drew up and aloft. She gave a lash of her tail and her eyes flashed open, beaming power.

<My thanks, human,> she said, drawing away from him. A green aura surrounded Mew's body as she ascended towards the vertical flow of energy; melding with it and expelling the last of the negative energy from her body.

The human's knee buckled, and he stumbled awkwardly into a seated position, letting his breath out in an amused huff. "That really takes it out of you," he said.

Mew seemed to be prancing through the air as she flew down towards the human, a twinkle in her eye. <A sentiment which I'm sure Sir Aaron and Lucario would agree with.>

The human looked up somberly. "They were true heroes. I can only hope one day to be as noble and self-sacrificing as they were in your most desperate time of need."

Mew nodded gravely, all humour gone for the moment. <I do not appreciate your own courage any less than theirs, Akiva. Today you have saved the Tree of Beginning by saving me. Without you, it would have slowly began to degenerate in response to the negative energy in my body I could not quite cast out on my own. So thank you for reacting so quickly to my cry for help, and travelling so far.>

Akiva smiled and got to his feet. "No, thank you."

<Mew, you asked this human to help you?> Mewtwo asked, desperately trying to understand. <Couldn't I and Celebi have helped you instead? Or perhaps another pokémon?>

Akiva's proud gaze broke from Mew's and fell upon Mewtwo instead. The human's ensuing gasp was so loud it reverberated around the immense space. "Divided One!"

<Divided... one?> Mewtwo asked. <You know me?>

The human seemed stunned, his hands unconsciously clenching by his sides. "Yes, well, at least I know of you. Most Agrarian Seers do."

<And here I was thinking my questions about my beginnings had all been answered.> Mewtwo said dryly, as his mind began to race once again at what this all could mean. Could this man know more about his genesis? Perhaps the events which had led up to his creation?

Akiva's mouth quirked in a half-smile, still looking a bit dazed. "It would do me a great honour to have me and brothers and sisters answer those remaining questions, if we can. Would you like to accompany me back to the Seer Repository at Fiore?"

<I would.> Mewtwo said straight away, surprised at his conviction. *This man is safe. That place is safe.* Somehow, he just knew it. For the first time since

meeting Amber, Mewtwo felt honesty and warmth and decency flowing from a human being. *I want to know more!*

“Shall we?” Akiva said with a smile, gesturing to the beam of sunlight leading out into the open air. Mewtwo smiled back at him, and together they walked from that place; Mew and Celebi watching them go with matching expressions of hope and love.

<He’s not like the other copies,> Celebi said. <Not like *you*.>

<No,> Mew replied simply.

<Oh, nicely done, by the way,> Celebi said with a wink. <You make a marvelous Guardian of the Tree.>

Mew caught the wink and giggled. <Thanks.>

<But I do feel that Mewtwo, deliberately or not, is going to change the status quo between the legendaries.>

<Yes, I suppose so,> Mew looked at Celebi as they floated in the air. <Or is that a future memory?>

<Just an informed guess,> Celebi replied. <Do you want me to actually find out?>

<No, but thank you.>

The pair lapsed into silence, then Celebi giggled. <It’s about time things were shaken up again.>

<Until then?> Mew asked, hands raised as she summoned her energy to teleport.

The eerie wail of the trees outside became audible as the Voice of the Forest prepared the same. <Until then,> Celebi agreed.

The heart of the Stone Tree of Beginning echoed silence for many days afterwards, until one morning when Mew zipped excitedly into the expansive chamber with a little cry of happiness, holding a wind-up spinda toy. She twirled towards the main current of the Aura Network then froze halfway there.

Her nose wriggled in confusion, then her eyes grew sharp and appraising. Someone had been here in her absence. Three 'someone's', in fact; she could practically see their aura signatures. Two of the three signatures felt very similar to her.

After touching the time flower bouquet and watching the resulting footage, Mew's eyes were wide and disbelieving.

Imposter! she proclaimed, bursting into laughter and giving the toy a whirl. *Too bad they've all gone - I would have liked to play with the other mew again.* She had not seen that mew since the time it come to her for answers and guidance, long ago. Which she had given happily. It was always nice to have a playmate; especially if you looked just like them - or they looked just like you.

My dearest Amber,

I am home. Truly home. I have found a place where I feel I really belong, and with it I have found my life's purpose. And yet as one purpose is achieved I find another. I have spent the past week discovering more about my beginnings thanks to the work of many of my new human friends. Now, I feel my purpose has changed. I feel as if there is great need of permanent armistice between the pokémon my friends call 'legendaries'. Too long has there been great hostility between them. The Winds of Water, the Beast of the Sea, the even more recent clashes between the ones they call Rayquaza and Deoxys. The history books I have read are filled with horrible tales of bloodshed and destruction owing to their great power and rage. It has always been a very tenuous peace, I find, between legendaries; one liable to degenerate into vicious attacks with no warning.

I cannot help but dream of a lasting peace and alliance between all legendaries - a great Council of wisdom and strength. For I can't help but find in every book I read that time and time again we come under threat from both humans - and a strange vague enemy 'monster' mentioned here and there - that it seems such a waste to antagonise each other when we should be coming to each other's aid at these times of need. It was only my strong mental link with Mew which enabled her to know I was in danger: I could not call out for help myself

back then. If Mew had not known, no legendary would have. And I may have been lost to the shadows forever.

Amber, my home is here, but if I am to put this idea forward to every legendary I must soon depart from it. It will be a long, arduous task but I can't help but look forward to it with excitement and anticipation. I do not even know if I will succeed in persuading them to join in the Council, but at the very least I will in future have awareness of and links with them no matter the distance, and promise to myself if they are ever in trouble I will do my best to come to their aid. The rest, of course, is up to them.

In memory,

Mewtwo

Thus ends 'The Phantom Child'

The saga will continue with 'The Game Of Time'