

# Trouble in Zombie-town – Excerpt

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

By Mark Cheverton

Gameknight walked away from the iron doors and headed straight toward Xa-Tul, the zombie king, the zombie skin that he was using blending in with all the attacking monsters.

“Gameknight, what are you doing?” Crafter yelled.

Glancing over his shoulder, he could see his young friend now standing on the top of the wall, Hunter and Monet at his side.

“I’m doing what must be done,” Gameknight replied.

“You’re being an idiot,” Hunter shouted. “Get back in here...please...”

Smiling at her, he turned and continued to walk toward Xa-Tul. Staring straight ahead, he could see the almost continuous wall of green bodies, their light blue shirts reminding him of the color of the sky at noon...funny he’d never noticed that before. In the distance, he could see that the mass of server threads from the forest were all gone...the users had left. Off to the right, he could see splashes of color amidst the monsters, bright stripes of red and yellow and white and pink; the zombie children that Monet had befriended, but it was more than before. Gameknight smiled. Apparently Monet had infected them with an idea...and it was contagious. These colorful zombies did not look as menacing as the others. In fact, there was something completely different about them. They seemed to stand a little taller, more confident for some reason, but not more violent. It was as if they were seeing this

situation through a different perspective than the other zombies...all because of a few spots of color.

“Leave it to you lil ‘sis to stir things up, even in zombie-town,” Gameknight said to himself.

As he moved across the battlefield, he could hear the zombies closing in behind, completely surrounding him. When he reached the stacked blocks of TNT, he stopped and glared at Xa-Tul. Drawing his golden sword, he pointed at the zombie king.

“I CHALLENGE XA-TUL FOR LEADERSHIP OF THE CLAN!”

A nervous calm spread across the zombie army as all growls and moans ceased. It was quiet as a coffin; Gameknight could hear the rustle of the leaves on the trees and the swishing of the blades of grass as a cool breeze blew across the plain. The music of Minecraft played subtly within those sounds, filling his ears with beauty.

*It’s funny how you notice these little things just as you are about to face your own death,* he thought.

A booming laugh came from the zombie king.

“This is not a challenge to Xa-Tul, it is a joke,” the zombie king yelled. “The death of this challenger will be a lesson to all.”

Gameknight then drew a line in the ground with his golden sword.

“This is as far as you go, Xa-Tul,” Gameknight yelled back. “I’m stopping you right here!”

Xa-Tul laughed again, then started to walk toward him, the toothy smile on his face turning to a snarl. Gameknight could hear the clinking of his chain mail as he crossed the field. It almost sounded like wind chimes...very deadly wind chimes.

*I hope you’re there, Shawny,* Gameknight thought, pressing the keys of his keyboard in his mind. *I think I’m going to need you really soon!*

He waited, for a response, but received none...only silence.

*Shawny, where are you...are you there...I really need you right now...Shawny...Shawny...*

And then his voice filled his head.

*Sorry, I'm here now, Shawny said. But you should...  
Nevermind about that, are you watching what's going on?*  
Gameknight said.

*Sure, but I need to tell you that...*

*Later, I just need you to be ready with the digitizer, get it fixed...fast. I'll let you know when I'm ready, but for now, don't talk or distract me. I have the zombie king coming at me and I need to concentrate.*

*But...*

**NOT NOW!**

*Ok...*

“So, this pathetic zombie challenges for leadership of the clan,” Xa-Tul said as he approached.

“I'm not challenging for leadership of the clan, I'm taking it!” Gameknight responded.

Xa-Tul smiled, then drew his massive golden sword. He could hear the zombies moving closer to watch this historic battle.

*Good, that's where I want all you zombies, close to me,*  
Gameknight thought. *That's right come closer...all of you.*

“What is the name of this foolish zombie that challenges Xa-Tul?” the zombie king asked.

“You aren't worthy of knowing my name,” Gameknight replied. “And besides, it won't matter when I destroy you.”

“Very well, if the name will not be given, then Xa-Tul will call this zombie Fool,” the zombie king replied. “Is Fool ready to do battle with Xa-Tul?”

As his answer, Gameknight charged forward, swinging his golden sword at the zombie king. The speed and ferocity of the attack clearly surprised Xa-Tul, for he missed his first slash, Gameknight's blade digging into the monster's chain mail. Howling in frustration, Xa-Tul battled back, swinging his massive blade at Gameknight's head. Ducking under the attack, he stabbed at the zombie's legs, hoping to pierce a thigh, but his sword was deflected by the chainmail that hung at the monster's waist.

**SMASH!**

Xa-Tul's blade crashed into Gameknight's side, cracking his chest plate. Pain radiated throughout his body as he struggled for breath. He hadn't even seen that attack coming. The strength of this creature was amazing. If he hadn't been wearing this golden armor, he would likely have been killed. Reaching down, he could feel the crack that now ran along his side, the sword doing significant damage to his armor.

The zombie king laughed, then brought his sword down on Gameknight again. This time, though he was ready and brought up his own sword in time to block the blow.

*CRASH!*

The swords smashed together. The shock of the blow moved down his arms, almost knocking the sword from his hands, the blade getting cracked and chipped. He had to move faster, only blocking his blows would end in defeat. Then one of the quotes from Sun Tzu that were stuck up on his teacher's wall, Mr. Planck, came to mind; "Be where your enemy is not." That's it...Gameknight had to be where Xa-Tul didn't expect him, but this zombie body was just too slow.

Swinging his sword at the monster's side, Gameknight landed a glancing blow on the monster's armor, but it did little damage. Spinning, he tried to slash at the zombie's arm, but blade met blade and bounced harmlessly away.

*BOOM!*

Xa-Tul landed another blow to Gameknight, this time splitting his armor in half and falling off his body. The blow completely knocked the wind out of him, forcing him to his knees. If Xa-Tul landed another hit...he was dead.

*Shawny...now...bring me back.*

*I can't, he answered. I haven't found the dead component yet. It's still not working. I can't do anything.*

*Oh no...I'm stuck here, again, and Xa-Tul is about to finish me off,* Gameknight thought to himself.

The puzzle pieces rearranged themselves in his head.

"Behold, the Fool...the newest challenger is about to be destroyed," Xa-Tul boomed, his burning, hateful eyes scanning his

zombie army to make sure that all were watching. “None can challenge Xa-Tul and survive.”

Suddenly, Gameknight knew what to do.

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