

# Diary of a Creeper

## Day 1

I was born. Well, I think that's what happened to me. I was just sort of...there one second. I don't know what came before, but should I care? I don't know. Whatever happened, here I was in this dark world. I was confused – who was I? Where was I? Why was I? Dare I think of the answers to these questions? There was an urge in my body, a ticking I needed to satisfy. This was annoying, agitating, always in the back of my mind – the hunger to end the ticking. I felt an idiot standing there doing nothing, but I couldn't think of anything to do in this scary new world. I eventually decided to start wandering, just wandering around. I began to look for shelter. It's all I could think of. And here I learned my first little piece of information about this world I had come to be in - it is expansive. Land and sea extend beyond the eye's reach, and huge mountains stand tall above the extremely uneven world.

Life was all around me. Trees. Cows. Chickens. Pigs. All kinds, making noises and minding their own business. In the hopes to gain some directions, or to just have someone to talk to, I approached a few animals. For some reason, they all avoided me. This upset me deeply, and I figured that someone who looked like me would have no problem speaking to me. I went searching for my reflection, and found a pool nearby.

According to my reflection in the waters of this world, I am tall, green and slim. My 4 legs are very small, and make no noise when they hit the ground. I have no arms or other appendages to speak of. My head looks too big for my body, and my face is a twisted mess of emotion that speaks nothing but woe. No wonder people avoided me, eh? I'm sure my kind will help. The moment I saw myself I decided on a name: creeper. It's perfect! I make no noise; I move quickly, I blend with the grass around me. I creep, so I am Creeper. Finally knowing myself pleased me greatly, and put a spring in my step.

It was then that I noticed a new kind of movement out of the corner of my eye. This was something I had not seen before; more focussed than an animal - this creature had purpose. I moved closer. I was curious. It had not seen me yet. Upon closer inspection, I observed that this creature had a body similar to my own. However, it had long legs, and only two of them. It also had arms. With these arms it held tools, it dug into the earth. Behind the creature was a tall structure made of stone. I envied the strange being. It could use tools, it had abilities I lacked. I wanted to be it so badly. I moved closer in the hope that it would be willing to communicate.

The closer I got, the stronger the ticking became in my mind, eventually blanking out all thought. The creature noticed my presence and started running away. I was upset, and I wanted to explain that I was not going to harm it. It got a sharp tool of some kind, and struck me with it, backing off quickly. I pursued, hoping to calm it down. It backed into a wall, confused and lost in the darkness. When I finally got close enough to talk, all I could say was "SSSS". My head grew hot and uncomfortable, as if it was swelling to an inordinate size. A feeling of horrifying satisfaction filled my mind as I felt the ticking end, and the last thing I heard was the creature's yelp.

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Day 2

"Oh great. The ticking's back."

These were my first thoughts as I stood alone in the field, confused. I was once again in a dark plain, moon above, grass below. Was this the same world? What had happened to me? What exactly was that creature that was so scared of me? Most importantly – what happened? I remembered a hot feeling in my head and a great sense of warmth all over my body. I remembered the expression of fear on the creature's face as the ticking stopped. As soon as the ticking stopped, I was in the field, asking myself these questions. I had no idea what was going on, but I rolled with it. I did what I was doing before my run-in with the creature – I looked for people like me. Unfortunately, it seems we either fit in very well with this landscape, or there are no more of me.

The animals still avoided me, it was always dark and I was growing quite depressed. It seemed my only option was to find the Creature again, to see if I can negotiate a conversation out of its seemingly violent mind – provided I was in the same world, of course. I looked around for landmarks, recognisable objects which would assure me I was in the same place, and allow me easy passage to the great stone structure – and hopefully the Creature. I saw a particular tree that I had looked twice at before, first for its leaf-covered trunk (I thought it was another of my kind at first glance), then for its ridiculous size.

"Yes, I remember", I said out loud to the darkness, "The structure's that way."

I kept walking, and I eventually heard the sound of rock against rock. The Creature was there, digging some sort of black substance from the side of a tall cliff. I tried to be tactful. I did not want to sneak up behind it, so I just waited in plain sight.

It looked different, somehow. "That's it! It's wearing things now....some kind of armour." The armour was brown, and looked comfortable – but not very protective. After some time, it finished its work on the cliff face, and turned. It stopped dead when it saw me, and I took this as a sign

that I should make the first move. Careful not to get too close to lose my mind like before, I edged closer.

twang!

Something sharp flew through the air and hit me in the chest. It hurt quite a bit. I realised I wouldn't survive many of those. The objects kept coming, the pain intensified. I decided it was a good idea to move closer, to ask it to stop. The pain was immense, however, and I couldn't make it. As the final blow struck me, I saw the triumphant look on the Creature's face, and I had one last second to wonder why it was so aggressive, and decide to avoid it in the future. As the world faded, my eyes brushed the top of the cliff. My heart gave one last euphoric beat when I saw someone who looked exactly like me standing there, watching my demise.

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Day 3

I was atop a mountain, looking over the edge. It was still dark. There were still animals around me, avoiding me. But was I depressed? No. Why? Now I knew there were others like me. More Creepers. Death seemed only to be an obstacle in my strange repeating life, so I decided to give up all caution in the search for my brethren.

I needed to find them, to at least say "hi" to one.

I set off from where I had been born, and travelled far. On my journey I stumbled across some pretty incredible sights. A tall overhang shooting out from the top of a cliff, supported by one straight pillar that stood firm in the ground beneath it. A great waterfall meeting a lava cascade, creating new land. A huge island in the sky, seemingly supported by nothing at all. All amazing sights, but still not what I was looking for. I kept searching, taking no breaks, never giving up hope.

After what felt like a lifetime, I finally found another one. He stood there, in the distance, staring at me. We both began to move towards each other. It was hard to get my legs to move properly, and my body was shaking with anticipation.

When we met, we both reacted the same way. He seemed as shocked as I was to find another one of us.

"Us".

I love that word.

After spending a long time with this new friend of mine, I had discovered that he had experienced the same amount of days as I had, that he had been killed by the Creature as well, and that he had seen something he called the "Sun". He told me that if you live long enough, you can watch it rise, bringing light to the land, but he also reported that soon after its magnificent rising you reappear at night, the memory obscured by the mind's impossible reasoning. The prospect of the sun was impossible to imagine – I had only ever known darkness. I needed to

see it.

And so we both hid. We found a small cavern atop a large mountain and instead of wandering around and risking running into the Creature; we sat and waited for the “sunrise”.

After an age it came. The most beautiful sight I have ever laid eyes on. Natural light flooded the plains beneath us, brought life to the land. If I could, I would have wept with joy – I could never have hoped to see something more incredible. I decided now that even if I died a million times more, I would not be unhappy, for I had seen the sunrise, just once.

This new and incredible sight, combined with the knowledge of others like me, inspired me for a moment. I was planning something big. It still saddens me to this day that I never had the chance to tell my first friend my plan.

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Day 4

Dark again. My eyes took time to focus, to pick details out of the night. I was faced by a cliff; grey and bland, but somehow beautiful. I stepped back and craned my head upwards. The moon was just cresting the arch of the mountain, and – wait – what was that? Fwip!

I ran. As fast as I could, I ran away from the mountain, away from the Creature and the objects from the sky. Fear like I have never felt flooded my body. Why was I even scared? Death meant nothing more than a reposition, right? Well, whatever it was I am glad of it. The instinct that made me run changed my life.

After a few minutes of running in a straight line, I was sure I was safe. Now I focussed on my current goal, leaving the fear and confusion it caused behind me. I thought only of finding one more Creeper – whether it was the one I met before or not, I needed to find one of us to make my plan work, set the gears in motion.

It took ages, but I did eventually see one. This was a lively Creeper, seemingly happy about everything. I had pity on him – I was sure this was his first day, and had not realised the torture of this world yet. Either way, he was good enough. I told him my plan.

At first he laughed. He didn't know what I was talking about – to him, “Creature”, “sun” and “death” meant nothing. My heart sank when I realised that this Creeper would be of little help in the initial push. I did, however, see at least one use for him.

“Find others like us, remember this place, and tell them to gather here.”

These are the last words I spoke to this Creeper, and with that he wandered off, muttering about how green the grass was.

And so I searched again.

And I kept searching. This vast world, this entire planet that seemed to stretch forever, yielded no results – I could not find another. I always made sure I was going to be able to find my way back to the place I told the other Creeper to gather at – I remembered landmarks, and the still-visible cliff and home of the Creature would provide directions for miles.

I became frustrated around sunrise – so much so that I did not stop to take note of the intrinsic beauty caused by the incredible light. I did not want to see tonight go to waste.

I eventually decided to return to the gathering place.

My head grew dizzy when I arrived; my first sight was a group of three Creepers, standing there, watching me approach. The happy one was there, along with two others, confused but interested. I glanced up at the sun, and sped my pace when I noticed that it was nearly time.

I managed to speak only half a sentence to the others before it was night again:

“Welcome to my Creeper Com-“

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Day 5

“-munity!”

I finished the word out loud to the blackness. A happiness filled my heart. My plan had been set in motion – to build a safe, comfortable Creeper community. Within this community, we would perform experiments to see if we could live for longer, perhaps removing the “reset” altogether. We would probably be underground, as we would be less likely to run into the Creature there. The idea of a proper community would also remove the loneliness that comes with a Creeper’s depressing life.

There were only two problems with the Community – getting more Creepers to join, and making sure we can all find our way there from wherever we appear at night.

I set off in the direction of the Gathering area, thinking hard as I travelled.

Upon arrival, I found four Creepers, eagerly waiting the person who knew what was going on. I told them quickly of my plans to build a safe haven for us, and to attempt to remove the Resetting of our lives. All four cheered with joy.

We wandered around a little, as Creepers do, to find a nice cave to start in. Not too far away was a small sheer cliff face, and right at the bottom was a two-block hole, leading to a small cavern big enough to hold at least fifty Creepers comfortably. There were many landmarks, and

the entrance itself was a pretty recognisable point, so we named this the place of our dwelling – “Creeperville”.

At the beginning, we realised, it would be slow going – we needed to work hard and build up slowly at first so as not to gain the Creature’s attention too early. There were many things that needed to be sorted out – how to live, how to build (and how we were even planning to, with no arms), basic things like how to recognise each other.

This could all be sorted some other time, though – with only four Creepers the community needed more. We each took mental note of the paths we took to get here, and what the surrounding area looked like from many angles and viewpoints.

We each then split up in different directions, and spent the rest of the cycle (this is what we had come to call our “segments” of life) looking for more Creepers, and spreading the word.

As the sun hit the correct point in the sky, my body tingled with joy at the prospect of what I had created. All was good.

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Day 6

I had reset in a perfect place. Tonight was going to be good, I could tell. I was merely 6 steps from the entrance to Creeperville.

Tonight was extremely productive in terms of Creeperville’s development. In the interest of getting all the changes in, I have skipped most of the light banter and small events, instead opting to list the main events and changes. So much happened, so little space on the page.

Tonight we made a big step forward. Twenty Creepers turned up at Creeperville, each looking forward to taking part in this community. We original four were announced the leaders, with myself holding the most power (as I had formulated the idea). The four of us were dubbed the “Elders of Creeperville” and it was our job to plan the development, oversee the settlement and keep it in shape. It would also be our job, if the Creature attacked, to organise the evacuation and relocation of Creeperville.

As an honorary item, we were each given individual names.

My name is Jonno.

Leading with me are Duffman, Applecore and Mooman.

Our first order of business was to enlist help in Creeperville. We quickly realised that building or digging with no arms was difficult, and while two very brave Creepers did help us expand by forcing their ticking to end, we needed structure. We searched for most of the night, and eventually found a kindly zombie. This one was not like the others. He was intelligent, and offered us his help in return for safe shelter in the cavern. Apparently, his kind lights on fire when the sun rises, and the pain he suffers as a result every night is unbearable. We took him into Creeperville, and he was so grateful he built the 3 Elders and I an office at the top of the cavern. Inside this office, we could see everything that happened below. Time was running short (we had the zombie dig a small skylight so we could check the sun's position). We would all reset soon, and so we Elders decided to call a short meeting at the bottom of the cavern.

Eighteen Creepers and one zombie crowded at the bottom of the pit, and we stood above them, ready to give our announcement.

"Here after the work of the friendly zombie we have come to call Rugby..." Applecore began. Mooman picked up the line. "We Elders have now a space of control over this cavern." Duffman stepped forward slightly and said "Work will begin tomorrow on houses and water sources for all."

And finally I stepped forward and shouted, triumphantly "After careful planning and talks with Rugby, we have estimated that the cavern will be a fully developed living environment for up to seventy Creepers within just sixteen days!"

The cheer of the crowd was immense, and the happiness that filled my body knowing that this was all my doing overwhelmed me. All Creepers watched me as, for possibly the first time in history, a Creeper began to weep.

Tears of happiness trickled from my contorted eyes, and I thought for all the Creepers below me when the sun hit the right position, and it all faded into another black night.

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Day 22

Today was the day. The day creeperville was complete, and open at last to the full capacity of Creeper kind. So much had changed, and everything had improved. The sixteen days since we first brought together this community have gone fast – every day a new idea, every day a new design feature.

But today the new ideas end, and we can work on improving our lives as Creepers.

I had appeared in the middle of an open field, as usual. In the distance I could see lights, and a new structure of what looked like solid black tar. Out of pure interest, I drew closer to check on the Creature's new progress, to see how the sixteen days had affected its progress in this world (we Creepers had come to assume the Creature had been alive longer than all of us, and could make use of both the day and the night).

I found a vantage point close to its home where I was invisible to its wandering eye. If I could gape it's what I would have done at its place of dwelling. What I had seen was but one wall. In all, there was a huge black wall stretching taller than the Creature itself, and a menagerie of different shaped buildings inside the confines. There was also a hole in the ground, that seemed to go down forever. As I watched, the Creature (now dressed in a shiny silver armour) sat in a metal cup of some sort and rode some rails down the hole, disappearing. Sensing the danger was gone, I ventured closer to see if I could enter for a closer look at its home. Upon travelling around the entire perimeter, however, I could find no entrance – maybe the Creature never needed to exit, and liked its peace. I decided to leave – both so as to not disturb it, and to escape the possible danger of it coming back.

I travelled (quite a distance) to Creeperville. Everyone was waiting for me at the entrance. Outside were at least fifty Creepers and ten zombies.

At first, we had been quite nervous when Rugby had decided to employ a taskforce of ten primitive zombies to help out. These were like other zombies, and only Rugby seemed capable of controlling them. The supposed danger passed quickly, however, when we realised that if one of them were to harm a Creeper, we could simply end our ticking and be rid of them, telling Rugby to never bring that specific one back. Yes, we Creepers had discovered our incredible power to explode. We knew we could before, but we have found uses for it we would never have thought of if we weren't so focussed on construction. Knowing our abilities had sped along production of Creeperville quite a lot, to the point where we had time to build extra sections we did not think of before.

Tonight I harboured a feeling quite similar to the one I felt when we first opened Creeperville. A feeling of change, expectation and great pride.

The other elders and I gathered at the new entrance. A huge hole had been dug into the cliff face by the zombies, and there were now stairs down into the city; it all looked quite professional. I was always impressed by their work.

Applecore and I entered, leaving the others with instructions to keep the others waiting until sunrise before they entered.

As I entered I was greeted by an incredible sight. The stairway led down in a spiralling pattern to a great flat plain. 500 metres square, this was absolutely huge. At the edges, great sheer walls raised the roof to 100 metres above our heads. This was intended to provide plenty of building room, and allowed the biggest change to Creeperville – a huge hole in the roof, leading to the surface to allow natural light in during the day, and to allow workers to track the sun and estimate when we will reset.

On the North-East of the plain was a small mountain of sorts, built carefully to allow a trench from the ocean to carry a small stream down into a canal that ran round the back and left sides of the great cavern.

There were many other buildings in Creeperville – houses to contain seventy Creepers and ten zombies, and one large building at the back to house the Elders and Rugby (who had been accepted as a leader, of sorts, in our community).

The most impressive feature of the city was, however, the centre. A huge 60 metre by 60 metre square set into the floor (directly beneath the skylight) housed a small lake, and many trees. This was our park, and the most communal area of Creeperville.

“It’s quite something, isn’t it” Applecore commented.

“Yes, it is, and it will be complete before sunrise...where’s Rugby?” I replied.

With that, Rugby entered. He was carrying a very large sack of the final component of Creeperville – glass. This had been created by digging sand from the beaches of this world and leaving it in a dark cave that was built over lava.

“I have enough, I think” Rugby said with a strained voice.

He spent the night with his zombies installing the windows into each building, then covering the currently-empty skylight with a layer of protective glass.

Just in time.

We Elders went to our podium, at the back of the Park, and waited for the whole crowd of sixty-seven Creepers and Eleven zombies (including Rugby) to gather in the field.

Just as the sun crested the mountain we had built the city into, and light began to pour through the skylight and bring vision to the world, I stepped forward, the other Elders behind me in an arrow-head formation.

I said, in a euphoric voice, the most important thing any Creeper had ever said.

“Welcome...to Creeptopolis!”

And with that, the light flooded the cavern, lit every detail. The crowd cheered, and as I began to feel myself reset, my eyes scanned the city, taking in every detail.

“I’ve done it”

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Day 23 (Part 1)

“Where am I?”

I blinked several times, but could not see anything whatsoever. I panicked and called for help, but heard no reply. Was I alone? Where was I? Why was I not on a flat open plain like I normally was?

I tried to move. It felt strange because I couldn’t see anything, but I managed it. I mapped my surrounding by bumping my body into the walls.

It seemed I had found myself in a very small room with jagged walls and one exit. It was pitch black, and I was deliberating taking the risk of going to the exit. “Am I the kind to take risks? I did take the risk on Creeptopolis...”

I eventually decided to walk on. Slowly but surely, I found myself outside the room and in what felt like a narrow corridor. I followed it along for a while, breathing lightly and making as little sound as possible.

That’s the first time I heard it.

The voice.

Calling me into the distance.

A light appeared at the end of what I now saw to be a very precisely dug corridor. The end of the passageway seemed to be a precise hole of some sort, with light radiating from the deep.

I looked back to where I had come from. It was still pitch black, and I couldn't imagine staying there, so I pressed on.

"Come to us..."

I shivered deeply as the ice voice floated through the narrow passage, but I continued regardless. What other choice did I have?

When I reached the end, I was greeted by a huge cascade into a 1 metre square hole. Torches lined the walls of the cascade, begging me to go down. I did so.

I tried to look down through the hole before jumping in, but it was as dark as the room I had appeared in. I shouted into the cave. "Hello? Who's there?"  
I got only "Come..." as a reply. The same icy voice. I heard some sort of click after it, this time...like two sticks being rattled together.

I jumped into the blackness...

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Day 23 (Part 2)Thud.

I screamed, "Hello?"

"Hello..." came the icy, slow reply.

With that, torches lit in sequence, revealing a large room, perfectly square.

In one corner was a special torch...it was red. It seemed obvious that I should follow it.

After around ten minutes of walking, I saw movement at the end of the corridor. I stopped dead – this was something very quick and very thin.  
I inched closer, whispering another cautious “Hello” to the blackness.

BOOM!

The end of the corridor exploded with light! Revealed now was a huge cavern with torches all over the place. In the centre was a podium of sorts, and atop it was a being unlike any I had seen. He was as tall as I, but grey and looked as though he was made of sticks. His body was so bright it was hard to focus on him, but I could easily make out two legs, two arms and a head. In a way, he looked like a stripped down version of the Creature we Creepers were all so afraid of.

I did not know how to act – should I be scared, or welcomed? So I just stood there, still as a rock.

“Come closer...” the icy voice reverberated around the cavern, as if it was not coming from the being itself. He spoke very slowly, extending “S” and “R” sounds.

I did as I was told and it moved, walking so swiftly it might have been drifting off the ground. Within moments it was in front of me, and speaking.

“I am skeleton....you are Creeper....”

I blinked. It’s all I could do. It was as if it had me in a trance.

“We are the same...Human avoid...”

I just nodded. There was little else I could do.

“I create...I combine...” and with that, he threw his arms up into the air, showcasing his creation.

“You did this!?” I nearly shouted.

“Yes....I show how...”

Suddenly, we were in a small room. This had one tree in it, and some weird wooden block in the corner. Beside it was another block I had never seen – it looked like a piece of rock...with a hole in it. Finally, the centre point to the room was some sort of brown object with metal corners. I was quite confused.

“I take...” he said, pointing to the tree.

“I take other...” pointing to the brown object, which he led me to. It turns out it was some sort of storage device, for when opened, it revealed a menagerie of items I had not seen before.

“I combine...” he whispered, now taking me to the wooden object. He placed some items on it in a strange pattern, and then waved his arms. I blinked, and I must have missed something for

the next thing I knew, he was holding some sort of rounded object. He put some more items down, and then waved his arms again. This time, he had created a strange pointy straight object with a feather on the end.

He raised both the items to me.

“Bow...” he said, pointing to the rounded object.

“Arrow...” he said, pointing to the straight object.

He proceeded to put the Arrow in the Bow, pull back on the string, and let go. The Arrow flew through the air and hit me in the chest, and I recognised the action and pain from when the Creature had hit with a flying object all that time ago.

I felt the world fade. As it faded, I heard his cold laughter and then the words:

“I see you...again...”

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Day 24

Darkness surrounded me. I was so confused – had I not reset? I had felt the world fading, and normally after that I see a flat plain or at least know I have reset. This was different – darkness surrounded me in vision, in thought and in body. I couldn’t sense anything, I couldn’t feel anything.

As I pondered on this strange occurrence, light flooded into my vision. It appeared I was in some sort of room, different to the one I was in before.

“So I have reset correctly....what’s that?”

I was referring to a very strange blue box in the centre of the room. It was designed like a mesh, and had something inside....a burning Creeper! I could have wept. Who had done this to one of my brothers? What kind of magic was this? More importantly, why was I here? I looked around the room, finding nothing but flat walls on either side, a green-grey floor, the blue box and a brown one similar to the one I had seen in the “Skeleton’s” lair.

“Could this belong to him? Where is he?”

With that thought, a hole was burst in one the wall opposite me, and the Skeleton walked in - again so swiftly that he might have been floating. He drew close, stopping behind the blue box.

“You...Reset...Box...Resetter...”

I couldn't understand what he was trying to tell me, and just stood there.

Apparently noticing my confusion, he tried again.

“Box...keep you here...”

A light sparked in my head. This strange box...the “Resetter”...it allowed us Creepers to return to one place! This would be extremely useful! I moved closer to inspect the object, to work out how to remove it and take it with me, but I was met by the harsh slam of a sword on the floor in front of my feet.

“I...take...you...follow...”

“You want to help me?”

“Yes...we are same..Human avoid...”

“Okay, if I take you to my home, will you help us?”

“No...take...I lead...”

It seemed that he either knew where he was going, or wanted to take me somewhere. I followed politely. On the way out he struck the box hard, extinguishing its flame and eliminating the Creeper inside. He proceeded to pick up the materials.

After what seemed like an age of walking, we came out into what looked like the inside of a pyramid. On the walls were decorations of some kind, each a different design encased in wood. They were strangely pleasing to the eye.

The Skeleton moved to a brown storage box, and took some items.

“I...Farash...”

“That's your name? I'm-“

“Jonno....Jonno is your calling....follow....”

I followed again. I was finding this entire trip quite strange. I didn't know how to act or what to do, so I just followed. It seemed at least like this creature...Farash...was friendly and wanted to help out, and any help was appreciated.

Again, after an age, we were at an entrance to the surface.

“What...direction...Creepropolis?”

I was slightly taken aback when he said the name of my creation – how did he know? For that matter, how had he known my name? This creature seemed to possess incredible abilities.

Out of interest – and to test these apparent abilities - I told him the wrong direction.

He proceeded to move his arms in a strange fashion, and we were suddenly at the entrance to Creepropolis. I was astonished.

“No lying...to me...”

“How did you do that?”

“Secret....ancient secret....”

I said no more.

“I...teach...I..help...let me..in...”

“Wait here a moment, I'll check everything's ok...”

I walked inside Creeptopolis, greeted by the sight of sixty or so Creepers and ten zombies gathered in one place.

The three other Elders stood on a podium. They seemed to be in the middle of something.

“Hello! I have something im...” I slowed down. All eyes turned to me and tracked my movement down the stairs.

Then they cheered. The cheer was immensely loud, and I didn't understand what they were cheering about.

When I reached the bottom I was greeted by the Elders. They had all been worried about my absence yesterday, and so I explained what had happened to me. Their eyes opened wide with wonder as I described Farash and his strange abilities, and they hurried up the stairs to greet him.

He was let into Creeptopolis with all the welcoming spirit of sixty Creepers. He taught Rugby to “craft” and how to “smelt”, and he built a shrine in the middle of the park with the blue object on top. He explained that we would now reset in Creeptopolis, without missing the day time.

“You...are...free...”

He gave us two more gifts – a “Chest” (the brown storage box) full of tools, and an abundance of a strange red material he called simply “The Dust”. He explained that it had special properties and that we would learn “in time” how to use it.

We Creepers could not thank this creature enough. We wanted to know more about him, learn his secrets, everything. So we asked him to stay in Creeptopolis.

“Let me....ponder.....” was his nervous reply.

Before he could respond, everyone in Creeptopolis turned to the far wall, listening intently for the strange sound hailing from its direction:

Thud. Thud! BANG!

Fear spread through my body as I gazed through the mist, and felt myself resetting...

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Day 25

Before I write this entry into my Diary, I would first like to note that I do not know whether to call this entry "Day 25", or "Day 24.5". The Resetter in the middle of Creeptopolis had caused me to reset mere seconds after I had faded away, meaning it was day time, and not a new day for me...technically. From here on in my Diary, I will find some other method of labelling the time.

Chaos.

Creeptopolis exploded into terrible chaos.

It started with a single explosion - I remember wondering if a brother had exploded in defense. Screams ripped through the mist, now surrounding all Creepers in the city. No one knew what was going on - we could only each stand and hear our brothers fall.

I remember when I first saw them.

"Them!?" I remember thinking. My body became numb as four near-identical Creatures, or "Humans" as Farash had called them, spread out in front of me. They all bore the same pointy object that had once killed me, and I backed away. They seemed to be after me specifically - this raised so many questions.

"Do they know about Creeptopolis? How do they know, if they do? What are they doing? Why are they after me? Why are they after me?"

They closed in. The mist had cleared, and I could see many Creepers cowering on the plains of the park, all looking to me for support. One Human saw the Resetter, and walked over to it. He removed the block underneath it, and lifted both it and the Resetter, carrying them in his arms.

"|No!" I cried inside my head as the sickening realisation of what they planned set in.

I turned to my Creeper bretherin - the three other Elders were there, unable to move. I looked down at them all, and shouted "I will be back!" They just stood there.

Fwip!

The farmilliar sound of a Skeleton's bow passed my head. One of the Humans - the closest to me - fell to the floor in pain, an arrow protruding from his chest. He said something in a garbled voice, and then disappeared. The Humans looked uncomfortable - they could not see Farash, and were afraid of the arrows striking again.

I heard a battle cry from behind me. Farash launched through the air, striking one more Human down with a pointy object and landing in front of the other two. He said something in the same language they used, and proceeded to strike one in the chest with the pointy object. The Humans must have been too shocked to react, for the last remaining just stood there, as full of fear as myself and my Creeper bretherin on the plains.

Farash relented one final word to the Human, and spun quickly. I do not know what he did, but by the time he was facing me again, the Human was no longer between us.

He now spoke to me in words I understood:

"|...stay...Human...protect..."

He walked away with the Resetter, and placed it back in its rightful place.

The whole attack had lasted less than five minutes - The sun was still only just setting.

The silence in Creeptopolis chilled me to the bone.

---

26th Night

The silence had lasted 'till sundown. We had all reset back into Creeptopolis at the end of the day, which was a strange feeling. We reset in exactly the same place we had been standing before, which was nice I guess. It was just like blinking.

The reset only served to make things more awkward. We stood there, in our individual places, completely unable to think of what to do now. Creeptopolis had been found - and not just by the threat we thought we faced - by many Humans.

It was this revelation that chilled us most, I think. The thought of four of the creatures we considered all-powerful, four who knew where we were!

No one in Creeptopolis was unmoved.

At the advent of the moon, Applecore approached me. He spoke in a solemn tone, and I knew he bore a terrible thought.

"What now, Jonno?"

"I don't know, my friend. We need to call a meeting, with all the Elders...and we need Farash to be there."

And so it was done. We Elders met with Farash, to devise a plan.

After what seemed an age of talking, Mooman summed it up for us.

"Two options face us, company. We must either flee from Creepopolis, never to return, or we must build a strong line of defense."

"The advantage of fleeing would be safety from the Humans, at least temporarily." I said.

Duffman interjected - "But the disadvantage is that if we do try to rebuild and the Humans find us and attack early, we will be in an even worse position than we are in now to defend. This was only luck, after all..." He nodded at Farash, who nodded back.

"Ok then, so the advantage of building a line of defense is obvious - we already have something to build on."

"But", Applecore said, "We would be staying in a position that the Humans are aware of, and we would be subject to relentless attack."

So this is where we were. Two suggestions, neither particularly advantageous.

I turned to the Skeleton.

"Farash, you haven't said a word this entire time...what do you think?"

"Human avoid...Creepopolis abandon...rebuild quick...I help from start..."

"You really think we should move?"

"Yes...human....avoid....."

I trusted this age-old being. He seemed to know what he was speaking about.

"We must address the people of Creepopolis"

We called a meeting in the usual fashion - we stood on our podium, this time with a new addition, and the Creepers were below. We each spoke in tandem, the same way we did on a much more glorious day not too long ago.

I began. "We Creepers tried, we tried so hard..."

Applecore continued - "We tried to live in peace, in safety and in hope."

Mooman spoke next. "The recent attack tells us that we failed." The mood in the crowd dropped dramatically.

Duffman spoke the penultimate line - "But Creepers here me, for there is hope!"

And finally, Farash: "Creepopolis....move...tonight!"

With Farash's last line, the mood picked up in the crowd. Murmurs spread through, and a buzz

filled the air.

Farash had said it perfectly - we were moving, and the work began tonight.

---

26th Day

By the time we reset for the daytime (reference - when the sun had hit the top of the sky), we had prepared to move. Farash had done most of the work - collecting raw materials; salvaging what he could from the homes and the buildings; gathering the Resetter. He told us it was important we move quickly and place the Resetter before the time at which we reset, or face resetting in random places at the wrong time, like before we had even heard of it.

The Elders and I announced to the Creepers around the time the sun began to set that we were ready to leave. With hope in their stride, Creepers filed up the Great Stairway and out the exit. It was a depressing sight, an empty Creepopolis, but I knew its perils would not be in vain. I asked for one moment alone with the haven I had created before I left. The other Elders left.

"Goodbye, Creepopolis." I called to the emptiness.

As I turned to leave this place, possibly forever, I heard something I did not expect to hear - the city had said "goodbye" to me!

I reeled in shock - this could not be the case! My eyes searched, and found something believable. A lone creeper stood on the podium in front of the park, looking up at me. The firm set with which he was standing told me he was not leaving. I thought it best not to argue - if this was his choice, then so be it. I will not dictate to my kind.

And so we left Creepopolis. The first creation of Creepers in history had been ransacked and ruined by a band of just four well-prepared Humans.

"Never again" I vowed, with passion and anger in my heart.

Farash lead the group, along with Applecore, Rugby and I. Rugby's zombies followed at the back of the pack with Moocman and Duffman, and it was the zombies who did all of the lifting. Each carried at least its own weight in materials and tools to help with this new settlement. We travelled for the entire day, wandering as far as possible in one direction - being careful not to walk in circles.

As the sun touched the mountains behind us, Farash built the resetter on a patch of land, and we decided to continue travelling through the night.

As I felt myself resetting, I saw a red glimmer in the distance that I was unfamiliar with. The glowing eyes of a new creature were sure to brighten up the night to come...

---

27th Night

I opened my eyes to the same scene I closed them to. This was, once again, a strange feeling. Either way, I had a new interest - the eight glowing red eyes.

I pointed it out to Farash, who nearly jumped with joy. He raced ahead, telling us to wait.

Applecore and I watched as he fired his bow once into the creature's back, then proceeded to mount it and begin to ride it. The creature seemed to bow to the Skeleton's will, and did not fight back. Farash rode back to us, and said only one word:

"Spider..."

We were all very interested in the Spider. We had never seen one before, after all, and I remember thinking that Farash's ability to control them might come in useful one day.

Around mid-night, as the moon reached the pinnacle of its arc in the sky, we found our new home. The entire convoy stopped dead when we saw it - there was no doubt it was perfect!

Sixty-nine Creepers, Eleven zombies and one Skeleton atop a Spider all stood and gazed upwards, for our new home was not of this world. A huge stretch of land, at least three times the size of Creoptopolis in whole, hung there in the sky, floating. None of us could explain it, but we all knew it would be both safe, and interesting.

Farash devised a plan to get up there quickly. He and the zombies quickly erected a stairway from the top of a nearby hill, giving us access to this strange floating island. The surface was just like any other piece of land, but digging too deep would be a danger. A Creoptopolis we would not have, but the freedom of living in open air would give many Creepers the release they needed after recent events.

We began our new civilization by setting the Resetter atop a shrine of sorts, made of stone.

I called a general meeting, and we Elders christened this island: Providence.

A flicker of Creeper community spirit had been reignited this night, and we once again looked to the future.

This was my last thought of the night:

"I wonder how long it will be, before we are truly happy again..."

Somewhere at the back of my thoughts, I heard a response echo into the distance:

"...and until we can strike back..."

---

35th Night

This has to be the first time since I met Charle that I have had time to sit down and write for my Diary. These last eight days have been manic, and a few important changes have taken place.

First, I met Charle. This human approached me holding some sort of blue gem but no weapons. His cautious yet friendly behaviour scared me at first, but when I saw that he was being escorted to Providence by one of my brothers I relaxed. I allowed him and the Creeper to explain themselves, and the explanation I received was very special indeed. This Human was different. He was kind, and made the effort to talk to us. I appreciated that he had found me alone, as I am sure there are those in the community that would have gone straight for the kill.

He and the Creeper he was with explained to me about the four humans who attacked Creeptopolis. They were "The others...very misguided and masochistic people", said Charle. He said that after they banished him he found Creeptopolis, and the Creeper that stayed there all that time ago had met him, expecting to explode. This was where the blue gem came in - Charle called it a "Diamond". For some reason it had a kind of property that caused it to glow when

near a Creeper, and halted the Creeper's ticking without any adverse effects. The Creeper had brought Charle to Providence because he realised the incredible importance this mineral held for us in our goals to be peaceful.

Charle was hard to get into the community. I spoke to the Elders (who now included Farash and Rugby), and they each agreed the benefit of the Diamond was well worth the effort it would take to make the the other Creepers agree to have him stay.

Charle was willing to do what it took - he worked to build us a city, dug to find more diamonds and other minerals, and tried time and time again to get close to the other Creepers to chat. Although they had seem him with the Elders, people seemed nervous, which was understandable.

After three or four days, I called a general meeting.

Applecore and I stood at the front of the pack on the podium, and the other Elders gathered behind us.

I looked out upon the sea of Creepers below me. My eyes wandered to the incredible overhang in the distance, and the cascading waterfalls masking the opening. The clouds kissed the tops of the mountains and great swathes of flowers grew on the hills. This truly was a beautiful place. I stepped forward.

"Creepers hear me, one and all. A great treasure has befallen our people courtesy of Charle. This is the most valuable thing we have ever seen besides the Resetter, and I hope that this finally allows you all to accept him into our community. He has done so much for us already, let's not forget the methods we now have of controlling the ticking..."

Farash held up the small blue gem, and the crowd was awe-struck by the brilliant colour and amazing reflections it caused in the light.

"This small gem can be worn around the neck of any Human, and will cause any Creeper near that Human to be completely passive and end the danger of exploding. This is extremely valuable to us."

The crowd murmured, and a significant air of approval filled the area. Charle was now one of us, a part of Providence.

This was two days ago. Since then, the other two main changes to my life have occurred. Charle helped build more of Providence - adding a wall round the entire perimeter and a series of communal buildings that stood tall and silver in the sunshine. He truly did care for us as a species, and this earned him respect.

Finally, my old friend returned to me. Remember the first Creeper I ever met? The one that explained the sun to me and watched the sunrise with me? He spawned randomly inside our confines, and recognised me by name. The reunion was joyous, and he has now taken position as deputy-Elder underneath myself. As such, we had to name him. His name is Dragonchamp.

Yes, these last eight days have been eventful, and now we have a purpose - thanks to the incredible revelation that Creepers can live with Humans, and that Humans are somewhat trustworthy and ethical beings, all Creepers now have the goal to see all Humans and all Creepers living in harmony.

We will see this goal through.

I promise myself.

Time for me to stop writing, I think. I have a lot to do tomorrow and I want to enjoy the sunrise with my good friend Dragonchamp.

Oh, and did I mention...that since Charle was accepted truly and my friend returned to me, my twisted face has changed to a pleasant smile? This was both unexpected, and amazing.

The way I see it, nothing can go wrong now.

---

36th Day

I reset as the sun hit its peak, and I was already very busy. Charle had come to me personally after waking up, planning to tell me of an idea he had. I did not want him to say until we were around the other Elders, so I told him to wait. He looked like he was desperate, so I let him give me a hint. All he had said was:

"Well, if you want to be peaceful..."

I stopped him there.

Right after I reset, I headed to the plaza where the other Elders were waiting in the central building, chatting amongst themselves. I had told Charle to meet us in a little while so that we had time to speculate and prepare for any suggestion he might make. We could not think of anything - sure, we wanted to be peaceful, but what could he possibly be suggesting that we hadn't been through already?

And so he came to us, and told us of his dream last night:

"I was sitting in this giant room, much like Creoptopolis before you built anything in it, I would assume. In front of me was a workbench, and I had created myself a white flag out of cloth and sticks."

I stopped him here. "You're suggesting we surrender?"

"No no, just that to achieve peace, we have to show them we are peaceful."

"But how will we do that? We will be killed before we even reach their settlement - however big it is now..." Mooman interjected.

"Farash, you can teleport right?"

"Only...to known...locations...." was Farash's response.

"Well, then this is what I propose: a small group of us travel to the Human settlement, scope the place out and work out the best way to enter and leave them a note warning of a future visit. We will know if they accept because Farash can teleport in every now and then to check on the deliberations and tell us if it will be worth visiting or not!"

We all looked at each other while Charle stood there, triumphant smile on his face.

"Can we have a moment, Charle?" I asked.

He left promptly, slightly disheartened that his idea was not taken in right away.

Duffman started the discussion: "Well, his idea is the best we have heard..."

"But it doesn't account for the danger Farash will be in, or the danger of being caught while travelling there..." Rugby now said.

"I...be...fine...Human avoid...invisible in the corner....." said Farash.

"So, that's one of the problems sorted - but here's a new one; what if they speak as if they want

us to visit, and we do, and they have laid a trap?" I said breathlessly.

"We will just have to take that risk, I think" said Mooman.

We all looked at each other for at least a minute, in complete silence. I went over the risks and rewards in my head, and could not help thinking that if it does work; it will be the first major step towards the peace we want.

"OK, let's vote. Yes or no?"

"Yes" said Mooman.

"Yes" said Farash.

"No" said Rugby.

"Yes" said Duffman.

"No" said Applecore.

"So that's three yes's to two no's" I stated.

"It looks like it's your decision, Jonno" was Applecore's pleading response.

After another minute of silence, I could not help but say "Yes."

Three of the group nodded in respect, while two squirmed uncomfortably.

I shouted behind me "Charle, come back now."

He returned with a quizzical smile on his face.

"We have decided to go with your plan. You, Farash, Rugby and I will travel now to get a scope of the location, and work out a way to deliver the message."

Charle jumped with joy.

"This is going to work, I know it! You won't be disappointed."

Wondering if my choice was the correct one, I moved outside and looked to the sky, noticing that sun was now nearly touching the mountains.

"We travel by night," I said aloud, "We will leave soon."

"Wait a moment!" Charle yelled from inside, quickly rushing out and past me, telling me to wait where I was.

He returned with a small black round device with a red line on it.

"This will point us back to the Resetter if we get lost. Now we are ready to go!"

"Impressive..." Farash said, able to step outside in the low light.

"OK, so we head out when the moon begins to rise. Prepare wisely for a long journey..."

I headed to my home to tell Dragonchamp that I would be gone for a while.

I was only slightly optimistic about our journey, but as I headed back to the Plaza I thought:

" Hell, it's worth a shot , right? "

37th Night

And so we left.

We travelled in the direction from whence we had come for longer than it had taken to find Providence (for we had forgotten the exact path), and eventually ended up at the remains of Creoptopolis.

We went inside for a quick break, and the atmosphere of the place was eerie. It felt as though an ancient ruin - untouched and buried for many thousands of years. Complete and incredibly heavy silence greeted us, and none of us uttered a word to end it. A dank musty feel was in the air, and our hearts sank as we fully surveyed the damages done to our city.

The park was lost. Trees were left as stumps in the ground, blackened and lifeless. The River had overflowed and soaked the earth around it, ruining any chance for life's regrowth. The main building at the back was in pieces. Huge holes had been ripped in the face, and one corner was missing entirely. Jagged edges littered the wrecked building, and the shattered windows showed signs that the Humans had searched the building.

As for the canals, they were dry - no water was left in the deep pits.

Houses were ransacked and ruined, and the skylight had been smashed out completely.

I looked to Farash as we moved slowly to the main building. The look he gave me echoed my own thoughts.

As we neared the building, a noise whispered from within. We froze in our places, afraid to move on. Had the Humans been waiting for our return? I looked to Charle, and nodded encouragingly. He called out in a broken voice.

"H-Hello? Is s-someone there?" (he had taught us enough of his peoples' language in the weeks before that we could now understand simple conversations).

"I am here, please enter" came the chilled, relaxed response. The voice was clear and soft, and I imagined that this would be how Farash would sound if he spoke fluently in our language. We proceeded with Charle in front, Rugby, Farash and I following. While we were curious, we were ever cautious of traps, and moved slowly.

A scuffled scratching sound came from within the building, and we saw movement through one of the broken windows. Charle called to the stranger.

"Who are you?"

"Just come in, please" was the slightly rude answer.

When we finally reached the door, broken off and swinging noisily on the top hinge, a pasty white hand swung out and grabbed me. Cold with fear, I focussed heavily on not exploding. The ticking filled my mind and I became barely aware of my surroundings. My head grew burning hot and I was dizzy. And then...nothing. The darkness around me held strong and the ticking never ended. I was sure I was being dragged, but I couldn't be certain. Then the light returned, and I could hear Farash shouting at the person who had grabbed me. I wasn't focussed enough to understand the Human language, but I could tell it was not a friendly conversation. As I regained focus and managed to stand, I was greeted by Rugby. He told me that Charle and Farash had taken the person inside to talk, and that he wanted only to be known as "The Resident." I was told he was ragged, as if he had been living off of scraps for weeks. I wanted to meet this man.

I opened the door to see Charle backing away in what looked like blind fear. Farash stood between my only Human friend and another, more ragged Human, who I assumed to be The Resident. Despite Charle's reaction and Farash's apparently defensive stance, The Resident just stood there, perfectly collected.

I asked what was going on, and Charle ran to me, cowering behind me, whispering something about danger and traps. Farash turned to me and said one word in Human; a word that I recognised:

"Leader..."

As the sun hit the top of the glorious daytime sky, the only sounds in Creepopolis were the cowering whimpers of Charle as he spoke of the Human's satanic leader.

---

37th Day

The world faded in, and it was exactly the same! I was expecting to be scattered without the presence of the resetter, and had been focussed on finding Creepopolis again. But here I was, in the main building - we all were; in the same awkward positions. I went to ask what happened, but I was interrupted by a quick hand gesture from "Leader", pointing my view over to a Resetter identical to the one at Providence. Farash was astounded - he had told us a certain magic was required to actually successfully place one.

"How...Resetter...move...?"

Leader threw his arms up above his head and laughed. Objects began to float, spinning around him. With a self-complacent smile he glanced at the objects around him. He spoke now in Creeper: "I taught myself the ways of the Skeletons...the power of their ways is mine!" Even Charle relaxed - if a man with the power of the Skeletons wanted to hurt us he would not need to invite us inside to do it.

Charle spoke in a broken voice. "H-How did you do it? Why are you here?"

Suddenly a look of sombre nostalgia passed over Leader's actions. He told us his story:

"Just after the four of us banished you and changed your spawn point, things started getting a little boring for the Humans. Two of us wanted to settle, and the other two wanted to move on constantly. With time our party grew discomfoted, constantly arguing about what to do. Then we found Crakolisia-"

"Crakolisia?" Rugby interjected. Leader cleared his throat and continued.

"If you'll let me finish...Crakolisia was a small town of around ten Humans. The two of us who wanted to settle found homes there, and the community began to thrive. Within a few days we had grown in number to exactly twenty-one Humans, all working together to build a fortress in which we could live."

"Then came the Elected. These were five people who wanted ultimate control, and muscled in a supposed democracy. They were elected by their own doing, and immediately began to change things in Crakolisia. I grew unhappy with the changes, and spoke out against the Elected. I wanted to see Crakolisia take a more peaceful route than the one they were suggesting - I wanted to explore again, to reach out into this world and maybe even give back what we had taken. Remember, I am only Leader by name, and they saw my "sudden change of heart" as a

weakness. After two days of trying to amass a sizeable protest, I was banished from the newly-named City, now known as Eltos."

Charle stood and pointed his finger at Leader. "So you're telling me that after nearly killing me, you went and had a change of heart!? How dare you!"

Leader bowed his head and spoke quietly. "Of course there are no excuses for my actions in regards to you, but I promise I have changed for the better."

"So why all the ragged clothes, and where did you learn the Skeletons' secrets?" I asked.

"When I was kicked out, I went exploring for a while. I dug through caves with my bare hands, I searched and searched for safe respite during the night. I died many times during this process, and then I found this place. I immediately recognised this as the place the raid team were describing, and realised what we Humans had done. We had driven you from this place, ruined your home. You had never shown any signs of being aggressive as a unit, yet we eliminated you just in case. Out of respect for your people, I vowed to stay and rebuild what I could."

I nodded in respect, and he continued.

"At first it was difficult - without the proper tools I could not really do anything to help myself, so I began to steal from Eltos. I was nearly caught one time, and I had to run fast, completely missing the hill beneath my feet. This is why my clothes are so ragged. As it turns out, the fall was worth it - it damn near killed me, but when I woke from my daze I saw a long cave stretching ahead of me, lit by torches. As I explored this deep underground cavern, I found many books in a strange dialect talking of the "power" and "knowledge" of the universe. Through this and the many rooms branching off the large halls, I learned the secrets of the Skeletons. I was suddenly able to command objects of the world to bow to my will, move impossibly fast to any known location, and even read the minds of creatures and people near to me."

"My...Home!" whispered Farash. I thought to myself - Could he really have stumbled upon the very place I had met Farash? Before I could ask, Leader continued.

"I was laying in this building one night, and I heard a whisper on the wind, as if someone was sending me a telepathic message. I focussed in on it, and what I found were not words, but images. I saw the building and destruction of Creepopolis through your eyes" - he pointed at me as he said this - "and I cried myself to sleep. I had never felt such happiness, such pride...and never so betrayed and hurt. At last I truly understood what had happened here, and vowed that I would wait for you to return, to aid in your ever-present goal of a peaceful existence."

I just stood there, stunned. I had wept before, but I could not. This man, this incredible man, had waited for us. He wanted to help - and he had power like no other man. He looked deep into my eyes - no, my soul - and the glint in his eye told me he was sincere. I looked around the room for the first time, and noticed that everything had been refurbished.

Suddenly I felt myself resetting - we had been here in this room all day, listening to Leader

speak.

Before the quick period of blackness, I had time to think to myself:

"And soon we shall finally have peace"

I held my gaze with Leader as the reset kicked in, for I could not bring myself to break it.

---

38th Night

The moon was high in the sky as we broke free of our old dwelling place, and Leader took point and led the way.

"It will be a relatively long journey...maybe most of the night. I can't teleport all of us at once..."

Leader said shakily.

Little conversation took place on the way - we were all too nervous. Leader, who was returning to a place he was ultimately unwelcome in, was especially so - it could be seen in his awkward slow movements and broken voice.

We passed a few familiar locations on the way - A huge U-shaped valley that stretched to the sky's limit, a massive enclosed tunnel lit by periodic natural skylights and an awe-inspiring waterfall of blue, cascading down the side of a very sizeable mountain of deep grey rock. I regarded as I always do while travelling that this world is beautiful, and I became nostalgic; thinking back to the events that led the Creepers to be afraid of it.

It felt as I looked back that the events were actually happening again; but they were different - I saw new sides of things I could not perceive at the time.

I approached the Human, curious as to what it was and wishing to communicate. I realise now that it would not have understood me if I managed to get in range to speak properly, but at the time I pressed on. It fired an arrow at me, and I felt the pain in my chest as before. This time, I looked at the Human as I would a Creeper - it was just defending itself. I fell to the ground, confusion and distress in my mind, and watched it laugh. Was it laughing because it was happy with its kill, or because it had survived my monstrous explosion?

This memory in particular was important to me - I remember seeing the first Creeper I had ever seen at the top of the mountain, and I was filled with joy as I died.

Looking back now, I could see so many new facets to the Human's behaviour that I simply could not have known back then. At the time I looked at the Human with confusion and hatred, but

now I look in respect - these people had powers that I could not hope to rival, and according to Leader's tales, capacity for great change.

"Maybe I'll even see this Human again" I quietly muttered to myself.

I sat in a small bunker, watching the sunrise with the first Creeper I had met. We now call him Dragonchamp, but we did not need names at the time. I remember the awe in my mind as the light flooded the great planes beneath me, and I remember that it was then that I formulated my plan. This first day was the basis and creation of Creeperville, and led to the actions we were about to take now...

My memory skipped to the first time I welcomed everyone to my community.

I looked over the crowd beneath me, and around the city we had built. The zombies stood in the far corner, away from the group, and only three Creepers stood with me. I spoke to the crowd in words that came silently in this memory, and they reacted as I remembered - cheers filled the canyon as light began to strike down from the skylight. I was extremely proud of Creepopolis, and I saw its future as nothing but bright and peaceful.

How wrong I was.

The Humans burst through the smoke and faced me. Destruction was all around me and I saw them try to kidnap me. I said good bye to my fellow Creepers, but Farash saved me. If it were not for Farash, I would not have been making this journey, and who knows what would have happened to my Community. I remembered the great curtain of depression that descend and affected us long into the morning, leading to our decision to move. We travelled far, and found Providence. It was here that we made the mark we always wanted, and it was from here that we would finally change this world forever. We would not run from the world, living in the sky, any longer...

The vivid images of first destruction and then discovery filled my mind. I was reminded of the time at which Charle first came to us, and a great feeling of gratitude grew inside of me. I looked to my Human friend walking beside me, and I could only think in respectful terms for this man.

My fit of nostalgia was interrupted by the break of dawn on the world we were travelling, and an incredible new sight greeted our group on the horizon. Eltos stretched above and ahead of us, the gates large and ominous.

"We will enter when day has struck" said Leader, a renewed confidence in his voice.

"Be...Prepared...we must..." added Farash.

"Are you sure we'll be ok?" asked Charle nervously.

Rugby turned and spoke casually - "hell, how bad can it be?"

I looked around at the group, nothing but love and respect in my heart for the representatives of world peace.

"It's settled. We enter when the sun hits the top of the sky. Here's hoping we'll be welcomed."

My main thought in the deep silence that followed was one that raised a dark feeling in my body:

"This is nothing like the original plan..."