

Last Stand on the Ocean Shore – Excerpt

Book Three in the Mystery of Herobrine Series: An Unofficial
Minecrafters' Adventure

By Mark Cheverton

Just then, Hunter ran up the steps and stood before the User-that-is-not-a-user, her younger sister at her side.

"I hear you're causing some kind of fuss and felt it necessary to wake me from my glorious dream," Hunter said. "Believe it or not, I was dreaming about destroying monsters."

"That's shocking," Stitcher said with a smile as she rubbed her tired eyes. "Now what's going on, Gameknight?"

"I'm not sure," he answered.

"That's great!" Hunter replied. "Thanks for waking us up."

"Something's going on," Gameknight continued.

"Herobrine is up to something, I can feel it, but it's too dark out there in the desert to see anything. I need you two to go up to the watchtower and shoot your arrows all around the village. With the Flame enchantment on your bows, your arrows will give us some light. Now, *GO!*"

Hunter rolled her eyes at Gameknight999, then spun around quickly so that her crimson locks splashed across his face. Laughing, she ran down the steps and toward the watchtower.

"Come, Stitcher . . . let's light up the desert," Hunter yelled over her shoulder as she ran.

The younger sister stepped up to Gameknight999, gave him a smile, then spun around and splashed him with her long red curls as well, laughing as she followed her older sibling.

"What's going on?" said a voice behind Gameknight.

Turning, Gameknight found his sister staring up at him, her sleepy eyes still filled with fatigue.

"I don't know," Gameknight answered. "Hunter and Stitcher are going to shoot some arrows out in the desert so that we can see what's out there."

"What do you need me to do?"

Gameknight could tell that she was anxious to help.

"Go up into the watchtower and be a lookout," he explained. "I need your eyes to tell us what's out there."

"Got it," she said as she smiled, then turned and splashed him with her blue locks.

"I hate that!" he exclaimed.

Monet laughed.

Gameknight smiled as he watched her streak to the sandstone tower. In seconds, Monet and the sisters appeared at the top, their iridescent bows shimmering in the darkness, lighting the tower with a blue glow. Hunter and Stitcher drew back their arrows and fired. Instantly, the tips of the arrows erupted with magical fire as they streaked through the darkness like two tiny meteors coming down from the heavens. When they landed, the arrows impaled themselves into the pale yellow sand but continued to burn, casting a circle of light.

Slowly, the sisters fired more arrows into the darkness, Hunter to the left, and Stitcher to the right. They painted a burning arc of light along each side of the village. Gameknight stood on the wall and peered into the lit desert, looking for Herobrine and his monsters of destruction, but all he saw was brown scrub brush and green cacti, the only inhabitants in this dry wasteland.

The sisters continued to launch their arrows, competing to see who could shoot the farthest. As they fired, Gameknight followed Hunter's glowing trail, while Stonecutter followed Stitcher's. With their burning projectiles stuck into the sand, the two sisters slowly painted great flaming arcs around the

entire village, the landscape lit with magical flickering light . . . but still only empty desert showed within their burning glow.

Gradually, the two blazing arcs started to come together as Hunter and Stitcher almost completed the circle of flame. Gameknight peered at the dark gap that still lay hidden in gloom as the shadowy section grew smaller and smaller. In the distance, Gameknight could just barely make out the outline of the desert temple, the spot where they'd fought the zombies.

Maybe there's a zombie-town out there somewhere?

The dark gap became narrower and narrower as Hunter and Stitcher filled in the darkness with their fiery arrows.

Did I see something move out there? Was that a flicker of gold? I must be going crazy.

Another pair of arrows streaked into the air and landed into a sand dune, casting more light into the surroundings; the circle of fire was almost complete.

Still nothing . . . I must be going crazy . . . wait . . . what was that?

He thought for sure that he saw something out there, a dark form moving slowly through the shadows, but it looked too big to be a monster . . . it had to be his imagination.

The sisters fired the last two arrows into the air. Gameknight watched them carve a gentle arc through the air then land. One of them hit a tall cactus, causing it to burst into flames.

But no one noticed the burning cactus.

"Out there!" Monet screamed. "I see something!"

One of the villagers screamed, then ran from the wall to find her children.

Gameknight was shocked and numb with fear.

"It can't be," Gameknight said. "No . . ."

"Ah . . . I see the Fool stands before me once again," a deep voice grumbled from the desert. "Why don't you come down here and face me, Fool? This time, the outcome will be different, that can be assured."

Gameknight stared at the monster and was overcome with panic.

“How can he be here . . . how did he find us?”

Gameknight asked, but the village was in a panic and no one heard him except for Stonecutter, who stood at his side.

“The User-that-is-not-a-user looks afraid . . . this is not a surprise,” growled the monster.

Now everyone could see a massive army of zombies approaching the burning circle of light, their dark claws sparkling in the fiery glow.

The monster then moved forward so that he was completely lit by the glow of the burning arrows: Xa-Tul on his massive zombie horse. The steed’s eyes glowed blood red, as did the rider’s, the zombie’s shining chainmail sparkling in the moonlight, giving him an almost magical appearance.

Urging his mount forward another step, the zombie king glared up at Gameknight999, then pointed at him with his massive golden broadsword.

“ZOMBIES . . . *ATTACK!*” bellowed Xa-Tul, his voice making the desert itself shake with fear.

Stepping off his mount, he moved forward another step and looked straight up at Gameknight999.

“The last time, the User-that-is-not-a-user won, but this time will be different.” Xa-Tul took another step forward and brought his sword down on a sandstone block, crushing it into dust. He smiled and spoke in a loud, gravelly voice for all to hear: “Come on, user . . . let’s dance.”

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