

Bad Pokemons Cut Loose

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Through the unrelenting heat haze he could just make out a shimmering blob streaming a massive turbulent rooster tail of red dust and grit in the distance. The pinprick of silver was unerringly speeding his way and the closer it got the broader his smile became. The other guys thought he was stupid but the proof was in the pudding and this pudding was soon to land on his table and, only his table. Just the thought of it was delicious. He was one smart customer and it sure does pay to do your research.

In the car the man was a remarkably casual driver but still however, a very good and seasoned driver. Outside his dirt smeared window the low dull scenery was rapidly passing in a dusty red blur. It was all the same out here, nothing to break-up the tedium but the danger of flat out speed. With one hand on the wheel and the other holding up his phone he was barreling headlong through the barren desert hunting Pokémons.

He had signal, which would have been unusual to a younger man, but at just over seventy he didn't find it strange at all. The bland acceptance of old age was working and no rational thinking was going to intervene. He was only in Arizona for a few weeks and only out here in the middle of nowhere for a few days, he wasn't going to let this opportunity pass. Hunting Pokémons was the worlds and his latest craze and if there were any lurking out here he might have them all to himself. Who knows, they might even be a rare and powerful type, maybe even a one of a kind. It was definitely well worth his while spending a couple of days driving aimlessly around this wasteland. Besides, he was one tough hombre, plenty tough enough to go camping out alone in the desert. Right now, he was on the scent of one, it was just up the road a ways, maybe just over that granite ridge ahead, and the closer he got the broader his smile became. His thin lips compressed to a line and his eyes squinted to slits. His coarse whiskers bristled as he squeezed the accelerator harder, wringing the last ounce of power from his tortured vehicle.

There it was, moving very rapidly, but he had expected that, and with a practiced aim, shot his capture ball. In a flash the remorseful ball closed the distance and soon found its intended victim. There was no escape.

Back at the gym the guys were comparing captures.

"Well, what have you got Snorlax?"

"Huh," he replied drifting in from slumber.

"You're here at the gym. You must have caught something. What did you catch?"

"I'll show you."

He flung his ball and out rolled a figure, tall, thin, youngish, black suited and quite dapper. It was a man. He had a briefcase in one hand and was brandishing a lethal looking umbrella in the other.

"What the hell is that?"

"I got it at a subway station one night," Snorlax explained. "It was waiting for the train. I think it's called an accountant."

"Phhh," the others said in unison. "Doesn't look very dangerous to me."

"And what have you got," Snorlax defended himself. In the background the accountant was practicing his moves. Thrust and parry, swish his broly and wave his briefcase around with limp vigour. After a couple of intense minutes he sat down, he needed a little breather. Snorlax and the others had watched this little performance with distaste.

"Pathetic," they agreed.

"Check out what I found," Machoke boasted. He puffed out his ample chest and flexed his muscles as he threw out his ball.

Out rolled a muscular figure, tense and toned to perfection just searching for a mirror to check out his abs, gluts, pecs or whatever.

"What is it?" the other queried.

"What is it?" MA choke replied incredulously. "It's a gym junkie."

"OK. OK. What does it do?"

In the background the gym junkie was stretching his limbs and kissing his biceps. After his unashamed display of self-adoration he decided to increase his heart rate with a few star jumps and burpees followed by a couple of one arm push-ups. He was feeling good and now he had a sheen of perspiration he was undoubtedly looking good. Where was a good mirror when you needed one.

Machoke looked down and shuffled his feet a little. "I don't really know and, yes it is a little lame."

"What have you got Mewtwo. You're always the clever one."

"Well I spent a lot of time on research, time well spent as it turns out," Mewtwo purred looking over the other guys' shoulders at their less than satisfactory fighters.

"What we have here," Mewtwo proudly presented. "If the human's internet thing can be believed, is possibly the most dangerous human on the planet. According to my research he can swim through land, count to infinity and produce fire from rubbing two ice cubes together. He is apparently the sole reason there is no life on Mars and can hit you so hard he can make your blood bleed."

He flicked his ball and out rolled Chuck Norris, still meaning business at close to seventy.

Chuck flicked his serpentine gaze around, and together, the accountant and gym junkie visibly quailed.

Chuck liked trouble and trouble was brewing.