

I/Tulpa: Pokémon Go NY

By

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निर्मित

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EXP: Experimental Home Publishing

“I/Tulpa: Pokémon Go, New York.” version 1.0

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निर्मित

This is a work in progress. The events and characters are fiction, and any similarities between real people and places and events is simply circumstantial or the fault of the author. (OMG, we know that’s so not true. How old are you?! There is no way for you not to be in my head. Look at you! You’re marvelous. You’re fantastic. I love you. Even when I don’t love you and you’re not marvelously fantastic, you still worked yourself into my brain and so, give me a break. I so can’t wait till The Rodenberry Paradigm kicks in and we just share and build on each other’s greatness.) This book should be available for free at free-ebook.net, but can be attained by writing the author directly. The author is open to constructive criticism, so feel free to email him at

Thought I messed up didn't you. Nope, just went to the next page. But I seriously could have so I am so not mad at you for thinking I did because I have and I will and, oh, the email:

solarcahriot@gmail.com

All other proposal, book signing, marriage offers, photos, or invitation to Tulpa mixers could be directed to 214-907-4070, with the understanding that phone calls rarely gets answered; some delays in responding to texts. Email is preferred. Please put 'I/Tulpa: Pokémon Go NY' in the subject header of an email so I can better sort you out. A non-response likely means I failed to catch it. Restraining orders should be delivered in person, in accordance to the legal requirements of whatever state you find yourself in. I'm in Texas. I think you're legally allowed to shoot me. I would prefer you didn't. Thank you.

WARNING

Warning! No, really, WARning. Like, seriously, "Danger Will Robinson, the Major and your sister Judy might be doing something over the rise that you shouldn't be privy to, and don't ask cause I have been programed not to tell you, even though I do seem to be the primary parent in this relationship and I should have lot more leeway." I'm obligated to say this. Just in case you don't know me, haven't read anything else I have written, aren't more mature than I am (and I am like as immature as one can get, most the time,) but just in case you didn't know this: Children do not come from storks. They don't come from Pokémon. Not even Pokémon storks. There are some rumors that Pokémon come from children. There is no evidence that Storks are involved. So, there could be some explicit scenes related to S.E.X. That could be an acronym or a metaphor, or just spell it out. If you're old enough to spell it out and push the button that says older than 18, even if you're not older than 18, you're probably okay, but if you're like not 21 or older, physically, the law really doesn't regulate or control for emotional and psychological age, thank god, cause I would have never been given a driver's license, no one would ever be allowed to drink or procreate, and, the laws says you can't read this. Why? Because if you grew up, something bad might happen to you. (Never mind, most people, a long time ago, grew up a lot

earlier than we do today, and every last one of them openly laments that horrible state of the world for not being more like them... Yeah, wrap your head around that one, old timers!.. and, consequently, now a days, no one seems to be growing the fuck up. Weird, eh? People insist on prolonging childhood but then get mad when everyone wants to be Peter Pan. (How old are you?! Nope, really, your answer could determine whether you have legal rights to proceed further, as if I could stop you.)) This content herein is probably just a mild R-rating, nothing worse in here than what might be found in say the move 'American Pie' or 'Dirty Grandpa.' (Right, thank you Aubrey! Making old people feel young again, you go girl.) Not saying it's American Pie kind of juvenile funny, but saying, if you know Manga and Anime, they get away with some seriously sexy stuff, that gets watered down a great deal before it gets to the US, which means, there are like whole countries of folks that could really give a Rattata's ass if there is sex in something. There is sex here. Less violence, more sex. And when you consider a choice between violence or sex on TV, why wouldn't we encourage more sex less violence? And, if we were going to police my brain, wouldn't you rather I was thinking sexy thoughts over violent thoughts, or funny sexy thoughts, over funny violent thoughts? And even more seriously, if you know anything about Pokémon and you are familiar with Nurse Joy, I can't be the only one with a jaw agape. Yes, seriously, she's a cartoon, but that never stopped Jessica Rabbit from making some dreams come true. Just saying! So, consider this, if you have to go and ask your mom what something means, you should put this down, now. This is not for you. It's probably not for me, either, but since it's in my head until I get it out, well, it is what is. Good luck. And stop making people rant.

Chapter 1

Look, here's the deal. If you're just tuning into the world of Jon and Loxy for the first time, there can be some initial confusion. This is just par for the course, part of life, the way it is, the same way dreams are different every night, and sometimes even from dream to dream within the same night. It's full of anachronistic anomalies, contradictions, hyperboles, and even grammatical errors, mostly unintentionally, perfectly planted in order to wake people from this to dream so they emerged into their own dream. It's what happens when you let a six year old write a book. Not that I am six, I don't think I am six, but I was hired by a six year old to tell you this story, and we're doing the best we can. Part of the problems is labels in general. Who am I? Who are you? Am I a boy or am I a girl, all these choices we have to make before we can even get the good part of the story. What am I wearing, what do I look like, yada yada yada. We all just want to jump to the good part, but that's just not how life works. Mostly. We always have to be inserted into a story already in motion, like in the back of a moving truck, chaos, and boxes all around. We're always born into a world with players having already made some hard decisions that impact are game. But I am going to do you a favor and fast forward over that, fast forward over the fact that we are starting with Jon. Jon, perhaps at the age of ten, maybe older, maybe younger, because what is age, really? And, never mind the hint of music that isn't music. Maybe it's a heartbeat, maybe a shamanic drum, or maybe it's the garbage truck setting a large, empty container down so hard that the waters in a street puddle that reflected the moon and Jon's face as he slipped up to the trailer were wiped out by ripples. And definitely ignore what looks like Jon breaking into an RV, because, he's is only slightly embarrassed by everyone knowing it, even though it was no secret, because the owner caught him red handed leaning into the small refrigerator. Jon had that feeling that someone was looking at him, and closed the refrigerator door just enough to confirm his suspicion, but was startled none the less.

“OMG!” Jon said, nearly jumping out of his skin. “You scared me.”

“I scared you?” the owner of the RV asked, incredulously.

“Yeah,” Jon said, as only a six or ten year old boy could say. “I didn't think anyone was home. I knocked first.”

“Well, I am sorry I didn't answer. I was on the toilet,” the RV owner said.

“Oh, well, that makes sense,” Jon said. “Are you going to kill me?”

“Sit down at the table,” the RV owner said, pointing to the half bench seat.

Jon complied, resigned with his fate. He put his head down on the table, waiting for the mercy killing. The RV owner put together a plate of food, chili over hot water cornbread, and brought it to the table.

“Sit up,” he directed, and put the food in front of Jon after compliance. He sat down across from Jon and poured a glass of tea for Jon, and then for himself.

“I am confused,” Jon said.

“So am I, most the time,” he said.

“You’re going to kill me with poison?” Jon asked.

The RV owner sighed heavily, leaned into the table. “You break into a black man’s home and just naturally assume he is going to kill you?”

“Yeah, pretty much,” Jon said.

“OMG, son, we are so past the sixties. What would happen if I broke into your home?” the RV owner asked.

“My home, or a black man breaking into a white man’s home in general?” Jon asked.

The RV owner nodded appreciatively. “Nicely sorted. Your home.”

“You don’t want to break into my home,” Jon said.

“Just how old are you?” the RV owner asked.

“How old do I look to you?” Jon asked.

“Everyone looks and sounds like babies to me,” he said. “Eat.”

Jon took a portion of the chili, found it was actually pretty good, and began to shovel it into his mouth as fast he could, as if he had never seen a meal before. The RV owner sipped his tea, examining the boy. He observed the black eye, and stitches over the eyebrow, and couldn’t leave it alone.

“What happen to your eye?” he asked.

“I fell off my bike,” Jon answered with his mouth full.

The RV owner appraised the response, finding misplaced loyalty, discernment, and flat out lying. “Do you even own a bike?”

“Not since I fell,” Jon said.

The RV owner pursed his lips in consternation.

Jon swept his tongue over his teeth to break free some cornbread, and asked: “Has anyone ever told you that you resemble...”

“Stop” the RV owner said, using a flat hand before pointing. “If you say I look like Morgan Freeman, I am so going to...”

“Wait wait wait,” Jon interrupted. “I break into your RV, you feed me, but if I tell you that you resemble a particular celebrity, you’re going to kill me?”

“I was aiming for slapping, but okay,” RV owner said. “You seem obsessed with being killed. Do you want to die?”

“Better than hanging around this place,” Jon said.

“Are you sure?” RV owner asked. “I mean, think about it. You got forever to be dead, and what, a blink of an eye to live, to dream?”

“Are you one of those preacher types, like from the Blues Brothers?” Jon asked.

“OMG, I know you did just didn’t compare me to James Brown,” the RV owner said.

“I am emotionally stunted at 6, give me a break,” Jon said. “So, not a preacher then, what are you?”

“Is my career relevant?” the RV owner asked.

“Might be,” Jon said.

“You’re going to define my entire personhood based on my career?” the RV Owner said.

“Isn’t that what people do?” Jon asked.

“You broke into my RV, should I make that the entire basis of how I relate to you?” the RV owner asked.

“Good point,” Jon said. “So, what do you do?”

“I am a physicist,” the RV owner said.

“Oh,” Jon said, sorting. He came to a curious conclusion. “What’s the difference between a physicist and a preacher?”

“In today’s age? Not much,” he answered, musing. “I suppose the difference would be that if you were to report seeing the light at the end of the tunnel, I would ask you if it were a particle or a wave.”

They both laughed. It was a good laugh, growing in depth, each enjoying it, until the RV owner stopped laughing and brought his hand down hard on the table.

“What the fuck are you doing breaking into my home?” he asked.

Jon was on the verge of crying, but was trying to fortify defensiveness. "I was hungry," Jon admitted.

"You could have knocked," he said.

"I did knock, the door opened, I came in," Jon said.

"Oh, okay then," he said. "I have been meaning to fix that. What's your name, son?"

"Is it relevant?" Jon asked.

"You learn fast. It could be," the RV owner said. "I could just call you Up, or Down, or Charm, or Hey You. That was a particle joke if you didn't get it."

"I got it. Wasn't funny. You can call me Jon," Jon said.

"Jon it is. I am Doctor James Gate," James said, extending his hand.

Jon hesitated. "You mean, you're for a real physicist?"

"No, I just play one on TV," James said. "Are you going to shake my hand?"

"If you're that good at physics and all, why are you living in an RV park in a beat up, old bus as oppose to some University boring students or smashing atoms?" Jon asked.

"I am physicist," James said, withdrawing his hand. "I like living simply and off the grid."

Jon nodded. "I so wish I had a magic bus and could get off the grid."

"Learn physics," James said.

"Please, cosmological theory today is whacked. I have dabbled in numbers, and magic, and philosophy, and the only thing I have found to be true is Einstein observation that illusion of reality is doggedly persistent, not verbatim."

"How old are you again?" James asked.

"Again, how old do you think I am?" Jon demanded.

"I think you're a baby and don't have a clue about anything," James said.

"Well, maybe if I wasn't having to spend all my time hunting for my next meal and avoiding getting my butt kicked by family and the other hungry peers I might have time to actually sit down and do some math," Jon said. "Next time you're at the University, look up Maslow. Or maybe, here's a novel idea, running around and getting into mischief is the way boys learn. We muck things up, the same way you like smashing atoms. Constructive deconstruction. But no, you adults just want to label that as an illness and then zombify us with medication."

“Is that what happened to you?” James asked.

“I escaped the drug part. My mom did get me the DX of ADHD because the state sees it as a disability, so she gets a check from the state, and free amphetamines, which she then sells on the street for more than what the state paid. And in truth, no one really notices the difference in school because no one is aiming at teaching us kids anything but compliance and regurgitation, if they’re paying us any attention at all,” Jon rambled on. “They also gave me a DX of ODD, too, but I don’t understand how refusing to walk into traffic is a sign of opposition as opposed to intelligence. Did you know less than 12 percent of the teacher population is male, and that females tend to grade male students down, as opposed to female students who get rewarded for just showing up and looking cute? And did you know, both males students and females students do better when they are separated by gender? The girls are less focused on looking cute, and the boys are just, well, less stupid, but you adults are so determine to make us the same, as if we come off some cookie cutter, conveyor belt system, because, I don’t know, you like mediocrity or the elite need a population of zombies to maintain their status quo. Yeah, cosmology is whacked, the school system is whacked, but quite frankly, the school system is whacked because the parents are whacked, and we can probably trace all this whackedness back to the garden and the fall of man, which squarely places the responsibility on God for allowing the miscreant into the garden in the first place.”

“Wow,” James said. “You’re from Texas, aren’t you?”

“Safe bet, seeing how we’re presently in Texas,” Jon said. “Welcome to the ‘pull yourself up by your own bootstraps’ state. Might be nice if someone handed out some boots with straps.”

“So, you have developed a pretty sophisticated theory of why everything is whacked,” James said.

“Got a better one?” Jon asked.

“I do agree things are whacked,” James said.

“So, what’s your theory?” Jon asked.

James put his elbows on the table, clasped his hand, steepled his index fingers, touched them to the lower part of his lip, and contemplated his response. He stared into the depth of Jon as if Jon was a crystal ball and he was looking for clarity. “You really want to know?”

“Enlighten me,” Jon said.

“Extremely dangerous words,” James said.

“Danger is my world,” Jon said.

“You understand, being enlightened doesn’t mean things necessarily get better, right?” James said. “It just means you’re awake and aware.”

“I am more likely to buy into it if you’re not pushing puppies and sunshine,” Jon said.

James nodded. “Excellent point. Very well. My theory of everything: The underlying, mathematical description of reality appears to resemble computer code. A specific kind code, a series of ones and zeroes you might find in an internet browser. More specific, it contains error correcting algorithms, just like internet browser codes, analogous to RNA and DNA correction algorithms.”

“Oh,” Jon said. “You’re one of them.”

“Clarify,” James said.

“You’re either about launch into a metaphysical tangent that incorporates the law of attraction, or you’re going to go into this whole spiel about how we live in the matrix and we’re all waiting for a superhero like the Neo-Jesus-freak to break us free.”

“I don’t see those alternative explanations as mutually exclusive,” James said.

“I don’t suppose you can prove it to me?” Jon said.

“How good is your math?” James asked.

“Sucks,” Jon said.

“So, you’d make a great theorist,” James said. “Here’s the deal. I found a secondary code while smashing atoms. I literally smashed up against the membrane of reality and found an oscillating echo from another Universe and tapped into someone else’s computer system. I travel around in an RV looking for hotspots to reconnect to that Universe.”

“What’s in this chili?” Jon asked.

James was not offended. “Let me show you something.”

James got up from the table and went back to his computer alcove. Jon found it impossible to determine if he was a Mac user or a Windows user, or that other operating system that no one talks about, as the system itself was a unique, hybrid with glowing peripheries and outlines. The monitor displayed a number of opened windows, some showing code, some showing digital outlines of anomalous creatures never before seen by Earth in its entire history. Creatures came to the foreground, stats were assembled, and they shrunk back as another became prominent. Foreign script described attributes of the creatures. There was also data that described

a technology, what might be a storage and transport system, very similar to Star Trek beaming things up by converting things directly to energy and moving them about virtually before reanimating them. This was 'Alienware' before there was even an Atari, but somehow it was all working without question and or even reel to reel and punched data cards. James sat down at his chair, put on his glasses, mumbling something about an update having finished. There was a red and white ball sitting in the cradle, very shiny, with its own internal, recessed lighting which absolutely screamed for Jon to touch it. Jon reached for it. James slapped his hand.

"Don't touch," James said.

"I think Uhura is calling you," Jon said.

"Ha ha," James said.

"Seriously," Jon said. "If that's your starship calling I want to go."

"Son, this technology comes from a different world, probably from a different universe, and it's taken all of my saving to build this one, tiny sample of transportation tech, and getting the code configured to work within our technological framework has been a living nightmare, and, well, I don't have a comparison, unless you want to borrow from Star Wars, Harrison Ford's line, traveling through hyperspace is not like dusting crops..."

The monitor went black.

"What?!" James said, panicking. He looked over his glasses and read the power meter. The batteries were charged and the solar collector on top of the RV was producing. It wasn't a power problem.

James looked back at the screen, touched the keyboard.

Letters appeared on the screen, one at a time, until the following questions were completed: "Who is this? And why are you hacking my system?"

James tried to type a response but his keyboard was disabled.

"Try talking to him," Jon said, pointing to the mic. It was the same microphone that the agent in Ultraman would use to become Ultraman.

James looked to Jon crossly, as a physicist and computer expert, he knew better. "That won't work."

"What won't work?" appeared on the screen in response. "Who is this? What's your name?"

"I am Doctor James Gates," James said.

“Why are you hacking my system? It’s public domain. You can get it for free at any tech shop?”

“Who are you?”

“I am Professor...”

James turned to slap Jon’s hand, because again, he had reached for the ball. James hitting Jon’s hand caused him to hit the ball, dislodging it from the cradle. It rolled, fell to the floor, directly square between his feet, depressing the button.

There was a huge flash of light and then Jon was gone. The ball squirmed, as if struggling to digest something, oscillated to a stop, and the light’s flashing yellow became a steady green.

“Oh. So, that’s how it works,” James said, as cool as Willy Wonka after a kid had been sucked through a tube, blown up like a berry, dropped down the garbage chute, or teleported through wonkavision. He remained as calm and cool as a Scientist gathering data.

Chapter 2

Jon found himself immersed in white light. There was no apparent floor, but he felt like he was standing still and falling simultaneously. He had an overwhelming sense of vertigo without anything to orientate towards. There was not even the sensation of increasing momentum due to falling through air. There was no sensation of air, other than the acknowledgement that when he forced himself to breathe, he felt replenished. Holding his breath didn't seem to hurt him, but there was a growing awareness that he should return to breathing if he held his breath. This place of whiteness felt extremely peaceful and he felt the stirrings of euphoria and then suddenly, he was back in the real world, tumbling, simultaneously with being attacked by a tiger. The world tumbled in a blur until the motion had stopped and he was face to face with the tiger. The tiger was on top of him, grasping his shoulders with huge claws, and roaring a protest in his face. It seemed to be a glow, as if it had a fiery nature, and suddenly Jon's mind went: 'tiger, tiger, burning bright.' The tiger had a whisk of hair coming off the top of his forehead like Mohawk, adding to the 'flame' effect.

"No! Stop," someone shouted.

The tiger looked in the direction of the shout and then back at Jon, roared once more, and leaped into the bushes and was gone, leaving leaves in its wake. A female, perhaps 18, wearing a safari outfit, kaki blouse and mini skirt, predominantly military-green, tennis shoes with neon yellow highlights, white knee high socks, and a pith helmet stood over him. Her hands went akimbo, the classic power pose of Wonder Woman or Isis.

"Do you know how long I have been tracking that Growlithe?!" she demanded.

"Uh?" Jon asked.

"OMG, are you trying to look up my..." she asked, backing up.

Jon sat up.

"Where am I?" Jon asked.

"So, you're going to play lost now?" she demanded. "I am still waiting for my apology."

"I am sorry I was looking up..."

"Not for that! For intruding on my catch! I so had that Growlithe," Loxy said.

"The tiger?" Jon asked. "You were trying to catch a tiger?"

She knelt down in front of Jon, touched his forehead, turning his head through points of articulation searching for injuries. He didn't stop her or protest, nor did he flinch. He looked at her in a sort of stunned way, as if mesmerized by her beauty. He bit his lower lip, trying hard to maintain eye contact while being distracted by cleavage that was practically in his face, and tried to smile at her.

"You don't appear to be injured, Sir," she said. "Your clothing is torn and some superficial scratches. Take off your shirt so I can treat your wounds."

Loxy reached into her bag and pulled out an ointment. Jon did not take off his shirt. He was staring at his hands. They seemed bigger than he remembered.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"I am still processing what happened," Jon said.

"You stepped in between me and the Growlithe just as I threw a Poké Ball..." she said. "Come to think of it, I didn't see you step out, you were just suddenly kind of there." She narrowed her eyes trying to figure out why he was looking at her so strangely. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"You're the most beautiful woman I have ever seen," Jon said.

She smiled. "Thank you," she said. And then frowned. "I am still crossed with you. You at least owe me a Poké Ball."

"A what?" Jon asked.

"How hard did I hit you?" she asked.

"You hit me?" Jon asked.

She sighed. "What's your name?"

"Jon," he said. "Jon Harister."

"I am Loxy Isadora Bliss," she said, offering her hand. "Pokémon trainer, and member of Team Instinct."

"Uh?" Jon asked, not taking her hand.

"You never heard of Team Instinct?" Loxy asked.

"Is that like a rock band?" Jon asked.

"Maybe I should take you to the nurse," Loxy said, standing. She kept her hand extended to him, so that she might help him stand.

Jon accepted the help up and once on his feet he nearly fell over. He tried walking, extending his hands to try and get balance, as if he were walking in high heels for the first time, only he wasn't walking in heels. They looked like his tennis shoes, only bigger. Loxy took his arm to steady him.

"Are you dizzy?" she asked.

"No. Yes. I don't know," Jon said. The world felt smaller than he remembered it being. "Something is seriously different."

"Come on, then," Loxy insisted, leading him by the arm.

Jon freed herself from her help wanting to do it on his own. "I am not a child."

"I was trying to be helpful," Loxy said.

"Thank you," he said. It was taking effort to walk and he wasn't sure why. "What is wrong with me?"

"I don't have a response to that," Loxy said. "Celadon is this way."

"What is Celadon?" Jon asked.

"Really?!" Loxy asked.

"Pretend like I am new here and educate me," Jon said.

"You just told me not to treat you like a child, now you want me to treat you like a..."

"Visitor from Kansas?" Jon completed the sentence for her.

"What is Kansas?" Loxy asked.

"Really?!" Jon asked.

"Just come with me," Loxy said.

Nothing better to do at the moment, Jon went with her. Technically, it wasn't that hard of a choice. She was truly an amazing looking woman, and she noticed he kept stealing glances of her, but he was not yet sure what she thought about him stealing peaks. He probably would have followed her to the ends of the earth. The road seemed narrow and was lined by thick forests on either side. Though he trusted her well enough to walk with her, everything she said just led to more questions, and he found himself in a mood and not wanting to talk. That was until a five year old kid jumped out of the bushes and shouted at them. Jon was initially startled, but on realizing it wasn't a 'Growlithe' he was a little bit irritated at the kid.

"Hold up there, wayfarers," the kid shouted. "I am Mentos, the world's best Pokémon Trainer, and I challenge you to a match."

“You’re like what? Four?” Jon asked.

“You doubt me, Sir?!” Mentos demanded. “I challenge you to a duel!”

“Go home, kid,” Jon said.

“You have to duel. That’s the rules,” Mentos said, on the verge of tearing up.

“He doesn’t have any Pokémon,” Loxy said.

“How could he be out in the wilderness without Pokémon?” Mentos asked, skeptically.

“Oh, better question, how can he be that old and not have at least one Pokémon friend? What kind of loser is he?”

“Those are great questions,” Loxy agreed. “It is possible he is not right in the head, and so I am taking him to Celadon to see the nurse.”

“Excuse me, I am right here,” Jon said, perturbed.

Loxy motioned to him that she understood, but that she ‘had this.’

“Well, one of you is going to have to face me in a duel, or forfeit all your money,” Mentos demanded.

“Really? We’re being robbed by a five year old?” Jon demanded. “Where are your parents, kid?”

“Who needs parents when you got Pokémon?” Mentos demanded.

“Get out of our way before I smack you,” Jon said.

Mentos unleashed a Pidgey and the flapping of wings and screeching of the bird drove Jon back.

“What the f…”

“Now, give me all your money or return from whence you came!” Mentos demanded.

“Very well, Sir, prepare to battle,” Loxy said, drawing a Poké Ball from her belt.

Loxy drew out her ball and a Chikorita arrived on the scene. Mentos laughed.

“You expect to beat my Pidgey with that?” Mentos asked.

“Cheeka, Magical Leaf,” Loxy demanded.

The Chikorita dodged an aerial assault, and released a whirlwind of glittery leaves, like a bag full of raked leaves exploding, only with glitter, and dust, and aroma. Jon sneezed. The Pidgey tried to dive through it, squinting, closing its eyes, and then collapsed in midair and to the ground. Mentos ran to his Pidgey.

“OMG, you’re absolutely brutal!” Mentos whimpered, picking up his poor, beaten pet.

“If that’s all you got, I want half of the money in your pocket,” Loxy said.

“I don’t have any money in my pocket. Why do you think I am out here hustling!” he snapped. “Mama!” he cried and then ran home.

Loxy picked up her Chikorita. “Good job, Cheeka,” she said. “Come on, Jon. We should make it the rest of the way without further interruption.”

“What the heck was that?” Jon demanded.

“How can you not remember anything about Pokémon or battles?” Loxy asked. “Our whole world is about Pokémon.”

“You’re tell me that this entire world is preoccupied with catching animals and making them fight?” Jon asked. “That’s just sick.”

“Wow, aren’t we judgmental,” Loxy said.

“Yeah, I am. Robbing people- bad, dead puppies- bad, babies with cancer- bad, parents and sibling pounding on you- really bad, and making animals fight each other, just wrong,” Jon said.

“Well, when you say it like that, it sounds pretty horrid,” Loxy said.

“Can you spin it another way?” Jon asked.

“I guess you come from an alien world where parents pay attention to their kids and there is no highway robbery and kids don’t have to train to earn a living?” Loxy asked, petting her Chikorita.

“Well, no,” Jon said. “The highway robbery is state sponsored tolls, and there is no empty pocket practice of letting people off the hook. And not paying comes with such extreme penalty that it’s better to go hungry or steal from your neighbor and pay that than let it go.”

Loxy seemed more concerned. “Wait wait wait. You really believe you come from another world? Alright, nurse is just this way, come on.”

निर्मित

The nurse’s station had a dozen Pokémon walking about, recovered and playful, waiting for their owners to return and pick them up. Several of them were Chikorita which rushed to see the new Chikorita. Nurse Joy met Loxy with warmth, and then immediately turned to Cheeka. “Aww, Cheeka!”

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