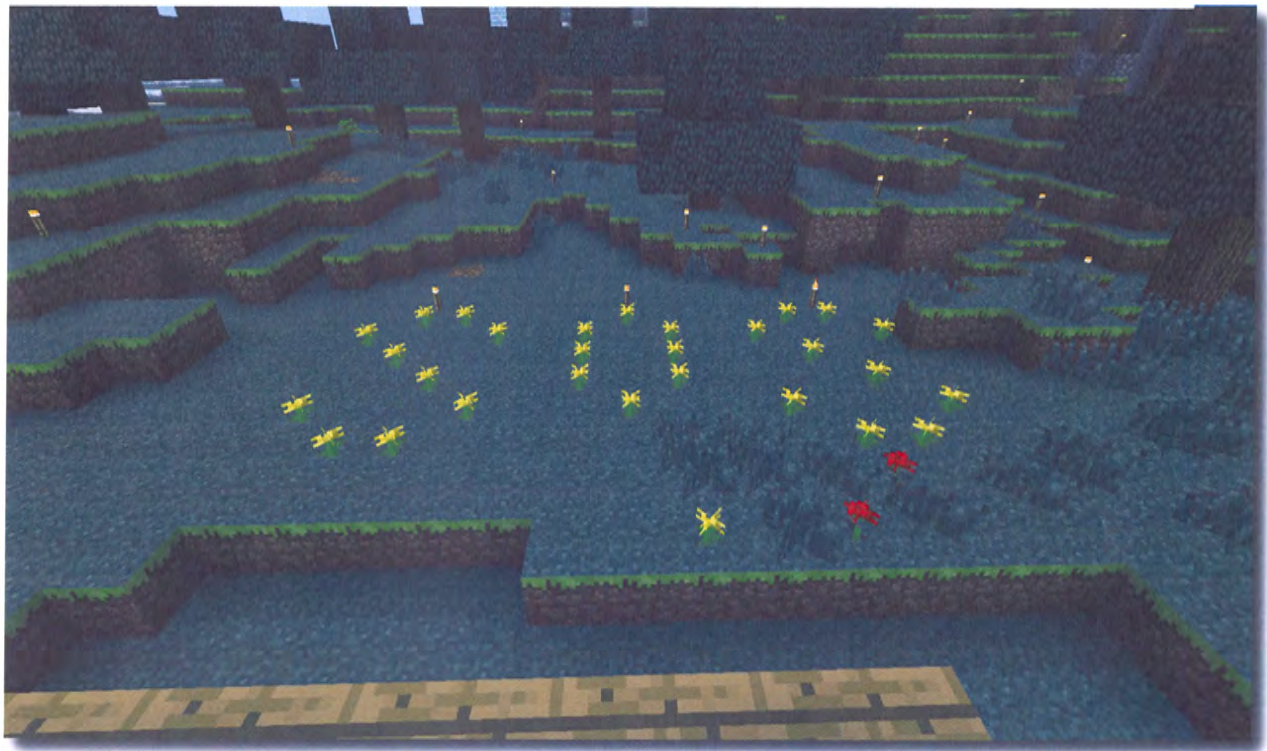


# MINECRAFT

*Journal  
of the **Infamous**  
Captain James "Bloody" Rackenack*



Day 1 - Me, Myself, and Arggg

I was awakened suddenly by an unfamiliar cry I have never heard before. With a groan I opened me eaze t' see a large creature loomin' over me. In a fret, I jumped up a punch this eccentric thin' and it vanished. In it's place was 2 pieces o' somethin' that resembled back on t' main land-a piece o' raw meat. I then reckoned that I will call that creature "Thin' 1 dat' moo's". I picked t' steak up with hunger at dangerously high levels. I decided t' feast on mystery meat. When done with me meal, I dusted me self off and searched for me boat but it wasn't thar... Bahh, marooned! How dare they! After all, I be ta' Great Captain "Bloody" James Rackenack! Ohhh...When I find them!! But for now I should focus on survivin'... t' kill them! I began t' saunter over t' tree and looked at me fist and at t' tree, back at me fist and back at t' tree. Then somethin' clicked in me old noggin. I began t' punch t' tree with such fury and might that t' darn thin' became broke into usable wood. With tat' I place the bark in me pouch. Full o' satisfaction

runnin' through me veins, I destroyed t' whole tree and collected t' bark.

I look to the heavens to see that night threatenin' t' overtake t' day, so

with a kick in me step I found a little nook t' rest in. With night above

me I went inside me temporary home with vengeance still in me

conscious. I wished me self good night.



- Captain James "Bloody" Rackenack

## Day 2 - Armed and Arghed

I woke up with me head hittin' t' stone roof o' me temporary home. As I had a swig o' me trusty canteen, I looked out at t' forebodin' light outside. Outside, bein' very spontaneous, was another "Thin' dat' moos." I began t' watch this creature and realized it be only a harmless, meaty, and incredibly stupid source of food. The creature be white wit' brown spots all over it, and big white eyes. With a groan, I shuffled out o' me little nook to t' big bright world. I realized with a rumble o' me stomach that me be again hungry, and began a hunt. With me new knowledge o' t' creature, I approached her calmly and punched her! Yet, sadly with great disappointment, t' creature didn't turn into steaks. With confusion still amuck in me mind, I punched her again with no result. I then remembered an old sea bucko that explained that you can make a cutlas with some wood! I began t' craft me makeshift wooden cutlas. When finished, I tested me cutlas on "Thin' dat' moos," and she perished with a bloody slash. After collectin' t' steaks,

*I began t' nibble on one o' them and retreated t' me nook. R.I.P." Thin'  
dat' moos," she made a great feast.*



*- Captain James "Bloody" Rackenack*

Day 3 - S.O.S.

Already awake and ready, I began to gnaw on a steak. With a full ol' belly and a great sleep, I be ready t' contact another ship t' rescue me from this cursed "Thin' Island" (that's what I began t' call t' island). I began t' search da' beach t' see if anytin' washed up on it. While on me guaint search for anythin', I stumbled upon somethin' dat' resembles an axe, but you can pick with it. So, henceforth, I shall call this device an "axe of pick." I tested this axe of pick on a fairly large boulder and took a swing at it. With a crack, it obliterated da' boulder into a pile of rubble. With dis' newfound tool, I began t' dig in a stone wall. Suddenly, I saw somethin' I reckoned t' be "coal" on t' wall. When I destroyed t' new ore, a black, powdery piece o' what I remembered t' be called "coal" appeared. Suddenly I gathered a random urge t' put a stick on it. So, flowin' mindlessly like a zombie, I created friction on a piece o' coal with a stick, and it magically came alit with life and fire. I began t' wonder how many thin's on this island be waitin' t' be discovered. I

placed t' torch on t' ground, then placed coal's in t' shape o' S.O.S. and  
set them alit. Maybe someone will find me...



- Captain James "Bloody" Rackenack

## Day 4 - My New Project

I woke up in me new spankin' bed I made out o' wool from "Thin' dat' Bahhs" earlier this mornin'. When I first washed up upon the island, I was a stranger. Now I take care of her and her animals, and she takes care of me. I have also grown close to a "Thin' dat' Moos." I have named her Betsy, and now she follows me around and keeps me from falling into the endless abyss o' insanity. I built a little fort to protect me from the elements, and a beacon for any ships to come and find me. I built permanent buildings because I'm realizing that my rescue is becoming more doubtful every day. I also stumbled upon some local inhabitants of the island who be still in t' Stone Age Era of technology. Communication be slow, but I can tell we be making progress. I also began stock piling for the cold winter to come. Maybe me newfound friends will help. After winter, I will begin me building my own ship to find the ones that have left me on this island. With me newfound wisdom and understanding of life, I will take back what was always

mine. I shall name dis' ship "Redemption." I also plan to put me journal  
in a bottle and cast it into the sea. I hope someone realizes where I  
am, and understands that this is my destiny.



-Captain James "Bloody" Rackenack  
True captain to the seas!!