

# Pokémon Go Gone Wrong

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James loved his Poppy; he loved the calm blue eyes, the special smell of him, but most of all he loved the fact that Poppy always answered his questions. He never fobbed him off with brief and unsatisfactory explanations like his parents. Poppy took him seriously. James was due to visit him this morning and was bursting with excitement; he planned to discuss something important. He had become caught up in the world wide phenomena of playing Pokémon Go, and was well and truly hooked. He thought that Poppy would have opinions and advice to offer and looked forward to hearing it. He was getting no help from his Mum and Dad who thought chasing around with a mobile phone and trying to capture Poké-creatures was ridiculous. At least he had a decent mobile phone provided by them, but otherwise they refused to help in anyway.

James kept his counsel and didn't even mention Pokémon in the car as they headed off to Poppy's little piece of heaven. He lived away from the rat race, in a cosy cottage overlooking a broad sweep of river and surrounded by farms. When he stayed with Poppy, one of their favourite games was to stare at the cows, trying to catch their eye and distract them from their endless chewing. A silly game but it gave them a lot of laughs.

None of that on this visit! James raced from the car, barely able to pass the usual pleasantries before opening up his important discussion. Luckily Mum and Dad always started their visit by doing an inspection of the house and surrounds; they checked what needed cleaning, what needed repair and if there enough food in the house. James and Poppy sat on the verandah.

"Poppy have you heard about Pokémon Go?" he asked.

"No young man, but I would like to".

James described the game as best he could; he knew that Poppy had an unusual grasp of technology despite his age, so he provided further detail about the process of finding and catching the Poké creatures.

"I am looking for three special ones Poppy, this might be a good area to find them.

"Well let's get going then", was the enthusiastic reply, "I will just tell your parents that we are going for a walk."

The pair of them set off alongside the river, walking toward the local shops. James held his mobile phone out in front of him, eagerly waiting for a symbol to come up. To his delight Poppy seemed genuinely enthusiastic, as keen as James to find one of the elusive creatures. Suddenly there was a rustling noise and a vibration on the phone.

"Look, look we've found one. This is how a sighting works," piped James. He tapped the screen and passed it over.

Poppy took the phone and peered at the screen. As he turned to his grandson and gave a warm smile, a car flew round the corner at breakneck speed, lost control, mounted the kerb and smashed into Poppy at about 120km an hour.

James shrieked in horror as he saw him broken and bleeding on the footpath.

All hell broke loose, people arrived from nowhere crowding the scene, someone phone triple zero.

James sat down on the grass, stunned and horrified. Eventually an ambulance arrived and took Poppy away. James wept bitterly and swore to himself that he would never have anything to do with Pokémon Go again.