

Chainsaw Chuu

Von roterKater

Pikachu ran. The night was dark and stormy, this night of Halloween, with the full moon only occasionally finding a space to shine through the clouds, and Pikachu stumbled across twigs and roots, trying to find a place to hide in this unfamiliar forest. It knew its bright yellow fur was easy to spot even at night, and already it could hear its trainer's demanding voice behind him. "Pikachu! Where are you?"

As far away as possible from you, it thought, sprinting along, from tree to tree and further into the forest. It was afraid, sure, but no screaming owl, no rustling on the bushes to its side could be as terrifying as the voice of its tormenter following up from behind.

Pikachu suddenly found itself in front of an old abandoned cabin in the middle of the forest. It was a chance to stay out of sight for a little while, though Pikachu doubted that unspeakable trainer wouldn't find this place himself and take a closer look at it. But it desperately needed a break, since its short legs simply weren't made for extensive running away. Quickly it slipped through a gap in the outside wall, then rested near a dusty, broken shelf inside the cabin, catching its breath.

The full moon broke through the clouds and the window of the hut, eerily illuminating the interior. Outside the voice of its trainer drew closer, and Pikachu knew it wouldn't be safe here. It looked around the cabin and realized it was sitting right next to an old, but only slightly rusty chainsaw. Tentatively it tried to pull the cable starter, and soon the chainsaw was rattling and jumping across the floor. It stopped the chainsaw again, and staring into the full moon, it knew what it had to do.

No more would it be squeezed into ridiculously small pokéballs, let out only to fight its fellow sufferers till one of them would be beaten into unconsciousness, and left lying on the floor, maybe some time never to wake up again. No more would it let itself be reduced to a mere collector's item, not even thought of as a living, feeling being. It had to stop, once and for all! "Pikachu! Come back here right now, or else...!" There he was again, completely ignorant of the pain he caused to his pokémon!

Pikachu grabbed an old hockey mask from the shelf to hide its identity, put on an apron to protect its soft fur from stains whatsoever, took the chainsaw and declared: "Pika-pika chuu!*" (* "I will become Chainsaw Chuu!"), then it stepped out into the Halloween night, which soon was torn apart by a terrifying scream.

