

Pikachu's Tears

Kris Caballero

email: kris@kcuniversal.net

May 23, 2026

Forgiveness requested in expression over an element calling for immediate attention. Bubbles of begrudgement, allowing a populace to live without care for survival, must, henceforth, burst aloud with reality. Must ignorance of this crucial element digress with lapidific fervor, such that these unknowing minds deteriorate under (self-)insulation, peppered with moldy distractions and false truths, will gradually lead toward short circuitry. Increase in stock shares for knee pads be sought, as evidence of befalling people, down to their jointly patellas, will understand, at last, its importance taken for granted. With respect, avoidance of the “I told you so” snark will be accounted for. Like domesticated animals, it is the grid we must adopt: its element being the reason for this discussion. I now grant my preposterous message in this compendium with the proposal succeeding.

Nerves of society continue flowing, despite pinches that occur over our bodily grid. No storage solution(s) exist with electricity: casted and used at the ready; unlike culinary ingredients, whose flavors boost upon preservation. With heavy urgency, attention on this matter, possible (re-)imagining, and immediate upgrades be weighed. Importance of this inquiry about energy by a quaint, parsimonious essayist of his kind, whose grandiloquence enchants on digital paper for attentive consumption, upholds this conjecture⁴ Energy adoption, even by occasional concern, synonymously ties with domesticated animals: nirvana remains without care. Alternate elements sun and wind yield “good enough,” despite constant criticisms, poor (maintenance) management, and government funding: results so vituperative. This pipeline of disregard brews distracted, yet fecklessness among people: prolonging its absence guarantees clogging “liquidities” active and flowing. Per pets, reacting to trouble looming by its presence and smell, signals their owner something incongruous; flickers, ‘buzz,’ or absence connotes electricity in the same moment. Electricity and pets correlate with pop culture’s favorite, yellow mouse: its ‘cuteness’ marketing a multi-million dollar company, originated from the rising sun’s land. Are we not to care for such figmentary icon, whose electrical element, boosts thrill and happiness, parallel in maintaining the grid? Why, then, does satisfactory relief emot when lights are back on? Cares for innoence in animals are commonplace, yet empathetic suicides, staunchd in neglect, are committed; fans frolick to a visually imaginative electric mouse, whose effervescent nonchalance sparks joy for all. Proof of sentience between the two are clear: an element, unemotional yet existent, deadly but life-giving, spares attention so molecular, our behavioral alternatives prove maladjustive in its disappearance. By definition, we should electrify with joy, were it not to exist, correct?

Ode to that yellow rodent, its lightning bolt-shaped tail, and red-circled cheeks, belonging in the set *GRID*—variable *G*. Its popularity fits

congruently with our “yellow veins”: a subset of G . Such veins—bolts—do not exude ‘cuteness,’ but it, still, embodies societal flow: casted on one point to its destination where usage will “excite.” Unlike pets, no emotions proven from atoms: its electrons, when neglected, weep not in response. Case in point, must our spherical spectacles remain attentive toward an element bearing no sentience as we? Insullian¹ monopolies, allowing ineluctable progression of updated living, contributed this lift in humanity’s legacy. (Dare I relate this element with human-like behavior, respective to pop culture’s famous electric mouse: an obnoxious synonym ever boasted linguistically by a man’s thoughtful concerns, unasked for.) Allowance made over this, then, it is calling in reduction for “animal neglect”—variable N . Therefore, if both electricity and yellow mice are elements in G , yielding a morphism to set N , representing animal neglect, then, per the observer’s view, we present $f : G \rightarrow N$: my categorical representation of this cause. Let us continue.

¹ Derivative of British-American businessman Samuel Insull: Thomas Edison’s secretary.

Reiterating, not in the slightest have we conjured electrical preservation for later use. Were it be presented, this linguistic oratory will become inadequate: its compositional crux, implicating a logical deduction congruent, conclusively, to animal neglect—pocket monster, or *Pokémon*, abandonment. What a Godly treat for such scientific discovery, allowing humanity’s advancement further than the days of yore! No soul shall celebrate for these moments, albeit new gadgets, data centers, holographic gadgets, and virtual emulations continue onward: electrical trampolines proportional to its resistance weighed, weakening the elasticity, differentially. Irrespective of heartless individuals doing equivalently with domesticated animals, we shan’t take electricity for granted. Continuation of this neglect proceeds anyway, as its consequences will cost ourselves and others’ lives in-between.

Atrocities await when these bolts bow out, marking paralyzing extremities many will suffer under. Thoughts of Life ceasing to pin drops sound off from nihilistic narratives: living gauche, intractable, becoming our top regret. From national security to food, day-long, even week- or month-long, outages will prove its testaments regarding behavioral sovereignty. The Rising Sun’s land remains an example: previously struck with nature’s oceanic pool in 2011, residents’ portrayal of survival mechanisms, plus admonishing criminal urging, like robbing others’ belongings, are frowned upon under their standards. Money, files of all kinds, and databases, transacted online, must (re)consider full protective control immediately. Analog practices protecting such assets need not be judged; as printed, or handwritten, information remain secure. In contrary, portable, back-up generators available aplenty: if purchased during severe outages result in violence among the struggling and fearful—unreported; bidding wars, separate from behavioral mishaps, will endure above those without spare savings. Grid building with new, fresh projects must concoct careful planning to prevent “ghost towns in the afternoon.” Measures of this magnitude are self-evident, where responsibility partial to the writer himself, is exercised.

Maximized comfort in America continue, where preparatory survival skills remain nil. Only do people care of electricity, like pets, whence at

their prime: aging near sentient completion. People toil irreverently, stanching in their “doomscrolling,” mentally unable to process declaratives, spoken nor written: angered by commands of discipline and self-preservation, ‘swiping’ away their worries so diabetic in dopamine, whilst spreading toxins of positivity uninspiring—“*you got this, bro!*”, or “*this year is so you!*” In fact, digital communication devices, lest cybersecurity, render useless so long as electricity powers back its inanimate life. A tragedy so benign would lead the chronically online scrambling for another consumptive pastime⁴ Is it not a bad thing if tragedy cures others? Must the blame be to those in charge for failing measures of prevention from happening—chopping overgrown trees, perhaps? Harrowing interrogatives unnecessitated but for thinking, as we, ourselves, do not honor, nor credit, line workers and electricians tirelessly maintaining our grid: avoidance of a national/global blackouts be our best bet. Pursuing research on preservation techniques, storage of electricity, like storing food, for later consumption, will render brownouts and blackouts obsolete—of any magnitude. Rechargeables, like batteries, be our provision preventing similar tragedies, but how long remains questionable. Switches from grid to microgrid be another safe bet, despite when running well, bleeds similar desolate measures with adopted animals explained previously. For now, let us ascribe respects to those working on the grid.

Empty our hearts out for electrical workers allowing life to run. Jobs so dangerous, yet necessary, abnegating qualifications from the feeble—albeit indignant, succumbing to their laziness; were it be fetishized refutes any cogitating desires, let alone dreading their own “maxxed” image. We must salute these workers similarly with those protecting our country: standing tall, honoring their hard work. Regretfully, as with citizens serving, have these workers become “caretakers” for its citizens, requiring figurative authoritarianism to flex their obedience. If considering such advantage, individuals, (un)patriotic from their blood, shall qualify for recruitment of duty contributing to fixes, maintenance, upgrades, building, and/or tree trimming: staunch moves toward progress, security of citizenship, and/or community service; attainment of perks, as in bonus pay or graduation requirements, shall, too, be implemented². Academic curriculums hosting classes about electricity basics must be incorporated, or mandatory, if need be; thus, leaving no student mind-numbingly blank why fuses overload, roles of both transformers and a standoff have: synonymous with teaching learners their country’s history. Forbiddance in accepting humanity’s advancement without knowledge of our planet’s veins, contrary to admiration over a fifteen-inch electric rodent and its element, spurs that momentous occasion: when mathematical maturity, like vector calculus, will be required as basic-level knowledge navigating the modern world³. To clarify, comfortable living be exchanged with honorary service for the peoples: alike with jury duty or enlistment. Violence in games of chess, per geopolitics, be put to rest, where basis of electrical grids, proving citizens’ patriotism and care for fellow neighbors become futile: a hegemonic utilitarianism so deserving among those protecting their citizens. For this duty, were it be in place, stabilizes this country-wide provisional human right: productivity over excessive,

² An idea inspired by **Graduation Legacy for the Environment Act** per the Philippines: requiring students in planting ten (10) trees minimum for graduation eligibility. (Source: <https://legacy.senate.gov.ph/lisdata/3103227929!.pdf>)

³ Another idea credited, and proposed, by author Jerry P. King’s book *The Art of Mathematics*. Actual statement is quoted: “There will come a time when mathematical ignorance, like public smoking, will become socially unacceptable.”

“couch-surfing,” consumption.

Besmirched onto thoughts about behavioral analysis shall we revisit in conjunction. Blackouts, however long or short, defaults one into socializing: “coping” over uncertainty and slight fears. Presence of others provide comfort, despite having nothing more to do. Couldn’t we turn down/off lights often to better our connection with others? It’d anger many, knowing if lights can be turned on, it shall. Why do inner feelings of delight brew when something, or someone, has passed? Proof shown, time and again, ambiances apparent in nightclubs: low lighting ensures social exchange among one another. Is absence of someone or something, like electricity, the key to human connection? Per devil’s advocacy, why fret over blackouts whence it begets togetherness? The other hand from connection, is survival, previously mentioned: a byproduct of growing scarcity for basic needs proportional to living with “flying colors.” Our personal needs and wants, partial to social interaction, have become severely imbalanced: younger generations unknowingly stiffen over in-person realities. Face-to-face connections with others we enjoy, yet remain abreast, per distance, whence the grid is active. How much work be taken balancing livelihood(s) with electrical existence: for electricity provided more good than without? Shall revival of candlelights, torches, and lanterns reinvigorate? Judgements among those living off grid be not made: a choice many can consider for their own, regardless of one’s imbalance(s) indicated.

Critics responding to this takeaway, tying such stance with animated characters having no physical contribution, along with animals, fall under the presumptuously misunderstood: unintellectually nitpicking statements, concluded with “it’s not that deep, bro. just say electricity is important, and we will never neglect animals and Pikachu, thats all. LOL!! [sic]” Such feedback for an essayist, crafting his mastery whilst bringing thoughtful impressions about electricity, becomes self-evidently living proof, per abnormalcy, in lacking rigor of any kind this piece standardizes. In translation, leave my writing projects for grown-ups able to discuss eloquently about issues away from baby-bottling scoundrels, incapable of comprehending their own existential crises.

Incessant social media posts presenting unreported animal abuse, by heartless miscreants, signify declines in human decency. Humanistic deforestation, dependently steadfast in others’ foggy beliefs, actions, or words fertilizing their consumption, proves biological decay: sets of thin, yet frail, branches, without attainment of wisdom by one’s existence; the general populace always wanting *more, more, more*, relinquishing independent thinking. Whence such consumption snaps, bifurcating both the unprepared and fully stocked, will prove itself first-hand: the moment tragedy sparks. Next comes reluctance: unwilling to help others befallen by happenstance. Then comes decay: insufficient resources to feed and quench the masses—fighting one another, comparable to newly released *Pokémon* cards. Odds of this scenario occurring near future, immediate planning, and strict, quarantine-like security as prerequisites, shall remain low: if, and only if, measures taken and awareness spreads. A perilous tragedy of that kind, be it cyberterrorism, violent natural

disasters, arson, poorly written programming code, or overgrown leafy trees, must continually be discussed for more preventive steps. Honor and thank those maintaining power this element allowed, despite citizens' attention nonexistent: pushing furtherance as an everyday betterment for us conscious species. Staving off the said tragedy, societal division growing worse, I shall state simply: Don't ever make [Pikachu]...cry...⁴

⁴ A reference, and credits, to Square Enix's hit video game *Final Fantasy VII*. Actual dialogue is "Don't ever make Marlene...cry..."—Dyne's final words to Barret.

Note

Pikachu's Tears is an original essay published on **KC Universal Publishing** at <https://publishing.kcuniversal.net>—the publishing sub-domain of **KC Universal Network**. All content was written—typed—by hand, without the aid and guidance of AI nor any writing assistance. Production of this essay was done on Emacs.

First draft composed on March 19, 2026; then proofread, edited, and finalized for publication on May 23, 2026. This essay's title was inspired by name of English band "Tears For Fears"; its contents were inspired by Public Enemy's album title *What You Gonna Do When the Grid Goes Down?* and from the book *The Grid: The Fraying Wires between Americans and Our Energy Future* by Gretchen Bakke, Ph.D. Pikachu, Pokémon number 25, is an electric-type mouse. It was ranked, and voted, #2 most popular Pokémon—Pokémon of the Year—via Kanto Region; and finished #7 Pokémon of the Year Overall: both on February 26, 2021, hosted by **The Pokémon Company/Bulbapedia** in collaboration with **Google** (source: https://bulbapedia.bulbagarden.net/wiki/Pokémon_of_the_Year). Pikachu, created by Atsuko Nishida, is a copyright of, and credited to, Nintendo, Creatures Inc., and GAME FREAK inc.