

Chocolate

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It's about me and my chocolate.

Based on real life. <3

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/ChocoRevolutionMello/53736/Chocolate>

Chapter 1 - The Beginning of Things

2

1 - The Beginning of Things

It was a windy day in the end of December, and though it was never really freezing or anything, it was cold enough to bother me. I sat behind my rugged, stained couch, wrapped in a thin blanket, trying to ignore the strong gusts that invaded the cramped and dilapidated apartment. Such was usual, until I heard a loud knock at my door. It was unexpected, frankly, because nobody ever visited. Most likely, nobody even knew somebody lived in this shabby building. I grabbed a blunt knife off the kitchen counter, then opened the door just a bit, not even an inch.

"Hey."

I was especially surprised then, seeing it was my classmate, and to some extent at that time, my friend. The one we now call "Matt", or "Mail Jeevas" was leaning on the wall, his head tilted sideways and in his mouth a toothpick.

"Matt," I said, opening the door wider. This name was not just his alias as it is now, but a given one.

He stares at me from the corner of his eye for the longest time, and then closes it.

"What are you waiting for? Come on."

I blinked twice, confused.

"Are we going somewhere?"

He sighed and opened his eyes again.

"Yeah. So take anything important you might have and let's get a move on."

"Okay..."

I grabbed my backpack, and stuffed in a piggybank labeled "Michael" and a small stack of letters all addressed to "My Dearest Son" from "Love, Dina". I left the apartment and shut the door behind me, and Matt was already at the end of the hallway, sitting on the railing of the stairs.

A short walk later we were in the doorway of a small, but cozy looking house. Matt was being doted on by his mother, who turned to me a minute later when she realized he had company. At first she exclaimed, "Matthew!! You didn't tell me you had any female friends!!" but she blinked and blushed so hard we were matching shades of red, riddled with embarrassment when I made it clear I was a boy. She apologized hastily as she closed the door behind us.

Two hours had passed by the time I finished explaining my situation and a room was set up for me.

It was nearly 3 in the morning when I woke to a soft rustling and I wandered into the kitchen where the

sound came from. Matt was sitting in a chair lazily, slowly eating a brown bar of some sort. He glanced at me and took a gulp of milk from a glass he was holding.

He greeted me with a "hey" once he set down the glass. I asked him was he was eating as he wiped off his milk mustache with his sleeve.

"It's chocolate," he said, looking down at his piece. "Never had it?"

I shook my head slowly.

He stares for a moment, then offers me some.

It was delicious and it simply amazed me how good it was. First it made a loud crunch as I bit into it, but the crunches softened into silence as it melted away.

"Chocolate."

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Based on December 29, 1998.

Before Death Note and the cosplay and name changes.

My wonderful introduction to chocolate.