

Issue #10101₂

The Gamer's Guide to Life

By Peter L

Don't Miss
Dwayne the Dweeb

Exclusive
Don't Panic

Inside
The Romance of the Cows

Issue #10101₂

Thank you to my family for helping me,
being awesome, and for the commas.

And for my neighbor's cat posing for a picture!

Graphics acquired from:
Video game screenshots taken by me;
Minecraft wiki pictures.

Disclaimer: all ads in here are for:

- 1) school credit
- 2) telling a story
- 3) mind-control experiment
- 4) your enjoyment.



Table of Contents

Minecraft Review	5
Trolls (<i>acrostic</i>)	9
Headshot (<i>cinquain</i>)	10
Slimy Massacre (<i>limerick</i>)	12
Astounding Gamer	13
Letters to the Editor	15
Dwayne the Dweeb (<i>Short story</i>)	18
Crossword	25
<i>Victorious Night</i> (<i>Found Poem</i>)	26
Don't Panic (<i>Short Story</i>)	28
Bastet (<i>Free Verse Poem</i>)	36
The Romance of the Cows (<i>Ballad</i>)	38



Seed Removal

Chilly Chicken and Co. will de-seed your yard for only six emeralds!

No more gardens or weeds.
Instead, you get to have a lawn full of chickens.

Don't wait!
Save your lawn!

Minecraft Review

By Steve Blockhead

My favorite sandbox has no sand. Well, maybe a bit.

Minecraft is an awesome game that is full of discovery.

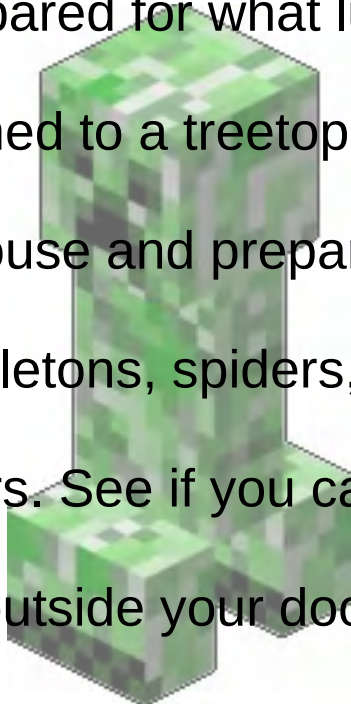
When you are traveling across the cubic terrain you might encounter flora, fauna, or entire villages full of harrumphing, bald, villagers. If you look in the right places in the overworld you might find a desert temple or a jungle temple. In the next dimension, the Nether, you should be able to find a Nether fortress, or a Bastion Remnant. Here it starts to get hot: most of the Nether is red, and that's my favorite colour. If you light the portal in the End stronghold, which is found back in the over world, you can access the End's central island. Once there you can fight the Ender dragon to reach the End city. Every step of the way is a grand adventure, and you can do it with friends!

But that's not all! There are diamonds. To be more precise, there are blue, sparkly diamonds. And gold, iron, emeralds, and netherite. Everywhere you go, there is something to mine. Iron is a very reliable metal and it is used in most things. Iron is also the first thing you can use to collect diamonds from the depths of the earth. Once you have diamonds you can head off to the nether to excavate some of the ancient scrap metal. If you slam gold into the scrap you can get an ingot of netherite. If you forge that ingot into your diamond thing you can create a netherite thing. With some quartz and redstone you can create a daylight sensor that sets off an alarm at the crack of dawn. Lapis lazuli is necessary if you want to enchant something, and it is useful for turning your dog's collar blue. Emeralds are excellent for trading with villagers, but you need gold to barter with the humanoid nether-dwelling piggies. Coal is also a very useful ore. You can use it to fuel your furnace and you can make the simplest thing to prevent monsters from bothering you: a torch.

A torch is not the only thing to protect you from monsters. You should probably use an axe or a sword if you intend to get into hand to hand combat and use a bow or a crossbow if you are planing on shooting things. If your weapons break it is good to have back-ups or else you will have to use your tools or resort to punching. Punching can be useful because you can punch much faster than you can swing a weapon or tool.



If you are not prepared for what lurks in the darkness by nightfall you are doomed to a treetop or pillar, so chop down some trees, build a house and prepare yourself for the endless hordes of skeletons, spiders, zombies, and the mottled green creepers. See if you can sleep with the masses of monsters outside your door.



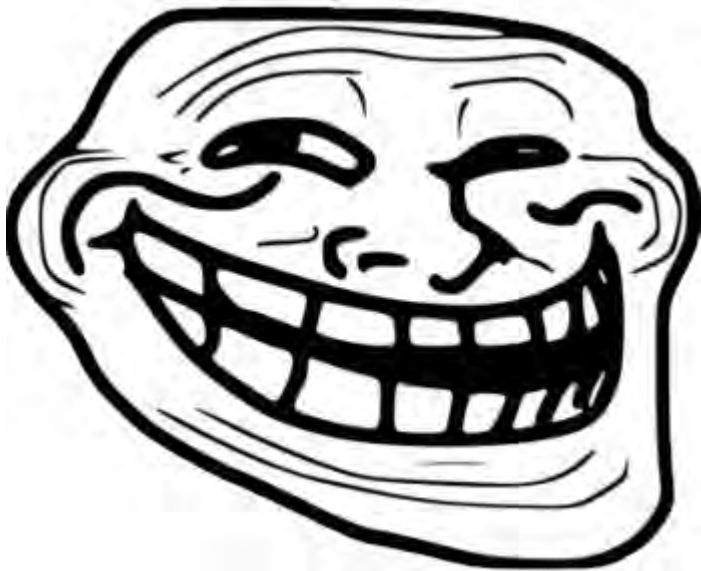
Sustenance button



Suffering? Press red, green, or blue and it will 3D print you the best food you could imagine!

Trolls

Trashing the village
Rolling in blood
On my face
Loudly he bellows
Looting the shinies
Smelly

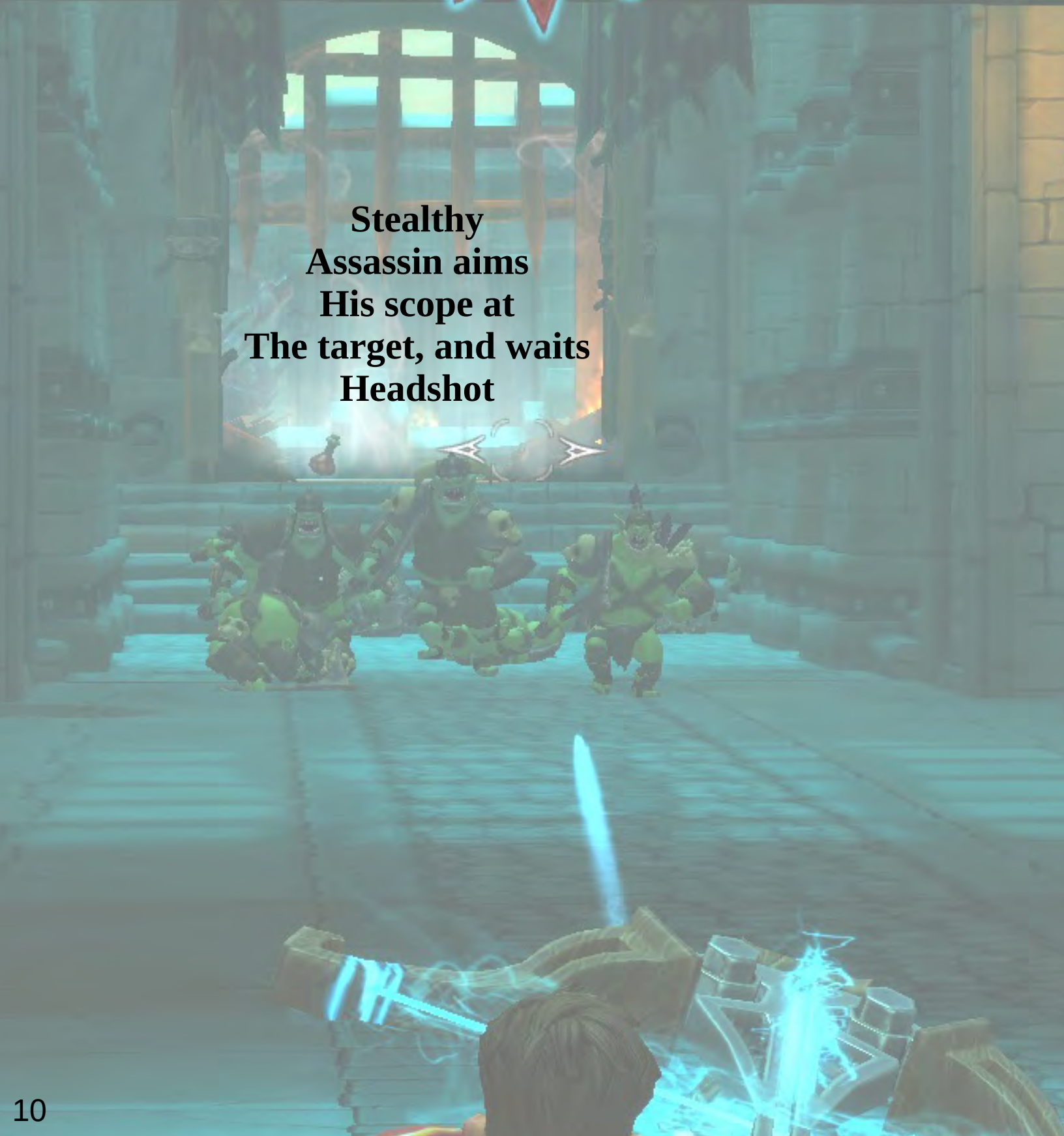


Taking the loot
Ripping the sofa
Odious players lacking in
kindness
Lobbing the egg carton
Like an angry orangutan
Sadistically he snickers

HEADSHOT



**Stealthy
Assassin aims
His scope at
The target, and waits
Headshot**



Chicken Removal

A Minecraft-style scene showing a white chicken and a brown fox in a yard. The chicken is in the background, and the fox is in the foreground. There are various flowers (red, purple, blue) and a stone building with a window and door in the background. The scene is set on a grassy area.

Freddie Fox and Co. will de-chicken your yard for only eight emeralds!

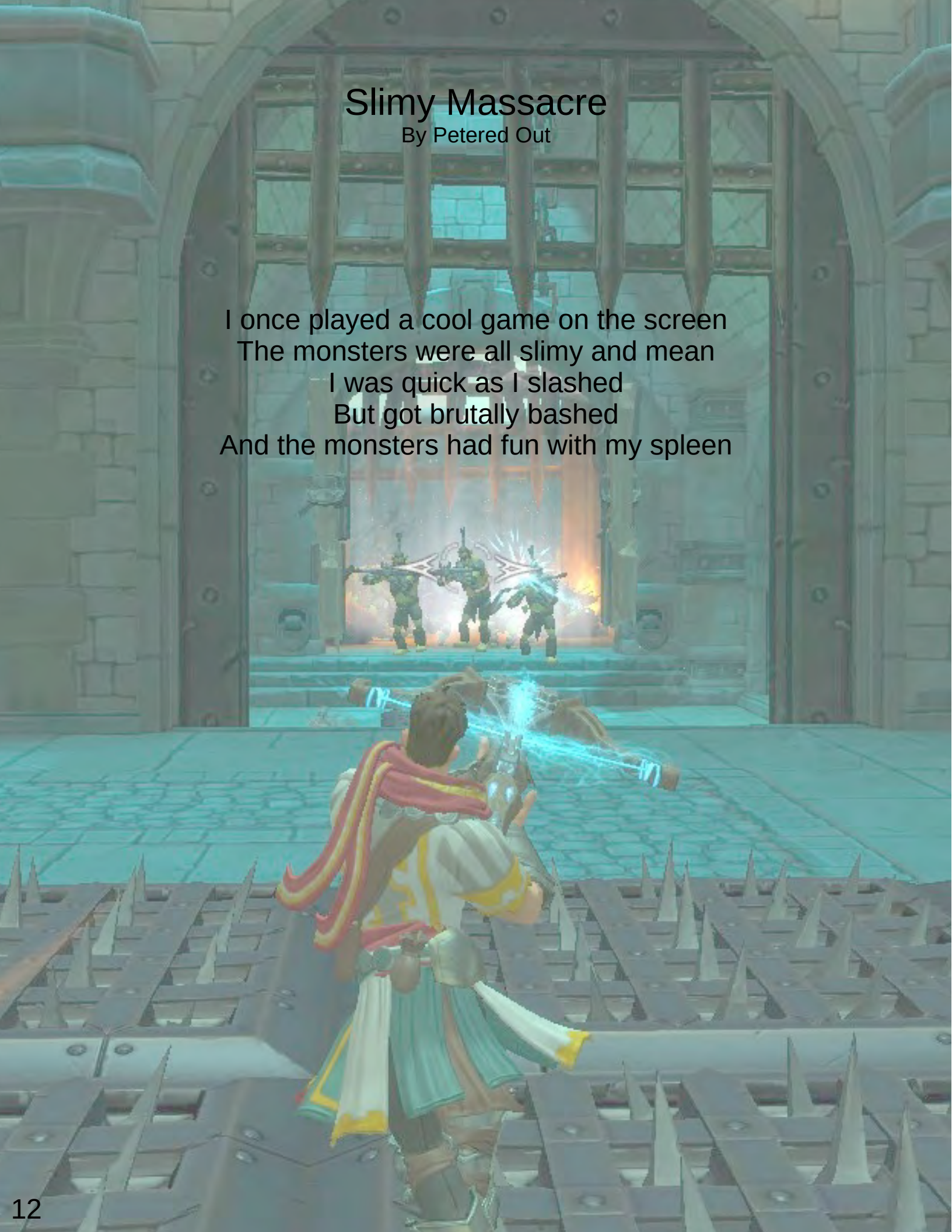
No more silly chickens!
Instead you get to have a lawn full of foxes.

Don't wait!
Save your lawn!

Slimy Massacre

By Petered Out

I once played a cool game on the screen
The monsters were all slimy and mean
I was quick as I slashed
But got brutally bashed
And the monsters had fun with my spleen



Astounding Gamer

By Peter L

Occasionally on a weekend, I might play a game or two with my dad. Video games, I mean. I've lost track of how many times, so it's a lot. My dad is awesome at any game he tries. Maybe it's because he's been playing games since they came out, starting with Pong. He even rips computers apart and puts them back together again to create a more powerful one. Someday, I want to be able to game with at least half his skill.

It all started for my dad with Pong. Not ping pong. Pong. But Pong was not the only arcade game out there. He also played Pac-Man and Asteroids. A quarter was all he needed to play an arcade game back then. When Pong came out it was so popular it got jammed with quarters and stopped working. Thankfully the damage got repaired and it is still around today...
...And so is my Dad!!

The first very popular home computer was the Commodore VIC 20 and my dad had one. He combined his love of gaming and hardware to hack the Vic 20 to display two computers on one screen. It didn't improve the game, but apparently it was fun to hack.



Assignment Completer

It will complete your assignments so YOU get to mess around all day long.

Letters to the Editor

We appreciate all our subscribers and look forward to your feedback

Dear Sir,

I am SO **EXCITED** to READ YOUR WONDERFUL MAGAZINE. I **SO** LOOK FORWARD TO GAZING UPON YOUR **MARVELOUS** ISSUE. AFTER I HEARD OF THIS AWESOME PHENOMENON I could NOT think of ANYTHING ELSE FOR **TEN WEEKS!!!!!!!!!!!!**

Your **BIGGEST** FAN,
SVEN

* * * * *

Dear Sven

I am glad to hear about your enthusiasm. How about we reward that with a carrot: 50% discount on my newest magazine that you will be reading nonstop for ten weeks. Please tell your friends and family about it, that is, if you have any. Hopefully you have friends and family to share it with because you seem like you will explode if you don't share it soon.

Sincerely,
Sir Peter the Rabbit



Dear Fuzzy_Panda,

How do video games prepare you for life? My parents think I spend too much time gaming and want me to go outside and mindlessly waste precious energy. They think that I would be interested in idiotic exertion, like basket-base or ball-ball or whatever. Please tell me it's a life skill.

Sincerely,

Games-Are-My-Life



Dear GAML,

I strongly suggest that you branch out and find other reasons for living. That being said, you will be glad to know that video games DO prepare you for life. Have you ever wanted to scalp someone who was pillaging your house? Hopefully you exercised self control and didn't kill them. Self control is a useful life skill, so you should exercise it. Have you ever played a game with someone who was new to the game? Were you patient? If you were then Good Job. Multiplayer games generally involve teams, so if you are a good team player then give yourself a pat on the back.

Sincerely,

F. P.
fuzzy_panda@example.com

Fox Removal

A Minecraft-style scene featuring a doghouse on the left with a white dog sitting on top. In the center, a brown dog is walking on a green lawn. To the right, there are several colorful flowers in shades of red, purple, and yellow. The background shows a stone wall with a window.

Wilbur wolf and co. will de-fox your yard for only
ten emeralds!

No more pesky foxes!
Instead you get to have a yard full of dogs!

Don't wait!
Save your lawn!

Dwayne the Dweeb

by Peter Piper

Dwayne tiptoed through the polished, empty corridors.

He thought, “One good thing about being late for school is that there aren’t the trippers.”

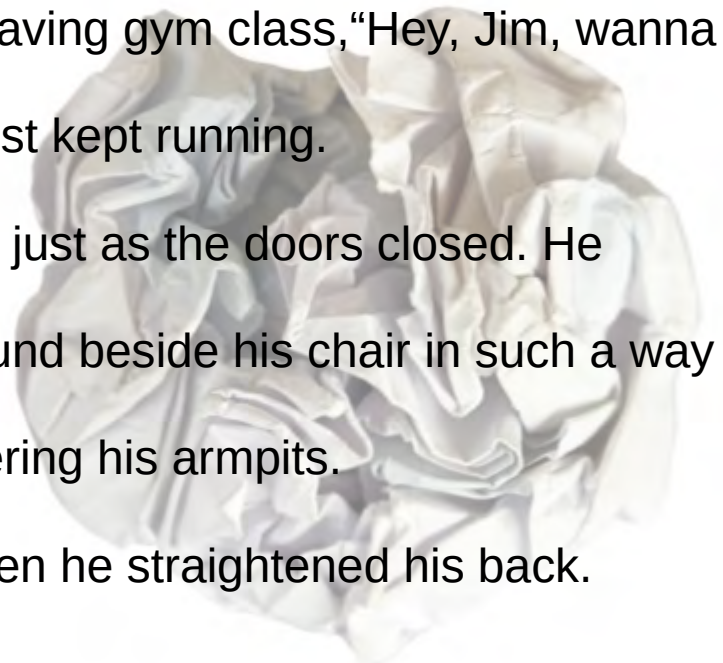
As if on cue, a leg tripped him as he rounded a corner. Whump! Blood started trickling from his nose. A crimson pool marred the freshly swept floor. When he got up, the culprit was nowhere to be seen.

Dwayne staggered to the washroom and cleaned up his face before he stumbled down the hall to his class.

He recognized two people leaving gym class, “Hey, Jim, wanna shoot hoops after class?” They just kept running.

Dwayne shambled into class just as the doors closed. He plopped his backpack on the ground beside his chair in such a way that didn’t show the patches covering his armpits.

He slumped into his chair, then he straightened his back.



“I’m not giving in to that bully,” he thought to himself. He looked over at Joe and grinned. Joe scowled back. Dwayne sighed and glanced at the teacher to see if class had started. Not that that would fix anything. Ping! A wadded up ball of paper hit Dwayne squarely in the eye

Dwayne yelled loudly enough to get the teacher’s attention, “Did you say something, Dwayne?”

Dwayne replied “No, Joe only gave me a gift.”

“Well, put it away. It’s time to start our new project!” said Mr. Bodewell. “Since you two are getting along so well, I think I’ll put you together.”

“Uh, sir,” grunted Joe. “That isn’t necessary. I can work by myself.”

“Nonsense! Everyone will be doing this project with a partner, and you two will be together and that’s that.”

Joe groaned in despair because he knew that he would be stuck with Dwayne the Dweeb for the rest of the week. A cloud of gloominess passed over Dwayne’s mind before being shoved out:

he was not going to give in to that bully, oh no, not today, not ever.

The teacher left the classroom to get the supplies for the project.

The teacher came back with a tub of sticks and Styrofoam balls. “For this project, you will have to build a tower with your partner. There will be an award for the tallest tower and one for the sturdiest tower. Any questions?” None were asked. Mr. Bodewell finished assigning partners.

The teacher walked back to the head of the classroom and said “I highly suggest that you plan today and build on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Half an hour full of furious scribbling later the big bronze bell bonged. Dwayne grabbed the blueprint from the table. “I’ll work on this at home.”

“Nope,” said Joe. “I’ll do it, you dweeb.” “Why don’t you both take a copy home? My scanner is right here,” said Mr. Bodewell.

Joe scowled as he snatched his copy from the whirring printer and stomped from the room. Dwayne sighed. He stuffed the blueprints in his worn backpack and trudged home.



The next morning, Dwayne got to the classroom first with his plans. About fifteen minutes later, the teacher showed up and let him in.

About twenty seconds later, guess who showed up? Joe!

When they compared their plans, Joe started snickering. When asked why, he blurted out that he could see the resemblance between Dwayne and his blueprint: “skinny and weak,” as he called it. To be fair though, Joe’s blueprint was comprised mostly of doodles.

“Hmm, looks like doodles is what goes on in your head,” said Dwayne.

“See me after class,” said Joe.

“I’m afraid that’s my line,” said Mr. Bodewell. The boys glared at each other. It would be a long day, and guess what, it was.

After detention, Joe rushed outside, but Dwayne lagged behind. When the large glass doors finally slammed behind him, he looked up and saw Joe standing in the empty parking lot waiting for him.

“Hi,” said Dwayne.

“I’m going to punch you,” said Joe.

“I’m not very good at doing this in person. Maybe we can settle this online. Do you play “Toppling Towers”?” said Dwayne.

“You play “Toppling Towers,” too? It’s like the best game ever! Alright, give me your username or I will pound your face into the cement,” said Joe.

“You don’t need to hurt my squishy face! My username is Squishy_walrus, what’s yours?” asked Dwayne.

“I’m Mighty_man.” said Joe.

“I have a note pad. Here, let me get it out,” said Dwayne. Joe ripped the page off when Dwayne wrote down his username.

“We’re not friends, you know, but I’ll see you online in half an hour.” Joe sauntered off. Dwayne jogged home with a little bit of dread and excitement.

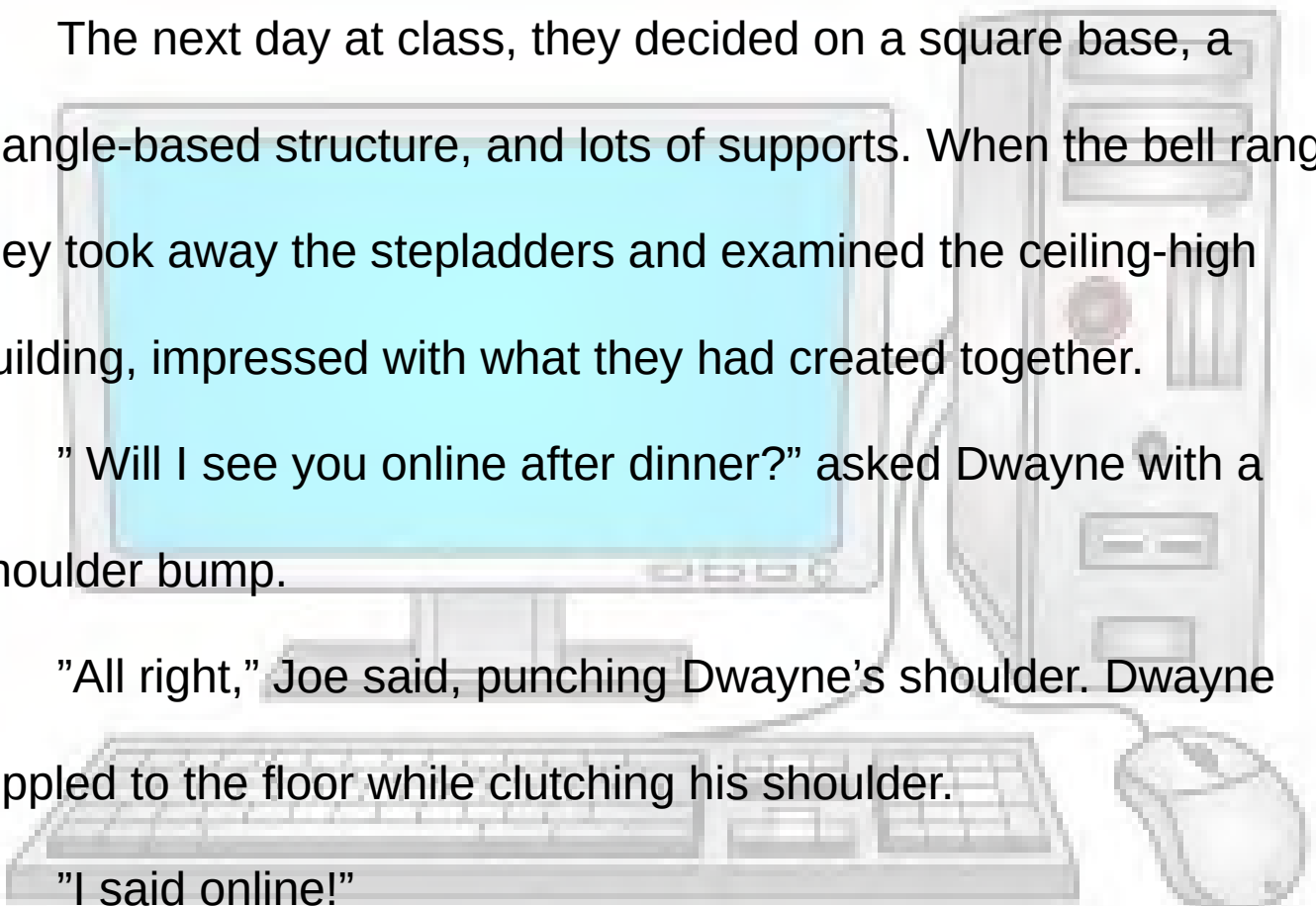


The next day at class, they decided on a square base, a triangle-based structure, and lots of supports. When the bell rang they took away the stepladders and examined the ceiling-high building, impressed with what they had created together.

“Will I see you online after dinner?” asked Dwayne with a shoulder bump.

“All right,” Joe said, punching Dwayne’s shoulder. Dwayne toppled to the floor while clutching his shoulder.

“I said online!”



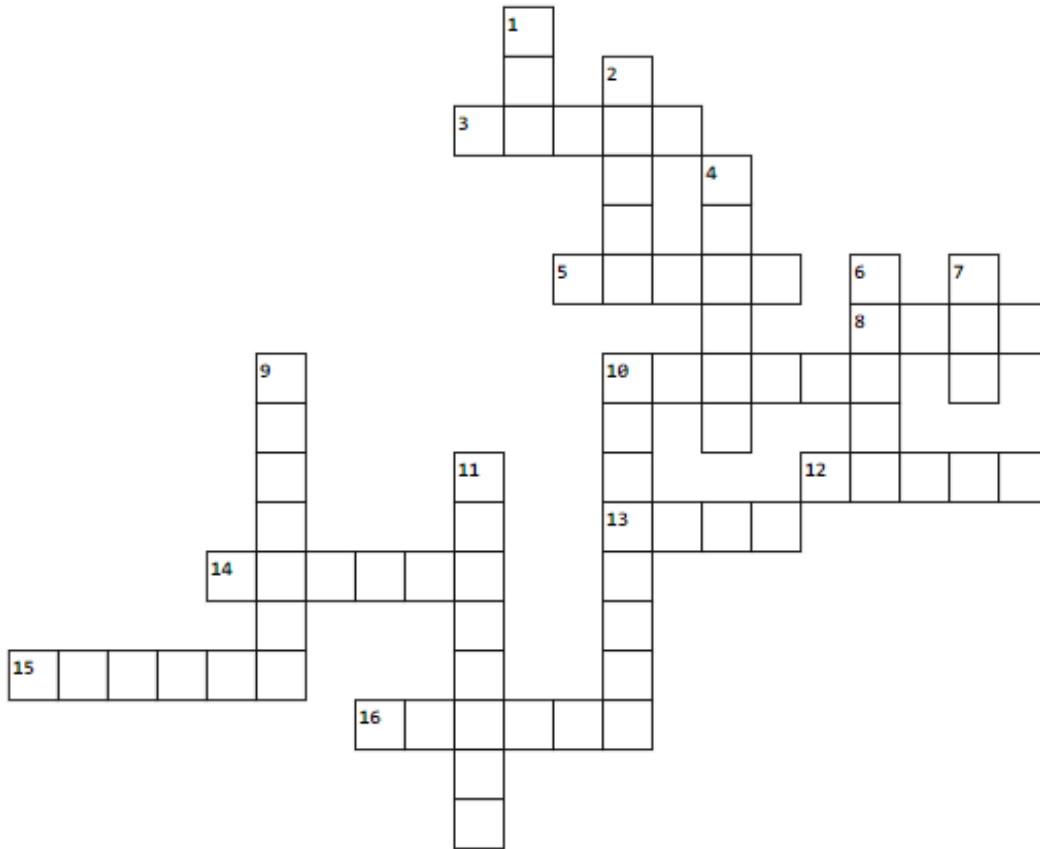
Laundry Cleaner



**The Laundry Cleaner is a
magnificent machine.**

Now with full automation.

Gaming Crossword



Across

- 3. small cave dwelling man
- 5. wiggly blob of goo
- 8. big yellow-brown brute
- 10. web spinning arachnid
- 12. spooky bedsheet
- 13. hot orange gooey stone
- 14. small green mischief loving field man
- 15. giant octopus
- 16. flappy fire-breathing reptile

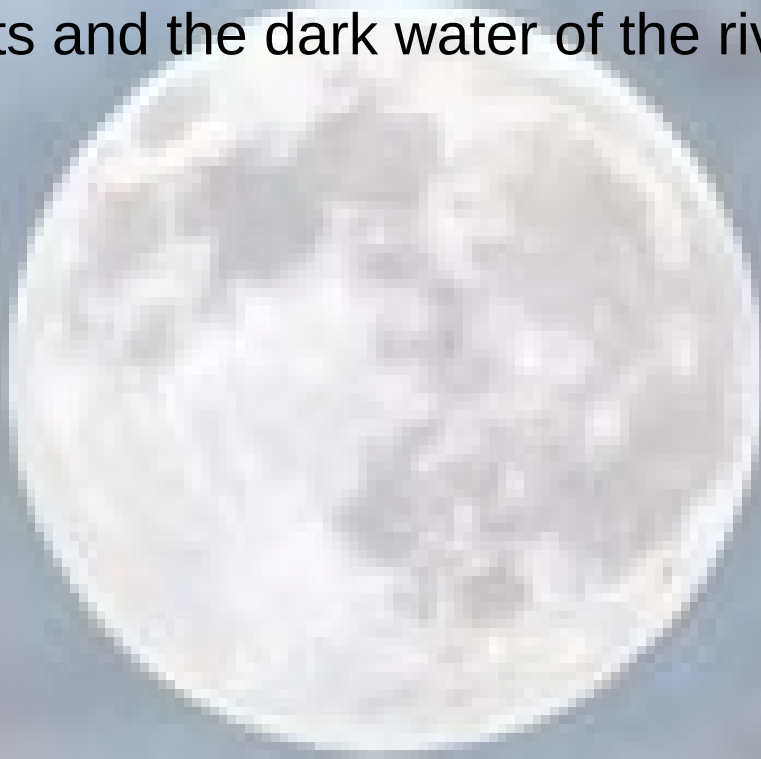
Down

- 1. curved wood with string
- 2. swamp dwelling club man
- 4. the creature that still has flesh from when it was still alive
- 6. stick with burning end
- 7. green battle loving man
- 9. horse with a horn
- 10. bone man
- 11. bullheaded man

Victorious Night

by Peter the Great

The long June twilight surrendered to the night:
Darkness devoured the city
But for the dim light of the moon
That shot through fleecy clouds,
Casting its spotlight of brilliance
Over the streets and the dark water of the river.

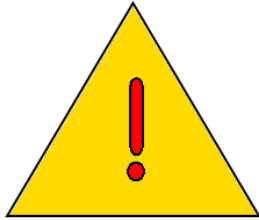


This is a found poem that describes the setting before a battle. Slow down in video games and appreciate the art, unless you're running from zombies.

Wolf Removal

The Burning Bucket Bros will de-wolf your yard for only twelve emeralds!
No more dogs!
Instead you get to have a nice molten lawn!

**Don't wait!
Save your lawn!**



Don't Panic

by Pe Tar Tar Sauce

The pain from the large log pressing into my middle made me rethink my options. I could run, but that would result in death. I could panic, but then I would die. I supposed I could give up the compass. After all, they had all the fire power. Those fairly pointy logs would make a great bonfire, but at the moment, they were just a pain in the gut. All I had was a short sword. Fighting them would be like a pig against a pack of wolves. Wolves don't taste good, so I handed over the compass.

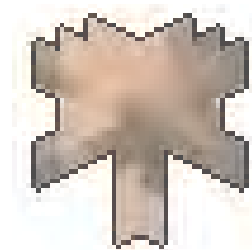
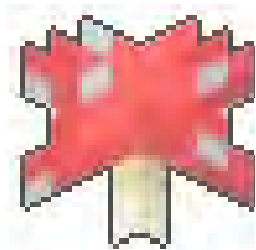
They waddled off, looking strange as they hooted and yelped along. Most wore the skins of animals I could not name. The one that I supposed was the leader wore the pelt of a massive albino wolf that kept growing past its prime. The skull acted partly as a hood for the large muscular man.

I followed them. When they got to their camp, I saw a bunch of

females rush toward them. The one smothered in pilfered finery made a beeline for the chief.


After watching them for an hour or two, I was getting a little hungry, so I snuck over to their garden to see what I could steal. Much to my dismay, when I looked at their garden, I saw that it was overrun with mushrooms! I then realized that this was what they grew. They probably used other plants as fertilizer. This being known, I picked a few of them, stuffed them in my bag, and scampered off.

Back near my tree, I pondered about which kind of mushroom I should eat. Should I eat a red one? A green one? Or should I eat a brown one instead? Maybe I should eat a purple...no. That one was rotten and moldy and all covered in fuzz. I decided to try a blue one.



My vision blurred for a moment, but other than that, nothing happened. I was still hungry, but I had already eaten the only blue one. After a bit of thought, I ate a few browns and nothing happened. This wasn't unexpected because I got them from the only box that did not have a sign in front of it depicting someone dying in some gruesome way. After a frugal meal consisting only of mushrooms and lemons, I relaxed.

All relaxation was forgotten when I heard the woofing of the werewolves of Noogg Forest. I stuffed my things into my bag and scrambled up the nearest tree. The woofing grew louder as the wolves came closer. In the light of the full moon, I could see them bouncing along toward me. The woofing suddenly stopped. It started again in perfect synchronization. After exactly half a minute, they began cartwheeling around my tree for ten minutes before standing perfectly still, all save one, who was completely white.



It hopped toward my tree before yelling, “Where!” Three seconds later they all started chanting “where”. After a few hours, I was finally able to blot out their chanting and fall asleep.

My sleep was long and fitful, and I awoke to find that all the werewolves were gone. The only evidence that they had ever been there was the huge mound of stinking dung at the base of the tree. I carefully jumped to a nearby tree to avoid stepping in the feces.

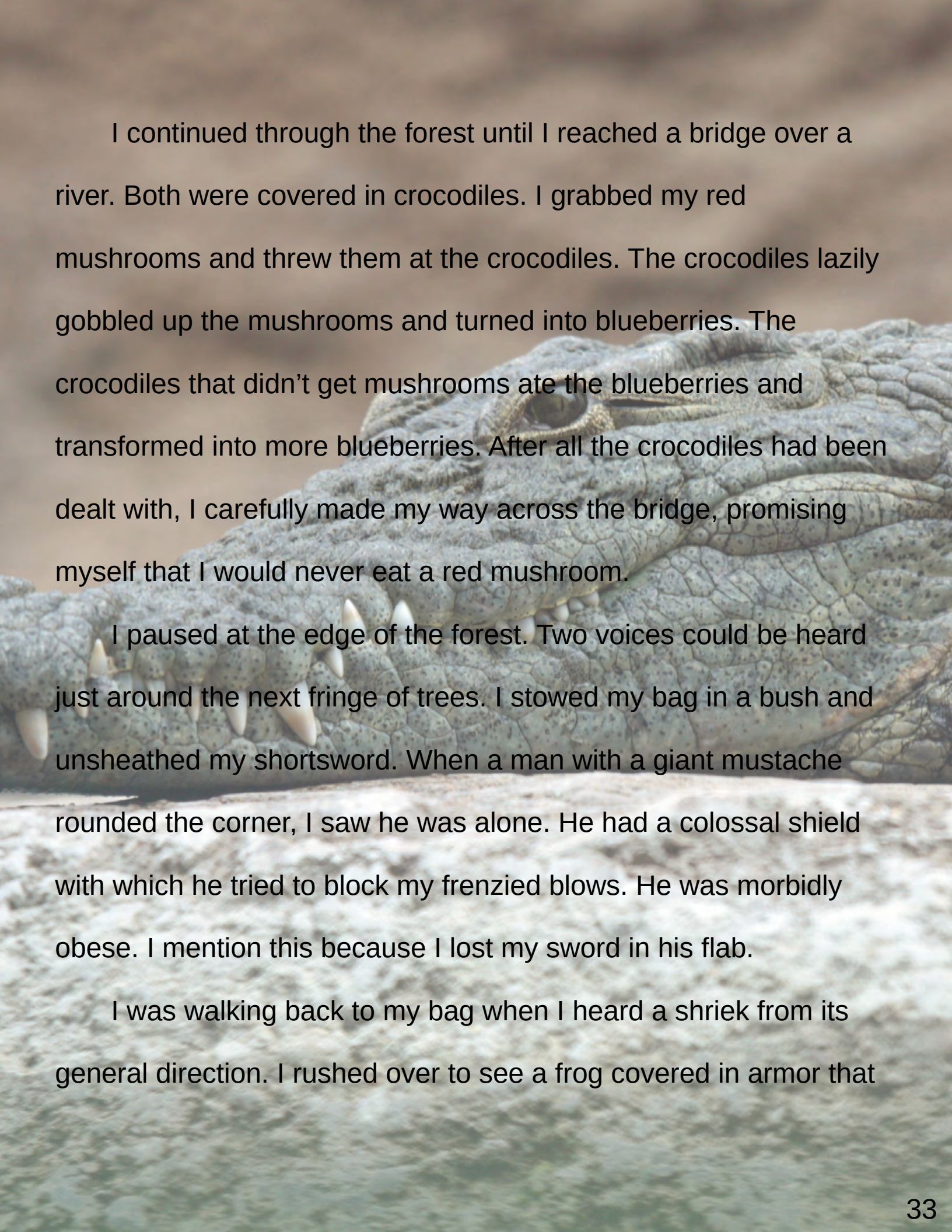
After walking in the woods for a few minutes, I tripped over a log and fell face-first into a shallow brook. My stuff got thoroughly soaked, but I survived. I sat up to see my tinder slowly floating away down the lazy brook. I rushed over to it and brought it back to my soggy bag.

There were no other misfortunes until lunch. When I sat down for lunch, I was looking about when I saw the hive. It was massive. It took up the clearing. There were also chubby bees that were

bigger than a horse – that is, if you include the fuzz. They did not take much longer to notice me.

I quickly pulled out my tinder, hoped it was dry, and struck a match. The match exploded into smoky, dark purple flames. The smoke seemed to do the trick although I could not fathom why the flame was purple. It occurred to me to look for the purple mushroom, but it was nowhere to be found. *So that's what it does.* The bees seemed content to leave me alone, but who knew what other horrors called these woods home?

I heard a roar behind me. Turning, I saw a bear charging at me. I dashed out of the way to avoid getting trampled. The bear rammed headfirst into a tall elm. The elm tree came crashing down beside the bear's head. My vision started to blur and I realized that blue laser beams were shooting out of my eyeballs. Instead of incinerating the forest, I aimed it at the dazed bear's bum. It scampered off to find some place to cool its burning rear. Just when I thought the lasers were permanent, they flickered off.

A large crocodile with its mouth open, showing sharp teeth, in a river. The crocodile is the central focus of the image, with its head and upper body visible. The background is a blurred river scene with a bridge in the distance.

I continued through the forest until I reached a bridge over a river. Both were covered in crocodiles. I grabbed my red mushrooms and threw them at the crocodiles. The crocodiles lazily gobbled up the mushrooms and turned into blueberries. The crocodiles that didn't get mushrooms ate the blueberries and transformed into more blueberries. After all the crocodiles had been dealt with, I carefully made my way across the bridge, promising myself that I would never eat a red mushroom.

I paused at the edge of the forest. Two voices could be heard just around the next fringe of trees. I stowed my bag in a bush and unsheathed my shortsword. When a man with a giant mustache rounded the corner, I saw he was alone. He had a colossal shield with which he tried to block my frenzied blows. He was morbidly obese. I mention this because I lost my sword in his flab.

I was walking back to my bag when I heard a shriek from its general direction. I rushed over to see a frog covered in armor that

was much too big for him. I realized that the green mushrooms must turn you into a frog. I quickly put an end to the frog's misery by impaling it. Armed with a shield, a sword, two daggers, and my new slimy armor, I set off toward the beacon, my final destination.

With my gaze on the beacon, I was surprised when a cliff rose before me and the ground fell away. While falling, I looked up. I realized I had walked straight into the Nurga Abyss.

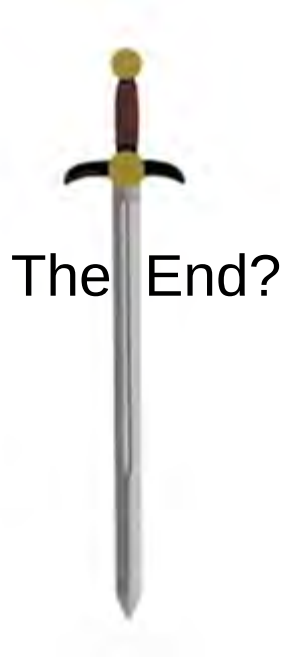
I started to panic as I remembered that no living being had ever come back out. Just when I thought my luck had run out, I started to slow down. My feet gently touched down on dirt. The sky was a mere blue speck against the black of stone.

The dirt began to rise and churn, cutting off my sigh of relief. The dirt below me solidified into stone as I plummeted upwards in a cloud of dust. When I returned to the surface, the light was nearly blinding. My eyes adjusted to the light. I saw that the ground had undergone renovations while I was away. I walked along a marble

path with the giant bones of some long-dead serpent as a canopy.

When I exited the fossilized skull, I stood at the base of the beacon. Its brilliant white beam shot endlessly up into the infinite blue of the sky. I victoriously strode up into the beam. The words 'YOU WIN' filled my vision. I gently took off my VR goggles and set them on my round table.

I stretched, then I picked up my broadsword and went off to slay a dragon.





Bastet

By Pete the Cat

Cats have taken over the internet,
Most games rely on the internet,
Therefore games are owned by cats

Bastet was the name of an Egyptian
Goddess who had the head of a cat
The cat above has the name 'Bastet'

She calls me outside
to stroke her majesty.
She twines her soft tail
around my unworthy legs.
She tickles my humble nose.
With her silky brush.
It is my pleasing duty
to stroke her mantle.

The I.D.E.A.

A large, multi-colored robot made of blocks, glowing with bright light, standing in a city. The robot is primarily white and grey, with a large, glowing blue and white chest area. It has a tall, striped tower on its right side and a large, glowing blue and white head. The background is a clear blue sky with some green foliage visible on the right.

It stands for 'I Demand Eternal Assistance'

No one has the foggiest idea what it is.

The Romance of the Cows

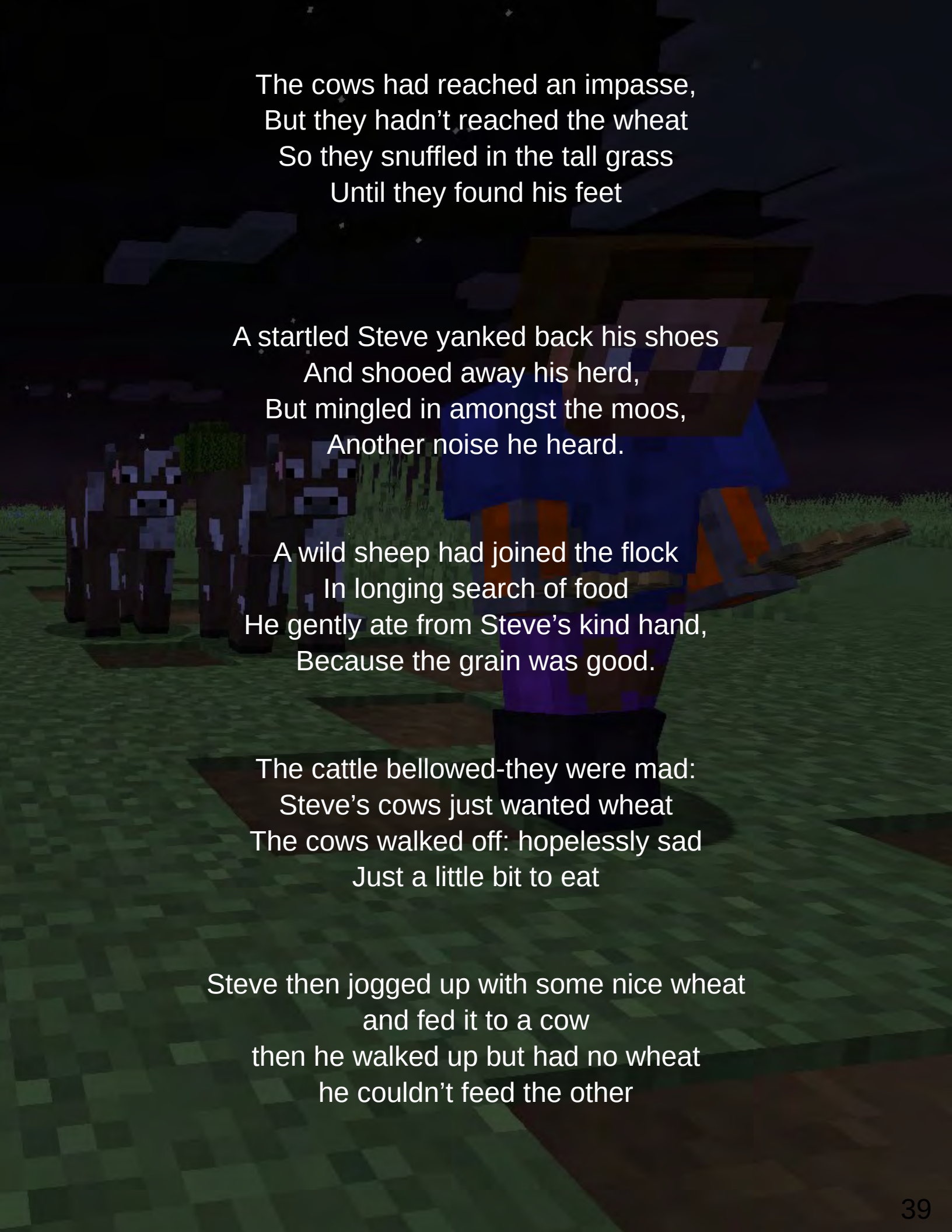
by Peter Wolf

In Minecraft, cattle breed when Steve
Gives them a bit of wheat
Two different cows will chew their cud
And their new calf will meet.

Two special cows wanted an heir
And followed after Steve.
He went to gather in the field,
And found a couple sheaves.

He paid them no attention so
They followed from afar
They wandered through the night until
They saw the morning star

And when Steve did a creeper check
The cows were chewing grass
Their milk filled up Steve's massive pail
But all they got was grass

A Minecraft-style scene at night. A farmer wearing a blue shirt, purple pants, and a black hat is standing in a field. A cow is in the foreground, and a herd of cows is in the background. The scene is dimly lit with some stars in the sky.

The cows had reached an impasse,
But they hadn't reached the wheat
So they snuffled in the tall grass
Until they found his feet

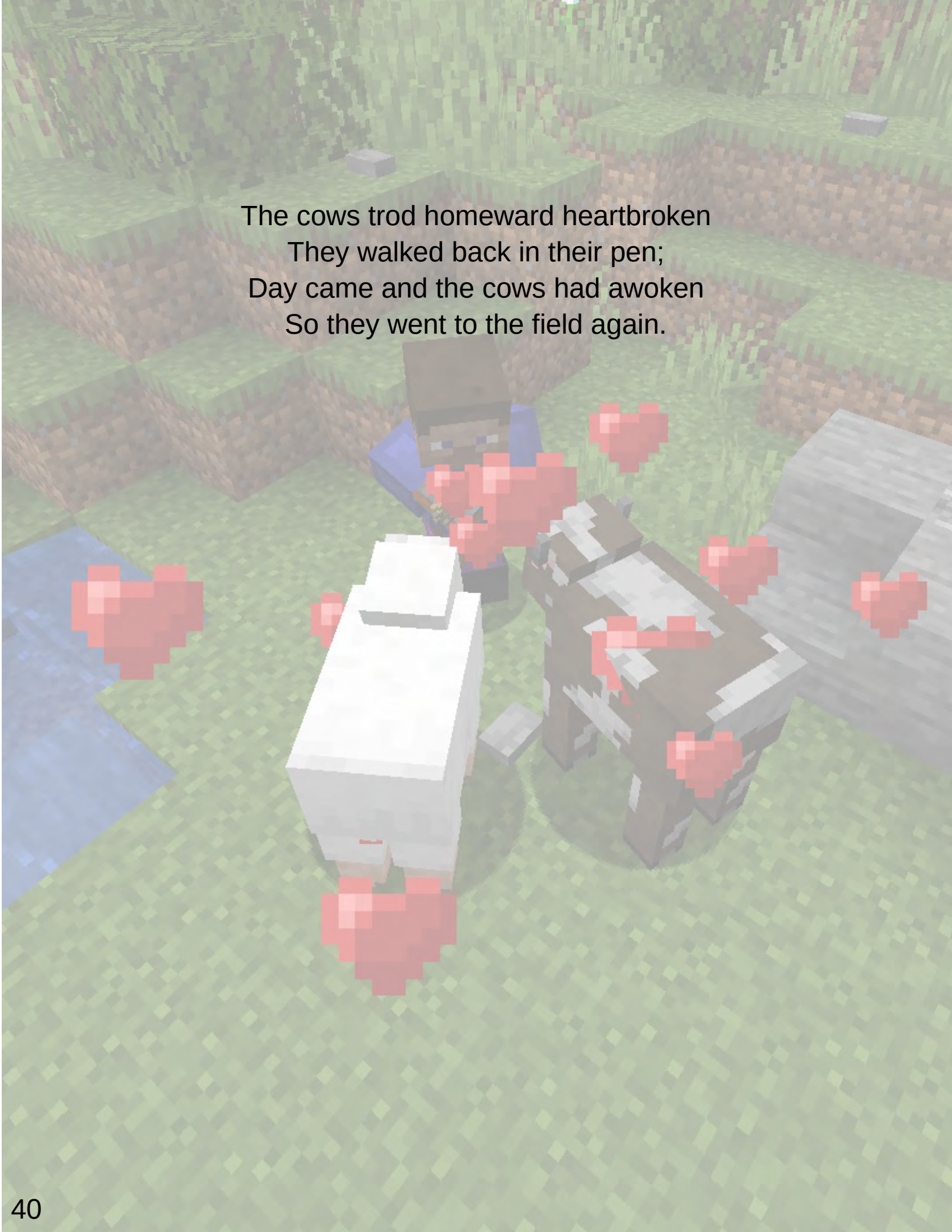
A startled Steve yanked back his shoes
And shooed away his herd,
But mingled in amongst the moos,
Another noise he heard.

A wild sheep had joined the flock
In longing search of food
He gently ate from Steve's kind hand,
Because the grain was good.

The cattle bellowed-they were mad:
Steve's cows just wanted wheat
The cows walked off: hopelessly sad
Just a little bit to eat

Steve then jogged up with some nice wheat
and fed it to a cow
then he walked up but had no wheat
he couldn't feed the other

The cows trod homeward heartbroken
They walked back in their pen;
Day came and the cows had awoken
So they went to the field again.




Griefer Removal

The Insurance Company will de-grief your yard for only thirty emeralds.

No more fire and lava.
Instead you can have a nice lawn.

**Don't wait.
Save your lawn.**



Thank you for reading my magazine.
Game on and prosper!