

# MARNIE IS ME

## A READER TRANSFORMATION STORY

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You got up early that day; because *of course you did*. It was one of the most coveted online events of all time after all -- a Nintendo Direct. And not just any Nintendo Direct, no, but one focused around the new Pokémon games. Sword and Shield were only a few months away and despite a few missteps you were still excited. Any news was good news, and with so little revealed thus far you were elated to learn more. You woke up, showered, brushed your teeth, and settled yourself down before your screen of choice.

And it began. Giddy as you were it felt like time just flew by as they explored new Pokémon and new features. Then it finally reached the segment on new characters. The Pokémon were important of course, it was they that populated the fields of the world, but an engaging cast was also very important. There was a rival named Bede, a smug looking kid who seemed androgynous at a glance, but then there was also *another*.

**YOU.** The screen read. You naturally did a double take. "**Me?**", you couldn't help but ask aloud. It was practically unheard of to control multiple characters in the same Pokémon game, let alone be the player character and your rival at the same time. But the video offered no further explanation. Rather it just seemed to be *stuck*. Had the video *froze*? Manically you clicked on YouTube in hopes that the video would continue, but instead you were met with an unwanted shock from the controls to your finger.

Static shock? That probably wasn't good for your device.

Of course you couldn't have known that '*the rival is you*' was a much more literal statement than thought possible, after all it was a scenario that was about to deny the very fabric of reality.

As you struggled with the buffering on your video there was plenty that escaped your field of vision. The walls of your room, for one. Almost like out of a horror movie paint began to drip down each slowly. One black, one pink, and so on and so on. The decor around you began to shift too. Your bed was shrinking, the pillows upon them taking on Pokeball designs, but these were merely alterations meant to ease you into your new role.

Physically and mentally adapting to that role were different things all together.

As you clicked and tapped away at your device, your fingers began to show signs of change. Nails darkened not naturally but thanks to nail polish that looked as if it had been haphazardly applied by a child, the fingers they were attached to growing smaller and smaller as you found yourself hugging the device a little closer.

It was because you were growing smaller that this was necessary. The length of each arm withdrew, fingers barely poking out from within your long sleeves as your frustration began to wane. You were feeling incredibly calm all of a sudden, so calm that the fact that your shirt was inexplicably large against your torso didn't raise any red flags. You stood, pants evidently following suit as they fell to your ankles, forcing you to bend them over to pick them up. '*That's weird*', you'd thought to yourself, taking pause as you noticed the pale, youthful glow of your hands and the paint that decorated them. "**These aren't...**" Your hands? They looked like the hands of a young girl, something you *weren't*.

Then your attention was drawn to your shirt. The material around the cuffs had begun to grow darker, but they were also becoming thicker as well. You rub the cuff between your dainty fingers without yet standing up, noticing how leathery it felt even as the changes continued upward. While your shirt had been ill fitting, it seemed as if the jacket it was becoming was hugging your body tightly. It pulled your shoulders in to narrow, the width of your torso intrinsically shortened as a result.

But it opened in the front revealing... a dress? Pastel pink, it hugged a chest that resembled the one you'd had when you were a preteen more than the one you were used to. It must have taken shape beneath your shirt, the length falling past your groin to cover the area left exposed by your departed pants. **"A girl? Am I becoming a little girl?"** Your voice was deadpan despite your shock. As if to answer your question, you felt mounds begin to rise against the breast of your pretty new dress, so subtle that they were almost non-existent and yet still fairly prominent for your age.

Your age, which was...? Were you an adult? In your late teens? You felt like 'in the 12-13 range' was the wrong answer, or rather like that was now the correct answer, but the more you grappled with the question the truer it felt.

Butt cheeks clenched as youthfulness became more defined, the contents of your pelvis shifted to better match that of a young girl regardless of whether you were a woman or not in the first place. You couldn't see, but the undergarments that had barely fit just a moment before were now clinging to your young hips in the form of a pair of plain white panties that kept everything in place.

Your head was itchy, and so painted nails reached up to give your scalp a quick scratched. What met your fingertips wasn't the head you were familiar with however, but a head of hair so abundant that it almost seemed impossible. You tugged black locks down before your eyes, the fact that optics had shifted to bright turquoise gone unnoticed without a mirror in front of you. Patting your head with the free hand it seemed all of your bangs were swept to the right, and on the back were... horns?

Of course there were horns! You'd done your hair that way on purpose! ...Hadh't you?

Lips pursed as memory and identity fell into question, their shapes slightly pronounced upon the face of a young girl with a cute little nose. Something tight tightened onto your left ear, a pink clasp in place of an earring; it suited your style better.

You narrowed your thinner brows as you took step after step towards your bed. The window open, you could hear the various cries of Pokemon out in the distance, fresh morning air wafting in. The device you'd been playing with now sat upon your desk as a brand new Pokedex, a Pokeball containing your trusty Morpeko beside it. This was your life, it had always been your life.

No, your life was... It had been... You felt like it was wrong! Butt resting against your bed, these thoughts were very quickly losing out as your blank gaze was directed at the pair of decorative boots at your bedside. You slid them over feet that were in the final stages of shrinking, black polish painted upon tiny toenails as they snuggled into the footwear. Reaching for the choker on your nightstand, you tugged that around your neck next.

Rising once more you tap your heel against the wooden boards of your bedroom floor and wander over to close the window. Your Pokemon journey began now, and you *would* be the Champion of the Galar region. Regardless of what *rivals* stood in your way.

And yet, the thought that you were forgetting something persisted. Name? What was your name? It was Marnie, right?

Marnie.

**"I'm obviously Marnie. Who else would I be?"**