

Ballad of a Dying Charmander

Part 1:

The light goes out, in both senses of the phrase.

The red beast, feared by all ceases to be.

No poke centre can heal the damage done.

A game of chess has been played with death.

Death has won.

But oh' revered Charmander, you once shone so bright

Amongst the Bublasaurs and Squirtles eclipsed by the night

Darkness engulfed them, but oh not you.

Your shining tail, once so bright, so bright, shone through.

But now you are dead, and with it, so am I.

Oh, if I could relive when we shared our last cup of chai.

You acted fine; you never hinted the end was nigh

"Charmander, Charmander" you uttered, as your light shone bright.

An orthodox pacifist amongst vituperating madmen, you always denied a fight.

Oh Charmander, do you recall Viridian forest?

The legions of bugs, to be like you, they tried their best.

I named you "Dickface" for my own entertainment.

But the guilt of my actions slaughtered all hope of merriment.

But we overcame the emotional and the physical.

From Bill's Cottage to Rock Tunnel.

Oh Fuchsia City; border to the sea.

I could never tell what you wanted to be.

Were you looking in the distance? Were you looking at me?

Oh, what I wish I asked you, at our last cup of Chai Tea.

Part 2

I can feel your blood as it runs through mine illuminating the arteries of my soul; I know although your light is extinguished you shine on in a million hopeful creatures one day wishing to join you in the stars; or death

I can see the light of your tail when I let my lids drop when I ignore the turmoil of the present and reflect on the part of what you once were before you came to such a fate; that you did not deserve.

I can hear your croak "Charmander, Charmander" and I can feel your pain, your joy, your hopes, your fears, your joys, your queries, your anguish, your ideals, your feelings, your hatreds, your loves, your wants, your mind, your imagination and all that came with it; I can hear it all.

I can smell the fireplace and the meals that your shining light cooked, I can understand it all; or at least I think I can. I want to make sense of these smells, why can I smell it? Does it help? Or does it make it all worse? I can't tell Charmander. I want you to tell me; but you can't, can you?

I can taste the rain, as it dripped down my face and involuntarily was accepted by my mouth. It all ended; the rain, the water that brings life, took it all away; and I couldn't help you, no matter what I did, the water was too heavy and the flame was extinguished for good. Forever; oh Charmander, why?

Part 3:

Please stand

He was a Pokémon of ideals.

He knew what he wanted to do with his life.

He wanted to make a change. A difference; to those who didn't know what a difference a difference could make.

And I think we can all say, he did make a difference. Why else are you all here today?

To escape the monotony of your pathetic, empty lives? Perhaps

But I'd like to think more of all of you.

The fire on your tail has not been extinguished yet, so perhaps, you make carry on this poor, poor, Pokémon's beautiful work.

He was an artist, but he never held a brush; A film-maker, who never touched a Camera; a writer, who never picked up a pen; a doctor, who never diagnosed nor operated on a patient with any utensils of physical form; a comedian, who never told a joke; a soldier, who never fired a gun; he went to the moon, without leaving the earth; and he lived a thousand lives without deviating from the conventional progression of the most ordinary.

Charmander was a Pokémon, but at the same time he was so much more. He taught us that we also, could be so much more. Change something; illuminate the darkness of your soul; finish the mission of this humble creature with no greater mission than life.

Charmander, the level 15 fire Pokémon, **is dead**.

Part 4:

Where did your flame go?

That endless; unwavering glow?

The time took you away,

Before I could think of the words to say,

Charmander. Return.