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FUTURE POET YR 5

Stratos Demertjis 5D, is very passionate when it comes to writing anything especially Narratives!

A Minecraft: Infestation

Written by Stratos Demertjis

I'm waking up,

A pinch from dawn,

It's another day from spawn,

I look around, let's have some fun,

A new day has begun,

I feel it in my veins,

Enough to shake the aches and pains,

Welcome to a new age,

Set a new stage,

Welcome to a new age,

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Like a clean page,

And now I’m search through the light,

I’ll protect village even if I have to fight,

Then I see a mob,

Now it my job,

To take it down,

To Zombie town,

I see the sun in the west,

Now to get rid of this pest,

I slice away,

But it’s not day,

It’s the night,

The moon shines bright,

And now it’s dark,

So I set a spark,

I take a look, just to see,

An arrow charging at me,

And out of the wood,

A skeleton stood,

It held its bow,

I’m ready to go,

And so the battle begins,

Like clashing violins,

I bock the arrows. I’m closer now,

But then somehow,

I feel a strike I didn’t allow….

I look behind me and how?

Another skeleton is standing there,

I take one last breath of air,

And I fall to the ground.

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I wake up in my bed,

Shaking and scratching my head,

I look out the window and I see,

That all the monsters have been set free,

OH NO! The villagers too

What can I possibly do?

I start running out,

With no doubt,

I feel the pride,

Strength and speed is now by my side,

Every mob falls to the ground,

In silence and no sound,

I’m angry now, nothing in my way,

I will win today,

To the left to the right

Zombies, creepers out of sight,

Skeletons with their spiders,

These are jockey riders,

Nothing lives or will survive,

I’m the only one alive,

And out of the mist,

I see it and clench my fist,

It’s them once more the skeletons from before,

The place is now a battlefront,

I must complete the hunt,

I’m on my game,

And are here to claim,

The village back,

And getting payback,

Seeing my way through the night,

I recite,

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Gamers don’t die they respawn,

With my sword drawn,

Guiding my way through the mist,

I don’t resist,

To remember the fight from earlier,

I am a warrior.

I take a stance,

Firing a deadly glance,

But suddenly,

How can it be?

Someone with white eyes appears,

I haven’t seen him for years,

Herobrine is face to face,

I stare at the evil ace,

I see with my very own eyes,

He is pretty wise,

I’m not easily beaten,

But he is unbeaten

My older brother

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