

Chapter 1

The Hunt

Limit Force took a deep inhale of the morning forest air. It was crisp and cool, perfect for tracking animals, beasts, and convicts on the run. He exhaled through his mouth as the white mist created by the heat of his breath, pushed its way into the living space. It was thirty degrees out and there was crunchy snow, making a blanket for the ground. He turned around to face his fleet of soldiers who were freezing cold. They were shivering to the point where their armor rattled and their teeth chattering. Limit Force, could not tell, however, because of his armor and lack of thermal nerves.

Limit Force looked at his wrist to check his compass in his wrist guard. They were headed east of the kingdom.

“Sir,” a soldier shouts from behind Limit. He turned to see the soldier bringing him the map. “We have walked about 7 miles. May we please rest? The others and I agree that for all of us to move on, we will need to settle for at a minimum of 20 minutes.”

Limit Force pauses and looks into the dense woods, hoping to see the runner move inside the frozen air. “If you need rest now,” Limit force scanned the trees, taking another step closer through the muddy snow. “so will the convict.” Limit turned to the men and peered at them. “All of you get twenty-five minutes of rest. When the sun is under the North cloud, you move forward.” Limit walked forward and leaned on a tree covered in moss. There was a scrape on the tree where some of the moss had

been, still fresh. He was there recently. He continued. “I almost have you,” Limit whispered rhetorically. “it’s just a matter of time before I do, Blur.”

Limit looked at his wrist to check the clock. It read forty-five minutes till sun down. He hated sun down. Unless he was in a torch lit room, there was no way in Nether that he would be outside at night. Weird things happened. They have been happening for the past seventeen cycles ever since he was formed.

“Where are you going, sir?” A soldier cried out, but Limit only responded by walking away. He continued walking until he was out of the soldier’s sights. He wanted to catch this criminal on his own, and that’s what he intended on doing. It wasn’t going to be hard to catch this convict, especially since Limit could smell his fear, his sweat, and his blood. Limit was bound to find him. And in the crisp clear air, it wasn’t going to be hard.

“I know you are here,” Limit spoke sharply to the woods. He scanned his black eyes over the woods again. “Why don’t you give up? If you come out of hiding, I won’t have to kill you.” He put his hand around a thick tree and peeked behind it, not expecting anything to be there. He was only trying to tease Blur, to make him feel safe.

With doing so, he was also teasing himself on this “hunt” so to speak. He leaned against the tree and smiled. “You know, I don’t really want to hurt you, I just want to throw you in prison. What happens to you then, well, I’m sorry, but I can’t help you that far. All I know is that it’s my job to hunt down the corrupt and throw

‘em away, but does that make me the bad guy?” He paused to listen for a response, but none came. Instead, he could only hear the sound of the wind. “Didn’t we used to mine together? Weren’t we friends?” He paused again to listen for a reply.

“We used to be, but now, you’re throwing me away for your job!”

Limit Force looked around but couldn’t see where the echo of Blur was coming from. He put his hand on his sword. “Yes, I’m bringing you in because you broke the rules!”

“I was just having fun!”

“You killed someone trying to take their diamonds! That’s not “fun”, that’s theft and murder!”

“Well then,” Blur whispered from the tree, pulling out a knife made from obsidian. “I guess I have only one choice.” Blur jumped out of the tree screaming a battle cry getting Limit’s attention. Before Limit could retaliate, Blur was on top of Limit, wrestling with him. Blur attempted to push his knife to Limit’s face, while Limit was doing his best to resist the brutal attack against him.

“What are you doing?” Limit gasped, trying to uphold the surprise ambush from

above.

“Something I should have done when I met you!” Blur thrust the knife towards the face of Limit. Limit reacted with little

time and rolled his head to the right, avoiding the supposed fatal blow. There wasn't much more time to waste, Limit picked up Blur and held him in the air.

"I didn't think it would come to this, Blur, but under the name of the King and the word of Notch, I sentence thee to death!" Limit Force threw Blur quickly on his back against a tree with a sharp branch sticking out. The branch pierced through Blur's body like a sword through a thin wool blanket. He hung about a foot off the ground, his blood dripping down his ankle and to the ground. His knife still was clenched in his hand, slowly slipping as his body became more lifeless to the minute. Limit frowned knowing he did something that he didn't really want to do, but it had to be done, did it not? He questioned himself as he watched the knife finally slip out of his cold dead hands and heard it hit a pile of moss lying on the ground. It made a pat sound, but it also made a clinging sound as it landed. Limit looked back to see that the sun was further down under the North clouds than he imagined. He watched it as it started to hide its bright face behind the mountains in the distance; then came the twilight. Before Limit knew how

much time he had wasted, he looked back at the body to find it gone, knife still on the ground, lying on the moss. Limit walked up to the moss and picked up the knife, curious of its crafter. "The only person I know who can craft like that is Waffle." Limit scratched his head and examined the knife. "How did Blur get a hold of one of his knives?" Limit looked over at where Blur should have been, still irked about him being gone. It seemed, however, everyone he ends up killing, disappears when he isn't looking. Limit questioned his sanity for a moment, proving he

was sane. “If one can question their own sanity,” he mumbled to himself, “then this proves that the person questioning is sane.” He put the knife in his leather side bag took a breath, leaning against a tree.

He watched his cold breath fill the air, and then quickly dissipate. His eyes focused onto the moss as it started to twitch. Limit didn’t realize it then, but he knew what it was. The Creepus Mossis, Creeper for short. His eyes widened and he started to move away, back towards his fleet of men, but as if he was in slow motion, the Creeper was already behind him. The Creepers cold hollow eyes stared at Limit with hunger as the mouth elongated into an unrealistic frown from Nether. The Creeper had moss hanging off of it. That was its day time disguise. If one were to wake it from sleep, it was like stepping on buried TNT. This creature was not known for its hiding skills. This creature was known for its attack and defense. The creature naturally produces sulfur and ignites it with a flint-and-steel-like spark that makes them dangerous. The only reason they will ignite this is if a person gets into the sight of one. Limit was becoming anxious to get out of its sight.

Limit turned around to run, transforming his movement into a full sprint. He moved as fast as he possibly could, but the creeper still kept up somehow. Limit was frightened. This was only the second time he had encountered the Creepers. The first time he was mining and discovered another patch of moss just like this one, except that one was smaller than the one chasing him now. He put his shovel through the moss and it stood up, screaming. A second later, it exploded. After the incident, Limit was taken to a medical center by another miner who heard the

explosion, knowing that Limit didn't bring TNT with him. When Limit woke, he was in his room again. He didn't come out for a month and a half after that. All he did was request books and journals with this creature recoded in it. All he found out was it was best to run away if spotted, that no contact must be made unless you have skills in archery.

He continued to run as his men came into sight. He didn't know what to do so he ran past them, hoping they would take a hint. They all looked behind him and saw the Creeper, finally getting up and running. All the soldiers stumbled over each other, trying to get out of the way. The soldier in front tripped over a root from a tree and all the other soldiers followed a similar pattern. They scrambled to get up but to no prevail. Before they could prey to Notch the Creeper was over them, breathing sulfur into their faces. Limit heard their screams and turned to see the Creeper ignite his sulfur and destroy all ten of his soldiers, leaving a giant crater in the ground. Body parts flew everywhere, and only one soldier remained. He was the only one who hadn't lost all of his limbs, only his left leg was missing from the blast. He moaned. Limit Force walked up to the soldier and took his hand. "Are you going to make it?" Limit asked, hoping he could save this man's life.

"I don't think so," the soldier groaned again, "but tell my daughter that I love her." He wheezed out a cough of blood. "Her name is Cythryth, named after her mother before she passed on to Notch." Limit became sad for a moment, then motivated.

"I'm going to make sure you tell her yourself." Limit proclaimed, lifting up the soldier over his shoulders, carrying him

towards the city of New Nimbus. The soldier said nothing but groaned plenty. Limit wanted to get him to a medic as soon as possible. The mental trauma that Limit was going through was massive. He had never lost this many men in one search mission, let alone killed a convict so brutally. Something was wrong, like his energy was distorted somehow. He didn't quite know if it was good or bad, all he knew was he felt different this one particular night.

They were only a mile away from the city, but Limit was tired. The soldier continued to groan for every step of the way, every time Limit took a breath the Soldier groaned. "We are stopping here," Limit exhaled as he set the soldier down. The soldier continued to moan and breath in agony as the pain of infection became stronger. Limit reached into his leather side bag and pulled out a torch. "Here," he said lighting it against a stone on the ground. He planted the torch in between them into the dirt, lighting up a bit of the area around them, "this way we can see. If anything comes our way, we will be ready." The soldier stopped moaning and slowly lifted his arm shakily pointing behind Limit. "What's the matter?" The soldier made a moaning sound, still pointing behind him. "What is it that is..." Limit turns around to see the evil glowing red eyes of a zombie. However, it wasn't a regular zombie from the forest, but the zombie of Blur, the man he just murdered. Limit's eyes widened as the red glow grew closer. The red glow that whipped around, it was like looking into your own bloody veins, deep and wide, traveling forever.

The zombie broke through the darkness and opened its mouth. Limit could tell that he wasn't going to have an easy night

with anything. The zombie lunged at Limit, chomping down on his obsidian armor. The zombie wouldn't back down so Limit pulled his iron sword and stabbed the zombie in the chest, swinging him over his shoulder and tossing him to the ground. Limit looked down at the zombie to see him try to get up. Limit raised his sword to cut the head off but was interfered by a sharp pain in his hand. There was an arrow stuck in his gauntlet that pierced his obsidian armor. He dropped his sword instantly and held his hand tight to see little beads of blood drip out of the crack from the arrow. He looked to see who dared to stop him to find a walking skeleton wearing some kind of oriental armor with a bow and a quiver full of arrows. He had eyes that glowed red as well, but they were deeper, more intense, and more violent. The skeleton pulled out another arrow and fired it at Limit's face. With inches before the arrow made contact with his face, Limit dodged the arrow to the left and tripped over the zombie, falling on his back. The thud and impact forced him to let out an 'Oof' sound. He shook his head and looked up, only to see the red eyes glowing over him. The soldier notices the struggle and groans as he rolls his body, belly down and uses his arms to crawl towards the torch. With all his body strength he had left, he pulled the flaming stake out of the ground and gasped. He pushed himself up to give himself some support, targeting the skeleton. He only had a few seconds before he would lose all his energy so he had to throw it now and now only. Throwing the torch took all his effort but he threw it. The torch, like a shooting star, so beautiful and bright, but also so dangerous, hit its target and set it ablaze. The skeleton danced around as the fire spread all over his armor and

bones. His quiver caught flame and exploded, meaning he had bomb arrows inside. Limit Force took this opportunity to get up and quickly move. Acting only, Limit round house kicked the skeleton in the back and sent him lunging into the zombie, setting him on fire as well. The two monsters were no longer going to be an issue, but that didn't say for the rest of the way home that there wasn't going to be any trouble.

Limit bent over and took a deep breath and heard a buzzing noise. He checked his belt and noticed his Red Dust meter was running low, about five minutes left before he slowly shut down till he had more Red Dust. The city was now eight minutes away. If he ran, it would take about five minutes, but the life span of his Red Dust Battery would lose about a minute. He was stuck, but better to lose a minute then to lose a life of a fellow soldier, no? He had no time to think, but to react, if he didn't get himself or the soldier back to the town, they would both die in the cold alone, and they would never be seen again. Limit scooped up the faint hearted soldier and started to sprint. The more he focused on getting home, the faster he would move, and the more his Red Dust depleted. It was becoming harder and harder for him to run from loss of Red Dust as he neared the town. He could see the lights of the road. He was almost there. A few more yards and he would be home free.

Two guards stood at their post in front of the city gate, not noticing Limit charging towards them. "Hey!" Limit shouted as he started slowing, losing speed and ability to move. He was out of Red Dust and draining more quickly than normal. "I need your help!" he shouted again. The two guards lift up their tired heads

and gained their balance. They noticed Limit was slowly coming to his knees, putting the soldier down in the process. The two guards ran to Limit and the fallen soldier.

“What happened, sir?” one of the soldiers requested from Limit. Limit tried to speak but all that came out was Red clouds. His eyes started to shut and slowly he started to lose his balance, falling to his face into the ground. “Hurry and take him in! I’ll grab General Whitehart!”

“Yes, Sir!” The other guard accepted. He grabbed Limit by the wrists and pulled him in through the gate, making sure not to touch any of his functions. “Where am I taking him exactly? Do you know?” He asked grunting.

“You are taking him directly to the Lord’s house. I’m taking the General to Doc Semparo!”

“The Lord’s house?” he moaned. He peered up into the window of where Lord Helper resided, the King of all Nimbus. There he was, Lord Helper, standing there watching the guard drag his ‘son’ across the hard cobblestone road. The gates to the Helper Residence opened by two other guards and creaked loudly from being used so many times. The sound was irritating but subtle. The guard looked back to the window to see Lord Helper walk away from the glass, only to leave a shadow behind. The guard took a deep breath as he continued to drag Limit into the building, iron doors creaking shut behind him.

The guard laid down Limit on one side of the red rug as he kneeled on the other side to the left of Limit. He crossed his left

arm over his chest to show honor and respect. Lord Helper walked into the room quietly and without word. The sound of footsteps got louder as Lord Helper grew closer to Limit and the guard. The guard started to sweat and become nervous, having frantic thoughts run through his head. "I brought him as soon as I could, my Lord. He's just so heavy and I'm so weak. I am sorry. I hope you will give me another chance." Lord Helper adjusted his glasses and twitched his white furry ears. He showed no sign of anger or happiness.

"There is no reason to be sorry," he said in his tired, soft but raspy, voice. "You could have never seen this coming. This is not your mistake. This is mine." He coughed a bit and cleared his throat. "Now go home, sir Rickard and get some rest, in the morning I need you to take watch at the Western gate, can you do that?" There was a moment of silence that was taking all the breath of the room. Finally, after the weight of the awkward moment, Sir Rickard stood and walked out the door, not even saying thank you.

Lord Helper sighed in relief. He had Limit back, but now he needed to be attended to. Every night Lord Helper always refilled Limit's Red Dust power generator to eighty-nine ounces. Last night, however, he only had eighty ounces of Red Dust. The amount was not enough to last him the whole twenty hours in the day.

"My child," Lord Helper sighed, "It is my fault that you need to be repaired this way. This will take me hours." Lord Helper went behind his iron door that lead to his basement and

pulled out five large diamond chests and one small one that was lined with gold. He set them along side Limit's lifeless body. He was in sleep mode. Lord Helper pulled out a tool that was one of a kind. It was made of obsidian and formed like a bar with teeth at both ends. It was an obsidian key that was custom made for Limit Force's body. Helper jabbed the key into the base of Limit's neck, prying it off and having the head roll from the body. Some Red Dust Dust poured out as it rolled and thudded against the small chest. The Dust was left over from the exhaust valve. It was clogging his breathing pipe. Helper jabbed the key into his arm sockets and pried them off, making a hissing sound as they decompressed from the joint. He did the same process with the legs, moving a bit more slowly this time so he didn't hit Limit in his 'Round Tables'. They too made the hissing sound as they detached from hip joints. Lord Helper opened the rest of the chests and picked up Limit's head. The king smiled as he put the head in the small chest. He continued to put each body part in their chest and locked each one. Lord helper took a deep breath and sat on top of the box with Limit's head in it.

"Sir?" a voice came from the other side of the room. Lord helper looked up to see his squire, Cow McHam. "Do you need help with those?" she asked. Lord Helper rubbed his eyes that were sore from losing an hour of sleep.

"If you wouldn't mind, it would be nice." He said politely. "By the way, does your grandmother know you are still on your shift here?" Lord Helper asked, picking up one chest as she

grabbed another. She grabbed the one with Limit's torso, the heaviest, yet she seemed un-phased.

"Well..."

"You should probably tell her you know. She might get worried."

"After I help you with all these I'll tell her." She smiled. She was a very sweet girl, and very strong for her stature and age.

They took all the chests down to the basement where there was an iron work bench that was about two meters long. They placed all the chests under the work bench and went back up the musty stairs, keeping quiet the entire way. When they got to the top, Cow walked out the door and smiled back at Lord Helper, running off to her grandmother's house. Her grandmother was the queen of Nimbus, but never wanted any part of royalty, so she only left that to Helper and his brother. Lord helper was tired. He went up stairs to his private bedroom and shut the door quietly. All the guards, except two that watched the front and back gate, were asleep. He took off his fancy purple uniform and his black leather shoes, putting them under his side table. He laid down under his purple with gold trim, satin sheets in his giant red bed that was placed in the center of his even bigger room. He folded his glasses and put them on top the night stand next to his candle as he blew it out. It was now dark. Only the moon shined threw his window. All he could hear was the sound of water running and sheep 'bah-ing' outside. It was what put him to sleep at night. And so he fell asleep, only to wake up the next morning to fix what he had thought he had broken.