

The Pokémon Under My Bed

By Daniel L, 8th grade
3rd period, Henderson

Chapter 1

“I’m never going with you to see movies *ever again!*”

It was a stormy day; wet puddles lay everywhere across the sidewalk.

“Please tell me you weren’t scared of *Mr. Scary and his Lab of Doom*,” said my best friend, Dink Russell. He was a year older than me, and he liked to pretend he was better at everything.

“It’s not good to watch a movie involving lightning right before a thunderstorm,” I said with a shiver. There was a low rumble as rain began to fall on our heads.

“Don’t be chicken, Larry. A little rain doesn’t scare us, right Dad?”

Mr. Russell was staring at his phone. “Mm-hmm,” he said without looking up. I peered over his shoulder, blinking away raindrops.

“Pokémon Go?” I asked with fascination. The game was the rage of our school. I had no idea adults played the game as well.

“Good idea, Dad.” Dink pulled out his phone and loaded the game. Immediately, a virtual, 3-D image of him appeared as he walked around looking for nearby Pokémon.

“Useless,” I muttered. “You walk around, wasting time, and for what? A completion that isn’t even real?”

“Well, technically-” Dink started, but his Dad interrupted him.

“We should be getting back. It’s getting really stormy.” I glanced up as rain began to pour down faster and heavier. Something about his voice seemed a bit off though. I studied Mr. Russell’s face. He looked like he was straining to keep calm.

Just then, the sky opened and huge water droplets splashed across my face. We quickened our pace. Our sneakers squished against puddles of rain.

“What were you saying?” I asked, turning to look at Dink.

“What?”

“You know, about the purpose for play-”

“EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK! AAAAAA-CHOOOOO!”

“Bless yo-” we both started to say.

There was a loud crack and a ball of lightning crashed in front of us.

Chapter 2

The blast knocked me to the ground. I lay on my back, blinded from the light and deaf from the rumble. A clear image finally showed Dink sprawled on the grass by the sidewalk. I tried to get up, but my legs burned in pain. I caught sight of his dad. He was yelling in his phone.

“Get your boys over here now! I know he’s... There was lightning and the yell. What else... Bring the bag and don’t wear... No! I don’t know where... You have to come... Good. Don’t forget... We’ll take care of it...”

The next thing I knew, I was in my bed. I coughed and sat up. Outside, it was night and the crescent moon was shining through my window. There was a knock and my mom came in, holding a glass of water.

“How long was I out?” I croaked. I reached for the water and took a long sip.

“Mr. Russell brought you back at 6:30. You and Dink were both out. After he dropped you off, he rushed off to take Dink home.”

I glanced at my alarm clock. It was 8:40.

“Get some rest,” my mom said. “You’re going to school tomorrow. You know how important it is to keep up with school.”

My groan could have been heard from Pluto.

My mom closed the door behind her, and she turned off the lights. I slumped in my bed. Then, after a while, I pulled up the covers. My left hand dangled off the bed.

My finger brushed something soft and there was a loud **POP**.

“Ouch,” I muttered and pulled my hand away.

Then there was a soft **SQUEAK**.

I sat still, my heart pounding in my chest. Instinctively, I reached for the baseball bat beside my bed.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK, SQUEAK.

I reached over and turned on the lamp.

Lying on my carpet was a yellow animal with 2 pointy ears.

SQUEAK!

Chapter 3

My first minutes with this creature consisted of me talking and the creature squeaking.

“Hi, I’m Larry.”

SQUEAK, SQUEAK!

I dubbed him Squeaky since he couldn’t tell me his name.

Squeaky was about a foot tall. He resembled a yellow mouse with brown-tipped ears, red cheeks, and a jagged tail.

I was scratching him behind the ear when he suddenly leapt toward my lamp. He followed the cord to the outlet. Then he put his tail in it. His body began to glow blue as he “recharged”. He contently snuggled against the lamp too.

I soon found out that he responded well when:

- He was in the light
- He ate things containing electricity
- He was touching the inside of an outlet

He was cozying up next to my lamp when my alarm rang. It was time to get ready for school. I began packing my backpack while Squeaky licked the outlet.

My mom came into the room. I had told her about Squeaky last night, but she still gave a little yelp.

“Dink came by. He said he needed to talk to you,” she said hastily.

“Ok,” I said, figuring I could trust Dink about Squeaky.

Dink came into my room. He jumped a full foot into the air when he saw Squeaky.

“What- How- What- He’s-”.

“This is Squeaky,” I said calmly.

SQUEAK!

Dink swallowed. “His name’s not Squeaky.”

I stared at him. How could he possibly know that?

“That’s Pikachu.”

Chapter 4

Things made more sense. The voice in the storm hadn't been, "EEEEEEEEEEK!
AAAAA-CHOOOO!" It had been, "PIKACHUUUUUUU!" Pikachu had made the lightning.

But what had Dink's dad been talking about?

I stood up. "Does your dad know you're here?"

"Yeah... Why?"

Then I noticed it: A small silver sphere stuck to Dink's backpack.

It was a listening device.

I pushed past Dink and reached for the door knob. The door swung open. Standing in front of me was Dink's dad.

"Grab him Dink!" his dad yelled.

Dink lunged at Pikachu, but Pikachu zoomed out of the way. Pikachu fired a lightning bolt at Dink's dad. Mr. Russell ducked and it zipped over his head.

Pikachu leapt into my arms. Then there was a loud, "PIKACHUUUUUU!"

I closed my eyes as lightning enveloped the room. There was a BTTTTZZZZ! Then a BOOOOM!

I opened my eyes. I was lying on soft, green grass in a field. My house, Mr. Russell, and Dink had disappeared. Pikachu wagged his tail and stared at me.

I asked, "Where are we?"