

At a computer café in Temerloh, located just beside the Joy Park Elementary School (AN1), a customer parks his bike outside and rushes inside.

There aren't many customers today considering the heavy rain. It's the monsoon season in Malaysia, but at least the rain lessens the effect of the fog from Indonesia.

He is a regular customer so he hurriedly asks the cashier to open his usual computer.

He needs to log onto his Garena account and defeat his friend today. Thinking about it, the customer smiles in glee and says, "Brother Azief, open Computer 6."

"Okay, wait a bit." The unsmiling man called Azief responds as he clicks a button on his computer screen to open PC No. 6.

It's currently 3:00 pm and he finishes his shift at 5:00 so he still has 2 hours left.

He had just finished eating so he puts his lunchbox inside his bag and under the counter.

He then returns his gaze to the computer in front of him. He is reading some novels on WuxiaWorld, a new chapter from Er Gen just came out yesterday.

This is his routine.

Reading novels and watching movies.

And quite frankly, he views it as boring and unrewarding.

Of course, reading ISSTH is never unrewarding, but still, when he looks back on his life, he hasn't accomplished much due to his family's circumstances and his lack of confidence.

Because of this, after finishing his diploma, he couldn't take his degree.

Even if he took it, he lived in Malaysia, and in his opinion, his country is governed by stupid politicians who constantly argue about menial things like race and religion.

Honestly, they were like monkeys in a zoo—throwing shit at each other—while the common people like him suffer.

The economy is terrible.

Ringgits are inflating by the day, oil prices skyrocket, unemployment rates grow, and taxes only increase.

The people are being choked by their government while the ministers live like Gods.

Those in religious positions don't even attempt to say anything to the corrupt politicians.

What good is it to have a degree in a nation like this?

One could argue that he is wrong, but that's still his humble opinion.

There is something wrong with his country. It's not even a world power, yet the scandals are on the world level.

The corruption, the nepotism, the lack of free speech, and all of those human rights violations are enough to shock even the most unfeeling of men. (AN2)

So, when he got a job at a nearby internet café, he accepted it. At least he would have some pocket money.

The job isn't too bad, but the salary isn't high either. Still, it's better than not having any money at all.

Sometimes work can be stressful though.

The kids frequenting the café are usually rather thuggish.

Even though he's told them repeatedly to smoke outside, they didn't think of him as anything but a doormat.

'If not because I don't want to cause trouble, I would kill them.' Azief thought. Though he is mild-mannered and only proactive with his friends, his head is filled with dark fantasies.

But, of course, he never acted on his impulses. **nOvelnExt.com**

He doesn't want to get the death penalty, after all. He isn't insane. But who doesn't have some dark thoughts in the back of their minds occasionally?

Sometimes he asks himself where his life is going.

He has no girlfriend. (Though not because he can't get one, but mostly because he doesn't have confidence. In his eyes, girls only like you when you have a car, money, or looks. And he doesn't have money, doesn't have a car, and although his looks are okay, they're not great. His averageness was only further demonstrated in terms of his athletic condition. Although he isn't exactly athletic, he isn't bad either. He has decent muscle, at least, not too lean and but not too chubby either. The only aspect where he was somewhat above average was his intelligence.)

And, to be completely truthful, he didn't have any direction in life.

He spent 3 years acquiring a diploma and now...he is working in an internet café.

Now, there isn't anything wrong with working there, but then, if that's his career path, why did he even get a loan to further his studies? It's not even a career... it's just a job.

He's been in many interviews but as a result of his shyness around strangers, he never did well.

'Maybe it's because of my looks.' he mused. One thing he's noticed is that handsome people are usually hired easier.

Soon after, another person entered the café.

"Oh, you. PC No. 9, right?" Azief asked after immediately recognizing the man. To which, he nodded and smiled, while Azief quickly opened the computer.

He then sighed and returned to watching YouTube, reading novels, and listening to songs to pass the time.

Then suddenly he heard a voice inside his head.

"I am the World Orb. Your world is undergoing great changes. Either become strong or perish. Luck and perseverance will help you in the coming days. Considering your aptitude, the most suitable weapon for you is a dagger. Prepare yourself for the worst is yet to come."

The voice disappeared and with a flash of light, a dagger appeared in his hands. Azief was so surprised he almost fell from his chair.

Looking around in incredulity, he noticed customers that are in the café with him. One of the regulars had a blade, while the other had a bow and arrow slung behind his back. The customers also looked dazed while shock filled their faces.

"What the hell's happening?!" Azief shouted when an explosion happened that shook the foundation of the building.

He quickly tosses his earbuds and, seeing the walls cracking, he runs out of the building as fast as possible.

“Run!” he yelled to the two people in the café.

They were both following his lead and tossing their earbuds away to run towards the exit when, suddenly, the roof gave out and they were crushed to death by the debris.

Azief trembled, while the hand that was holding the dagger shook violently.

“What’s happening? What the fuck is happening?!” He screamed internally.

Suddenly an ominous shadow appeared overhead, and as he looked upwards, he saw meteors, big red fiery balls, falling from the sky and as his eyes followed the balls he finally realized where it was heading.

‘Oh my god! It’s heading towards the elementary school!’

Just across the street, from the café, is an elementary school where the students all came from the suburbs (AN3). When the meteor crashed into the football field, it left a huge crater and marred the landscape with flames. On impact, the street shook like an earthquake was happening. The devastation was so bad, in fact, that the nearby buildings either caught fire or collapsed.

All around him people are crying and running.

Some try to hide under tables and similar structures fearing an earthquake. As he is observing the chaos, suddenly, a translucent screen appears in front of him

Status

Name: Not yet Given

Gender: Male

Level: 1

Class: None

Strength: 12

Agility: 6

Vitality: 9

Stamina: 7

Spirit: 11

Endurance: 10

As he looked at the crumbled ruins of the shop in front of him, he saw blood, seeping from the cracks, presumably from the two customers.

He took a quick look at his bike parked outside the shop and remembered that he left his bike key on his bag and his bag was under the counter of the café which had been reduced to debris.

People had already started calling firemen, police, and whomever else they could think of. Looking around him, some even kneeled and prayed to their respective gods.

Usually, he would avoid the scene of the disaster and wait for help to arrive, but he could see that there were still many meteors headed towards his location.

'I don't have time to wait. Maybe the next meteor will land on me.' Azief thought and made up his mind. "I need to get my keys and get the hell out of here," he said. Steeling himself, he goes towards the remains of the café.

'What could have made the building crumble like this?' He pondered.

It reminded him of the planned bombings of bridges or buildings he had seen on the news. Everything fell downwards as if something had melted the pillars.

As he was inspecting the ruins, he spotted a big egg. "What is this?" he thought out loud, "Whatever, I just need to get my keys and quickly leave."

Afterward, more balls of flame fell close to the school, causing more fierce earthquakes, cracking the streets further.

Because of this, some cars, rushing to leave, got into an accident with a truck. People screamed and honked at the cars, while some just ran from the area.

"I need to get it fast," Azief said, full of anxiety as he ignored the egg.

Crack. A sound rang outwards as the egg split.

"What is this?" He asked as he turned his attention to the egg. It was like something was clawing its way out of it.

Suddenly, from the cracked egg, appeared the most hideous chicken he had ever seen in his entire life.

Its beak was shining like a sharp knife and it had pure black eyes, resembling a demon from the TV series Supernatural.

To make things worse, it also has a horn at its head, making it abnormally scary.

"Oh fuck, what the hell is this thing!" he screamed as the demonic chicken lunged at him. Out of pure fear and adrenaline, he swung his dagger and accidentally slit the chicken's throat. As its dead body fell lifeless to the floor, a little blue book and golden coins appeared from the chicken corpse and fell within his reach

'What the hell is this? A game?' he asked himself inwardly. And, as he looked all around himself, he couldn't believe what he was seeing.