

When I hatched, I looked around, taking in the world as the light touched my bare flesh, melding from sunshine to cloth, cloth that represented who I was; Kyogre.

But from what I saw, it put a cold pressure on my heart. It wasn't what I saw that saddened me, it was what wasn't there. Trees, berries, feral Pokémon surrounded me... and yet, something was missing. And I knew just what.

I was alone.

The moisture seeped from my eyes, and I cried; Not like a toddler would when it was upset, but like a young man after all his family had died during a war, and he was left alone. Just like me.

*Sadness.*

I ended up living my first ten years like this; alone, sad, and feeling shunned. Finally, I had met a newly wed couple who took me in, and the cold grasp upon my heart lifted, and was replaced with a much nicer feeling.

*Happiness.*

I lived a happy life with them, working out in the fields and raising feral Pokémon with them, and though I looked the same and my muscles stayed strong, their faces wrinkled, and soon I was the only one who was strong enough to work our small farms. Seventy years had passed, and once again I was alone. They had moved on to another world through the doors of death. And as I sat in front of the graves I had buried them in, a new feeling appeared in my heart, one that clenched, but did not have the cold feeling as sadness did.

*Grief.*

I ended up living the rest of my first century as I did the beginning, alone and sad.

*In my first century of sorrow, I had learned of sadness, happiness, aging, death, and grief.*

I wandered the continent I lived on, searching for a meaning, a relief to my pains, anything.

And that's when I met Rayquaza.

I had lived one hundred years in uselessness, but Rayquaza gave me, told me, my purpose. I was here to serve and be served, for I was Kyogre, the Lord of the Sea. I was to be a figure head, a god, a leader, a ruler of my subjects. But not yet. I needed to learn what it meant to be a leader, and Rayquaza took me under his wing for it. He introduced me to my 'brother', more my equal and opposite, Groudon. We had our small family, Rayquaza acting as a father at some times and a brother in others, and it made my heart stay light and joyful, giving me the enjoyable feeling of my nature.

*Jolly.*

I lived with them for a century, with no differences that would separate us since we were destined to be a trio, and this was definitely my happiest century of all.

*In my second century, I learned of what a true family is and of my own inner self, one that is described by only one word, jolly.*

On the first day that I started my third century, Rayquaza placed me on the throne of my kingdom, and I started to rule the land I owned. It was a difficult start, with few followers, but over twenty years, I gained plenty subjects. But there was one in particular.

She was a Milotic that went by the name of Suiren. When I saw her, it was like my heart had expanded, bursting to be free from its imprisonment in my chest.

*Love.*

For months I would watch her when she passed, noticing the smooth glide of her feet against the hard stone caverns in my castle. She was always so serious and depressed looking when with a large group of others, but when she was with friends, she would unwind and goof off at times. This is what truly made my heart yearn for her.

But sadly, all good things must come to an end, no matter how short they lasted.

There had been a scuffle or a grudge or something that made the Grass Types worshipping Celebi resent us so. They said that since Grass Types are Super Effective against Water Types, they were superior to us, and they began sending less and less of the crops they grow; ones that flourished upon the pristine, nutritious water we sent down the canal to them.

Since we were facing poverty, I stopped eating all together; the only effect being slight hunger pains and a small depletion of energy. I gave all the crops we did receive from the Grass Types to my followers. But with hunger comes anger, anger led to fights, and fights led, most of the time, to death. My followers started dying, either from starvation or their comrades' starvation, but what pained me the most was the pain Suiren was going through. She was eating little herself, and she would randomly outburst into either pain or badmouthing of Grass Types; and soon she acted upon it.

One day, when most others had gone to sleep, she had shut off the canal that irrigated Celebi's fields. The Grass Types began withering as the Water Types starved, and not long after they acted upon her actions. They came to us, sending a group of some of the strongest of their species; Brelooms, Amoongusses, Venusaur, Serperiors. They came demanding who was responsible for shutting off their water, and I was going to say I was the one who did it, but I was too late. Suiren stepped out of the cluster of my remaining followers and declared she was guilty of sending drought to the Grass Types.

They beckoned her forward, she stepped towards them, and that was when we both started to pain: her, physically, and I, mentally.

They started her torture quickly; one of the Brelooms hit her with an upper cut to the chin, but not using a move. One of my followers tried to advance to help her, only to be kept back by a few of the Grass Types' Leaf Tornado. They kept us at a distance as they tortured Suiren, leaving us to watch in horror.

They continued the torture, using Leech Seed first to continuously sap her energy. The world seemed to slow down, I was speechless, as each spasm of pain crosses over her body seemed to send one to my heart. Finally, they were finished with her, and they ended her life with Leaf Blade, her limp body falling to the floor along with the leaves of the subsided Leaf Tornado shield. I screamed out to them, yelling futilely, but everything after that was a blur.

### *Rage.*

I only know of what happened next from what had been written in scrolls by those who witnessed it. They called the time the Bloody Tide, saying I had gone completely insane with rage, spewing torrents every which way, trying to hit Suiren's murderers. None of the Grass Types survived, and I had even killed some of my followers.

When I had come to, the cavern I was in was sopping wet, and I was cradling Suiren's body. Tears flooded from my eyes, covering her already soaked face with my tears. Right then, I wished it was like the old legends, where crying on a dead loved one would bring them back. But sadly, this was the current time, and I was no shaman.

I held her funeral that night, not allowing anyone else to attend. I sat vigil for her until the moon set once again, and then I headed back. In the weeks that followed, I did nothing but grieve for her, but with more emotion, with more violence. I destroyed rocks with my bare hands, smashing them against walls. I eroded valleys, drowning out all plants the lived there. I was said that my eyes held a dead glint in them, for that was how I was. My heart, broken.

After then, I gave up. I locked myself in my private chamber, and put myself into a deep sleep. One century, two centuries, three centuries... I slept on, until Rayquaza

finally got sick of my actions and awakened me. He forced me back onto my throne, though with no followers left, it was worthless. Rayquaza strived so hard to get my followers back from Suicune, Palkia, even Manaphy, and I felt touched. But with the warmth to my heart came the memories of Suiren, which only saddened me more. Life and pain... two words that seem so different, and yet are too alike.

The rest of the century was a blur, nothing much happened, and if something big did happen, I didn't remember it. Actually, there is only one thing I remember; one Gijinka I am thankful for: Groudou. I hadn't seen much of him after I took my throne, but when Rayquaza told him of how emotionless I had been, he marched straight over to me, and pestered me until I yelled back at him. At first it was confusing, since once I yelled at him, he started crying and laughing at the same time. But then I realized how much of a relief it must have been to have me, his technical brother back. It was as if a great weight had lifted from my body, and I was free to laugh with him.

*So little, yet so much, had happened since my time with Suiren.*

Something amazing and yet odd had happened when I was 'gone'. Some one had murdered the last Arceus, and the new one was coming of age to become ruler. But the most bewildering thing was this: He wanted me to help him through the first century of ruling. I was shocked, and yet excited. He wanted me? Me, the Lord who spent four whole centuries sulking over the death of *one* of his followers? Even though it was completely unbelievable, I accepted, and in a few days I arrived at Arceus's castle. Even though that century whizzed by so quickly, there were one thing from the beginning that stuck with me. I remember that on the first day that I helped Arceus, he said one thing to me that made me feel so touched.

*I heard about how kind and good you were to your followers before that incident. I hope I can be like you were then, and how you're trying to be now.*

When he said those words, I realized something.

*Maybe, after the eighth century, things were starting to get better.*

When I returned home to my castle, I barely had time to sit down before Groudon barraged me with news. Supposedly, after every few centuries, there is a tournament-like event that happens. The contestants where Legendaries of seven centuries or old; they were to compete with a single opponent for the whole rest of the century. A loss was only determined by death, and the pairings were chosen by random. This year, there were only six contestants, Keldeo, Groudon, Kyurem, Cresselia, Darkrai, and I; Even though Rayquaza was definitely eligible, he was pulled out because of the uneven pairings. The next day the pairings were chosen, and I was paired with Keldeo, as was Groudon and Darkrai, and Kyurem and Cresselia.

Every tournament as this always started with an opening battle. Each of the contestants battled for five minutes with their opponent in front of all the other Legendaries. My battle with Keldeo went smoothly and enjoyably, as our powers were equally matched. Though the clock hit five minutes, and we were done.

As we exited, I was even gladder I was paired with Keldeo when she asked to only have arranged battles; no sneak attacks. I agreed, and every full moon, we would battle through the night, and once dawn broke, our fight was over. We did this so many times, each of us equally matched, until finally, after most of the century, Keldeo died by my hand. I remember Kyurem laughing at how he had survived longer than Keldeo, and I felt absolute disgust at him. I buried Keldeo myself, then headed to my castle. I waited to here the results of the rest of the match, finally hearing that Cresselia had killed Kyurem, and Groudon and Darkrai were still fighting.

I remember this day as the week before my life started taking me upon a path to becoming a hero, when one of my followers told me there was a mysterious band of Gijinkas lead by and Absol at my castle step.

**Disclaimer:**

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**Manaphy, Rayquaza, Arceus, Palkia, Breloom, Amoonguss, Venusaur, Serperior, and Celebi are all creations of Nintendo. The term “Gijinka” is a fan created word meaning a creature that is half-human, half-Pokémon. All characters in this story are Gijinkas.**