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Mrs. Rutan

Creative Writing

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The Legend of Success

“Link,” a familiar voice told me, “you must be the light of Hyrule.”

Her voice serenaded my ears, and I took a distant look to the green rolling hills and tall, yet climbable mountains in the distance. Several large towers exploded out of the ground, and I made it a point to go climb the closest one. As I got close to the tower, I noticed a large, mechanical spider-like creature. It had a single blue eye, and what looked like a laser pointer focused on me. A guardian, it was called. I began to run away from it, but its quick robotic legs caught up to me quickly. I began to hear a repeating beep sound, that was getting faster and faster. I looked back. A bright blue beam shot from the beast’s eye. I woke up.



I'm so in love with The Legend of Zelda that I dream about it, I thought.

Being that Nintendo likes to take their sweet time with their games, it had been six years since a new major Zelda game had released. The most recent was called Skyward Sword, which to be honest, left a lot to be desired. But that being said, the newest game to come, looked fantastic.

To help you understand my plight, here's a short list of the best video game series' in history:

1. The Legend of Zelda
2. The Legend of Zelda
3. The Legend of Zelda
4. The Legend of Zelda
5. Halo

As you can see, a new Legend of Zelda game is a huge deal both to me, and to a plethora of other people, hence the hype when "Zelda Wii U" was teased in 2014. But then it got delayed. And then delayed again. Finally, a new trailer came out in early February, and when I watched it in my basement at 3 o'clock in the morning, I screamed so loud that my parents woke up. But there we were in March of 2017 just a few weeks away from the launch of the new game, The Legend of Zelda, Breath of the Wild.

Now I know what you're thinking. "Wow, this kid is pathetic, he just sits in his parents' basement and plays video games until 3AM." To be honest, you're sort of right, but in a few respects sort of wrong. Yes, I do play video games a ridiculous amount, however, if it's a passion, why not do it? Sure, it may not be as productive as other hobbies, but to me (and I'm sure a good amount of other people out there), next to nothing beats a long play session in the basement. That and I'm still in highschool, so it isn't pathetic to live with my parents, like some thirty-something year olds.

For the entirety of January, in my free time I'd sit and watch Youtube videos of the gameplay and essentially salivate all over my computer desk. It appeared to be shaping up to be the best game in Zelda history, or even potentially the best game of all time. I NEEDED it. I mean, this game is so important to me, that when I turned sixteen, I got a tattoo of the triforce (the game's primary symbol) on my right shoulder.



(Arms and tattoo not drawn to scale, but pretty close I guess)

But there was a problem with getting this new game.

I was broke.

And because I wouldn't be able to afford the new game, I was depressed.

I had just recently quit the worst job of my life at a sweaty gym for old people. I'd worked there for two miserable years, and finally decided to call it quits. I had money saved up from those two years, but of course my car decided it wanted to slide into a snowbank and bend a wheel and wreck the bearings, which just so happens to be an expensive fix. I still had money left over, but best to save it for if my car decides to fly into a snowbank again. I do live in Michigan, of course.

There's always the old, "ask your parents for money" option, but I always feel guilty when I even consider doing that. I mean, I'm eighteen years old, and going to be nineteen soon. Mommy and Daddy can't hold my hand anymore. But I was desperate, so I worked up the courage to ask the hulking slab of meat that is my dad.

His answer was no.



And it was no again the next seven times I asked him.

Well, it wasn't actually a no. It was more along the lines of, "What the hell Peyton? Get a job, and I'll buy it for you. But you'll have to reimburse me."

YES! I thought in my head. There was still hope. I mean, I've found a job before right? How hard could it be to find another one? This was Cereal City, the thriving community of blue-collared workers, that made it so some mornings, you could smell Froot Loops downtown. Anythings possible right?

In short, no. There are many things that are impossible. Now, while finding a job isn't impossible by any means, it seems like it is in Battle Creek. For weeks, I'd go store to store (if it wasn't one of the many in town that were closing), restaurant to restaurant, and gas station to gas station. And of course, had I had no luck.



At this point, it was only a few days from March third. The new game was upon us. And I wasn't going to be able to get it. In the basement of my house, I sulked and actually slipped into a near depressed state. Not even the bright blue lights of the \$2,300 computer I had built a few years ago cheered me up. Nothing amounted to playing a new Zelda game.

I gave up.

It was hopeless.

I guess the Rolling Stones don't lie. You can't always get what you want. You get what you need.

But this was something I needed. And Hylia (the goddess of the Zelda games) heard my plight.

When I'm down, I tend to surround myself with friends, as most people do. And when your friends are as dumb and funny as mine, they provide you with an amazing distraction, and this was a scenario in which I for sure needed one. As I usually do, I went over to my friend Josh's, the only friend of mine who can somehow grow a full beard. Not only that, but he's a huge person. And I mean huge. To such an extent that I feel like I'm only four years old when I'm standing next to him, yet I'm older. My genetics betrayed me.



Genetics aside, I was at his house, and as per usual, we were playing videogames together, specifically, Super Mario 64. We had initially started playing it in the summer of 2016, and had just recently decided to play through it again. We each had designated characters, Josh's being Mario, and mine being Luigi. It was just what I needed to distract me from you-know-what.



We were playing one of the worst levels in the game, fittingly titled, Lethal Lava Land. And lava there was. Many times we fell in, screaming and swearing louder and louder each time we neared the star at the end of the level. You see, when one of us died in the game, the other person was alone, and so the pressure to beat the level was on them. So it'd be heartbreaking to watch the last one alive die, and often blame would be placed on one person or another.



Anyways, we played for a few hours like normal, and I was about to go home (it was a school night). Suddenly, Josh's roommate, Nate, bursts through the door. Nate's appearance is very similar to ex-president George W. Bush, so much that it's sort of scary.



“HOLY S*** GUYS I JUST WON SIXTY DOLLARS FROM A LOTTERY TICKET!” He shouted.

“How did you even buy a lottery ticket? You aren't even eighteen.” I said, “You can't even redeem it.”

“Yeah bu.... But... Hey Peyton, wanna redeem this ticket for me?” He asked.

But then I remembered; Nate owes me fifty dollars. I had let him borrow it for something I won't name on this paper for the sake of professionalism, but we'll just say he needed the money for something I'd never do in my life. But that's beside the point.

“I'll redeem it for you if you give me fifty of it,” I said.

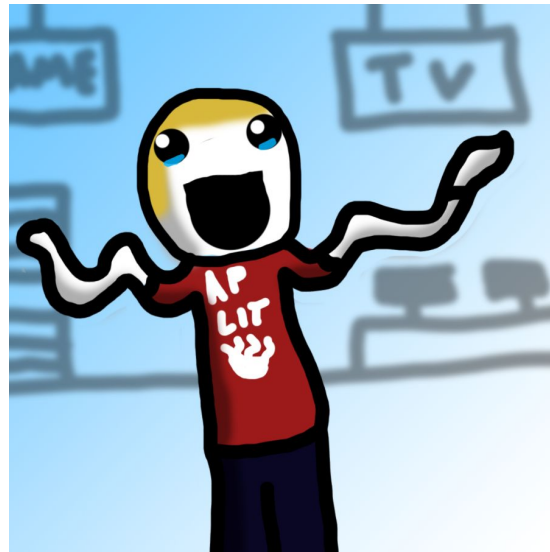
“Why would I do that when I could just have Josh's mom do it for free?” He asked.

“Because you owe me fifty. And you're essentially holding it in your hand right there.” He looked confused, then pissed off, then sad, then confused again.

“What do I owe you money for?” He asked, trying to play dumb. He would be good at it if he wasn't *actually* dumb.

“Well, I bought you Taco Bell three times, but I’ll let that slide, so you just owe me the fifty for the [CENSORED DUE TO RULES IN THE HARPER CREEK HIGH SCHOOL HANDBOOK], so hand me the ticket and I’ll bring you back a ten,” I told him.

He was defeated. He had a look on his face in which he was both sad and angry, but he reluctantly gave me the lottery ticket. In my hands, I essentially held my very own copy of Breath of the Wild. It was mine. It was within my grasp. I redeemed the ticket, brought Nate his ten dollars and went straight home. I handed my dad the cash, and he gave me his card, and off to the Best Buy I went. I’m pretty sure I looked something like this while in line.



“Hello sir, how can I help you today?” the Best Buy (or Geek Squad in this case I guess) asked me.

“BREATH OF THE WILD I NEED TO PRE-ORDER PLEASE,” I said.

His response was a smile and a laugh.

“Sure thing man. You’d be amazed how many hyped up people I’ve had come in and pre-order in the last few days. Give me just one second.”

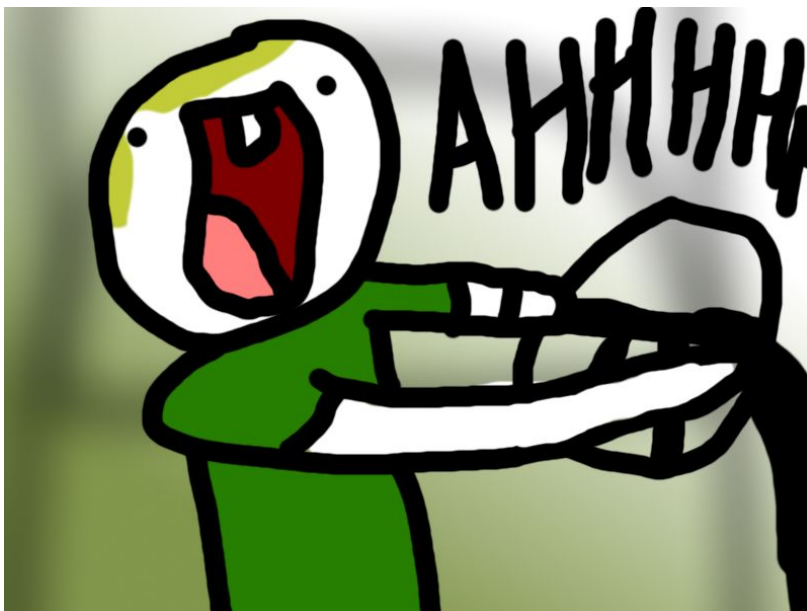
I sat there, nearly drooling while I handed him my driver’s license, and my dad’s credit card. He handed me a receipt that may as well have been the game, because I gave that receipt more love and care than I give my own dogs.

A few days passed and March 2nd was finally upon us. It was by far one of the longest school days I’ve ever had. Not only that, but it was a Thursday, just to add insult to injury. The whole day I hardly focused on class. I only had the most important thing of all time on my mind.

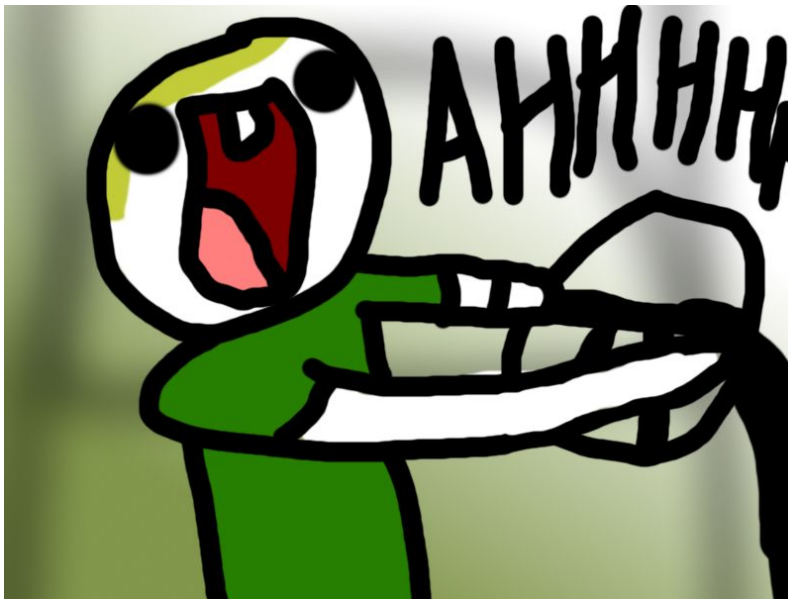


The rest of the day dragged on as well. But finally, it was nearing nighttime. I was going to the midnight release as well. My parents said I could skip school the following day, so I fully intended to stay up until at least 5 or 6 AM.

At around 11:15, I got in my car. And I screamed.



At 11:30, I arrived at Best Buy. I screamed again (while inside my car of course, I'm not that crazy).



At 11:45, I was waiting inside Best Buy behind five or six people.



At 12:00, the whole store screamed.



And at 12:15 I was home. With Breath of the Wild in my possession



I played that game until nine o'clock in the morning. After a month of playing this, I can easily say that it's one of the best games ever made. It was worth the agony, and the journey I went on to get it. The Legend of Zelda continues to be the best game series in the world. Through the journey, I learned that I am not a patient person, but I don't need to be. In some way or another, life will eventually stop kicking you in the balls. Sure the kicking will continue, but there will be at least be a moment in which it stops, and you can just slow down, and take in the beauty that life has to give you (even if it is in the form of just a game disk).