

# Invasion of the Overworld – Excerpt

Book One in the Gameknight999 Series: An Unofficial  
Minecrafters' Adventure

By Mark Cheverton

Gameknight999 and Crafter sprinted down the hill and bolted toward the next one, the sun racing them to the finish line. More monsters started to show their angry faces as they ran, the light level and cover from the trees making it possible for them to linger about without bursting into flames. Clawed hands reached out to them, trying to dig into their flesh as they sped by. A spider jumped directly into their paths. Both leaping into the air, Gameknight and Crafter hacked at the creature as they soared over the terrifying creature, their two swords slaying the beast in a heartbeat.

Ignoring the XP, the two companions continued their sprint; it was a race for their lives. A group of creepers tried to approach them from the right, but their tiny pig-like feet were just too slow. One wolf turned and fell on the mottled green beasts, making them detonate, taking the entire group with them; *poor wolf*, Gameknight thought.

Not stopping to engage any of the mobs, the two companions just sped through the forest, letting their pack of wolves do their dirty work wherever possible. Gameknight could see a few spiders and zombies run away after seeing them, likely to divulge their location to Erebos, the king of the endermen, but that didn't matter now. In fact, they wanted Erebos to know where they were and bring his army of monsters.

*I hope Shawny is ready*, Gameknight thought.

And then they heard the sound as they started to race up the next hill, the maniacal chuckle of endermen teleporting nearby.

“You hear that?” Gameknight said as they ran.

“Yep,” Crafter replied stoically. “They’re here.”

Just then an enderman appeared directly in front of them, its long dark arms down at its sides, purple particles dancing about. Weaving around the shadowy creature, the two quickly looked down and avoided contact, putting away their swords. Endermen can only be provoked into fighting by either attacking them or looking at them directly into the eyes. Running around another of the shadowy creatures, Gameknight999 and Crafter both knew this well and were careful to look away and not touch the nightmares.

The sounds of pursuit were now getting stronger behind them, the yelping of their wolves sounding loud at their backs as the mobs fell on their furry protectors. The clicking of spiders and moans of zombies started to get louder until it filled the air as their numbers increased, the rattling of skeleton bones and chuckling endermen adding to the cacophony. The growls of the wolves gradually changed from one of attack, to one of defense - terrified defense - their yelping and howling accentuating the pain they were likely feeling.

“I hope they just run away,” Gameknight said aloud to his friend, their cries of pain filling him with more guilt.

“They won’t, unless they get hungry,” Crafter answered.

More yelps and canine cries, then nothing more from the wolves, just the sounds of monsters; they were alone.

Sprinting again, they finally reached the top of the last hill, the rocky mountain standing before them. Stopping for an instant to catch their breaths, they looked back toward the forest and were terrified by what they saw. Hundreds, no, maybe a thousand monsters were closing in on their position, the angry faces of zombies, skeletons, spiders and creepers visible through the tree branches with the occasional enderman just standing ... watching ... waiting. It looked like the flow of a massive river, the creatures weaving around tree trunks and over small hills, all focused on their position, on Gameknight999. He could feel their anger, their rage, their desire to kill any and all creatures they encountered.

Gameknight shuttered and shook with fear.

“Come on, we have to get off this hill before we’re surrounded,” Crafter said, grabbing his hand and pulling him forward.

Gameknight started to run, then sprinted down the hill toward their goal, though he wasn’t sure exactly where they were heading. Suddenly, a torch flared to life at the base of the mountain, a sign just barely visible under the glowing circle of illumination, a steel door under the torch shining bright.

“There, you see it?” Gameknight yelled, the sounds of pursuit getting louder.

Crafter nodded.

The moaning of zombies and the agitated clicking of spiders started to surround them from three sides, the mass of bloodthirsty creatures slowly closing in. Looking over his shoulder, Gameknight could see the wave of monsters cresting the hill, the black eyes of the zombies seeming to glow with hunger, the red eyes of the spiders doing the same. They were all focused on Gameknight999.

Some of the zombies tumbled down the hill in their haste as they spilled over the summit to reach the User-that-is-not-a-user, while the spiders climbed over the green bodies without a thought, their hatred focused on their target.

Shivering with fear, Gameknight pushed on, focused on the torch and doors, salvation waiting for them. As they ran, they could see arrows flying overhead landing in the ground near their path; skeletons were firing at them.

“Weave around,” Gameknight said, “run a zigzag pattern.”

The two ran to the left and right, making them harder to hit. Arrows flew in all directions, but most stuck to the ground near their feet, the occasional barbed point slightly nicking an arm or shoulder. Running zigzag kept the arrows at bay, but allowed the other monsters to catch up a little, slowly closing the distance as their hungry growls grew louder.

*Would they make it in time?* Gameknight thought.

Off to the left, he could see a cluster of spiders closing in on them - no, not spiders, cave spiders.

*Oh no. Milk...we don't have any milk. How could we fight cave spiders without milk.*

A cave spider's poison was lethal and milk was the only antidote. Another cluster of cave spiders appeared to the right, farther away than the first, but still effectively boxing them in.

The torch was getting closer; they had to make it. Sprinting as fast as they could, the two friends crossed the last bit of ground as deadly iron-tipped rain sprinkled down on them from the skeletons, the growling sound of monsters at their backs getting louder, angrier.

The duo finally reached the iron doors only to find no switch or button, no pressure plate or means of opening their escape route; they were trapped. Turning to look at the sign, Gameknight saw what was written in large, capital letters: THE ALAMO. It was a joke from Shawny, referencing the last stand of the Texan army facing off against the larger Mexican army, the famous battle now being relived here in Minecraft. Unfortunately, they were playing the part of the Texans, and that historic battle didn't end very well for the defenders.

Crafter banged on the iron door with his fist, yelling to be let in. As he yelled, Gameknight turned and faced their pursuers. The monsters had stopped running and were slowly approaching, apparently wanting to revel in the moment of destroying the last user in this world. Gameknight could see endermen standing at the back, just watching; a cloud of purple dust formed a colored haze around the dark creatures.

And then a new enderman appeared amidst the mob, this one a little taller than the rest, colored a dark crimson instead of the characteristic black; it was Erebus, his eyes blazing with hatred. Gameknight could hear the terrifying monster chuckle in the distance, then his maniacal voice rose above the din of the mobs, uttering a single word, the word all the monsters had waited to hear.

“ATTACK!” the king of the endermen screeched

The monsters charged forward, a thirst for violence filling their eyes, and all Crafter and Gameknight999 could do was draw their swords and wait.

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