

# A Gutful of Pokemon

Brad Davies

It was just another day at 16 Parkside Lane, a house filled with discord and ill feeling. In the house lived Sue, a middle-aged single mum, along with her son Damien, a teenage computer nerd and Pokémon enthusiast. Another resident of the house is Uncle Gerry, a middle aged man and brother of Sue's husband, Harry, a Taxi driver killed in a car accident 5 years ago. As history would have it, the occupants were flung into the house, forced to live together and endure each other's company. Uncle Gerry, embittered by life despised Sue and her son, believing he was entitled to the house. He was constantly angry and barked orders to Sue and Damien all day long.

To add to the mix of things there was Dotty a Maltese Toy Poodle cross, the love of Sue's life. A playful thing that had the annoying habit of leaving its dog business anywhere it pleased. Yes, it failed toilet training abysmally.

Dotty ran through the house and up to greet Gerry with a ball in her mouth. Pulling up just short of the faded couch on which Gerry was lying, sitting there wagging its tale it looked at Gerry with that play with me look, tail wagging.

'Piss off!' yelled Gerry at the top of his voice.

'Come here Dotty,' Sue said, grabbing her by the collar to lead her away.

'I can't stand that flea bitten good for nothing dog,' Gerry said. 'All it does is eat and crap, eat and crap. It would be more useful for crab bait.'

'Sorry,' replied Sue, in a low nervous voice, 'I'll try harder to have her not annoy you.'

Just then, walking into the room came Damien, smiling. With a sheepish grin he approached Gerry still lying on the couch.

'Hi Uncle Gerry, how's it going?'

'What would you care,' snapped Gerry in reply.

'Uncle Gerry I've hacked the Pokémon site and your involved.'

Rising to his feet Gerry looked perplexed. 'What are you talking about you stupid boy?'

'I've hacked the site and posted a Gold Pokémon to be caught with a one-million-dollar prize to whoever catches it,' he said puffing his chest out in pride.

'So what's this got to do with me,' Gerry said looking even more perplexed.

'Well, dear loveable Uncle,' Damien sneered, 'I've placed it inside your stomach and the only way people will win the money is to get it out of you. Won't that interesting?' He continued, 'People will do anything for money.'

As he said this there was a knock on the door.

'Oh no there here!' yelled Sue. 'What have you done Damien, stop it, make it go away.'

'I can't mother, it's too late,' he replied, as if in a trance like state.

Gerry looked outside and watched in horror as people started heading towards the house, phones in hand like zombies. 'What am I going to do? There must be a least a hundred or more,' he screamed.

Damien laughed at him as if possessed. 'There's nothing you can do,' he retorted. 'They're going to cut you open for the money.'

'Get rid of it,' yelled Sue. 'Get rid of it.'

'How,' said Gerry, his voice starting to quiver.

'Bring it up, chuck, spew vomit. Stick your fingers down your throat,' yelled Sue from across the room as she looked at the gathering crowd.

The crowd started yelling. 'Let's us in, let us in.' Mob mentality had become quite palpable.

Sticking his finger down his throat Gerry started to choke and heave but nothing happened.

'I'm doomed,' he yelled.

'Try again,' said Sue.

Damien started laughing and pointing his finger at Gerry while a mocking tone took over his laughter,

'Let us in. Let us in,' continued the crowd as they encircled the house, banging on the walls and trying the doors.

'Try again,' Sue yelled in a high-pitched voice, a hint of panic present.

Once again Gerry stuck his fingers down his throat, a guttural sound could be heard but still nothing happened. He started to cry and quiver in fear.

Then suddenly Gerry saw it in the corner of the room, like a large Havana cigar. It was Dotty's dog business. Running across the room, he bent down, picked up the business and followed this by one big bite and swallow. He stood there as if time had frozen. But that was not to be. Like a possessed victim at an exorcism he brought forth an array of colour that filled the corner of the room.

He heaved and heaved while Damien laughed and laughed. Damien then opened the door to the house. People flooded in and went to the fridge, gathered their Pokémon, and left.

'Well Uncle,' Damien said, 'I didn't do anything except buy a Pokémon and put it in the fridge. There never was a Pokémon in your stomach.'

'Why? Why did you do this to me?' Gerry asked.

'Because your an asshole.'

With that he picked up Dotty the dog from a corner of the room, turned and looked at his Uncle and said, 'I hope you enjoyed your meal.'