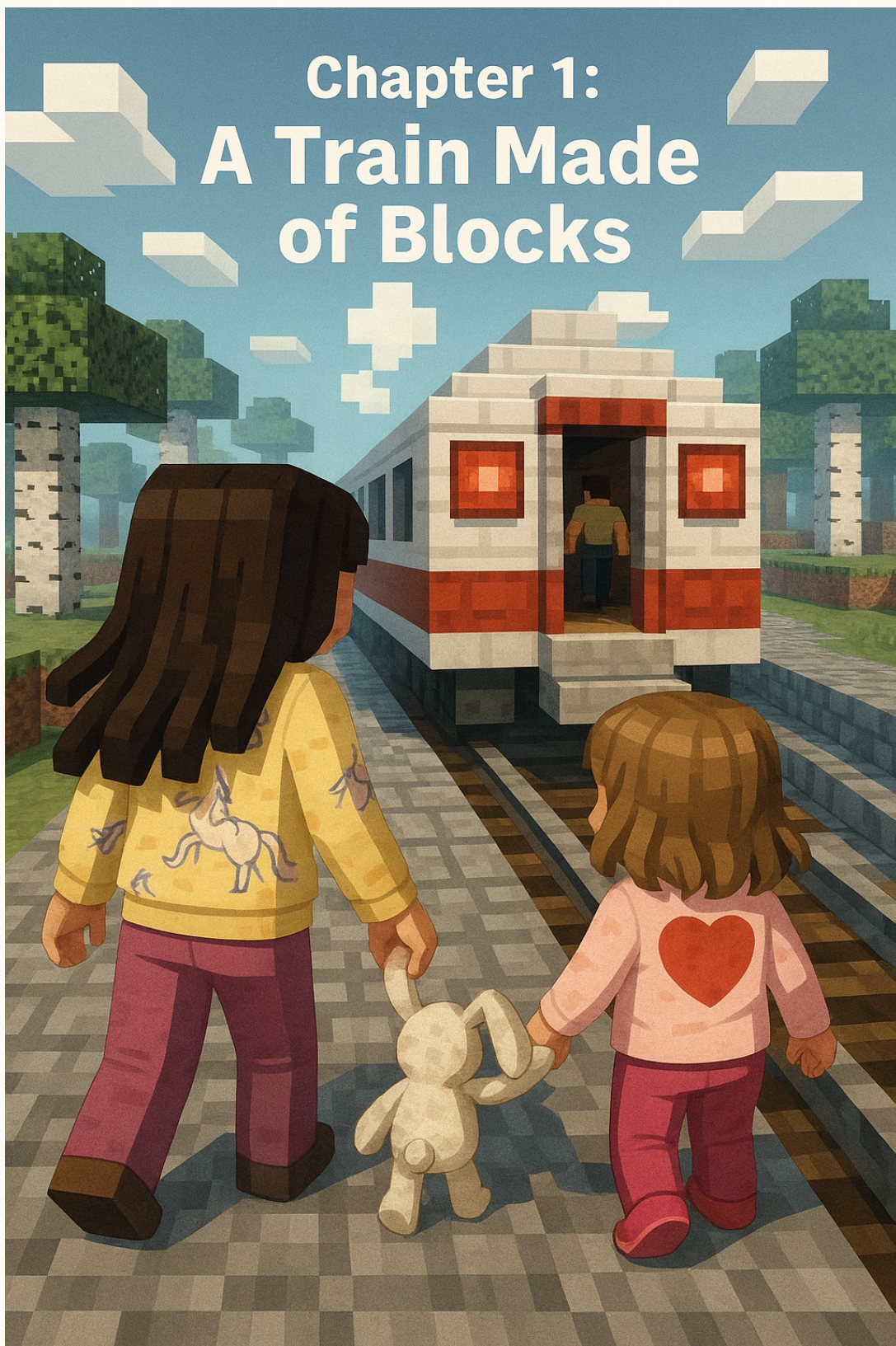




 The Red Spider Chase: Ariel's Minecraft Dreamscape

A story by Ariel, based on her real dream.



Chapter 1: A Train Made of Blocks

Strange blocky clouds floated in the square sky. Everything shimmered with that glowing pixel-art feeling Ariel recognized instantly—**she was in Minecraft**.

But something was... different.

She wasn't holding a controller, and her skin wasn't her usual custom outfit with the emerald cape. Instead, she was *in* the world. Her boots thudded on stone slabs as she stood beside Alice on a train platform that stretched into the foggy plains biome. The train before them was made of smooth quartz and redstone blocks. The rails gleamed like fresh iron swords, humming with quiet energy.

Daddy Ryan looked serious. He adjusted his backpack and walked toward the front engine, muttering, "Just need to check the pistons and furnace levels. Wait for me."

Ariel held Alice's hand tightly.

"Is this a survival server?" she asked, scanning the flat terrain. "Because it feels like mobs are watching us."

Alice looked up with wide eyes. "Maybe we're on a dream server," she whispered. "And maybe the train only goes where your heart tells it to go. Or maybe there's a broccoli monster that powers it."

Ariel smirked. "Well, that'd be terrifying."

They boarded together, stepping up polished diorite stairs into the quiet passenger car. Rows of minecart-like benches lined the walls. Pixelated lanterns flickered above, casting warm orange light that didn't quite reach the floor.

Daddy Ryan's voice crackled through a nearby speaker. "Ready when you are, girls. Let's see where this track leads." The train lurched to life. The whistle sounded like a creeper's hiss mixed with a note block chime. The journey had begun.

Chapter 2: **SOMETHING IS FOLLOWING US**



Chapter 2: Something is Following Us

The rails curved through rolling hills and forests of tall birch trees. Their square leaves fluttered in the breeze, and animals wandered nearby—cows, pigs, even a fox who blinked curiously at the passing train.

Ariel pressed her forehead to the glass. Something felt off. Shadows behind trees didn't quite stay still. Her inventory bar flickered.

Then Alice screamed.

"Ari! It's—it's—LOOK!"

Behind the train, lumbering over the far hills, came **a red spider monster**.

It wasn't like a regular Minecraft spider. This one was enormous—taller than a house, with legs like crimson towers. Its glowing eyes flickered like enraged torches, and its mouth twisted with too many pixelated fangs.

The train jolted as it sped up. Pistons clanged. The tracks shimmered in warning.

"It's chasing us!" Alice shrieked. "It's gonna bite the train and turn it into spider silk!"

Ariel gripped the seat tightly. "That thing's glitching the world! Why is it so fast?!"

Daddy Ryan's voice came over the speaker again, calm but firm. "Girls, hang on. I see a village up ahead. We'll stop and gather what we need."

The spider roared—if roaring was a cross between a zombie groan and an Enderman shriek. Then, just before it reached the train, **it dove off the tracks**, vanishing into the thick forest to their right.

Silence returned, but tension still hung like cobwebs.

Chapter 3: **THE VILLAGE OF SILENT BELLS**



Chapter 3: The Village of Silent Bells

The train squealed to a stop in a quiet village where the bell tower stood crooked and still. No "DING-DING." No cheerful villagers. Just empty square houses and rows of carrots left half-harvested.

"We need supplies," Daddy Ryan said as he jogged up to meet them. "And maybe some answers."

Together, they stepped off the train. A blacksmith's house loomed nearby, its furnace still warm. Inside, Ariel opened a chest: **enchanted torches, steak, bread, and a shield with a strange spider pattern etched into it.**

Alice tiptoed behind her, whispering, "Why does this village smell like string?"

"Villager trail went cold," Poppy's voice echoed faintly from nowhere. Wait—Poppy wasn't in the dream. Dreams don't follow normal logic.

Outside, redstone dust trailed in curling patterns along the gravel paths, leading toward the woods. A villager peeked from behind a hay bale and vanished again.

Ariel's heart thudded.

She felt it again—**that glitchy presence.** The spider was still nearby.

Alice climbed on a crate and pointed. "The forest is... breathing."

Indeed, the dark oak trees ahead pulsed faintly, as though something enormous moved beneath them.

"We've got enough gear," Daddy Ryan said. "We're heading out. Stay close, stay smart."

Ariel nodded—but just as she turned back toward the train—

Something leapt.

The sky turned red.

The spider—larger than before—burst from the trees.

Chapter 4: **WAKING LIGHT**



Chapter 4: Waking Light

The monster's shadow covered the village. Legs slammed into the ground. Buildings trembled. Ariel grabbed Alice and shielded her, clutching the enchanted torch.

The spider's face loomed—eight burning eyes locked on hers.

Ariel screamed—

—and sat up in her real bed.

Breathing fast. Sheets tangled. Mr. Fluffernutter sat beside her, flopped sideways like he'd fainted too.

Wind brushed the curtains. Her Minecraft blanket had fallen halfway to the floor. Mommy's coffee smell lingered from the kitchen.

Alice snored from her own bed across the room, hugging a panda plush. Daddy Ryan's footsteps clunked down the hallway.

Ariel pulled the blanket up to her chin. She could still feel her heart thumping. She looked down at Fluffernutter and whispered, "It was just a dream... but wow, it felt *real*."

The bedroom didn't glitch. Her toes weren't made of blocks. No red spiders. Just morning. Just home.

Still, part of her brain itched.

Maybe, just maybe... some dreams are warning quests. Or mystery stories.

She reached for her sketchbook and began drawing the train, the village, and the spider's red eyes.

“Even the darkness will
not be dark to You.”

– Psalm 139:12



Final Thought

Dreams can be scary, especially when they feel real. But they can also teach us to be brave, even in our imagination. Ariel learned something that night: when you're with your family—even in dream worlds—you're never really alone.

Even if giant spiders chase you through *Minecraft* forests.

And as she wrote in her journal later that morning:

"When I wake up scared, I remember *God* is always with me—even in my dreams. Psalm 139 says He's with us when we sleep and when we rise. That means even pixel spiders can't hide from Him."

