

Minecraft Journal

February 24, 2014

All I remember was the twilight forest of pine trees rushing towards my passenger seat in the cockpit. When the plane started losing fuel, the pilot had turned south, but he hadn't gotten us far enough to escape the Taiga. As the small prop plane finally hit the trees, I was knocked out by a blow to my head.

When I came to, it was morning, and the pilot was no where to be seen. I was originally in despair, but I quickly saw the beginning of an oak forest no more than a couple of miles away. I had no jacket, but it was not very cold, and I realized the good old pilot had gotten us farther than either of us had believed. All I could salvage from the plane was a red plastic chest of emergency equipment, which held some lanterns and basic tools. I picked up all I could carry (excluding one of the three tools) and moved to the warmer forest.

I hadn't been in the warm forest long when I reached the coastline and saw a small island only about 20 feet off the shore. It had several trees on it, three of which I chopped down to clear space and provide materials for a lean to on a more stable birch tree. I found the birch wood easier to work with for the lean-to, and I thought that oak would make a better surface for a workbench, which I constructed inside the lean-to. I dropped the emergency pack on the ground inside the lean-to to hold things I will find useful that I can't carry with me.

As night began to fall, I saw shapes in the trees and strange noises. Then I heard a bloodcurdling scream roll out of a valley slicing into a cliff in the mainland and wash over the parts of the warm forest that I could see, then over the coastal waters. I was afraid for my life as this part of the world wasn't well-known and may contain hostile natives. I found a chunk of rock to the ground and hammered a metal rod that was in the survival pack to it to craft a makeshift

mace.

Suddenly, I heard splashing. It was muffled, as if the splasher wished it not to be hearable. Clutching my mace, I crept out of the lean-to and saw several natives run out of the forest and into the water, swimming towards me with *glowing yellow eyes*. As the first reached my island, and smashed down on it with my mace. Instead of suffering what would be physical damage, it simply flashed red and disappeared in a puff of smoke. I fended off the rest this same way, taking them on one at a time. Though these wielded no weapons, I fear that more experienced warriors may appear. I went back to my lean-to and fell into a fitful sleep on the ground.

February 25, 2014

I was very tired after last night's fighting, so I rested for much of the day. After I got up to greet the noonday sun, I made a closer examination of the island I had built my lean-to on. I found that it has soil that is very fertile, but nothing else besides that. I hope I won't have to stay here for long enough to use the earlier of those facts, but it's nice anyway.

After I'd eaten a midday meal, I ventured into the warm forest to examine the ridge I could see from my island. As I mounted it, giving me an extended view of this new land, I saw a whole system of small ridges going on for as long as the eye could see. I also saw some caves, in which I found coal that was right on the surface, so I could scrape it right off. This coal will be helpful for cooking meat. On my way back to the island, as night was falling, I built a tower of wood and mounted torches from the coal and lanterns from the survival pack on it. I soon realized that it can only be identified as an SOS in the night, but there's nothing I can do about it. I returned to my island and fell asleep under the lean-to.

February 26, 2014

The dawn sun woke me by lighting the sky with a rainbow of pastel colors. As I stretched, I decided I was sick of cold survival food and raw meat. I got some wood and coal and started a fire, which made breakfast a lot more enjoyable, except for the fact that I drank the last of my water. My mace had broken the night before, so I repaired it on the workbench as the last dawn gray fled from the sky. I then moved across to the mainland, confident in my safety from natives, as they only seem to come out at night, and climbed the ridge again. I saw my SOS staring at me accusingly, so I went to complete it, an endeavour that lasted a few hours. At its completion, I realized that I was terribly thirsty.

On my way back to the island, along the coast this time to explore more, I almost fell into an open-air cavern with a *freshwater spring inside!* Barely containing my excitement, I jumped down (only a few feet) to the edge of the spring and drank my fill and then some. I then filled my bottle and started pouring it out to clean it, to make it a better home for the water I'd drink. As I watched the tiny waterfall catch the light and show all its hidden colors, movement behind it caught my eye. A green, non-humanoid figure was staring at me. It almost gave me a heart attack, and then when I was almost through convincing myself it was friendly, it gave a great *hissssssss*. I was back to my island in record time.

When I felt safe again, after maybe an hour of hiding in my shelter, it got back into the ocean and saw clay lying next to the sand. I decided I may find use for it and harvested most of it. As I brought back the last load, and finally noticed, irritated, that I was covered with clay, I realized how dark it was. Very dark. I started to pile the clay I'd harvested next to a tree so it would be in the shade during the day.

When I piled on the last of the clay, a loud *THWOCK* chomped into my ears. I jumped and looked to where the noise was coming from and saw: an *ARROW!* I turned

around just in time for another arrow to just miss me. I lifted my mace in hand and threw it straight at what I thought the head was. The head seemed to shatter as if it were bone, then all the sudden, everything just disappeared! All that was left was the mace. I swan hurriedly across to where it lay on the sand of the mainland, then ran back to my island so quickly I felt like I was above the water. I jumped under my lean-to, and hid until I fell asleep.

February 27, 2014

When I woke again, I was not pierced by arrows, which was a relief. The stars were still shining brightly in the sky, but I thought I could start the day anyway. After I ate some cooked chicken for breakfast, I decided to go further down the coast in the direction of the spring. I took the first hours of the morning to make a makeshift coracle and paddled along the beach. When I landed in a small cape about three times as far along the coast as the spring, I jumped out and ran inland. To my amazement, giant trees shone over the horizon.

As I moved closer to them, an arrow lay quivering at my feet. *NOT AGAIN!* I turned and ran just as a great yell blew out over the land from a clump of trees to my right. I struck the first one that caught up to me with my mace, taking him out. And my mace. %#&*! I sprinted back to my boat and jumped in, which, as it was a coracle, sent it spinning. *Stupid, stupid, stupid!* I started it off in a straight line but then, with a leaf-crushing crunch, a stray tree branch poked through the boat and it began to fill with water. *Now I'm really dead!* As more arrows pierced through the coracle, I jumped out and started swimming the first direction I didn't see a native. I splashed up on an island and turned quickly to see that no natives had kept up. ***You're alive!***

What? You're alive? I'm alive! Nevermind, I'm just tired. I shook my head to clear the cobwebs and decided to look around the island while I was there. It was a little bigger than my home island with a smaller partner. I lit them so I could see better. A thought wandered lazily through my exhausted mind as I did this: **Why not build a little house here in case you get stuck out exploring when night falls? Good idea brain! Thanks!** *Am I talking to my brain? Yes! Does that mean I'm going crazy? No. Are you sure? No, but would you rather say you're going crazy? Good point. Now build your new house! Okay!* It was there pretty quickly. *Should I put a sign that says home sweet home on it? No. I hate those. I wasn't asking you! Fine then, do it! Just don't make some awful patchy quilt that says it! What's wrong with quilts? What's wrong with adjectives? What do you mean? I mean you're not paying attention to the adjectives, but it doesn't matter. No quilts. Just be quiet. Fine. Just be smart enough to use this as an exploring base. I'm smart enough for that! Not without me. Just be quiet until you figure out a way to get home would you? Fine.* It started to rain, so I rested under my new shelter. I was drifting off as... **I've got it! Yeah, I'm going crazy. Just build a new SOS on top of that really tall mountain! It's right next to us! A: To ME, and B: What mountain? That one. Oh. I see it. Fine, I'll do it.** I swam across to the mountain and climbed it tiredly to the summit where I built a new stone SOS covered with lanterns. *That'll do.* The sky's bright blues and purples said softly that **BLUES AND PURPLES! NIGHT! NATIVES!** I hurriedly jumped down the mountain and swam back across to my new shelter, which was perfectly safe, and fell exhaustedly to sleep.

February 28, 2014

I slept in late to make up for yesterday's adventures, so I didn't do all that much.

One of the things I did do was make an umbrella out of wool and sticks. If I'm going to be here, I'm going to live in Hawaii, not Paradise Lost! ***If I had eyes, I would roll them. Pipe down.*** I'm still stuck with him. ***HAHA! So sorry, was that me?*** Nevermind. I've made a better weapon for myself, so I've decided to go find and destroy the source of the murderous natives and creatures. I rushed inland over the ridges through the forest and burst into a clearing to find... a beach. And more beach. And then more ocean. ***I don't suppose they're amphibians? No, they're not. It was rhetorical.*** I walked down the beach in a lousy mood until staring out at me was an enormous cave. I walked down into it, hoping to find some valuable ores. All I found was the green native I'd seen before briefly. In response to being right next to me, in a brilliant white flash of smoke, I was hurled away! ***I'm about to land, and when I do, he is... Why am I not landing? CRUNCH. OW! I'll get you for that! No, you won't. Just be quiet!*** I had landed in the bottom of a pit, at least 30 feet deep. It took me until sunset to chip into the rock enough to make stairs and escape, at which point I rushed quickly back to my island and went to sleep.

March 3, 2014

I missed recording in this journal on the 1st and 2nd of March, so I will fill it in now. The 1st went by quickly, as I slept in quite late. The rest of the day I was harvesting wood from the mainland and (sadly) some beef and leather. I made it back to my island with what should have been plenty of time to spare, but I was actually back in right before the natives appeared for the night. I hid in my lean-to and skipped writing because my hands were blistered from chopping wood. I rose at a much better time the next day, and I decided to swim over to the mainland again to collect water. As I almost reached the other side, a swarm of arrows buzzed right over my head and landed in the water behind

me. *What? It's bright outside! They're out way too late!* And they were! A whole group of bow wielding natives stood in the shelter of the trees flinging off arrows at me. I call them natives, but they're hardly natives so much as monsters! Creatures of the night that belong in fairy tales to be incinerated by a wizard or sliced in half by a brave knight to save a damsel in distress or something! Why are they here?!? Where the heck am I!?!? No one will ever find me on this forsaken rock! These creatures multiply by the day. There must be something organizing them! This is ridiculous! This is too much! I'm SICK AND TIRED of these things trying to kill me! It's either them or me, and it's going to be ME! The moon is full tomorrow night, and I KNOW that the things' leader will come out and celebrate by the moon! I will make whatever I can with whatever I can find! Even successfully smelted iron from the caves! ***You're losing it this time, friend. I don't care! STOP BOTHERING ME! You and the leader are both going to go down in ashes. Make a raft and leave! And drown? I would rather fight an enemy than the waves! If I die and take the leader with me, then it'll be better than just dying by myself! Suit yourself then. Go be a hero. I will be!*** I was so enraged and unbalanced by the voice's appearance, that I took my club in hand (metal now) and beat every native I could find, savagely, and with no remorse. ***Now you're as bad as them. Maybe so, but I'm going to win, NOT THEM! Then get ready while you can.*** I returned to my island, shaken by the plain truth that only my innermost self wasn't afraid to say. But I heeded its advice. I sharpened a piece of metal until it was a sword instead of a mace, and made the best armor I could. I hardly slept. It's time for a showdown.

The last section is recorded in memory alone.

I rested and prepared all day, waiting for the night. At the first hint of crimson sunset, I sailed away from my island for the last time to my exploration base near the

mountains, because I had always seen more monsters there. I reached the land at nightfall and stepped onto the wet soil. I drew up my sword in my hand, and climbed a small hillock before seeing any natives or their monstrous, exploding pets. There were at least a dozen in a tiny area, proving my suspicion that there would be more tonight than any other night. With a battle cry ***You sound like Tarzan. Shut up!*** I leapt down into the midst of them and sliced the green ones, and smashed the white ones with my sword butt, and stabbed the exploding beasts through the midsection which began to spurt a fine black powder. I fought on through the night, over the plain below the foot of the mountains until I saw him. It **HAD** to be him. He was a great black figure, one and a half times as tall as me, with glowing, indigo, condescending eyes and elongated clawed hands. I pointed my sword at him and shouted "This is where you end, and I win!" ***Very threatening. You ever read Ender's Game? Shut up!*** If he could have smiled, I'm sure he would have. He put his "hands" together, and DISAPPEARED. His eyes remained for a moment, laughing at me, then blinked out. I was about to roar in frustration and agony when I heard a strange noise behind me. Then a running noise, and as I turned around I was hurled at least 10 feet the opposite direction as the noise. **AND HE WAS THERE!** He ran at me again, and I lifted my bruised arm and slit him down the arm. A terrible screech blew out of his now-opened mouth, as black purple flecked liquid did out of his arm, and I covered my ears against it as he disappeared. Thus our duel went on, him constantly disappearing and reappearing and me getting in a slice where I could. After at least a few hours, I stood, quivering, over a small artesian spring at the foot of the great mountain. I was wounded to, and badly. My eyelids began to droop, and my sword slipped out of my hand onto the ground... and he was there, bringing up a great rock with which to smash me into the hard ground when he stepped on the sharp edge of my blade. He released a

screech like the one he'd exhibited earlier, but so much more intense. He took a step back with his wounded foot, which found... air. He lost balance, and his great stature plummeted into the spring with a loud splash. He was still at the bottom for an instant before his body began to bubble and foam and steam gurgled out from the water and he screeched a death screech, so much more terrifying than before! And then he was gone. And then I looked up to a great noise. A vast group of natives was stampeding towards me across the thin strip of plains between the roaring forest and silent mountain. I looked down so I wouldn't see my final blow coming and saw one more curious thing: a small purple pearl sat in the spring where the leader's body had lain. It began to dissolve, and the water sputtered as if a small geyser were under it and the pearl popped out of existence with a single dim flash. And the roaring forest fell silent. I looked to see what evil came, but to my amazement, the plain was empty. I was about to rejoice in my victory, when a horde of spiders began to rush down the great mountain. I ran. I scurried across the belt of plains and dashed through the trees until they cleared, where I found a... cliff. The forest rolled on, heedless to my plight, below me. I heard a scuttling behind me and turned around to see something that broke my spirit. A simple green native with a small gold circlet on his head. It had two of the awful exploding pets beside it. I saw an expression that mirrored the one that had originally been on the black thing's face: smirking without the physical ability. I collapsed at the edge of the precipice. Then and there I knew the truth. THIS was the leader. the black creature was only a rabble-rouser; a demagogue. Or a loyal summoner maybe. THIS creature, the REAL leader, can probably find another just like him. I saw no way to get through this alive. This evil creature must be destroyed. It strutted right up to me with its pets in line, maybe to ensure I saw his smirk. I looked the other way to see the smiling dawn. *This world should*

*never know these monsters again. **Then make it so. I will!*** And I let my all my hatred fly in one single action: I summoned strength from my broken body I didn't know I had, and flung my arm around the lot of them. Pulling with all my strength, I jumped over the edge. The pets panicked and exploded, releasing what seemed to be a small fireball. As it enveloped me, the sun bid me farewell, and I did something I hadn't done the whole time I was lost. I smiled.

