

Summary of content

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Pokemon Go See the World in its Splendor IT is strange to live in a place where the skeletons of Alaskan king salmon, loosed from bald eagles' talons, sometimes plummet to the sidewalk. It is strange to live in a place where brown bears are so populous that hikers tie bells to their dogs and wrists. Where ravens as big as house cats caw and the sun barely sets into the ocean beside a dormant volcano. Stranger still, however, to see young people hold their phones to their faces and scan this landscape for an elusive Jigglypuff. Bubblegum pink, more cotton candy than animal, the Jigglypuff might lurk, my students tell me, in the woods among the scattered totem poles. Or perhaps along the harbor, where yachts and trolling boats rock between rows of barnacled piers. The shells crunch beneath their feet as the kids lift their screens into the air, scanning sky and earth and sea, ignoring jellyfish and banana slugs, saying, quietly, "It's just another Rattata." I used to be obsessed with Pokémon. A middle schooler when the game was first released in the late '90s, I beat the red version in three short days, the blue in four. I bought and ate all the candy. My companion of choice was Charmander, tiny and orange and adorable. I liked most how, like all adolescent things, he had a sweetness that quickly gave way to jutting claws, a burning tail and a glare reserved commonly for mothers. How easily my parents bribed me in return for buying booster packs. How many weeds I pulled in pursuit of a Mewtwo. Whole rooms were vacuumed of Ritz crackers and crayon tips because of the possibility of a bumbling Snorlax, a skinshredding Dratini. I was, in short, enraptured. I owned three pairs of Pikachu undies and dreamed at night of Ash.

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Bubblegum

Summarize

(mailto:?)

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