

Chapter XI: The Plot Becomes VERY THICK!

Crack! ...

Dreadlord: With some of the most adequate and experienced scientists in the world, I can devise a fully thought-out procedure with every single thing taken into account. I have never had a flaw in any of my schemes and I thank Bloodlust for that skill.

Notch: What exactly is this scheme?

Dreadlord: This thing right here. This tiny black rectangular prism is actually the most intricate engineered technology. This 4-inch computer can stun the gray matter and introduce an element that allows the nerves to be reassigned to the intelligence on the other end of the computer. It has a high-quality speaker inside, that is also connected to the other end of the computer.

Alex: What is on the other end of this ultra computer?

Dreadlord: Right there as you can see are the motorists who control the muscle movement.

...And there are the scripters who record everything said. ...Those are the spectators who examine the camera and record special things that come into play.

Notch: Where are you getting with this?

Dreadlord: Well here at bedrock, we have our vocalists.

Three people who looked just like Herobrine, Null, and Entity 303 were in a sound booth with headphones and microphones.

Steve: Did you do plastic surgery on them??

Notch: Steve those are costumes!

Dreadlord: Oh no, no they aren't. Herobrine, say a sentence.

Herobrine: The next day was even more insane, the microwave melted, the end.

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Notch: Why is it coming from... both of them?

Dreadlord: Beethoven!

Someone came out and opened up the back of the Herobrine outside. He took out one of those computers, the moment the chip was unhooked, Herobrine fell to his knees in pain.

Notch: What the-?

Dreadlord: Mozart! Presley!

The other two did the same for Null and Entity 303. And they both collapsed as well.

Dreadlord: Alright Herobrine, now say something.

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Dreadlord: Do you hear anything?

Alex: No.

Dreadlord: Well he's talking, listen.

Notch: What's going on?

Dreadlord: Alright fanboys, remove.

The three surgeons grabbed the kneeling victims by the chins and tore off their faces... or masks.

Notch: What is this?

Dreadlord: Meet the mortals.

Three people stood up. Two were just lab test dummies, but the other was the most legendary Minecraft ever... CaptainSparklez.

Notch: What in my good world of all living things?

CaptainSparklez: Notch I'm sorry, he kidnapped me. He said he wanted someone who's experienced in every biome.

Dreadlord: Congratulations, your time is done, you're free to go.

CaptainSparklez: Notch I promise... I, I didn't-

He couldn't finish, he left.

Notch: So... what?

Dreadlord: Come on out Concrete Matrix!

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Notch: No.

Herobrine: Well, in all honesty, Bloodlust doesn't fade away that quickly.

Alex: You're Satanic.

Entity 303: We're progressive.

Dreadlord: And I thank you for delivering the Runes.

Notch: Guys run.

But since Dreadlord had the Space Rune, he could freeze them, and he stole all the Runes!

Dreadlord: I thank you all for your incredible donation, these Runes can be used for such great things, and in the hands of Matrix, I believe they'll be destroyed. So let them have one last run.

Notch: You're not gonna!

Dreadlord: So long my-

Light Steve: Freeze!

Light Steve and Light Alex came up to them. Light Alex held a bow that looked like it was used by an angel of war, and Light Steve held the Fruit of the Winter Sapling.

Dreadlord: What is?

Light Alex: Drop the Rune Franken-Skeleton!

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Dreadlord: Draw!

Light Steve: Yeah I already did. You can't out-draw light!

Dreadlord: Someone take the Runes!

Light Alex: Guys get the heck out of here! We'll keep him busy!

Dreadlord tossed Null the Space Rune.

Null: Vista la hasta.

Magic of space itself sound effects

Entity 303: Now I think that might be the other way around.

Null sent Notch, Alex, and Steve, along with Light Steve and Light Alex to the space between dimensions; a place that can't be measured, or even defined.

Everyone: *Heavy breathing*

Notch: I think I just lost everything.

Far Lands...

Herobrine: I can't believe they didn't notice one thing.

Dreadlord: One thing could have gone unsaid.

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Entity 303: Okay look, Stupid Dumb Crap is such funny nonsense, and it DID throw them off.

Dreadlord: Not that. The sound system buffet.

Space...

Steve: Sure makes sense why he kept jabbering about licking the microphone.

Alex: You really think they stayed in that sound booth for a year and a half?

Steve: Totally. And now I see why we never saw them sneeze.

Notch: Bloodlust is... I lost.

Light Steve: You didn't lose.

Light Alex: Yeah, we can still find a way to get out of here and finish off the real guys.

Notch: No we can't! Don't you see our little... situation?! We're completely off the grid!

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Light Steve: That is a good point.

Far Lands...

Entity 303: I honestly thought that they wouldn't start yelling at me for licking the microphone.

Null: You could rub your tongue across a window and sound like you're chewing sand!

Dreadlord: Look it threw them off, and it worked, it's not a big deal.

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Herobrine: I have a question.

Dreadlord: I have a toothache.

Null: What is it?

Herobrine: Lary. After you caused Null's story to come true, what was the restoration event?

Entity 303: You mean the correction? The thing that tries to punish me for screwing around with reality?

Herobrine: Right, that.

Entity 303: Well, I don't think anything happened.

Null: Wait, nothing's happened yet?

Entity 303: I haven't almost been crushed by a boulder, or almost been eaten by a volcano, or hunted by the Zunottians, or bombarded by a barrage of explosive fire hydrants.

Null: ...When was that?

Entity 303: 1883.

Space...

Notch: What could get us out of this raft in the abyss of nothingness?

Light Alex: What we need is to call a friend.

Notch: Right. Is this mission control? If so... Sam Houston we have a problem here.

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Light Steve: I think what she means is to... wait how do we call someone?

Alex: Yeah, we're in a place that is impossible for anyone to get to or get out of.

Light Alex: We got here.

Alex: Yes but because of a Rune.

Light Alex: Well then there's a way to get out... no doubt by using a Rune.

Steve: Dreadlord isn't gonna let any of those 7 specials out of his sight.

Light Alex: What about the eighth special?

Notch: There's never been an eight special, there's only 7 days in a week. And some restaurants don't even run on Sunday.

Light Alex: Okay, are you going through Nothowerstitire?

Notch: What's the point?

Light Alex: I've got the Rune of Darkness on speed dial.

Light Steve: You think Shade can get to us?

Notch: WadeShaedhathRude?

Light Steve: YehzeeduzhathaRude.

Alex: Shade the leader of the Shadow Realm is the possessor of the Rune of Darkness?

Light Alex: Okay this is starting to sound like an algorithm. Shade has the Rune of Darkness.
That's all there is.

Steve: How do you contact him?

Light Alex: ...Well, there's something called the Gray Area.

Steve: Yeah, and that's such a pathetic thing to trigger a war.

Light Alex: No, the Gray Area is the small connection between Light and Shadow, Shade might be able to understand an SOS if he's listening intently.

Notch: So we just hope that he's balancing on his yoga ball in the center of the Universe?

Light Steve: She's right, everyone just be quiet. She has to get his attention to send the Soss.

Steve: What kind of sauce?

Light Steve: That's very funny, if I was to guess, considering we're stuck at rock bottom, it's probably vinegar.

Far Lands...

Dreadlord: No I'm serious, Bloodlust wanted me to lead you until we get to Darkness.

Herobrine: Well he must not clarify well.

Dreadlord: Guys seriously. I'm supposed to be the pilot for 3 months longer.

Null: I prefer to deny something... deniable.

Dreadlord: Okay, put down the sword.

Entity 303: Why is he withholding the potential Bloodlust has given us? Are we not supposed to become the Concrete Matrix of All Evil?

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Dreadlord: Guys?

C-MOAE: Pledge to the empowerment of Darkness; Bloodlust the power and the persistence.

The rise of the Concrete Matrix to put all Universal potential to rest. The end.

Dreadlord: Yes I know the pledge. But I'm Concrete Bloodlust, so you need to pledge to me for just a while.

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Herobrine: We pledge... to self-sovereignty!

Herobrine tossed the sword and Dreadlord was thrown through the glass and into the eternal abyss. What a turn.

Light Alex: I don't think he can hear me.

Notch: It was a good try. But we're here until some other supervillain creates a machine that causes dimensions to collide.

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Steve: If only the Space Rune wasn't-