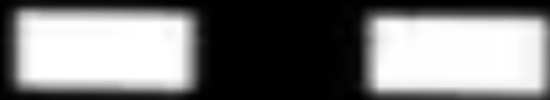


THE STORY OF THE MONSTER



NULL

THE DEVIL'S EYES

ANTONIO MONTIEL

null

The devil's eyes

A Minecraft novel
by *Antonio Montiel*

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For all the people who believe in me.

CHAPTER ONE

A PERFECT KID

I remember my childhood very well due to the fact that my family was the best. My father was a fletcher, my mother, a priest and sorcerer. I used to spend all day playing hide and seek with my little brother, sometimes we even played with other kids. My brother was called Arthur, and I am Lean. I used to get up early in the morning when my parents went to work; then, we started playing. I remember one day when Arthur ran into a Golem, who gave him a little poppy. He took it with enthusiasm, and kept it with joy.

Arthur was, in all ways, the perfect kid. He helped my parents with their labours, he never disobeyed, and he loved us. He even helped our neighbours, like Mr. Teeran, to work— make armour, harvest fruit...— so cheerful, always with sympathy. He never did anything bad. In school, he always did his homework. He went to bed at eight o'clock every day.

We lived in a big village, we were around 70 villagers. At twelve o'clock, adults always talked about adulthood and discussed politics; we often spied, but never understood.

Our house had two floors: the first one was a single room. It had some white carpets, chairs and a desk. The second floor, which was half as big, only had our beds. It had also a balcony.

In the centre of the village there was a water well. This is where the reunions occurred. There were several houses, expanding the streets in a T—shape. More streets came out of the greater ones, leaving a full town.

It was at the age of 12 when I started getting interested in chemistry, as my mother taught me some of the basics, just in case I came across chemical problems at school. I decided to be priest and scientific when I was 15. My mother and I made potions all day; I learned fast since I finished school. My father liked the idea of me studying, but disliked that I never learned fletching. He started giving lessons to Arthur, who was 10 at the time.

One normal day of October, I was with my mother experimenting with potions. 'Darling, what ingredients are you using?' asked her. 'Spider eye and Nether Wart' was my response. 'Are you trying to make a new potion?' said she. I answered yes. She exclaimed that I was going to screw up, but I ignored her advices and created a green fluid. When

it was finished, I ran to a pig and made it drink the potion. It then started dying, and I concluded that I had created poison. My mother made a splash potion. We tested it, and it was successful. The new spread all over the village in less than an hour. It was the subject of the reunion; everyone talked about it. I was embraced with joy; the first time I succeeded in something. I never hit a high mark in any of my school exams.

Since then, I studied how to make new potions. I was successful in most of them: regeneration, instant damage, etc.. However, as my brain isn't perfect, I struggled sometimes. I then started working on a transformation recipe, being inspired by strength potions.

My transformation recipe was yet undecided; whether it should be a double strength or a double speed one, so I started with no idea of what should award me—a fatal error. I mixed up blaze powder with a Nether Wart, then I added a golden carrot. When I finished mixing, I left it repose a couple days.

During this time, I worked in other potions. At some point, my mother asked me about the potion I had created. 'I don't even know its purpose' was my

response. She then said 'Then why did you make it?' I stayed silent as I did not know what to answer. She then left.

A few hours later, my brother Arthur came in. He saw the potion and asked what was it before almost drinking it. I stopped him. 'What?' said he. As he was 10, he seemed not to understand the dangers of *unknown* potions; so I gave him a regeneration one. He took it with pleasure; but an immense desire to try the *unknown* potion grew inside him.

It was a dreadful night of October when I tested the *unknown* potion. I was very cautious with it, as I did not know how dangerous or not it was; I did not imagine by far what was going to cause.

My mother and I went to a pig, and we made it drink it; however it did not make immediate effect. Just to prevent, we locked it down in a dungeon.

The following day I had to go on a trip; my mother, however, did not come. She stayed with Arthur. I told her to inform me about the pig everyday by letter. 'Of course' she answered.

The first day I traded with a wandering trader crossing some plains. I then received a letter from my mom:

'My dearest son, our patient is presenting aggressive behaviour. Its eyes were completely white; white of evil. Good luck it's locked down. I love you,

MOM

I was pretty much tense: I had created a harmful potion. But I continued to travel.

The second day, I encountered a village and traded some items. I stayed there until midday, when I received a second letter.

'Son, the pigs skin has turned dark. It tries to bit us. It is also growing. The rest is OK.

MOM

I was worried, I confess, but what am I even supposed to do? I wrote back:

'Mom, do not worry. I'll be there in a week. I am trading much. Love,

LEAN

It was the third letter—which I received the third day—the one that encouraged me to cancel my trip.

'The subject is now standing up like a human. We fear. Still aggressive.

MOM

CHAPTER TWO

CURIOSITY

The night of my fourth day out of my home I received the fourth letter:

'You must come quickly. It is getting stronger.

MOM

I got nervous. I had never experimented such fear in my body; and less from a monster I had created. I had to make my move: sacrifice the entity after taking notes of its behaviour and evolution.

I arrived five days after leaving. When I got to the village, I found my family waiting for me. 'Where is *it*?' asked I as seeing my mom. 'Down the cave' said my father. I noticed that Arthur was not with them or with other kids playing, I asked for him, and I was told that he was playing with the same kids I saw earlier. 'Oh, he's not there' said mother. I then ran to my chemical facility. There he was, with bottle in hand: empty. He had drunk *the* potion. I screamed my brother's name, and tried to force him vomiting. I

was unsuccessful. He was *infected*. I started crying. My mother quickly came.

An hour passed, and Arthur did not present any symptoms. I visited the *pig*, my patient zero. It did not look like a pig. It was black, had humanoid form and shining white eyes. It emitted a dark aura. I took an iron axe and chopped its head. It instantly died, and turned into dust. I then knew how much time Arthur had left: five days.

It seems that the Spanish expression "La curiosidad mató al gato" or 'Curiosity killed the cat' can be applied here. My brother was obsessed with the potion; it was however my fault, as I did not explain its danger to him. I should have not created the potion in the first place!

Several hours later, Arthur went ill.

When I relaxed myself and cleared my mind, I decided to find an antidote to the potion in the five days. We took Arthur to a abandoned house and locked him there. We, of course, were sorry, but it was the only way. We *knew* what was going to happen.

I sat in my room trying to think of a potion with the opposite effect: turning human. I quickly got it:

golden apple and weakness potion! The same way to turn a zombie into human. However, I realized golden apples are no that common.

Eight hours after drinking the potion, Arthur started behaving aggressively; he yelled at my mom 'Get me out of here!'. She, crying, replied that she was sorry.

2 hours later—already dawn, I planned a 36—hour voyage in order to find my necessities. I would travel through six different villages, staying five hours in each one.

The first village, Kotzgaq, was one mile away from mine. I delayed one hour arriving. When I first entered there, I did not know what to do.

Kotzgaq was rather a small town, roughly 40 inhabitants. It was around a hundred square blocks; it had several workshops, different types of houses, a well, a church... Just a normal village, right?

After a few minutes, I found the sorcerer of the village.

'Good night, sorcerer' said I to him.

'You are indeed not from here, am I right?' asked he to me.

'No, and I know it is not the right time of the day to ask you, but I need something from you' I responded respectfully.

'Come with me, wanderer' he told me.

We climbed up a mount and found the church next to his workshop-house. He invited me to enter his workshop, and I did –I needed the gold apple–. I sat in an old chair and he did the same opposite me.

'Tell me' were his words.

I told him everything I already wrote in this notebook. He did not get surprised –rare.

'Weakness can be found in a cabin located in the swamps; golden apples however are hidden in underground dungeons. So get rid of that *planning* because none of those villages will have' said he.

I was a bit disgusted, because of the fact that I spent an entire hour designing my voyage and it was wiped out in a second.

I abandoned the village less than an hour after arriving; I had no time to lose.

As I travelled towards the grand swamps, a feeling of uneasiness embraced my body; it was a really hard task to save your brother only within five days.

I couldn't imagine what was going to happen.

As I approached my destination, unintelligible noises could be heard from the distance: groaning, footsteps, cracking... I was, I confess, frightened. But it was when I entered the swamp that I understood.

Zombies and skeletons were waiting for me. All zombies looked the same: greenish skin, large fingers, black eyes. And the skeletons always ported a bow and several arrows.

When I saw them, I trembled. Not only I had to treat with my future monster brother, I had to fight for my life in a swamp against unorthodox creatures. Do you know how hard it is to fight in a swamp?!

I turned back; I needed a sword and protection. The nearest village was Oinhiu, around seven hundred blocks away. I went as quick as possible to my destination.

Oinhiu was large. It had around a hundred inhabitants.

I went to the nearest blacksmith and bought an iron armour and sword, and a shield. Then, I rented a horse and ran to the swamps.

It was around midnight when I arrived yet again to the horrifying biome, where the monsters awaited. This time, I got to see the cabin I was searching for, in the distance. I also noticed that not all the monsters detected me, only the ones that were 40 blocks around.

I tied my horse to a tree and entered the swamp. I tried to stay as far as possible from the monsters for them to not see me. Then, an arrow hit me. My fight had commenced.

I turned around and saw the skeleton that was shooting at me. Using my shield, I approached carefully. I hit it with my iron sword three times to kill it. I then started walking towards the cabin. I encountered two skeletons in my way. Whilst shooting at me, one accidentally hit the another, and then a fight started between the two of them, and I took advantage and fled.

The next couple minutes were the same until I arrived to the cabin. A black cat in the door yelled and I, jumpscared, screamed. It was no surprise that the witch inside would get alarmed.

'Who are you?' said she, disrespectfully.

'I came in the search for a weakness potion' was my serene response.

'Okay. But you will have to pay'

'Of course'

Said that, she opened a chest and drank a strength potion before giving me the weakness one. I gave her three emeralds and left.

Or that's what I thought.

She tried to punch me, and I avoided it, so she threw a splash nausea potion and I knocked out.

The next thing I remember is being in a dungeon, tied up and surrounded by zombies. I had no armour; and I had the weakness effect. I was still feeling dizzy; then I noticed: I was in a dungeon, tied up and surrounded by zombies. I had no armour; and I had the weakness effect. I was still feeling dizzy; then I noticed: I was in a dungeon, tied up and surrounded by zombies. I had no armour; and I had the weakness effect. I was still feeling dizzy; then I noticed: I was in a dungeon, tied up and surrounded by zombies. And I remembered. The golden apple!

The three zombies around me started approaching, so I jumped to my nearest chest and took out a flint and steel. I used the sharp part to free myself and then burnt the zombies. Quickly, I opened the second chest and found the gold apple.

Then, I exited through a hole which, I guess, the witch also utilized.

I took a torch off the wall and started searching my way out.

CHAPTER THREE

THE FIFTH DAY

The caves were claustrophobic as hell. Torches ended a few blocks away from the dungeon, which was yet again filled with zombies. I heard unknown sounds for me: 'sss'. I tried to avoid the location of these noises, but they seemed to come from everywhere. I *knew* they were not creepers, because they are silent.

I finally exited the tunnel I was in, only to discover a greater cave system. How would I escape? Bats were flying around, zombies roared, skeletons walked, and the creatures which made the 'sss' noise showed themselves: spiders.

As I was in a higher ground, they could not detect me. I was helpless, so I didn't plan to fight. I had the golden apple, but it was for my brother. I decided to register my inventory:

Slot 1: golden apple

Slot 2: rotten flesh

Slot 3: three dirt

Slot 4: four strings

The rest was empty. I recollected more dirt from the cave and made a bridge towards the nearest cave.

The following tunnels were bigger than the last ones so I did not feel... threaded? I ran through the cave and detected water: the outside! I cannot even describe the happiness that I felt.

When I escaped, I found myself beneath the cabin of the witch.

I walked slowly through the water trying to not make any sounds. When I got in front of the cabin, I fled without the witch noticing. I got on the horse, went to Kotzgaq and came back with a bow and an only arrow.

I shot the witch to make her leave the cabin, then I got back my stuff, stole a weakness potion and fled.

I had everything.

In the second day.

I was happy. But, on my way to the village, I hit a tree, and knocked out. The next thing I remember is being in the sorcerer's home in Kotzgaq. I was scared. I felt disoriented; the sorcerer was turned back. I touched him, and he exclaimed:

'Good god! You are conscious!'

'What happened...?' said I.

'Well, it seems that you have hit a tree with strength, and you cannot travel home at least for this day' I trembled. 'Your condition is worrying' he told me when he saw my reactions.

I asked him how much time passed since I left him. 'Three days, I'm afraid'. What?! I met him the second day, and three days passed! It was the fifth day!

'I must leave, my brother—'

'No, don't worry. I will go to your village to give your brother the antidote' said he.

I was now way more relaxed. About an hour later, he left his son in charge of me and departed. His son was called Henry. He was young; he probably was in his mid—20s.

'What is your occupation?' I asked him.

'I am a farmer' was his response.

'Do you work alone?'

'Indeed. I have hitherto been a solitary farmer'

'Why do you not search for a partner? I always work with my mother, as she is my master' I told him, remembering yet again my brother.

But all my tranquillity was entirely destroyed upon the arrival of a letter of the sorcerer, ten hours after his departure:

Hello Lean,

The antidote has not done any effects in your brother. But read: when I arrived, Arthur was fully transformed—pitch black body, white eyes, dark aura. I hurried and gave him the apple and threw the potion to him, and an hour passed and nothing happened. Your parents are scared. Come! Tell Henry to take you here crossing the river. You must not walk too much!

We then rushed to my village, but it was too late. I arrived, but Arthur was no longer there.

CHAPTER FOUR

NO COMING BACK

I found my parents in the dungeon. My mother started telling what happened.

'When you left, Arthur did not remember us. He only yelled at us requesting to exit the dungeon. Your father even thought of letting him go. The third day, he grew considerably. He was an inch taller maybe? Well. Yesterday, he turned dark. His eyes were white, like those of the pig. His voice turned obscure; the voice of a monster. And today, moments before you arrived, the antidote was not making effects. And a minute ago, he started creating a dark aura, and teleported; I do not know where.'

When she finished talking, both my parents started crying. I looked to the sorcerer, he looked at me.

'It's all *my* fault' said I.

'No, it's not' said my mother.

'Yes it is! I created the potion!' I shouted, crying. 'Arthur is no longer him and we cannot get him back!'

Given the situation, we all had to relax. We sat down at home. The sorcerer and his son were standing up. They decided to not go and stay with us—three sorcerers are better than one.

And the look for Arthur began. My father stayed home, my mother visited other villages with the sorcerer and Henry & I would look in the woods. A week passed with no clue of where he was. A month later, we stopped looking for him.

A year passed, and everything was more or less back to normal. My parents were sad due to the absence of Arthur. I was fulfilled with grief; I had no brother to talk to.

Over half a year later, everything started to fall. My mother and father were already dead.

One day, I was working when a villager came and told me:

'Hurry, Frederick has been murdered!'

I, stupidly, did not suspect anything.

Frederick was a fisherman. He was well known by all; he was kind and played with the children. He often gave little classes to them!

I cannot describe how sad was the village after this event. We were all reunited in the centre of the town, arguing about who could commit this atrocity. It was finally determined he was killed by a zombie, and everyone went home. It was night then, and I was returning home, when I spotted a figure in the distance. I thought it was the zombie that assassinated Frederick for a moment; but this was rapidly destroyed. I was contemplating my brother, Arthur. I hid behind a tree and, in shock, let him go. Alas! Why did I?

He disappeared into the forest. I, however, noticed he no longer had eyes. His skin was entirely black—and so was his aura.

I trembled when I got to the conclusion of that *he* was the killer of Frederick. Who else could be? I ran home and locked the door. I almost called my dead mother, but remembered it and cried. What could I do? More importantly, what *should* I do? Should I have followed my brother, the monster, who killed an innocent villager? Or should I rather have fled to a distant town? Should I have killed *him*?

I did not sleep that night. The feeling of sadness and grief invaded me. I feared my monster brother,

but I *had* to do something. I could not let *him* get away.

So I put on my armour, turned around, picked up my sword and my shield, and departed in search for Arthur hours before dawn.

CHAPTER FIVE

NULL

While going to the forest, which I advise you I have not escaped yet, I started searching for a new name for my brother, due to the fact that he was no longer Arthur, rather an abnormal entity. I tried names like 'black', 'daemon', 'error', 'curious'... but I decanted for 'Null', just because his body had no colour, just black.

I wandered around the forest, which had a dense fog, searching for Null. One thing I knew was that he walked very slowly, making much noise. That was one disadvantage for it, because I would hear it far away from it.

Walking, I noticed the fog was more and more dense. The cold ambience made me tremble and sneeze very often. I was thinking of letting it go and go again the next morning, but I knew it was going to attack more times.

I had to kill it.

Several minutes after entering the woods, I noticed the trees did no longer have leaves, the only thing left was the trunk. The fog, denser than ever, almost occupied my entire field of vision. I decided to stop and rest for a couple minutes, or else I would fall asleep while walking. Crunching noises could be heard in the distance and water flowing sounded. I stood up, regained conscience and started again to walk.

CHAPTER SIX

SIGHTING

Again was I alone in the forest going after what remained of my supposed brother. I followed the crunches, the wind, the water, but could not find it. I travelled for hours, but with no result.

I passed by a cave lightened by torches, and accessed it to see if it was there. But I did not look well to the ground and fell to another cave underneath the one I was. I could not go back, I was trapped. Alongside the place where I had fallen stupidly enough, there was a Mineshaft with cobwebs.

It was then.

Only then.

I saw Null walk through a hallway.

I ran and ran to him but when I arrived he was no longer there. I was frustrated.

I started to roam the structure in search for him. In my path, I discovered several chests with some loot in them. I collected an iron pickaxe and some string. I had to fight some annoying mobs in my way, especially spiders. I crossed many paths of the

mineshaft which seemed to be eternal, but finally I exited it. What? I had exited the Mineshaft without seeing Null! I went back, crossed yet again more and more passages without even light. And then I noticed I was hearing some howl—like sounds in the background, so I followed them.

I found myself just in front of him, separated just by a massive ravine. I ran through a path located in the edge, but he escaped once more. I followed the howling exasperated and started to feel as I was walking in circles.

How did he even escape, when he walks slower than a zombie? Was he joking to me teleporting every time I saw him?

Or was I the monster by thinking he was a murderer? Was he the one in danger?

These feelings happened to stay long in my brain, but I knew perfectly that I could not escape that cave. It was my fate to meet him.

As I walked through the caves, I descended more and more following the howling. This noises increased and decreased in volume eventually, but never stopped.

I was going down some stone when I saw his aura disappear into another hallway. I ran after him. 'Arthur!' I exclaimed, hoping for some response. When I moved my sight to the hallway, he had already disappeared and I was again lost in the darkness. I checked upon every corner in order to find him, but I was unsuccessful.

And then I screamed. Very high. I was really upset about everything that was going on, but I must encounter him.

No effort was needed therefore; there he was, standing right in front of me.

'Brother,' he said, 'you wish to finish me. What did I?'

'Abhorred entity! You know perfectly what have you done! And you are not my brother!' replied I, rather angrily.

'Stop! Don't you see I'm the one defenceless here? You came armoured!' said he in an irritating *sad* tone.

Such was the tension that I had to walk backwards and think of what was happening.

'Arthur, are you still there?' said I.

'Fool. Your brother is no longer and what remains is just null' was his response, in a really creepy voice. 'Let me tell you what really has happened to Arthur and to me in the last days'.

I had no option. I must listen.

CHAPTER SEVEN

ENCOUNTER

'When I was being born your brother still lived in the body. His soul could not express himself in words, however. He tried to fight his inner self — me— to not become a monster. I was slowly gaining control of his body and he was slowly fading away.

'Then, he died. I pretended to have the same behaviour than before while your sorcerer friend gave me the antidote. And when I heard you were nearby, I teleported and destroyed every bit of hope in you.

'The following year and half I spent my time lurking the caves of this forest and sometimes visiting villages. I sometimes watched you even, but you would not notice my presence.

'At that moments, a strange desire to kill happened to grow within myself. I would sometimes kill

animals, destroy the leaves of trees... But I wanted *more*.

'I passed along your village, and a villager was sitting in the door of his house, observing the sky. I stared at him, and then he told me without looking at me:

"Who are you?"

"Your demise" said I.

"Are you Teeran?!" he asked.

'And then he saw me and started running. I teleported to him, and hit him to death. I then broke into his workshop, took an iron sword and left.

'And tonight I attracted you to here, to your death.'

As soon as he finished his tale, I shouted:

'Monster! Heartless! You will not ever see the sun again!'

'I may not, but you will not even exit this cave or the forest' he replied.

I then ran towards, taking my sword and he teleported several times mocking me. I decided to run, and lost him.

I was again lost in darkness, alone, searching for a monster.

CHAPTER EIGHT

FRIGHT

How? How could I be that stupid to let him escape? To let *it* escape, sorry. I thought ~~he~~ it was going to kill me, to surpass me in combat. I was scared of it.

The dust fell from the ceiling, mobs sounded in the distance, some dirt was behind me. I sat and thought what could I do. I cleared my mind. And decided to go back and take a torch from the mineshaft.

I followed my previous path, killed some monsters and blocks ahead, the mineshaft awaited me.

I took a torch, and saw something move in the distance. No, you are not mistaken, it was Null. I rushed towards where I saw it. It was no longer there, of course, but he left a trace of signs with only one word: 'null'.

As its howling-like sound drew further from me, I followed the trace of signs. For the first time, there was light in my path. Lava, torches and lanterns conduced me correctly in the precipitous caves.

I sat again and rested. I could not waste my force. I fell asleep.

When I woke up, the howling sounded near me, and all the lava and other light sources had disappeared. Cobwebs filled the place, and the figure of Null was walking away from me, slowly. I called for him, but he seemed not to hear me. I followed him.

And I then fell for his trap. Gravel fell beneath me and I also fell to a cave thirty blocks down. There was no exit.

I took out my book and started writing this. And here I am now, waiting for my demise. The howling is nearer. Here he comes. Goodbye.

Null

Null

Don't you remember the good old days?

Null

Null

Help me. Null is here.

Null

<null>

VOLUME TWO: KEVIN

CHAPTER ONE

MY LIFE

Welcome to my journal. So I recently rediscovered and reread this and decided to publish it, you will be amazed.

September 21st, 1909

Bienvenute! This is my new diary! My name is Kevin Venez, I live in Pedestrine village in a small house with my little 5-yo brother and my parents. My brother's name is Steve.

Pedestrine is a medium-sized village in which all of us know each other. We are around forty.

I have an uncle as well, he's called Josh Haynen. He has his wife—my aunt—and a son, my cousin. He's called Jim.

My friends are John Teeran, Hal Moinel, Mary Godwin and Raymond Rockanismoff. I like to play with them.

Today I woke up at nine o'clock. The adults assure there is going to be a strong storm in a couple of days, so we have been doing preparations. The walls

of the village have closed their doors and we've been told to stay home. Holidays!

Later

I've been playing with Steve all day.

September 22nd, 1909

Today we could exit the houses and play. I went to the park along my friends and Steve.

I also looked to the forest, and for a moment thought I saw someone, but that is not possible, since we were all in the villages and Kotzgaq, the nearest village, was a mile away. Also, the storm was in that village at the moment so none could have travelled here.

September 23rd, 1909

The storm is drawing nearer and nearer. We are home.

Night

The storm has passed seemingly. We are now going to sleep. Tomorrow I will go and play with the others!

September 29th, 1909

I have not written here for six days. Why? Well, I'll explain:

The day after the stop of the storm I went alone with Steve to the park. We played and everything was normal, but then it started to rain. Fog started and thunders stroke. We were scared so we hid under a tree.

Then, Steve exited the tree and started walking slowly towards a hill. At first I did not see anything, but as fog went out for a moment, I saw it.

It was a completely black entity, with a dark aura, and it was taking away Steve. 'Steve!' I shouted as I rushed to save him.

He then, slowly, turned his head to see me, and his eyes were white. Then, they just... disappeared.

Like that!

When I went home and told my parents, they thought it was a joke, but as they saw my tears, they started searching for Steve. Soon, the whole village was looking everywhere.

That is what we've been doing for the last week. Look for Steve. We visited other villages, registered the forest,... but nothing.

He was lost.

I am too sad to continue writing here. Sorry.

THE END

CHAPTER TWO

EVENT

July 10th, 1917

As you may see—if anyone's reading this—I am back. Back because weird things have happened.

My parents are already dead and I go every day to look for Steve with the hope that one day I will see him again.

Three days ago I was told that the son of my friend Raymond had gone missing. We searched for him.

He was in the forest.

And he had been attacked. But he was alive, he survived.

We asked him what happened:

'Ken, what happened? What did you do?!' said Raymond.

'He took me' said Ken, with a low voice.

'Who?' said I.

'He... had... white... eyes'

'Oh my god!' I jumped.

'What?' said Hal Moinel, who was contemplating the situation.

We were all in the church, it was downfall and we were having dinner there.

'My brother!' I shouted.

'What does that mean?!' said Ray.

'It means *he* is alive!'

'What are you talking about?! It was eight years ago! How could *he* survive?' said Hal.

'I'm telling you *he's* alive! *He* maybe rescued Ken from a monster, and Ken misunderstood!'

After the quarrel, we went home.

July 11th, 1917

Ken has disappeared again. He is not in the forest or in the plains. But I'm not surrendering; I'm going to find my brother and Ken.

Later

Ken is dead! Oh God! He was found killed under a tree! His heart was ripped off his chest and there was blood everywhere! Who did this?

No doubt! It was the creature that kidnapped my brother eight years ago!

July 12th, 1917

Today happened as usual: working, cooking...

July 14th, 1917

Oh. My. God.

Something horrendous just happened. But before I must explain the events of this morning.

I got up late, so I rushed to my workshop, but found all the villagers reunited in Hal's house. His son, Billy, was missing since tonight. I worried because of Ken's disappearing, so I suggested to go to the forest. Indeed, there he was, dizzy, and hurt.

Following the *modus operandi* of Ken's kidnapping, we made turns to look after Billy. Ray stayed home, remembering his dead son.

But everything was in vain. As Teeran said, a dark creature appeared and disappeared in just a second, to take Billy.

We found him dead in the forest, this time, with sword wounds.

July 15th, 1917

We're all in a kind-of quarantine, to protect the kids. Since I do not have, I'm preparing to go to the forest.

CHAPTER THREE

INVESTIGATION

July 16th, 1917

Early in the morning

I have told everyone I'm going to the forest. I'm going now.

Midday

I've been all day here in the forest. I have been lost for almost an hour now. There is a dense fog and light does not pass through the leaves. Still no clue of where's my brother or that creature.

Night

I'm going back home. I did not find anything.

Later

I'm still in the forest. I've been here all night. It looks like the forest does not end. There is a dense fog and everything is dark. No light. Only my torch.

Midnight

Still here. Dense fog. I hear crunching. I'm following them.

July 17th, 1917

Morning

I'm finally home, relaxed, about to sleep. I followed the crunching noises and it was just a rabbit. Then, I followed a light: my village. Bye, I'm tired.

In the afternoon

Ray is going to accompany me in my trip to the forest. We're preparing at the moment.

Night

Ray and I am far into the forest. There is a dense fog and we cannot see. We are going to rest.

Midnight

The trees seem to be coming closer between them each time. The space is narrower and narrower every step. I'm starting to feel claustrophobic.

Later

I think I saw something black moving in the distance. We followed some howling that led us to an almost unbreakable barrier of trees. The rest of the forest was impassable so we surrendered and we are back home.

July 18th, 1917

God bless me. What happened to you, Ray? He was found in the forest, covered in blood, and he still states that he does not remember anything. I do not think he lies, it just feels odd.

Afternoon

Mary's daughter, Sarah, is DEAD. Guess what. She was in the forest, wounded by a sword. This is horrific. Horrifying. Ray, Mary, John and I are going to the forest. I hope we find something this time.

Night

It might seem we only go to the forest at night, but the truth is that all dead kids are found around seven o'clock. We stopped to eat, we've been wandering around two hours, it must be nine o'clock.

Later

We were walking, when Ray started acting in a bizarre way. He acted like a zombie or something along those lines, he ignored us and walked alone, with lost sight, to the centre of the forest. As we followed him, the forest seemed to be denser, and the fog too. Mary got hurt when she ran into a tree, so she stayed with John, recovering. So as you (whoever you are) may have guessed, it was only Ray and I.

I couldn't see, but I can assure I saw the black entity take him.

'Ray?! Ray!'

No use. He was gone. I rushed back to Mary, but I found her dead, and there was no trace of John. I ran all over the forest, shouting their names. I soon found myself cornered because of the dense forest.

When I heard a crack.

'John?' said I.

No response.

'Who's there?' I repeated.

My heart stopped when I realized who I was beholding: my brother Steve.

CHAPTER FOUR

WHERE IS *HE*?

'Steve? Steve! Steve!'

'It's your turn' *he* replied.

'What? You see me after all these years, and what you only have to say is...'

I was stopped when I saw *his* white eyes. The fog covered the rest of his body, but *his* eyes could be seen far away.

'Do you not understand?' *he* said. As he approached me, I started to hear a howling coming.

And the last thing I remember is seeing the black entity appear, and punch me with great force.

July 21st, 1917

Three days have passed in which I have recovered from a great illness I caught in the cold forest. Now I'm ready to search for *him* and the entity.

Midday

It is not the first time I go to the forest at day, however it is way more normal. No fog, and—surprisingly—no trees coming together. It seems that that only happens at night?

Afternoon, almost downfall

I do not find anyone! John and Ray are still missing.

Night

The fog has started again. Such bad luck, I cannot feel the security of the daylight searching for *them*.

Howling is heard in the distance, but I cannot see.

Later

What if I register a cave?

Much later, dawn

I travelled through some tunnels, found a mineshaft... a corpse and a diary next to it. What an anecdote tells this diary! I have found the origins of the evil black entity that took Steve. It was the brother of this man whose corpse was there. He drank an unknown potion and transformed. The devil possessed him! This devil's name is Null. I get it, it is only pitch black, no eyes. As this book says, the howling comes from Null, it means *it* is near. The fog is also *its* fault, but the journal does not mention the tree enclosure. It seems that it is new.

When I got out of the cave I found all the trees without leaves, and full of redstone torches. First

effect that happens at day. And I guess Steve has done it, because Null only creates fog and howls.

Midday, home

I have reread the book a thousand times and analyzed it. I have thought of Steve, and concluded that *he* is no longer him, as Kevin. Taking the old legend of the Brine monster, I've come to the name of He-ro-Brine, *he, robbed, Brine*. He because I have referred to him as *he* throughout this diary, robbed because his identity is stolen by the devil, and Brine. Herobrine.

Noon

I have no time to lose. I'm pursuing the duo until this is over. I promise this, Steve. You will come back. I swear.

CHAPTER FIVE

HE

Afternoon

I am almost at the cave. This is not a forest anymore. There are just... trunks, with no leaves, which are disposed like a maze. Corridors are made casually with them, and they led me here. They want me to enter. I shout their names. 'Null! Steve, Herobrine!'

I hear a voice. I recognize it. Teeran!

Home

Teeran got out of the cave, injured, so we went back home.

'What happened? Why were you there?' I asked.

'I don't know' said he, 'I just woke up, dizzy, in the dark'.

'But... What? How did you get lost so much time?'

'I SAID I DON'T KNOW, SO STOP ALREADY!'

He got home and I stayed in mine, surprised. First, Billy is taken when he is with Teeran, next, he disappears when we go to the forest, leaving Mary

dead, and then, he appears from *the cave* and refuses to talk. I do not understand!

July 30th, 1917

Nothing happened. Teeran avoids me. I go to the forest, but it went normal again. No howling, normal trees... I do not understand.

DO YOU THINK YOU WON?

THE WORSE IS COMING.

PREPARE FOR THE END.

VOLUME THREE: HAYNEN

CHAPTER ONE

CHEMISTRY

My name is Jim Haynen. And I'm here to record everything in my investigation for the ultimate life form, an ancient legend: the *Allay*. I studied chemistry in the university of Pedestrine, my village, in where I learned the secrets of chemistry. I discovered the anatomy of each of the monsters that lurk on the ancient and mysterious caves of the forest.

Today, as of 7th August, 1919, I start my project. The first step is to create my bunker. I want to construct narrow tunnels beneath the surface, and create small rooms in where I would work. I take my tools, go to the water well in the centre, dive into the water and start digging down.

19th August

Tunnels finished. No one noticed what I was doing. I'm going to design the rooms...

There are three main rooms: library, sorcerer and spawner. All of them are three by three, and only the spawner room is three blocks tall.

I put books in the bookshelves, all of them talking about chemistry, life, death, and the legend of the allay.

The legend tells the following:

"There is a creature that serves us. There is a blue thing flying around, bringing things. The allays are peaceful and kind. But do not confuse them with vexes, their evil counterpart."

And the legend of the vex tells:

"The vexes kill. They are evil. They are the devil. Covered in blood, they come for you, trespassing every wall."

I must be careful giving birth to the creature. I gathered parts of mobs already and my potions are all ready. Using my enchantment table, I studied old documents which describe the allays physical

appearance. It is a blue, small flying white-eyed mob who can give you things it finds.

Day one of creation

I prepare the instruments of life and start fusing the legs with the torso. I unite them with some string. I then go to study more of the organs.

Day two of creation

I start creating the organ systems of the allay. The heart is from a sheep, the stomach from a rabbit...

Day three of creation

Today I'm putting the arms.

Day four of creation

To start with the brain I'm going to hire an anonymous evoker who lives nearby. He's coming tomorrow so I must create the cranium. I'll use a face made with wool and wood for the bones, as I did in the rest of the body.

Day five of creation

The evoker came and made the head. He didn't let me watch him. It does not matter. Tomorrow, the allay will come to life.

CHAPTER TWO

ALLAY

Day six of creation

I'm writing this secretly. I'm hiding from the villagers. The evoker betrayed me, he created vexes. Now I understand. I discovered who he was: John Teeran! That guy who disappeared and reappeared two years ago mysteriously. I don't know what's happening. I hear the vexes and other mobs I do not recognize. The village is being destroyed.

JIM HAYNEN, 25TH AUGUST 1919

25th August, 1919

How much time has passed since I did not write in this journal! I have moved to Kotzgaq. I work, I have a family. Wait. A messenger is coming very fast.

Later

NO! Pedestrine is burning! I'm going.

26th August, 1919

I found Pedestrine being attacked by the *vex*, an ancient legend, Herobrine, Null and a tall, black creature with violet eyes. My cousin Haynen is dead. The villagers executed them because they thought it was his fault, but his last words were 'It was Teeran!'. I believe him, because of what happened two years ago. We had to flee, or at least me, because the rest are dead. I did not encounter any of the entities I previously mentioned, but I saw them. I think they let me go.

3RD April, 1931

Years passed and now some investigators in Pedestrine have been murdered supposedly by their leader. I suspect yet again of *them*.

EXTRA

Last Monday, reports indicating a massacre arrived at the Kotzgaq Police Station. Investigators researching the Pedestrine Incident have been found dead, with one survivor, Frank Teeran. As he says, an evil creature assassinated them. The police is still investigating, but all clues may confirm Frank is responsible for the kills. [...]

KOTZGAQ DIARIES

NULL

THE DEVIL'S EYES

VOLUME ONE: LEAN

Lean is an expert in creating potions. But he has a naughty brother.

VOLUME TWO: KEVIN

Kevin, an 8-yo boy, goes with his younger brother to the park. He sees a creature take him. Years later, murdered kids start to appear.

VOLUME THREE: HAYNEN

Haynen just wanted to help. However, Teeran did not.