

## Chefs Adventures-by [dark](#)

Once in the world of Simpletopia, there was a young man named Chef. He was a man of humble beginnings, but he had some food, a friend, and a dream. His dream was to level up quickly so he could match his friend and make him proud. One day, this friend found a strange looking medal, shimmering beautifully like the sea. Chef was amazed. This medal inspired Chef to only keep stepping further, so that he too may one day find something just as awe-inspiring.

Unfortunately for Chef, however, this friend had taken a liking to a shady part of the town - gambling - and would often spend his time in the casinos and game centers. He had stopped coming around to step, level, and have friendly duels with Chef. Naturally, Chef was concerned for his friend; even when his friend won big, he would instantly lose it all. Chef voiced his concern to him one night, but he pushed him away without saying a word, further fracturing their relationship...

Things continued like this until one rainy afternoon. The two were having one of their regular duels when Chef, who could no longer hold himself back, began begging his friend to call off the bets. Chef's "friend" immediately became enraged, striking harshly, aiming not for Chef's sword as normal, but his head. Chef's eye and the whole left side of his face was completely split, and blood spilt from the fresh scar. Crying and pleading for his friend to help him, Chef clutched his face but all he could see was blood on his hands and red in his eyes. His friend just stood there, eyes jaded over, as he kicked Chef to the ground again. He walked away, leaving a crying Chef in the rain, begging for him to come back. It took days for Folen the Healer to heal Chef completely, however his face would always be disfigured with that scar. He was disgusted with himself for letting that ordeal happen. Because of this he decided to stay shut in his hole for several weeks.

Chef wouldn't remember the darkness that was there when he fell, and he wouldn't see the forces that were at play until much later in his life, but when his only friend left him for dead, a voice called to chef from the depths of his mind; "I can help you" it said, "I can help you get revenge, I can make you have all the power you could ever desire. Most importantly, I can bring your friend back". Chef wouldn't remember making a deal with these voices, he wouldn't remember the agreement he had made. By the time he would remember, it would be too late.

Chef was still lost, but he met a fellow traveler along his path: the Cake Man. After giving Chef a rather delicious looking cake, he showed him that there was more to this world; there was hope in giving to others, that by giving, he would make friends. Friends were all Chef had ever wanted, so he decided to live up to his name as a chef. As he entered the town square which he once feared, he started to give out what he had with a smile on his face. Chef gave, he gave and the people loved him for it; he was starting to become a popular figure in the town.

But despite this popularity, he was mostly alone in his hole, still a shut in. He realized that he needed to join a guild, and while he's done so before, he's never stuck around for long enough to truly call one his home. He had also lost his only friend in this world, and despite all the people who had come into his life up to that point, they had all left in some way. Chef thought he would never have the same kind of friendship he had before, and it created a hole in his heart. Perhaps Chef would be able to fill that hole if the right friends had come along, but he was still too scared to try.

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It was a panda who approached him one day, Chef had noticed him from the town square as he gave out his food. This panda, named Necalli, had a nice conversation with him for a while. Then, he mentioned a place called The Forest, which interested Chef. He was afraid of most guilds, especially the ones at the top. Maybe they were too competitive for him, or because he wanted a place to call home and he didn't think he would be able to. But, as their conversations went on and on, they would talk more about Forest, and Chef only grew more and more interested. He wanted to join, no matter the cost. As Necalli said, "you'll never know if you don't try." So he took the chance, and it was the best decision of his life.

Chef didn't realize it at first, but Forest would quickly become his home. The people were all welcoming and he fit right in immediately. It made him love the world he was in even more, filling the hole his old friend had left behind. He loved Forest, he was happy in the guild and with his new friends. Forest inspired him to talk to more people, to become more social in the community, which he was becoming increasingly more well known in.

People had known Chef for quite a bit now, as much as the fast paced environment would allow. Chef was starting to become something: a friend to most, and a giver of food to all. A merchant named Jackseph had asked Chef for a business opportunity, where they would sell food and goods for a very low price. Chef agreed under the condition that he would be able to give out the food for free, and Jack agreed to do so. They decided to sell materials as their main goods, since those were always in demand at a low price. Chef had created a booth in the marketplace called "The Kitchen," and it would not only serve as a place to sell their goods, but also a home for Chef, and a place for people to come in and rest for a bit. While this venture didn't last long, both of them believed it was good while it lasted.

But something was eating him inside, a feeling of inadequacy, a power hungry fantasy that only grew with time. Chef had pushed it away for as long as he could, but it was starting to take its effect on his physical body. One day, he looked in the mirror, and right above the scar on his face was where his orange hair was starting to turn white. Chef was baffled, he was only 18 at the time, he was too young for white hairs. Ashamed, he would keep the hood on his head farther down, so no one would be able to see it. He would also have more and more nightmares of the events that occurred long ago, of his friend leaving him for dead, he couldn't sleep and people started to notice how tired he was.

Chef's mental state did not improve either. He stopped sleeping because all his dreams were terrifying him, he started not appearing in the town square as much, and after the kitchen shut down, he remained in the Forest compound. He tried keeping his senses about him, but it was becoming clear that he wouldn't stay around for much longer, he had to find out the truth of what was going on.

So he decided to go back to the place he once called his home, the place he was almost killed, thinking he would find some answers there. As he approached, a voice came to him from a distance, calling his name. He turned to see where it came from, but saw nothing. Then a blinding flash of light and a burning pain in the back of his neck caught him off guard, making him double down on the ground. The voice kept getting louder and the pain grew; he cried out hoping that anyone was around who would save him, but no one did.

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After what seemed like hours, the pain stopped and he could hear a clear voice in his head.

“Your fragile mind and body can't comprehend the forces you've set upon this world, Russell. You are incomplete, with so much potential, and you have refused all my efforts, pushed away all my help”.

Chef just stared, confused. After a while the voice continued, “I tried to show you the ways before, but you couldn't remember, you refused to remember. I wanted to help you, to get your friend back, to give you a life, power, a standing in this world, but you have shunned me. Now that you hear my voice, you see what I am, you see that I can help you now.”

“What are you?”, Chef asked, surprised he was able to speak. As he said that, a dark shadowy figure appeared before him, with glowing red eyes that bore into his own.

The eyes of the being before him narrowed, as he explained, “I am the darkness you fear at night, the harsh reality that never goes away. I reveal the truth under the shroud of lies created by the forces of the light, and bring justice upon the world. You must not believe the darkness is a curse, but an asset, and I can help you. I've done so for longer than you realize.”

It materialized a hand to Chef, offering to help him up, “You will go far with my help, so take my hand, and join me once more.”

Chef took his hand, and all hell broke loose.

As he blacked out the last thing he saw was the red eyes of the darkness glossing over his vision, taking him, at long last.

This was where Chef would be no more.

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