

Chapter II: Misled Revenge

Steve: Well, hold on, are they? Because they're strangely nice.

Alex: What else, they're AI!

Steve: I feel there is a very good explanation in our future.

Alex: It was all so fuzzy.

I'm also not sure why I didn't clarify what Guardian Moon was. I guess I decided it was unimportant. Nonetheless, cheers.

Steve: Oh hey, the space thing is right here.

Alex: That hole was big, it must've fell in.

Steve: Too bad that remote only works once.

Alex: It didn't work, that's the point!

Steve: Oh it worked, but not to our knowledge.

Alex: This guy is tearing apart our connection from the inside. In the meantime we should find a better place for shelter.

Steve: Yeah, and move over!!!

BOOM!!

Steve: The Welcome Wagon is the last thing you want down here.

Steve kicked the next fireball the ghast shot right back at it, it screamed and died cold.

Steve: Phew, that was a close one. Quick, gather as many resources as possible so we can build a shelter, I have a crafting table and a furnace on me.

The two gathered as many resources as they possibly could and hid in their tiny shelter, not knowing, there was trouble ahead. And behind, and from the side, and from diagonals. Within about three minutes the Nether creatures could smell Steve and Alex through the stifling, dry air.

Alex: So... any bright ideas?

Steve: No light bulbs are forming over my head. So no.

Alex: Darn.

Steve: Hold on, I just noticed, they're coming at us from all directions except for one.

Alex: Which one? Away from us?

Steve: Down! If we just dig down and tunnel underground, the monsters will just keep breaking the house, and we can get to that spacecraft!

Alex: Oh yeah. Oh wait, you're driving aren't you?

Steve: Unnecessary, now grab your axe and start picking!

Alex: You milk that joke again I'll axe your pick and burn it.

The Nether monsters finally blew up the house but found nobody in it. Steve and Alex dug up and found the shuttle, but one of the ghasts saw them and alerted the others, a huge mob of hostile monsters rushed toward that shuttle.

Steve: Quick get in! Close the door close the door close the door!!

Right as they shut the door the monsters started hitting the shuttle. It was far harder to break, atoms are very dense in a world of other makeup.

Alex: How does this thing turn on?

Steve: Remember? The ignition button.

Alex: Oh right.

The monsters suddenly backed up when they heard a loud voice.

Speaker voice: 10-9-8-7-6-5-4

Speaker voice: ...1-ignition!

The shuttle suddenly blasted out of the cliff and hovered over the great sea of lava!

Alex: *GASP!*

Steve: What?

Alex: I've figured out our ticket out of here!

Alex pointed to a switch labeled "matter state shifter"

Alex: Since the Overworld and the Nether are technically dimensions only separated by bedrock, flipping that switch might allow us to escape the Nether!

Steve: What kind of ship is this?

Once Alex flipped the switch, the entire shuttle emitted a harmless shockwave.

Alex: I think it's a bull-ship.

Together: ...*Laughing*

Things were finally looking good for Steve and Alex, all they had to do now was steer out.

Together: Ready. 3, 2, 1, holy moly.

A glowing white portal exploded out of nowhere and the ship shot right through, crashing out the other side and right into a big pile of sand.

Alex: We're back home, It's incredible!

Steve: Sweet!

Alex: Oh, I am never accepting ancient remotes from moon people without obsidian and flint and steel!

Steve: That's something no a single person should worry about but whatever-

Alex: I say we celebrate with the local village!

Steve: I say we also immediately seek revenge.

Alex: That's just peaceful, we're seeking hardcore!

Alex and Steve met with their local villager friends who were really excited to see them. In the church they gathered to have a meeting.

Alex: We're not sure of this guy's intentions, but for years we've been at peace.

Villagers: Mmm hmm.

Alex: So we- Steve?

Steve: Woah!

Alex: What? What's wrong?

Steve: I think I just had a lucid dream! But... sped up to the power of 10!

Alex: What? What happened?

Steve: I saw these clips going by me so fast, microsecond clips of terrible events.

Alex: ...Such as?

Steve: Well, it's drifting away, but... the word... it's sticking with me.

Alex: What word?

Steve: ...Stidreilm.

Villagers: *Eyes expand* Woah.

Alex: What does that mean?

Priest: No, no-no, your brains will fall apart amidst this. Focus on securing peace.

Steve: ...What do you guys know?

Priest: Just. Listen closely to Guardian Moon. I think he has some advice for you.

So Alex and Steve boarded the shuttle the next morning and Steve drove them off to the moon. It wasn't long before the shuttle slowly touched down on the moon, and Alex and Steve approached the temple. They went right to the very front of the temple about to bust the golden door.

Steve: Okay Alex, the Moon man has no idea we're here, or that we're even alive, so we need to-

Guardian Moon: Sneak into the temple and find out that Guardian Moon knew all along that we were here, ha ha ha bravo clap clap wonderful beautiful.

Steve: How did you-?

Guardian Moon: I have something for you!

Steve: Oh I'm sure you do!

Guardian Moon: You don't understand, I'm really trying to help you, the great loss!

Alex: What great loss!?

Guardian Moon: Your father!

Steve: We don't... wait we don't.

DING *DING*

Guardian Moon: Bad timing, council calls, I gotta go!

Alex: Wait, what? What does- what!?

Guardian Moon: My only advice, come together, continue the bloodline and defeat your uncle!

But first, you have got to wake up!!

SHWOOP!

Steve: Come together and defeat your uncle? What??

Alex: Is he saying, what's happening?

Steve: Did he say come together and continue the bloodline?

Alex: And defeat our uncle?

Steve: ...Wait, if OUR father was killed-

Alex: We're brother and sister?

Steve: Oh my- we-!

Alex: -We did.

Steve: Come together. Wait. No.

Alex: We have to get married as brother and sister? No, this is freakin' twisted!

Steve: You're right. It's nothing. It's propaganda.

Alex: Then again, always assume the worst is true, so... maybe we should take his word.

Steve: I mean. It's- maybe,

Alex: Even though he did what he did, he wouldn't just lie about nonsense like that.

Steve: I guess we take his word. It may be awkward.

Alex: I just wish we KNEW our dad, and his brother, our uncle, is evil apparently, and we're a great bloodline...?

Steve: I know, if only we knew.