

“I been Steph Curry with the shot
Been cookin’ with the sauce, Chef Curry with the pot, boy”
--Drake

Les Guerriers was the fanciest and most prestigious restaurant in the world. The *Les Guerriers* experience was the nonpareil, the crème de la crème, the ne plus ultra of fine dining. *Les Guerriers* produced the best food ever seen, heard (for indeed, the cuisine served by *Les Guerriers* was so good one could hear it), or tasted by mankind. Only the most celebrated of individuals dined at *Les Guerriers*. And only the most talented of cooks had the honor of working in those illustrious kitchens. Chef Curry was one of those cooks.

“Hey! You done with those potatoes?” Chef Curry looked up. It was the head chef.

“Yessir,” Chef Curry said. He handed over a bowl of freshly peeled potatoes. “Hey, chef, do you think maybe I could work the line today?”

“No,” the head chef answered. “Keep peeling your potatoes.”

“All right, chef. I’ll prove it to you yet,” Chef Curry said.

“Yeah, yeah,” the head chef said with a wave of his hand. He wandered off with the potatoes. Chef Curry returned to peeling in silence.

Chef Curry had always known it was his destiny to become a chef. He practically grew up in the kitchen. His father had been a successful though not altogether sensational chef himself, and had been more than eager to pass on the tricks of the trade to his son. For his part, Chef Curry showed great promise. He worked insanely hard, was a creative genius, and had mad “handles,” i.e., skills with cooking utensils. Chef Curry was a performer, a magician, a culinary wizard. He was a true showman; to witness him cook was to see a production on Broadway, to have one’s faith in mankind restored, to be transported to a “golden state” of mind. Since he was three years old Chef Curry could dazzle his friends with crazy, never-before-seen dishes. He was a child prodigy; his father couldn’t have been more proud. But despite Chef Curry’s imminent success, he remained humble and charmingly affable. Chef Curry never forgot who he was cooking for. He took to heart the lesson of Ponyboy: he stayed golden.

Taking a position at *Les Guerriers* only seemed natural to Chef Curry. He graduated top of his class at *Le Cordon Bleu*, the most prestigious culinary arts institution in the world, and it was the custom of *Les Guerriers* to offer the valedictorian of each class an apprenticeship in their fabled kitchens. But despite all his apparent promise and being a towering 6 foot 3 inches tall, Chef Curry had a tragic flaw, a deadly curse, a horrible affliction over which he had absolutely no control, but which always seemed to bring ruin upon him: Chef Curry had what’s called a “baby face.”

Nobody took Chef Curry seriously. While they watched him at work or enjoyed the fruits of his labor, everyone agreed that Chef Curry would become the best chef to ever live, that he undoubtedly would “change the game.” They lavished him with praise and marveled at his inventiveness. And then they saw his face.

When people looked at Chef Curry's face, they couldn't help but call him a mere boy, a child, someone who surely wasn't ready for "adult" responsibilities. Chef Curry did well in school, but only because school was for boys. In any job Chef Curry ever held, he never advanced beyond an entry-level position. Jobs were for men, and Chef Curry... He had a baby face. Indeed, Chef Curry had been peeling potatoes at *Les Guerriers* for over a year now. Every day he would ask if he could actually help prepare the restaurant's world-famous cuisine, actually learn something from his apprenticeship. And everyday he would be told to keep peeling his potatoes.

"It's the King!" the head chef shouted, bursting through the kitchen doors. "The King! He's... He's here! He's really here! The King's here!" The head chef was jumping up and down. "Attention, everyone! The King's here! He's dining at my restaurant! At *Les Guerriers*! Now, it's not every day we get a chance to serve the leader of our great nation. But I know how hard you all work every day, how much effort you put into your jobs each and every day, how much heart you guys have..." the head chef was starting to choke up. He coughed, sniffled a little bit, then regained his composure. "Just make it special tonight, all right? I love you guys. Come on. Bring it in. *Guerriers* on 3." All the cooks got in a circle and put their hands together in the center. All the cooks, that was, but Chef Curry. He was left to skirt around the perimeter, searching for a gap in the circle, only to be barred from entry as if he didn't even exist. "1 2 3... *Guerriers*!!!" Then everyone returned to their stations. Everyone, that was, but Chef Curry, who an older cook failed to notice and trampled en route to the pastry counter.

"Hey, I need someone to cook up some special sauce tonight," the head chef said. Chef Curry jumped to his feet.

"I'll do it, chef! I've been waiting for this moment my whole life," Chef Curry said.

"Wait, who are you? Aren't you a little young to be working here?" the head chef asked.

"Chef, I've been working here for over a year. I talked to you just a few minutes ago," Chef Curry replied.

"You don't say? What have you been doing all this time?"

"Peeling potatoes like you asked, chef."

"Oh. What's your name, kid?"

"It's Chef."

"Are you insulting me?"

"What do you mean?" Chef Curry asked. #JustinBieber

"I'm the only chef here. This is my restaurant."

"Oh, of course, chef. I only meant... I'm only a line cook. It's just that my name is Chef."

"Your name is literally Chef?"

"Well, it's actually Chefen Curry, but I go by Chef."

"All right, Chef," the head chef sighed. "I guess..." But just then a young man of about 22 walked in. Chef Curry had never seen him before.

"Who are you?" the head chef asked.

“I’m the new guy,” the newcomer replied. “You hired me yesterday, remember?”

“Oh, yes...” the head chef said. He looked at the newcomer. He had a chiseled face, black sideburns, and a beard. Then he looked at Chef Curry. Chef Curry had a baby face. “You,” the head chef said, pointing to the newcomer. “You’re on sauce duty. Chef...” he turned back to Chef Curry. “I’m sorry, but you’re going to have to peel potatoes again.” Chef Curry was devastated. “Make them special, okay?” The head chef retreated into his office, leaving the men to their work.

“Pretty cool boss, eh?” the newcomer said to Chef Curry with a chuckle. Chef Curry stared at him for a moment, then turned away. His head bowed, he slowly walked back to the corner where he always sat to peel potatoes.

Chef Curry was a tired man. He was tired of nobody listening to him, nobody taking him seriously, nobody giving him a chance. He was tired of being treated like he didn’t even exist. He was tired of being treated like a kid.

“Hey, where’s that pot I always sit on to peel potatoes?!?!?” Chef Curry shouted, having arrived at the corner that might as well have been his home for the past year. Indeed, it was true that for all his time working at *Les Guerriers*, Chef Curry hadn’t even been provided a chair. The head chef stuck his head (Get it? He’s the “head” chef...) out of his office.

“Oh, that old thing? I gave it to the newcomer to cook the sauce in,” the head chef said.

“That was my lucky pot!” Chef Curry said. “I’ve been cooking with that thing since before pre-K!”

“Hey, come on, now... What was your name again? Steph?”

“Chef!!!”

“Come on, now, Chef. You really should be less materialistic. And hey... I’m counting on you for those potatoes. Don’t let me down.” The head chef winked. “Make ‘em special.” Then once more he retreated into his office.

“Oh, I’ll make them special.”

Later that night...

“The King died earlier this evening at the world-famous *Les Guerriers*. The cause is still unknown, and foul play has not been ruled out...” On the screen was a live feed of the restaurant and surrounding area, which the French police had shut down. But if one looked closely, one could just make out an almost imperceptible figure leaving the restaurant. Indeed, whereas all the other employees and guests of *Les Guerriers* had been detained, nobody stopped this particular individual. In fact, the French police had themselves dismissed him on account of his presumed innocence. And so, with a smile on his face for the first time in over a year, out into the cool night air walked Chef Curry, AKA the Baby-Faced Assassin.



“Take kids seriously.”
--Chef Curry

P.S. The King lived.