



A MINECRAFT-INSPIRED BOOK:

**"THE STORY OF STEVE THE
HERMIT: HOW IT ALL
BEGAN"**

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Chapter 1: The Creation of the World

IN THE beginning, “God” created matter, which had six faces, and he called this matter “cubes”. Then he made a smooth surface from these cubes – infinite, in fact – and he called this world “The World of Minecraft”. Afterwards, He decided that this flat, uniform world was boring, so He put many cubes on top of each other in a particular place in the world, creating an elevation in the process. He removed cubes from another part of the world, which resulted in lowland. “God” distributed all these changes across the world in a random order. His next task was to paint all those cubes in different colors and to give them various properties. And thus all kinds of cubes were made: stone, earth, sand and others. Then, “God” created different kinds of vegetation, such as trees, grass and flowers. As a result, the world became more beautiful and diverse, and more fit to be populated with living creatures. But before that, the creatures had to be gifted with all that they would need for life – and so, by His command, a fluid cube of water quickly began to fill the majority of the lowlands. Then, “God” decided to create the air, without which none of the living beings could hope to survive. And so another special cube had to be created - air, transparent and imperceptible. Finally, He could start the creation of animals. But something went wrong: his creatures were all very aggressive, vicious and ugly. Consuming each other, they multiplied, producing offspring even more terrible than their parents.

And so “God” decided to create another world, located beneath the normal world. He named the upper world “Heaven”, and the lower world - “Hell”.



After a number of failed attempts to create normal animals, He nevertheless was determined to try again, and this time he succeeded. He populated the upper world with a few successful animal species, and sent the vicious and aggressive ones to Hell.



Afterwards, “God” started the most exciting step of developing his world – the creation of humans. He created them, gifting them with a part of Himself in the process, and then placed them in various parts of the world. In order to hide the humans from their creator, “God” created the sky, the Sun, and the clouds. With time, “God” started to forget about that cubic world, focusing on creating something new, something which remains unknown... eventually, almost all of the humans of the World of Minecraft found each other, in spite of their different places of origin. They started to live together, in harmony and friendship, but a few of them could not find the others; and so they lived alone, ignorant of the existence of their own kind. The human named Steve, who was born much later than the rest, belonged to those few.

Chapter 2: Steve's Life

IT WAS A WARM, windless morning. Sun rays were slipping on a sprawling tree, illuminating everything around with the warm, soft and beautiful light of dawn. When Steve finally opened his eyes and tried to get up, he saw that the sun had already come out of the clouds. He managed to get up quickly and without any issues, and started to look around. A large lake was next to him, inhabited by some kind of animals with long tentacles.

In the far distance there was a stretched-out valley, covered in thick grass and various flowers. The forest surrounded the valley from all sides: front, back, left and right. "I have to get to the valley; it looks far more appealing than all this endless and bleak forest," thought Steve. But to get to the valley, he had to cross the lake. It was of considerable size, and circumventing it would be very time-consuming and quite unwise. Steve started thinking, trying to come up with a plan to get to the cherished valley. It was impossible to swim across the lake – first of all, it would be way too tiring, and second of all, the monsters, with their long tentacles, were pretty unnerving. What if they attacked him while he was swimming? The solution dawned on Steve once his gaze fell upon the trees. He went over to a tree and struck it, again and again. Soon, cracks started spreading across the whole tree block, and after a few more hits the block was broken. The block immediately turned into a tiny log cube that Steve could carry with him. After gathering six blocks this way, he tried stripping bark from them; he got something resembling planks from this primitive treatment process. By fastening four tiny plank cubes together, he built something like a workbench, which could be used for woodwork. A few blocks of wood were used to make the necessary resource-gathering tools.

Now he had a wooden pick, an axe and a shovel. After cutting down a few more trees, he started making a boat, which he was going to use to cross the lake. It was obvious to him what he had to do – after fastening the cubes in a shape resembling a washtub and testing the durability of his new product, Steve took his workbench with him, went to the lake, lowered his boat into the water and carefully took a seat. He had to use his hands to row. Steve s looking at the creatures in the water the whole time, but they had no intention of attacking him. They were just swimming at the lake's bottom peacefully, lazily moving their tentacles about. After reaching the shore, Steve docked carefully and got out of the boat. He was right to choose this place – it was beautiful and fit for living; well-worth the trouble.

Chapter 3: Steve Builds His Home

HAVING CHOSEN A SUITABLE

LOCATION, he made a small wooden pole to mark the exact place where he wanted to build a house to live in and to enjoy the view from his window. Steve placed the workbench near the pole and used it to make a chest from the remaining wood planks. He put his shovel inside and went to his boat in order to gather the resources necessary for building a house. After crossing the lake once more, Steve started cutting down the trees one after another, gathering logs and breaking the foliage with his hands. Soon he accumulated a huge pile of untreated logs.

Steve loaded the logs into the boat, brought them near the pole and stored them in his chest. Suddenly, he saw a small hill near the shore; he noticed a small cave inside it. He came closer and saw a peculiar stone with black patches. Steve broke it with his pickaxe unhurriedly, and something dropped from the stone, something black. It was coal. Behind the broken stone there was another, with the same black patches. “A-ha, looks like a coal deposit!” thought Steve. “Well, I suppose I’ll come by later to mine some more, but right now I have to get some regular stone material for the main part of the house.”

And so he got to work. Plenty of time had passed already, and Steve started to feel the darkness coming. “I don’t want to spend the night outside, in the darkness...I don’t know this place at all, and I can get lost! So I should start building the house right away,” thought Steve. With this thought in his mind, Steve started mining faster and left the cave with his hands full of stones. After removing the grass near the pole, he started building his house. He used planks for the house’s foundation. Steve constructed a rectangle out of them and started assembling the walls near its edges, leaving some space for the windows and the entrance. He chose to make a wooden roof, because he wanted to build a second floor (an attic), where his bedroom would be. He moved the workbench and the chest into the house and started constructing a wooden door. After installing the door in the appropriate place, Steve assembled a furnace and placed it near the rear wall of the house. Although it was already almost completely dark, Steve decided to go to the shore and dig up some sand in order to melt it and produce some glass. After coming home with the cubes of sand, Steve realized how extremely exhausted and sleep-deprived he was. He put the sand, the tools and the remaining stone parts in his chest and went to sleep right on the floor.

Chapter 4: Steve Finishes Building His Home

IN THE MORNING, Steve was awoken by some kind of noise. With a mixed feeling of fear and curiosity, he opened the door and stepped outside. An animal was running around him, making noises that strongly resembled oinking. For the sake of safety, Steve took his pickaxe from the chest and came closer to inspect the creature. Once he got close enough to the creature to get a good look at it, he realized that it was just an ordinary pig. He threw his pickaxe away to the side and started trying to catch the pig with his bare hands.

After a brief chase, he drove the pig into the pit near his house. “Fine, to hell with it; I’ll think of something later,” he thought, and with this thought in mind he picked up his pickaxe and went home. Once inside, he immediately took his axe out of the chest and went to the forest to gather some wood. After getting just enough for the construction of the house’s roof, he was going to go haul the logs back home, when suddenly he saw some more animals. There were four of them, all of them fluffy, with white fur. They were walking around the trees peacefully and, from time to time, they would cast a glance at Steve with their little black eyes.

Having realized that he had nothing to be afraid of, Steve came closer to them and found out that they were sheep. Their fur was so fluffy and soft that he wanted to cut it off and use it for his bed. A floor wasn’t very comfortable for sleep, after all. But in order to cut off the fur, he needed something sharp. Not having found anything sharp on his person, Steve decided to leave all the convenient things, like a bed, for later, and after returning home, he started constructing a roof. First, he made steps out of wood, using his workbench – he wanted his roof to be triangular. Having made many steps this way, Steve decided that it would be enough, and started assembling a wooden ladder out of sticks so that he could get to the top of the house. After finishing it and attaching it to the wall, he climbed to the top and started building the roof. One carefully put wooden step after another and his attic rooftop was growing rapidly. Now that the house was finished, the only thing left to do was decorate it, and surely it would feel like the nicest and coziest place in the world; the perfect place to live. Steve fired up the furnace and threw some sand blocks in there. Having melted them into glass, he put it into the window openings.

Chapter 5: Steve Decides to Start His Own Farm

AS STEVE WAS CUTTING DOWN the trees

and foliage, little sprouts were falling out; he gathered them and brought them home, too. Now that he had all kinds of different sprouts in his chest, Steve could start planting trees near his house – and so he did exactly that. Now he started thinking about how he could get that little pig out from the pit and start a farm. He came up with a cunning plan; if, as the pig was running away from him all the time, he could dig a trench in the pit and bring the animal home. After which he could put a fence around the place, suitable for a farm. And so he did just that: he made a whole network of trenches and pits, being the resourceful person that he was. He could see other pigs wandering about his house, so he dug trenches and pits across the whole perimeter and then linked them to the main tunnel. “There will be many pigs wandering into the tunnel during the night, and in the morning I’ll drive them all to the farm.” He made a porch and the remaining steps so that it would be more comfortable to enter the house.

Dusk was coming... He needed torches for attracting animals and for in-house lighting. He managed to make torches by attaching some charcoal to sticks. Steve knew how to create fire the natural way: he needed flint, and flint, obviously, could be found in gravel. Luckily, he had noticed some gravel next to an ore deposit of some kind while coal mining in the cave. He took his shovel, his pickaxe and some torches and went to the cave. “I could find what kind of ore that was, too,” he thought. After harvesting some flint and gravel, he started striking the walls of the cave with flint while holding the torch in his other hand. After a few failed attempts, a spark flew out, falling on the torch, which immediately lit up and illuminated a part of the cave. The cave’s hidden depths did not tempt Steve, at least for now. He attached the torch to the wall and started mining the yellow ore. He found four cubes behind just one. There were two deposits at once there. Taking only two samples with him, he hurried home, but without forgetting to take his burning torch with him. After he came home, Steve immediately placed the torches in the corners of the first floor and lit them up with the burning one, stored the harvested resources in the chest, then went upstairs to the second floor and quietly went to sleep, turning his back to the wall. Pigs slowly approached the house, gazing at the light produced by the torches. It meant that the next morning a small present would be waiting for Steve: his own pig farm.

Chapter 6: Steve Obtains Food and Shears Sheep

THE NEXT MORNING, Steve woke up being tormented by hunger. Somehow, he got up from the floor, feeling that he definitely needed a bed to avoid getting cold and sick. But he needed to eat something first – after all, he didn't set up all the pig traps for nothing. He got out of the house and went to check the traps. They were all filled with pigs, who were trying, unsuccessfully, to get out, as if they didn't notice the one actual exit: the trenches. Once Steve got down to them, they immediately noticed it and started running. After driving all the pigs to his farm, he filled the trenches and the pits. After returning home, Steve noticed that all the wooden tools were slightly damaged – the pickaxes head, the axe's edge, and the shovel's blade. He decided against using them and simply threw them in the lake, after which he started crafting more durable tools. This time he used cobblestone instead of wood. After making the stone tools and a stone sword, he started looking around for a pig to stab. He didn't have to chase it very long, as the paddock was pretty small. After cornering his target, Steve swung at it with his sword and struck it a few times. Having picked up the pieces of meat, he went inside the house to cook them. He loaded up the furnace with firewood and meat and ignited it. He needed to craft a table and a seat to eat comfortably. In order to do that, he put a few blocks of wood near the window – and the table was complete. He made a seat from one half of the block, which he got from simply cutting a tree in half. After dining on very tasty pork, Steve decided to examine the ore samples that he got from the cave the day before. It is a well-known fact that in order to get something out of ore, you have to melt it first. And so he heated up the furnace again and put the blocks of ore there. Soon, the ore had been completely melted and Steve took pieces of something white out of the furnace. Those pieces were iron, which was a few times more durable than stone. Because this material was one of the most suitable for sharpening, Steve decided to craft something sharp with it, something that could be used for shearing sheep. He crafted a pair of scissors by attaching two pieces of iron to one another and sharpening them against the walls of his own house. He went outside and started looking for sheep. He got lucky very fast; the same exact sheep that he encountered earlier were now taking a bath in the water. He approached them and then sheared all of them, gathering enough wool to craft a bed. After he brought the wool home and put it into his chest, Steve, being a curious and restless person, went outside to explore the area.

Chapter 7: Steve Goes Hiking and Enjoys the Scenery

AFTER TAKING EVERYTHING he needed – his tools and torches – he went hiking to the mountains that surrounded the beautiful valley. Walking on grass, Steve was thinking about how beautiful and full of wonder the world around him really was. Flowers, grass, animals – everything seemed so nice and appealing.



Struck by all this beauty, Steve was approaching the mountains when the view got even more breathtaking, thanks to the multitude off small waterfalls, with water pouring right off the cliff and flowing to a small pond. There were many birches growing near the pond, and under them there were mushrooms of two kinds: the grayish-brown ones and the red ones, with white specks. Carefully harvesting them with his scissors, Steve put them in his pocket, feeling excited about making a wonderful mushroom soup out of them later.

Suddenly Steve felt a strong desire to take a bath in the pond. He removed his clothes, arranged his hiking gear on the grass nearby, and went into the water. It was very warm, almost hot, because of the great amount of sunlight heating it up during the

day. After swimming across the pond a few times, Steve got out of the water.



Lying down on the soft, dry grass so that he could get dry himself, he thought about adding the finishing touches to his house. He had to insert some glass into the window opening, craft a chimney, construct a bed, and finally, complete the porch by adding a canopy to it. He started thinking hard, trying to figure out the types and amounts of resources that he needed, because he wanted to start gathering them right away so as not to waste time and effort. After a while, Steve got a headache. He got up, put his clothes back on, and gathered his things, and then started walking toward the mountain a little to the left of the pond, intending to conquer it. As he was climbing higher and higher, he was carving out little steps along the way, to make climbing up and down a little easier. After reaching the top, he sat down to catch his breath next to a small oak that was growing there, and started looking around. He saw a completely different landscape before his eyes: a mountain down below, and the sea behind it that was surrounding the valley as well as the mountains. After getting enough of the wonderful and unusual view, Steve decided to climb down.

While climbing up and carving the steps, Steve didn't notice one small pathway inside the rock. Now that he was climbing down, the small pathway became more

noticeable, and Steve decided to explore it. Just as he expected, the pathway was leading to a cave. After arranging a few torches on the walls, he started mining stone and minerals, namely iron and coal; somehow there was an abundance of these resources, despite the cave's small size.

“I wish I could create a device that could produce unlimited cobblestone quantity to make my work so much easier. Mining in the actual caves is so difficult and dangerous! It would make it unnecessary to go so far away from home and risk my life JUST to get some cobblestone.” Unfortunately, it was just a dream that he had, way too far from reality. In spite of his natural inventiveness, Steve didn't know the first thing about building such a device.

Chapter 8: Steve Survives a Thunderstorm (And Its Consequences)

MEANWHILE, QUITE A BIT OF TIME had

passed since Steve decided to visit this resource-rich cave, and it was getting dark. Having left the cave with his pockets full of harvested resources, Steve started walking home. Suddenly, the whole sky got especially dark, and in about two minutes it started raining heavily. Steve tried running, but his heavy pockets got in the way of that; he begrudgingly threw out a couple of stones and it got a lot easier. By the time he stepped on his porch, it was completely dark. After stoking the furnace, he stored all his “riches” in the chest, got undressed and put the clothes next to the furnace to dry them.

Steve needed something to lie on, so he started crafting a bed. In less than five minutes Steve heard a horrible crackling upstairs, in the attic; and, right after that, the reverberating noise of thunder. Abandoning his unfinished bed, he went upstairs to find out what happened. What he saw there horrified and stunned him – the roof was on fire! The fire had already spread to attic floor when Steve finally came to his senses and burst out of the house like a bullet, taking his clothes and storage chest with him.

The thunderstorm was very powerful, and one of the lightning bolts struck the roof of Steve’s house. Steve was watching his entire livelihood, and indeed, his life, burn. After all, no house meant no life. Even the pouring rain couldn’t put out the mighty fire on the roof. The sky itself was not dark anymore, but had a sort of light gray color. It seemed suspicious and strange to Steve. And not without reason, as it turned out; soon the lightning was everywhere and weird creatures, the sort that Steve had never seen before, started appearing, seemingly originating from the lightning bolts. Even their appearance suggested their all-consuming hostility.

Chapter 9 . Steve Meets the Monsters

THE CREATURES WERE NOT ONLY

stepping out of the lightning bolts, but they were also approaching Steve from the forest near the lake. There was a deafening explosion near the house, destroying half of it. Steve was knocked away by the shockwave, somewhere towards the lake, right into the monsters' claws. Knocking his head on a tree and regaining his senses, he quickly started trying to figure out what to do. Having decided that the creatures were only appearing on this island, he changed his direction towards the other island that he had seen from the top of the mountain.

After he took the boat that had been still floating in the water and his storage chest, he started running to that exact mountain. Running was hard, of course, but he didn't stop for even a second out of fear of getting chased down and eaten alive. He heard hissing behind him, and saw arrows flying by, seeming to appear out of nowhere. Dodging the arrows, he looked back to see who was firing them, and then he saw IT. He saw a crowd of monsters practically breathing down his neck. He saw the archers among them – rather thin creatures, which looked somewhat like Steve himself. There were also spiders and some long-bodied green creatures, walking silently on their four legs. Picking up the pace, Steve started throwing out all the useless stuff from his chest. After reaching his destination, he started climbing up the stairs. Having entered the cave, Steve blocked the way with earth and stone right away. He quickly figured out the way to the sea and started digging. The torches he left there the last time were still burning, so his work was a lot easier. After ten minutes of focused labor the passage was complete, and Steve, without giving it a second thought, jumped into the boat and pushed with his hands. His landing was a bit careless – some water poured into the boat, so he started scooping it out.

In a short while, he was sailing in the direction of the island that he hoped would be safe. However, the very thing that Steve had been afraid of from the moment that the first monsters appeared happened. He saw the monsters, lurking around the island in search of food, from afar. After looking around and making sure that there were no other signs of land, Steve started sailing around the island, hoping that there would be fewer creatures. As it turned out, there was a whole connected system of islands instead of just one. Having chosen the most appropriate place for the landing, Steve moored the boat, and this time he decided to take the boat with himself instead of leaving it in the water, just in case.

Chapter 10. The Start of a New Life

MORNING WAS COMING.

After all that stress, Steve was very tired and wanted to just fall down on the floor and doze off. He still couldn't believe what had happened. He didn't even know what caused the nightmare that he had seen, and he was dying to know, in spite of being afraid of what it might be. But he didn't have time to relax, so he kept stumbling along the shore, flinching from every little noise and looking over his shoulder every other minute. The morning wasn't warm, as it was on the first day of Steve's life; it was cold and somewhat misty. After a while, sunlight dispelled the mist and a thought-provoking image appeared before Steve's eyes: a zombie, standing right next to him. At least, he looked like one – he had a poisoned body, moved slowly and kept his arms extended forward as he walked, not to mention the rattle-like noises. After the first rays of sunlight touched his head, he immediately burst into flames and died, letting out one last moan. The zombie's body disappeared a few seconds later, and the few particles that were left got dispersed into the air. Steve looked around: all the skeletons and zombies that he saw were dying one by one. "So it's the daylight that kills them! Maybe once they're all dead it will be over?" thought Steve, happily. But it wasn't so simple: the zombies and the skeletons were dead, but the spiders and the long-bodied green creatures – creepers, as Steve had decided to call them - showed no sign of burning to death. They were still lurking around in the sun, persistently looking for food. Meanwhile, Steve had to find a shelter, where he could hide from them and live, or, to put it more accurately, to survive. Having found a small pit in the ground, he started digging, going deeper and deeper underground. It took him a very long time, because Steve was working so slowly. Thinking that a forty-cube deep pit should be enough for trying to survive in volatile conditions, Steve started expanding his room. Then he masked the entrance to his hideout and put down the chest, the furnace and the workbench. After finishing the bed and arranging the torches, he went outside to look for food, as he hadn't eaten anything since the previous day.

Looking at the lurking spiders and creepers reminded Steve that he still didn't have an adequate weapon or any sort of body armor. He climbed back down to his shelter, opened the chest and started looking for items that could be helpful for crafting weapons and armor. A few minutes later, he found thirty-two cubes of iron ore, a couple of planks and five sticks. He also found some long-forgotten mushrooms in one of the chest's compartments. Now that he had found them, he didn't need to go outside; he could just cook a mushroom soup instead, and he got to it right away. Having finished cooking the soup, he only had a few things left to do: make his shelter a little cozier by crafting a wooden floor and placing a table and a seat there. Steve melted the iron ore into iron bars, which he used to make a door that he placed next to the entrance. He also made a lever for opening the door out of a stick and a stone and attached it next to the door.

Now he was completely relaxed, and could finally eat his soup. After finishing his meal, Steve couldn't do anything else, being so exhausted from the last two days. He didn't know how much time had passed and whether it was day or night. It didn't matter at the

moment, anyways, so he just went to bed and immediately fell asleep.

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Chapter 11: Steve's Spider

HE DREAMT OF THE FOREST and the pig that

he had tried to drive to his farm, but the pig was disappearing all the time and reappeared in a new place each time, as if teasing him, trying to make him go deeper into the thicket. Steve couldn't catch her, but then she appeared once more, this time on a small mountain, and Steve went after her. Climbing the mountain was easy at first, but it got harder and harder. Steve was suffocating, and, after making a serious effort...he woke up. All the torches in the room were extinguished, except for one, and Steve had to use it as a "lighter" to light them again. Afterwards, he began crafting weapons and armor but he had some trouble with the helmet; while trying to find the right size, he either made it too big or too small to actually wear. After finally finding the right size, Steve, clad in iron armor from head to toe, went outside his shelter. It was early in the morning – not all the stars were gone from the sky yet. Steve's first order of business was taking care of food: he carefully avoided the places abundant with creepers and other fauna and slowly moved forward, looking for suitable prey. He pitied the poor pigs and cows, but such was life. In order to avoid getting lost in the unknown area, Steve left marks on the trees. Sometimes he encountered marshy ground on his way, which made it harder to move forward; falling down into the quagmire meant certain death. After gathering a lot of meat, he started harvesting wood by cutting down trees that were overgrown with wild vines. From time to time, Steve would find a mushroom or two; he put them with the meat. He enjoyed the mushroom soup that he made before and wanted to cook it again and again. Steve was a great cook, in fact, and knew many peculiar details and tricks when it came to making food. The process itself brought great joy to him, as much as actually eating the food. He was enjoying himself while cutting the trees, and didn't notice how his clothes got stuck to one of the branches. A sudden rustle made him look around – "What the-?" The answer came from behind the bushes, with exceptional agility and speed: it was a spider. Steve recoiled and started stepping back slowly, getting stuck in the wild vines more and more. As it was approaching Steve, the implacable spider was snapping his jaws, and Steve couldn't take it anymore; he panicked and somehow managed to free one of his arms and started looking for his sword, which turned out to be right under his feet. After reaching his sword, Steve quickly sliced through the vines and switched to a defensive stance. The moment that the spider jumped, aiming his sting at him, Steve pointed his sword upwards, impaling it. The spider, still convulsing and rattling in agony, began dissolving.

He had never felt such fear and terror, as it is now. It feels like everything around turned upside down and the world will never be the same. He stood for a long time like this, with a sword in his hand extended, until finally he came to his senses and realized that we should move on. All that was left of the spider were a few web pieces and a red bloody eye that was still looking in his direction. For an unknown reason, he decided to take it as a trophy. He adjusted his helmet on his head and continued to move through the swamp, stopping from time to time to catch their breath. Moving through these kinds of places was hard, especially with such a load on my shoulders but what could he

do? He had to get used to the harsh conditions that literally unsettle.

And Steve went step by step toward a new life, towards new adventures, because it was waiting for so many interesting things in this exciting and unusual World of Minecraft!



