

POKÉMON COURT

Chapter 7: Setting sail on S.S. Tidal

Terrance left in a hurry as he wasn't someone who liked to meddle in others' affairs. But the medicines prepared by the girl, most of which required knowledge at the level of a Junior Breeder, intrigued Terrance a little.

If he guessed correctly, these medicines were probably prepared by the girl herself. Despite her young age, she possessed the skills of a Junior Breeder, which surprised Terrance and diminished his sense of superiority.

Randomly encountering a young girl at a stall who was no less capable than him in the vast Hoenn Continent made Terrance realize that there were undoubtedly many talented individuals he was unaware of. Perhaps what he knew was really not enough.

There were some bottles of medicines at the girl's stall whose underlying principles he couldn't quite grasp.

Terrance happened to notice the flaw in one of the powder medicines because this mistake is a typical case, and he happened to know the difference between the correct and incorrect combinations. This doesn't mean that the girl was inferior to him; it simply shows his expertise in this particular field. This knowledge is something that he had coincidentally acquired, and even top breeders wouldn't claim to be all-knowing and omnipotent.

“I should just wait patiently.”

As he looked at the darkening sky, Terrance prepared to quietly wait for the arrival of tomorrow, which would confirm the results of his four years of effort and require passing the examination of a Junior Breeder.

Once he became a Junior Breeder, he would finally have the confidence to live in the outside world on his own.

Finding a relatively open area, Terrance set up his tent and released Beautifly. Pokémons were more vigilant than humans, and by being together, they could take care of each other and prevent unexpected incidents.

It was another peaceful and serene night.

Terrance’s last night in Slateport City passed without anything happening and it quietly came to an end.

The next day.

As the sky gradually brightened, Wingulls crossed the ocean, gliding through the air with the help of the sea breeze.

Early in the morning, Beautifly also woke up and awakened Terrance by flapping its wings.

Terrance glanced at the time, 6 o'clock. There was still an hour before the departure of the S.S. Tidal, so he wasn't in a hurry.

Beautifly is very punctual with its daily schedule. By having it wake up Terrance, there was no need to worry about being late.

After organizing his belongings, Terrance packed up the tent, found a water source to wash his face, and headed towards the harbor.

Although it was still early, there were already many people boarding the ship. By the time Terrance arrived, there were already quite a few people outside the harbor.

"There are so many people."

Terrance grumbled.

In the bustling harbor, the flow of people was constant. Even though the staff tried to maintain order, it was difficult to improve the situation.

Who knows how much time was wasted, but Terrance finally boarded the S.S. Tidal.

“It really wasn’t easy, there were too many people.” The other passengers who boarded along with him also sighed.

Next was finding his own room. In reality, the room wasn’t of much use. It would take less than a day to travel from Slateport City to Lilycove City on the S.S. Tidal. The so-called room was just a crude place to rest.

After all, S.S. Tidal was not a luxury cruise ship.

Terrance was alone, so he simply stayed in his room.

However, after a while, there was a knock on Terrance’s door.

“Hello, it’s lunchtime. Would you like to go to the dining hall?” The person at the door was a staff member of the S.S. Tidal, responsible for reminding passengers to have their meals. As for whether Terrance would go to eat or not?

Touching his empty pockets, Terrance smiled bitterly. He decided to continue snacking. The food on the S.S. Tidal was not something he could afford.

It was already noon, and since Terrance had just finished eating and had nothing else to do, he lay down on the small bed and took a nap. After sleeping for about an hour, Terrance felt a bit dizzy and regretted sleeping on the ship.

To clear his head, Terrance walked out of the room and went to the ship's railing to feel the sea breeze. Indeed, after spending a few minutes there, he felt much better.

"Beautifly, come and experience it too."

Beautifly, just like Terrance, was on a ship for the first time and seemed curious, flying around in the surroundings.

"Don't get lost," Terrance reminded.

Then, Terrance, all alone, leaned against the railing on the deck, facing the blowing sea breeze. His gaze wandered towards the vast blue ocean ahead, lost in his own thoughts.

"Is this your Pokémon?" A robust, elderly voice interrupted Terrance's thoughts, causing him to turn his head.

What he saw was an elderly man with graying hair, who appeared to be around the same age as Grandma Arlan. He was currently looking with interest at Beautifly, flying above Terrance's head.

"Yes, is there something you need?" Terrance responded.

Seeing Terrance's lukewarm attitude, the old man smiled and nonchalantly asked, "You've done a good job raising it. Are you a Trainer?"

"No." Terrance, who looked to be around ten years old, shook his head and recalled Beautifly, which gracefully landed on his shoulder after spinning around.

"Oh, then you're a Coordinator?" The old man became even more curious as he observed Beautifly's graceful landing.

"Not quite." Terrance answered the old man's question again, and to avoid his endless inquiries, he continued, "I'm actually preparing to go to Lilycove City to participate in the Breeder Examination."

"You're saying you're a Breeder?!" The old man burst into laughter, finding Terrance's response amusing and unexpected.

"Not yet."

After saying that, Terrance turned his head, ready to leave. He instinctively regarded the old man's laughter as mocking.

A ten-year-old Breeder was indeed seen as a joke by many.

Being a Breeder was different from being a Trainer or a Coordinator. The latter didn't have any threshold requirements, but for the former, due to the rigorous nature of the profession, they needed to be certified by the Breeder Headquarters to call themselves Breeders.

Being a Breeder involved a complex set of knowledge that required a long time of study to achieve the necessary level.

Considering Terrance's young age of ten, it was truly inconceivable to most people for him to go for the Breeder Headquarters examination.

After all, at this age, children were just obtaining their Trainer qualifications and were still very immature.

Most children couldn't even remember the names and attributes of Pokémons, let alone the intricate pharmacology and the deeper habits and characteristics of Pokémons.

So, while the old man's laughter seemed quite rude to Terrance, he could understand it. After all, he knew firsthand the challenges of becoming a Breeder. After four years of studying, Terrance was no longer a complete novice who knew nothing.

"You've misunderstood, my name is Victor, and I didn't mean to mock you." Seeing Terrance walking away, the old man quickly called out to him.

Terrance, who was stopped, didn't feel displeased. Instead, he continued to ask, "I understand, sir. Is there anything else?"