My hands fumbled with the small cassette tape located in my hand, all the meanings which were in this small disk. I just wished to finally hear that voice again – I pressed the button to crack open the front, and hastily inserted the rectangular disk into the small crevice, closed the lid. I then shut my eyelids as I heard the screeching buzz as the recorded message once again, begun speaking.

The male voice spoke in a light Kalosian accent “Recorded message, day 6, recorded by S-0213 or Assistant Head Scientist, Head of the 'Transformation' Project **(Rhapz, can you think of a better name? I really don't like this one)**. The first day of experimentation is afoot, so to say, and it would seem that the entire test had been effective and the test subject is co-operating with us well.

The transformation is going slowly, though, we have the presumption that it will begin to speed up after the constant D.N.A transfusion begins to affect him.

So far, we have noticed some electric readings currently emanating from his chest and upwards that is all that has achieved.” The voice cuts out, leading into the same screeching, when a loud click can be heard, signifying a new voice clip.

“Recorded message, day 25, recorded by S-0213 or Assistant Head Scientist. The test subject has improved in the transformation majorly, but he still has his humane form, but in noticeable featuring, he has gained electric blue hair, which sparks occasionally – or when he has a strong emotional feeling.

His eyes, as well, have changed, the have differed into a full orange colour, as well as the surrounding area gaining some lines which join up with a small circle surrounding the main eye. Also, the test subject has 'grown' some orange clothing which has merged with his skin, the clothing is formed like a hooded sweatshirt and baggy trousers, in a mildly darker orange colour.

In all, since the specimen remains his human form, which means he could possibly pass off for a human – he has changed to the amount that he is unrecognisable compared to what he was before. For his powers, he has not gained any way of controlling such.

We believe it may take a few days to fully complete the transformation and that he will possibly learn some electric-type moves in a day’s time.” The audio cut out again with the ear-splitting auditory groan.

As the voice came back again. “Recorded message, day 37, recorded by S-0213 or Assistant Head Scientist. A huge change has occurred in the time between the last recording and now, not much has differed in the way of appearances, except for a light blue plasma field surrounding his entire body.

That is not the main change though, that is, the fact that his Ghost-type powers are finally proving themselves, he is able to deform and then form through walls, also, his electrical powers are... developing, but compared to the Ghost-type powers are very weak.

The small plasma field though, make it impossible to touch him without rubber gloves, so we are no-longer able to easily test anything of bodily functions. Though it *did* take some painful testing, for both him and me” As the recording ended, I took a deep breath, as I reached into my pocket to grab the second cassette tape, whilst rewinding the used tape, so it could be used again. Once it was finished I slid in the second clear plastic-like-substance, and the same screech sounded.

When the voice came up again, it sounded hasty, like the Irish man wanted to very quickly get the information out “Recorded Message... Day.. Oh, I don't care anymore! All our power switched itself off at night, the entire Team Ground base had a huge power surge, and it even shut off the transfusion machine, meaning that we can't continue with any procedure.

But I need to get this done, so I can make sure my son will live! I'm going to have to go to the Leader himself after I've done recording this... But, this message is just for my son if he ever hears this, if you are confused as to why me and your mother ever had to do this to you, well...

When you were 6 years old you acquired a specific... illness – which caused you to lose all your memory, we thought that was all, but you were dying slowly. Which meant that we had to find a possible way of curing it, anyway we could and the only way we could find, was to go to Team Ground, we went straight to the Leader, Prince.

When we talked to him, he said that he was asking for test subjects, and... we were so desperate that we agreed with him without any hesitation, not understanding what would come of this. When we actually found out that he would be changing massively, well, we were absolutely furious.

The next day, I went straight to Prince again, demanding why he was doing this to you, he just simply laughed in my face. I, of course, continued with my demand, saying that I would like you to be taken off of this stupid project, he laughed again – stating simply, 'We're not far enough in this project, that your *precious* son would die if we took him off of the life support'.

I was stunned into silence from this news, as most people would've been if they were in our situation. I was thinking about it, and decided that if I join the scientific team, that I could keep an eye on you. As for your mother... I'm sorry to say but, well, she died slightly after she heard the news of what was happening to you. She killed herself.”

Here, the voice stops talking, pausing thinking about his wife, presumably. But he continues after a while. “I'm getting off track, You are Steven Nathan Elysian, and be proud of your last name, it means 'Swift', or 'Lightning', which ironically, suits you quite well.

My name is Kai Elysian. Again, I'm getting off track, remember your name, it will be the only thing which will connect you to your past life. As for your race, you are Kalosian-Sinnohish, Kalosian from me, and well... you can work out the rest.

You were born on 15th of September, and you are, at the current time of speaking, eight years old. Fifteen years ago, I moved to the Jubilife City, found right in the centre of Sinnoh, because the house prices were lower. All I expected was a job, and a simple life.

What I didn't expect though was to find love, love in the form of your mother, Helen Tempest. She was so beautiful when I met her at the job interview for the huge Pokémart which is found in Jubilife. Surprisingly, even though there was only one placement, we both got the job, I guess the interviewer must've like us, and couldn't place one of the other or something, but honestly she is just a better worker than I am.

Ah, I'm getting off track again. What I'm trying to say is, remember your roots, because that will be all that connects you to what you were before. And, really, I am your father, I will love you no matter what ever happens; which changes your appearance, what turns you into a Pokémon – I don't care. I will always be right by your side, and I will help you in times of need, even when I'm not there.

Now I really must be talking to Prince.” As the audio cuts out, I look around to check around myself, for any possible intruders or people of the sort. I sigh when there is no-one there, relieved. The little cassette tape then burst into action with a very loud explosion sounding from the box.

When my dad's voice popped up again, it sounded out of breath, like he had just ran a mile “Recorded... Message, Day... I think it’s 78. You know who I am... So... I went to... Prince, but... he was in a meeting... and I... sort of eavesdropped on his... conversation. Which is where I found out... his actual plan.

He's gathering up children, and he's basically going to turn them into war machines! So, when the meeting was meeting its end... I... burst in through the door... and they threw... me in prison, after a long chase... of course. I... sneaked in my cassette tape recorder; I think this is the end for me.

But, just remember, I will always be in your heart.” In the background, I could hear some metallic footsteps like someone walking on iron, on the recording “Oh god, here they come – if you ever make it out, go to Sa-” The audio cut out at this point.

I rested my head against the rough stone, thinking about all the information that I had heard so many times before. Tears dried on my face, and I just sat there.