

IT had been a hundred and fifty years, or thereabouts, since Regigigas had last been approached by a trainer with the skill and humility required to tame them. Eighty years since the same trainer had passed to the beyond after a long and accomplished life, and Regigigas had returned quietly to the long-forgotten Snowpoint Temple to await another who might be worthy. And now, at last, it appeared that somebody might have gathered the other giants and dared to seek out their leader: for the temple door was slowly opening once again, and daylight was starting to illuminate the stone, and Regigigas let their seven black eyes blink open and prepare for the arrival of the chosen one.

But there was no human at the door. Just three small Pokémon whose names Regigigas took a few moments to recall, having been sealed away for so long – but, at last, recall them they did. Snorunt. Swinub. Delibird.

It was a surprise. The temple was enchanted to open only when a trainer who had tamed Regirock, Regice, and Registeel, and who could prove it, set foot on the sacred threshold. But in some ways it was a relief. There was a problem with humans, Regigigas had learnt while spending those seventy years with that trainer of yore: they had enormous difficulty understanding anything that a Pokémon said. Whether it was a genuine inability to pick up the language of the creatures with whom they shared their world or merely a stubborn belief that Pokémon never said anything worth listening to, it had never be-

come clear, but Regigigas had quickly given up on attempts to share their pronouncements on the divine mysteries of life, even with such a beloved trainer.

But with other Pokémon, they could speak clearly, and so they did. “What,” they intoned, “is the meaning of this?”

The visitors said nothing to begin with. Swinub dashed around in little circles, seeming to pay a lot of attention to the end of their own snout. Snorunt trembled on the spot. Delibird, at last, spoke up.

“Great Regigigas,” they said in the warbling voice that Regigigas had occasionally admitted to finding somewhat endearing, “lord of this land, who created the three giants –”

“Five!” said Snorunt.

“The *five* giants,” Delibird quickly corrected themselves, “and who –”

“I am familiar with my own accomplishments,” said Regigigas. “Speak plainly, if you speak at all.”

“Of course,” said Delibird. “Well, you see – we wondered if you might, um, stop whatever it is that you’re doing that makes the ground go funny.”

“And what am I doing that makes the ground go funny?” Regigigas asked.

Delibird’s wings shook a little. “I don’t know.”

“And in what way is the ground going funny?” Regigigas prompted them.

“Well,” said Delibird, “it ... it moves.”

“Earthquakes!” said Snorunt, much more helpfully.

“You think I am causing earthquakes?” said Regigigas.

“There are, um, indeed earthquakes,” said Delibird, “and, you see, being that you are the great Regigigas who created the –”

Swinub squeaked and turned rapidly in a circle.

“Oh,” said Delibird. “Well, you see, you’re the most powerful Pokémon in the area. So we thought you must be causing the earthquakes. And it’s very inconvenient, so we wondered if you would be so kind as to stop. If, of course, the earthquakes aren’t necessary or, um, required for your great works, of whatever kind they might be.”

Regigigas blinked each of their seven eyes in turn, leaving the visiting Pokémon in suspense for a good ten seconds, and then asked what they had determined to be the most important question: “How did you cross my threshold? Only the chosen trainer who has captured all five, er, all three of my creations, is granted entrance to this temple.”

“Yes, we did that,” said Delibird.

“I’m sorry?” said Regigigas.

Delibird lifted the sack it held under one wing and emptied its contents onto the ground. Three Poké Balls tumbled out.

“Surely not,” Regigigas muttered, but it was true. Swinub had moved forward to press the tip of their snout against one of the Balls, and with a flash, Regieleki appeared in the temple, looking rather ashamed.

“Lecky,” said Regigigas – an old nickname that would surely embarrass Regieleki to hear in company, but it seemed appropriate in the circumstances. “My creation. My child. One of the strongest beings in Hisui –”

“Sinnoh!” Snorunt chirped. Delibird scowled, but Snorunt had a point, Regigigas supposed.

“In Sinnoh,” they went on. “Surely you did not allow yourself to be tamed and captured by these – these nobodies. And in the most ordinary of Balls.”

“They were very persuasive,” said Regeleki.

“And I suppose those really are your siblings beside you?” said Regigigas.

“Yeah,” said Regeleki. “Sorry.”

“I shall be having words with all three of you,” said Regigigas. “Now get back in your Ball, you disgrace.”

Regeleki did so. Regigigas faced the small Pokémon again.

“Now,” they said, “seeing as you have somehow accessed this temple by legitimate means, I suppose I must respond to your petition. Why do you believe me to be the cause of these earthquakes?”

“Well, because there is no Pokémon more powerful than you,” said Delibird.

“Giratina?” Snorunt suggested.

Regigigas’ eyes briefly flashed red. “I will not hear that name spoken in this temple. Small Delibird, you are right. Only I wield the power sufficient to cause such significant mo-

tions of the earth. But these tremors are not of my making – and so, I cannot cease to cause them.”

“Oh,” said Delibird. “But they’re really disruptive. All the Pokémon in the area are having trouble. We thought it would be because of you. If it’s not –” They looked at their companions. “I don’t know what we’ll do now.”

“Now,” said Regigigas, “I said I could not stop causing these earthquakes, but I did not say I could not stop them happening. I am the most powerful Pokémon, after all.”

“Really?” said Delibird. “You’ll help us?”

“I will,” Regigigas confirmed. “Let us proceed. For the first time in eighty years, I shall leave this temple. For your sake, small Delibird, and for the sake of small Pokémon everywhere.”

They moved forward, and headed into the daylight.