

Life in Pixels Chapter 1

By Tristan M.

“Oh, come on!” I yelled through mic. “Again?!” I was looking yet again, at the impertinent victor of the last round, my arch nemesis, Richard. “Yeah go ahead and rub it in everyone’s face you slug!”

The game was Retro Burst, a pixelated game made by the infamous gaming company PastBlast. They were a game developing company that focused solely on both 2d and 3d pixel games for PCs, and their games were addictive and fun, but not when your arch nemesis constantly rubs every victory in your face. I tossed my controller on the floor, then checked the time on my clock. The time read 2 pm, and it was Saturday, which were normally enjoyable when I made my rounds playing every game PastBlast has made up to date, but today, I just wasn’t feeling my groove.

“Aww, is someone not feeling so good after his best friend moved away?” Richard said over mic. “Tough times? Too bad.” He said sarcastically.

I exited the game and growled angrily, shutting my computer off. I loved all kinds of video games, but ever since my best friend Steve moved away two weeks ago, they hadn’t been as enjoyable. Now, we only ever had time to talk occasionally via text. Why?

Well, it all started when Steve started getting overstressed, and when he’s overstressed, he eats a ton. I don’t honestly blame him. I used to be the same way, and I wanted to help him as best as I could. But his mom decided I was a bad influence, because I told him playing video games would be the best way to overcome stress. This is because it allowed him to get rid of these negatives emotions. But one day, his mom said the time he spent playing video games was going to lead him to fail high school, and not allow him to go to any kind of college. So, in an effort to prevent anything like this from happening, she decided what was best was to move away, and cut all contact to me, and confiscate his video games. Luckily, me and Steve were able to swap numbers, but Steve’s mom was like a hawk, and like a hawk, she always watched the skies. So we talked occasionally, because between high school and his mom, we knew there’d never be much time to talk.

So yeah, there’s the story, you now know it, and there’s no need to bring out any pity, cause I don’t want it. However, rubbing it in my face isn’t cool either, even though that’s exactly what Richard does every day now. Video games were quickly becoming not an escape from reality, but just another everyday nuisance. I couldn’t play online without Richard constantly spiting me for every

victory I got and being snobbish for every victory I made, although making the dirt go back in his face was enjoyable from time to time.

My name is Dan Roberts. And this is the story of how some video games, like anything in life, are not always as they seem.