**Minot4ur**

Today is the first day back at school since we went into lockdown in March. Our school is called Bishop’s Mitre Secondary school for boys and my name is Hero Price. Given my name, you might think I was one of those hero kids who can walk through danger without a scratch on their cheek, but no, I am just an ordinary 2nd Year student and definitely not a hero.

This was a great a day for our school because the Minot4ur game had just been completed and was finally available on our devices after months and months of development and testing. The game was designed by the school coding club, which I was a part of until I left one month before they started producing the game, which was sad for me, but amazing for the lucky few who actually helped Mr Flinch create this amazing game.

Mr Flinch is a tall, young man with busy strawberry blonde hair and is the head of computing. He is probably one of the kindest teachers in the school, following Mr Hennessy, our physics teacher and Headmaster. So, we are lucky to have him as a teacher because many classes don’t have him during their time at the school. Miss Minus on the other hand is universally disliked. As a maths teacher she shouts throughout her lessons and expects full marks from everyone.

The Minot4ur game is a first-person puzzle and adventure game. Each level is a different stage of a giant labyrinth. Players try and navigate their way to the minotaur which lives at the centre of the maze. You have to pick up weapons and solve puzzles to move on to a different level. The final level is a one versus one showdown against the minotaur itself.

Since the Minot4ur was released it has had hundreds of downloads and is very, very addictive and fiendishly difficult. However, game play is banned inside the school because apparently it is too much of a distraction when learning during the school day, but naturally a few disobey the rules. Well I luckily do not. I comply with the rules and play at home but I know for a fact that others go down to the basement. The basement is located beneath the canteen and is a restricted area for students. There is a lock on the door, which made me wonder how they are able to access this area in the first place?

My best friend, Sean Baseman, describes me as a medium sized, brown haired athlete with dark brown eyes; he is a tall, blonde haired kid with shiny blue eyes.

The school has changed dramatically since I was last here at the end of March. There is a new one-way system designed by our strict senior teacher called Mr Rounder which has helped people to get hopelessly lost. We have different year group entrances which I don’t like because the second-year entrance is at the back of the school. If it is raining be prepared to get drenched by the time you get there.

Suddenly, some strange things started happening. Boys seemed to disappear at random. Rumours circulated that people were self-isolating, but they didn’t come back. I began to worry. This was definitely not normal. This was something else. This was more than I ever imagined.

Things became even stranger when Miss Minus didn’t turn up for our Maths lesson. We all cheered, but Mr Flinch also failed to show up for our computing class. Even the class bully, Tom Savage, didn’t come into class. This wasn’t right.

Sean and I had both reached the final phase of Minot4ur, but were shocked to discover the Minotaur was absent. Could this be a gaming bug?

One afternoon as I walked along side Sean across the field, I whispered, “Can we talk now!”

“Sure!” he said.

We walked round the corner of the pavilion and talked there.

“So?” Sean asked.

“I wanted to talk to you about the people going missing,” I said, “This isn’t normal!”

“I know it isn’t normal. They have been going missing for a *reason*.”

“What is that reason then?”

“How should I know!” he said, “We should go to the basement. I want to see what’s in there!”

“You can go, but I’m not accompanying you! It’s a restricted area! Mr Rounder will punish us with detentions for the rest of the year!” I said, “But Sean, what about the Minotaur missing from the game. Could that be something to do with the disappearing people?”

“It could be?” he said, “I’ll meet you after lunch. Ok!”

“Ok!” I replied.

With that the conversation ended. He did not meet me after lunch. I thought he might have gone to his flute lesson, because usually he misses afternoon registration when he has a music class. We had different periods after lunch so I didn’t get to see him the rest of the day.

However, the following morning, he was nowhere to be seen. This concerned me because I knew that Sean had a perfect attendance record and was not even a second late. When I walked into the classroom, it was empty. All the tables were in line and all the chairs were the right way up.

At that moment I decided to do something I had never done before: break the rules and enter the basement against my better judgement.

As I turned the same corner I did yesterday, I came across an open door leading deep down, into the floor below. It was gloomy inside and the staircase was narrow, with a crooked handle bar running along side it. I flicked the switch for the lights, but my vision was no clearer when they buzzed into life. I gingerly crept down the staircase, not trying to make too much noise. This was one of the scariest things I had ever experienced in my short life.

Finally, I made it to the bottom of the staircase and what a scene it was! There was a hockey stick, a tennis racquet and a flute. Something strange was going on here.

Then I heard it.

A roar, a low grunting noise.

Then I saw it.

A long shadow of an unidentified being, looming towards me. I wanted to scream, but I couldn’t. I was petrified. I couldn’t move. As it came closer, I could just about make out two horns.

Then I ran. Ran for my life.

I sprinted until I tripped on a kitbag in the corridor.

I fell, not knowing what to do.

I managed to crawl into a corner and hide, but then I heard it again. Getting closer and closer until I was trapped in the corner. I knew this could be the last day of my life.

Bravely, I got out my phone and distracted the creature with the camera flash. The bright light exposed the creature. It was the Minotaur, looking much deadlier in the flesh than in our game design. The unmistakable head of a bull fused to a human body. In a moment of desperation, I got out my D.T project lightsabre which I was due to had in that day and battled the creature. It was like the last level of the game, just in real life.

Within a matter of moments, I had slain the Minotaur who I sent back to the game. I then ran back up the stairs and into the school, releasing everyone who was trapped in the game. They wouldn’t remember anything because they were all in such a daze.

The next day everything was back to normal. I met up with Sean in the morning and he asked, “Hey Hero, have you completed the Minotaur game yet?”

“No Sean. I’ve taken up chess instead!”

 **Written by *Daniel Sarai 1A***