

AdventureQuest, A Parody of

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AdventureQuest, A Parody of

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Summary

Join the hero in a quest as a sarcastic and somewhat cynical narrator narrates you through the hero's journey.

A Dream (How Cliche)

A ludicrously large sword - like, to the point that it becomes stupid large - was raised up. The wielder somehow spun around, cutting down everything (and I mean literally), destroying every single person that had names that ended with "McEvilbadguy" or "of Darkness", or whatever equally obviously evil named people have, such as "von Doom". And with the world of Lore purified, a really, really bright golden pillar of light shot up into space, killing any other obviously evil people, such as some bloke named The Devourer.

A History Lesson? Really...?

With such a ridiculous premise, it's not a surprise our COMPLETELY hopeless hero woke up with really bad bed hair. Wait... I'm being told that this is how it's supposed to be. Apparently he didn't even dye it navy blue; it's naturally that color. Of course. Anyhow, he sat up from his bed, which was, in contrast to himself, was extremely boring; from the white bed sheets and light brown oak wood that was harvested from the near by Greenguard Forest and it's constant human-shaped imprint that was made from the protagonist's habit of jumping onto it.

It had a few chips missing in the headboard here and there, generally from the hero playing around with a butter knife with a friend he once had (surprising he had any, right?). For the bed, it was a particular weird day, as it had never happened again. Probably because it was forever protected by the hero's mother, who, by the way, was still more interesting. You see, the hero's mother - aptly named Mater - was once a very beautiful and rich lady until a raid of sneevil stormed the massive home and took everything of value, which were for some reason all stored in crates.

Well, actually there was a pretty clear reason; her family was once very powerful Guardians that had oversight of the entire BattleOn kingdom. They made themselves very well known, but believed in being modest, at least until her younger brother came about as a Guardian. He begun to boast of the many deeds he had committed - many of which WERE impressive, but nevertheless tarnished his own name. But he didn't care; he wanted unending glory; he wanted to be immortal within everyone's memories. Well, that pretty much worked, but both fortunately and unfortunately, he didn't last for much longer.

Despite all of the horrid things their beloved son (and brother did, in our hero's mother's case), their hearts were broken when he was reported dead. The hero's mother's mother was so hurt, she could no longer stand her illness; passing away. His grandfather, who was indeed an old man at this point, had her buried in a large crypt, and it is said he still spend his time beside her body, never being able to get over the fact that he lost his only love. All of this arose on the most inconvenient time. You see, the hero's mother was pregnant.

His father was still busy fighting on the field as a hero of the time was searching for the seemingly infinite power of the elemental orbs. He did eventually get the news of his beloved's lost, so he came back and stayed until their child was born. When he left, it was revealed the sneevil apparently were keeping a close eye on the nearly empty house, so they charged in and took everything of value, leaving the house ever more bare.

Now, despite how much I've rambled about the pasts of his family and his bed, I suppose I should go back to our hero. Our hero -

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