

Chapter I: Campfire Stories

Notch: We'll camp here for the night.

Herobrine: It's about time. Do you really expect us to manage 2 dozen kilos in half a day?

Notch: It's a harsh and time-consuming journey, but it's for the greater good.

Null: It's just thinking about the fact that we've only walked... 0.0007% of the way today.

Alex and Steve: Oof!

Notch: Guys, c'mon, we gotta build a small wood hut or something, camping isn't safe without mob protection.

They build a small wooden hut with a glass ceiling, and then they set a fire for cooking.

Notch: Chicken, fish, or steak?

Everyone else: Steak!

...

Notch: I know how to make this a bit more interesting.

Alex: How so?

Notch: WE've gone for almost one whole week, and we haven't spoken much. This story is lore, what if we spice up that lore with some campfire stories?

Herobrine: If I want that kind of pleasure I can simply shoot myself.

Steve: We should rest for another hexo-mega-trillion kilometers tomorrow.

Alex: I agree with Steve, we oughta just rest.

Null: Well I think that's a pleasant idea!

Notch: Yes! See, the retired mad scientist who caused the apocalypse agrees with me.

Herobrine: Null you oughta admit that you are very much tired!

Null: I am, but I like the idea of something... cryptic.

Notch: Have at it.

Null: Alright, I remember coming up with this one a few years ago. *Once upon a small village, there were peaceful streets, down every street was happy homes and people, with all the necessities of a town. All the people were friendly, all the town was clean, and all the way out to the cemetery was happiness. But what about past the cemetery? The town cemetery was half a mile or so outside of the town, and it was never cheerful. No cemetery really is, but their's is a lot more frightful. Every 80 years, on Halloween night, a new generation would rise from the ground and attempt to destroy the town, but the town had set up turrets and would always shock-kill the zombie hoard, except this year, they'd be unsuccessful! Jonas was a young man walking out of town toward the cemetery to the dry cleaning to get his Halloween costume, it was about 7:00 pm, and the sun just set. Jonas looked over the hill and saw a person standing out in the cemetery, then another stood, then another! Jonas was confused because the natural zombies weren't supposed to rise for one more year, but they were! Jonas ran back to town and told everyone in the streets he saw, "the zombies are here!" "the zombies are here!". But nobody believed him, because, for the past 15 generations, the zombies always rose on the 80th year. But Jonas knew a zombie when he saw one, and so did his friends, so only his family believed him! Jonas and his friends drove out of town, they left because the town was undefended, the town didn't set up the shock turrets till next year. The zombies made it to town and busted into houses. Everyone realized that Jonas was right, but by then, it was too late! The town was swallowed up just because nobody believed a smart young individual, who warned that doom was coming... on the 79th Year. The end.*

Everyone else: Wow.

Alex: ...A natural-born Shakespeare.

Null: Thank you.

Notch: Way to convene some entertainment. Alright, let's get some sleep.

Herobrine: Hold up, I think we could use some more scares to get our adrenaline running for tomorrow.

Notch: Really, I think one is eno-.

Herobrine: Here we go.

Notch: ...Alright then.

Herobrine: *In the village of... Ledmuns, 6 friends were trapped in a corner, if they didn't get home within a certain time, they would never be able to return at all. But the defenders of the alternate dimension misunderstood their good intentions, they threatened them and chased them behind a wall. The 6 friends were just trying to execute a formula to obstruct their enemies, but as always, not everyone took it that well. Then the cryptic terror began. A spider crawled out of the barrel of the gun of one of the soldiers, along with 400,000 more! The spiders consumed the army, but was the origin? The ghost of a pre-defeated nemesis consumed the soul of one of them, then... well I don't think such a terrible, traumatizing thing such as this is something you can comprehend.*

Null: God, that's a lot of escalation within a minute and 13 seconds.

Notch: Okay then, goodni-

Alex: We've been thinking too.

Steve: Yeah, we came up with one together!

Notch: ...

Alex: Actually we didn't come up with this, and you're gonna ground us for not saying, but Light Steve told us this prophecy, and this is a true story he defined as: "*The Slaughter, the Plague, and the Contingent Alteration*".

Notch: Okay hold up, a true story? Do I know this story?

Steve: Actually, we all do.

Alex: And actually, when we said this IS a true story, this WILL be a true story.

Null: So this is a future prediction?

Alex: I don't think it was just a prediction, I mean last time Light Steve was wrong, Minecraft had no cobblestone.

Steve: Yeah, I mean he could be wrong, but the percent chance of it is lower than zero.

Null: A -0% chance? There isn't anything less than impossible.

Alex: Exactly, that's the scariest part.

Notch: *Yawn* Alright, go ahead.

Steve: So, *once there was a Bloodlust.*

Null: Ok, we know the deal with this.

Alex: Wait for it, *this Blood Lust was a transcendent, red ethereal being, and it was sent to three people who were destined to assemble and destroy the cosmos as the new and concrete "Matrix of all Evil"!*

Herobrine: That's-

Steve: *...The members were... Herobrine, Titan of Destruction-*

Herobrine: Yep.

Alex: *Null, Genius of Control-*

Null: Uh-huh.

Steve: *And finally, I don't think I have time to explain the rest because I can smell the cake burning, I must have forgotten to turn off the furnace, be right back. Oh, um, Philosopher of Defiance.*

Notch: Philosopher of- Does that mean Dreadlord?

Steve: We don't know.

Herobrine: So Light Steve told you guys this story but didn't tell you of the last member?

Alex: Yep.

Notch: Light Steve is such a character.

Null: I don't think this is Dreadlord's definition, he doesn't have a mysterious or frightening background that would make you want to go mess with your oven.

Everyone else: Hmm.

Notch: Let's rest now.

Herobrine: You know, you haven't told a story yet.

Notch: Look, it was a bad idea, okay. Goodnight.

Steve: I think he's mad.

Herobrine: Yeah, well, maybe we should go to sleep.

Alex: Yeah, let's leave the fire lit, it's supposed to be cold tomorrow.