

Darkseeker level 1

Darkseeker was sipping his favourite coconut by the beach. It was the best beach. It was the only beach. Which is why it was simply known as... The Beach. The sand was scorching hot, as usual, and the sun was beaming down on a hot summer morning, as always. This coconut was the only one he liked because he knew it would never run out. He wasn't sipping the coconut because he was thirsty. He didn't get thirsty. Neither did he get hungry, he just ... enjoyed it. He could sit there all day and not move a muscle! The coconut tasted like everything else. Perhaps that meant it tasted like nothing?

Just at that moment he sat up from his seat and started doing a funny dance. Darkseeker wanted to keep sipping his coconut but there was a sudden urge inside him that caused him to drop his coconut, like someone had... ordered him to do it. He didn't want to drop his coconut. IT WAS HIS FAVOURITE COCONUT. But this *urge* didn't care. His arms were waving in the air, and his legs were wobbling about like a penguin's.

"James how did you unlock that dance move?" A child's voice boomed from the heavens.

"Got it from the app store Oliver." Another child responded, booming across the beach.

"Change his outfit!"

"Relax James, this is Darkseeker. Give him some respect."

Darkseeker wanted to run. He had never been so terrified. This fear and confusion had him frozen in place like a statue while new outfits appeared every second. He could feel his face start to twitch and tingle. His big moustache was replaced by a long beard that went all the way down to his knees. SNAP! This long beard suddenly transformed into lots of green scales covering his entire face. Then the scales vanished and became simple sideburns. Darkseeker didn't know what to do! He felt like he wasn't in control of his own body. He felt his curly brown hair start to wiggle on his head, and the next second he looked up and to his surprise, a straight lock of fiery red hair fell in front of his eyes! Before he could even take this in, he felt his hair start to pull together until there were hundreds of dreadlocks standing up tall on his head.

Finally, his clothes settled on a black and purple cloak, floating and crawling around him, like it was alive. A powerful neon red falcon perched on his shoulder. His pants were also black but had scarlet red dots on them. The strength of the colours and cloak flowed through his veins, becoming one with his name.

SNAP!

He was standing upon a castle being approached by an army of roaring goblins. He knew he had to defend! Darkseeker raised his arms and bright, purple lightning erupted around him. Big letters appeared in the sky: MISSION ONE, START. He was the Darkseeker, and this was his game.