



The Chosen One

By Jason Levine

The [following Writing Prompt](#) was posted by "Yeager_xxxiv" on November 14, 2018 and I just had to contribute:

You're just an ordinary man trying to live a normal life, the problem is that you're the chosen one of at least a half dozen prophecies.

Here's the story that resulted from this prompt.

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"No. Just no."

"But you have been chosen by the winds of destiny," he told me.

Like I hadn't heard that before. Apparently everyone has chosen me. Last week, I defeated the dark wizard Zebagus. A month before that, I stopped an alien invasion of... Flagulons? Saguzons? I forget. They all tend to blend together.

I'll admit that the first time it happened, it was fun. I went on a week long quest in a magical realm and stopped an evil queen from crushing a rebellion. It was everything the movies made it

out to be. I even had a goofy sidekick making hilarious comments and messing up just enough to be endearing.

By the tenth time, it started to get old. Around number 50, I was sick of it all and stopped even counting how many prophecies said I was the chosen one.

"Look bud," I said.

"I am Fleglix, humble servant of the grand lord Mag..."

"I'm going to stop you right there," I interrupted. "Look, I really don't want to go on another adventure. I used up all of my vacation days on the last one."

This was very true. I hadn't even wanted to go on that journey. They found me while I was on vacation, though. I thought it was the room service I had ordered. The next thing I knew, I had been teleported to the magical realm of Kyvor.

"I really need to go to work or my boss will fire me," I argued.

"Fire you? Is your boss a dragon? If so, once you find the Sword Of Destiny you can slay him."

Of course there was a Sword Of Destiny. There's always a Something Of Destiny. Once I even found the Taco Seasoning Packet of Destiny. Man was that a weird one.

"No, he's not a dragon and, no, nobody will be slaying him. I'm out of the chosen one profession. I've retired. I've hung up myself adventurer's cloak. So leave me alone."

"But... The tentacled one..."

"Will need to be defeated by someone else. I just want to go to my job, come home, and eat dinner in front of the TV. I'm not going on any quests any more."

I spun around and stormed off. I thought I heard a muffled scream and caught a glimpse of Fleglix being dragged off by a large green tentacle in a store window's reflection. I fixed my eyes straight ahead and kept walking. Someone else would have to take care of it. I was going to go to work.

And that's the story of how the tentacled one triumphed and freed the world from their pathetic non-tentacled rulers. All Hail the Tentacled One.