

The adventures of a misfortunate adventurer named-by [\[A\] Maddy](#)

There once was a brave adventurer, of whom had never wrote a book.

“Oh I have seen the world but a book I have never written.” They exclaimed to themselves, sitting in their favorite velvet chair.

“I have seen the high slopes of Mount Hawkfels and the cold unforgiving Everwinter, even the sharp peaks of Arkhan...” The adventurer looked down in dismay at their tattered pants.

“Maybe it’s time I go to the library and learn how to write.” They said as they got up and put on their boots.

Grabbing their satchel, climbing out of their hole and stretching their legs, ready to take an adventure a couple steps away into town to the library.

Arriving at the library, the travelers nose was blasted with dust and mildew. A little old lady wearing a fancy dress sat at the front desk, turning the pages of a book with a leather cover.

“Hello?” Asked the traveler. The lady looked up from her reading and gave a soft smile.

“Hello there and welcome to the Simpletopia library.” Giving a gentle smile to the traveler.

“This place looks... empty.” The traveler said, looking around noticing no people or otherwise.

“Ah yes, nobody has thought of visiting since the fairytale books and fanstasy were taken out and never returned. They were the main reason the library was so well visited ages ago.” The lady sighed in dismay as she moved the book she was holding to the side, dust blowing up.

The adventurer perked up excitedly.

“I was thinking of writing a book on all my adventures of fighting beasts and tracking through dangerous lands! I would love to write about them and put them in the library for anyone to take out!”

The lady seemed shocked by the passionate rant for a second and gave out a hearty laugh.

“I can help you with that, adventurer. I never caught your name, what may it be?” She awaited an answer.

“My name? It’s Buggy, but you can call me bugs.” They gave a flashy grin.

“Alright Buggy, that’s definitely something I can help you with.”

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And that’s how we start the adventures of Buggy.

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Morning, Rat st, Simpletopia.

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“Buggy!” Mom called me. It was my 12th birthday and she had promised to take me out scavenging and hunting. She told me I’d keep healthy going out on walks with her beforehand but this is the first time I was strong enough to help her with dirty work.

“Buggy, we have to go!” She called as I rushed to put on my suspenders and grab my hat and bag.

“Coming mama!” I yell back as I put on my shoes and clamber out of our house.

Running up to catch up to her big steps. My mom was pretty tall and strong so she was always reliable and stopped me from getting into harms way.

“Oh! A rat” I called out, getting her attention.

“Okay Buggy, you need to throw out some bait to distract it and then run up and catch it.”

I grab some cheese from my bag, throwing it near some berry bushes that the rat was near. The rat walked over to the cheese, happily nibbling away. I rushed in to grab it and it immediately grabbed the cheese and ran.

“RATS!” I yell.

“Bugsy!” Mom calls back in a scolding tone, putting her hands on her hips.

“Here, I’ll show you how to catch one” she says, grabbing a bit of cheese out of my bag and putting a trail back behind the bush.

She crouched down behind, as a rat found the trail, eating each nibble of cheese until finally it got into arms length and she grabbed it.

“Ha!”

“Wow!” I was amazed and started jumping a bit in excitement.

“Now it’s your turn”

Following her instructions, I laid down the cheese like so, waited patiently for a rat to come near and grabbed it.

“You did it Buggy!! I’m proud of you.” Mom said while the rat tried to get out of my fingers.

“I’m going to name him Chester. Chester Cheese.”

“And that’s what his name will be!” My mom laughed, giving me a hug.

We walked back home.

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Later we went out and caught many more rats to sell to the townspeople, who were strangely overjoyed to have more rats in their village. Although as the weeks went past, I got paid and neither did I.

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Midday, Grassy Pasture, Holbek.

I went out to search for BluEnemies today. I needed to harvest the slime they drop but they're incredibly hard to find when you're looking for them.

I sighed, walking down the grassy path, looking at the flowers that littered the greenery.

"At least it's pretty, isn't it Bugsy." I sigh,,,

Just to be interrupted by tripping over a Boulder and immediately faceplanting into a Blupey singing a Bluevelvet song.

"AGHPHH" is the noise of spitting out slime. A Bluperb next to me looks on with dissapointment.

I lay there in the mushy goo, who is still singing the song.

"Whph a wmdmph dam...."

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Afternoon, The Dock, Davenport.

Today was fishing day. I was out to get my hands on some tuna which would be good for money since they're so incredibly big.

I sit down, looking at the sunset, dancing along the water. I heard when it's least busy it's the best for catching fish since they aren't being scared away from Tom at Tom's tools.

I ready my fishing rod with bait and cast it out. Breathing in the salty fresh air, kicking my boots near the water and enjoying the breeze.

Dreaming of eating a huge feast that mom makes so well.

Yummy... Chicken pot pie. Just salty enough, just savory enough. Vegetables go good in it. Spiced just right-

All of a sudden my fishing rod is yanked very violently.

"HOLY MORTEM!" I squeal as I almost get pulled in. I quickly clamber up, getting to my feet, fighting against the pole who keeps trying to throw me into the water.

I reel in, I lean back. Desperately trying to keep it from snapping or tossing me into the water.

A sudden *pop* and there lies a huge fish, over several tons larger than I am, with long spines

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from its cheeks and head. Several battle wounds marks its shiny green body, bathed in the moonlight. Just for a second, I get to behold it, before it jumps right back into the ocean and takes my rod with it.

“WHAT JUST HAPPENED?”

I was in shock and I hadn’t realized how long I had been there because it was already dark. So I went back home and tried again the next day.

Hint; didn’t see it again. And nobody ever believed me.

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The traveler, tired from learning how to write this all down, told the old librarian that they had to go.

“Of course, come back soon dear.” Her smile gave warmth to the travelers and so the traveler promised to come back.

“I’ll see you tommorow”

And they set off to go back home with a smile on their face.