



Warden Wallace's Quest for Silence

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Warden Wallace, a big blue Warden from Minecraft, sat in his living room chair. He wore spectacles and a small tweed jacket, trying his best to look like a normal resident, despite his large blocky form and powerful senses. He was trying to listen to oldies music playing on a small, old flatscreen television, but every little sound made him tense.



His human housemates were in the living room, simply existing. One lightly hummed a tune, another barely turned a page, but to Warden Wallace, it was deafening. He growled softly and passive-aggressively shushed them, pointing a scolding finger, his sensitive antennae vibrating with annoyance.



ly, one of the housemates whispered something. That was the last straw. Wallace stomped out of the room, fuming. He needed absolute silence, and this house was too loud. He went to his room and started packing a suitcase, packing only his most essential, quiet items.



Warden Wallace bought a plane ticket. He knew he needed a place where quiet was respected, and maybe a complete change of scenery would help. He packed his bag and, wearing a ridiculous travel hat, headed to the airport, ignoring the noisy security lines.



The Warden arrived in Israel. He found a quiet spot near the Western Wall in Jerusalem, finally feeling a sense of peace. The ancient stones seemed to absorb sound, and people prayed in hushed tones. He closed his eyes and breathed a quiet sigh of relief.



While wandering near government buildings, Wallace bumped into Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. The Warden, slightly starstruck and very polite when not angered by noise, nodded politely. The Prime Minister smiled, perhaps mistaking the Warden for some unusual international dignitary.



Emboldened, Wallace pointed to his phone. He wanted to capture this momentous, quiet occasion. With a serious yet slightly goofy expression, the Warden stood next to the Prime Minister, and they took a selfie together, both looking directly at the phone. It was the only loud moment of his trip, and it was quickly over.



Having achieved his silent pilgrimage and official meeting, Wallace headed back to America. He sat on the plane, looking through his selfie. He was feeling more serene, ready to face his noisy neighborhood. He knew he could handle anything.



Wallace arrived back home. He noticed his neighbors were outside, mowing lawns, kids playing, all typical neighborhood noises. It didn't feel as peaceful as Israel. But he had found inner calm. Or had he?



Later that evening, Wallace was back in his living room, again trying to listen to oldies on the small TV. His housemates were quiet. But then, a floorboard creaked upstairs. Wallace's antennae twitched violently. He looked up, a scowl forming. His quest for quiet was far from over.