Origin of the nether mobs- a campfire story

I have chosen to write a story about the origins of the mobs in the nether. I've presented it in the form of a campfire story, which I think would work well in an animated form cutting between Steve and Alex to the story in the nether as Steve tells it.

Steve: "Hey Alex, have I ever told you the story of Zathus, and the Nether's inhabitants?"

Alex: "No, what's that?"

Steve: "Well, long before the arrival of the first adventurers, the Nether was a desolate wasteland, devoid of life and utterly inhospitable to any creature that dared to venture into its fiery depths. But, there was one being that called this barren realm home, a creature unlike any other, born of the very essence of the Nether itself. His name was Zathus, and he was the OG of the Nether."

Alex: "Woah, that's cool! What did he do?"

Steve: "For many years, Zathus roamed the Nether alone, an eternal flame in a sea of darkness. His only purpose seemed to be to fill the void he inhabited. But, as time went on, he began to feel a restlessness deep within his fiery heart. He longed for a friend, for someone to share in the wonders of the Nether with him."

Steve pauses, and then puts the torch up to his face, casting spooky shadows on his own face and causing Alex to lean in.

Steve: "And so, Zathus began to experiment with the very essence of the Nether. He used his fire to create the first of the Nether's inhabitants- from the very fabric of the realm they inhabited."

Alex: "Whoa, what kind of creatures did he create?"

Steve: "At first, they were simple and crude, little more than mindless robots of flesh that followed Zathus's every command. But as he continued to experiment and refine his creations, they began to take on a life of their own, growing in strength and intelligence with each passing day."

Steve then proceeds to describe some of the creatures Zathus created.

Steve: "The Ghasts were among Zathus's earliest creations, born from the fiery essence of the Nether itself." Steve pauses for dramatic effect before increasing the intensity of his delivery- "They were bloated beasts with disfigured wings and a never-ending hunger for flesh!"

Steve leans in and growls weirdly, mimicking a Ghast.

Comically, unbeknownst to Steve and Alex, who are focused on the story, various nether mobs begin to run around aimlessly chasing one another in the background. They have no affect on the narrative other than to humorously introduce each mob to the viewer.

Steve: "The Blazes, on the other hand, were born from Zathus's own fiery essence, crafted with a level of care and precision that far surpassed the Ghasts."

Steve throws his hand out and as if shooting a fireball. He glances at Alex to gauge her reaction.

Steve: "And then there were the Wither Skeletons, towering warriors with bone-white armor and weapons that dripped with… A DEADLY poison."

Steve pretends to hold a Wither Skeleton sword and makes a hissing sound.

Alex: "Hahaha".

Steve: "Legend has it that the Wither Skeletons get their name because they are reanimated from withered corpses of lost adventurers…"

Steve smiles: "and lost Alex's."

Alex gasps.

Steve: "As Zathus continued to experiment with the very essence of the Nether, he created new creatures that were even more fearsome than those that had come before. He crafted the Magma Cubes, gelatinous creatures that could split and reform at will, their fiery essence imbuing them with an almost indestructible resilience."

Alex: "Wow, those sound really scary."

Steve: "They were, but Zathus was pleased with his creations, and for a time, he liked living in the company of his infernal brethren. That is, until the creature came."

Alex: "What creature?"

Steve: "It was a creature unlike any they had seen, a towering behemoth with a hide that was as hard as steel and a hunger for destruction that was unmatched."

Steve leans in and speaks in a lower, deeper voice.

"... and its hunger for destruction seemed to grow with each passing moment.

Zathus knew that he had to act if he was to save himself and his creations from certain doom. With a fierce determination burning in his fiery heart, he unleashed all of his power and charged headlong into battle.

The creature roared with fury as Zathus slammed into it with all of his might. The force of the impact sent shockwaves rippling through the Nether, and for a moment, it seemed as though the very fabric of reality was on the brink of collapse.

Zathos continued to hammer away at the creature with his blazing fists, each blow striking with the force of a thousand suns. And as he fought, he felt his fiery essence burning hotter and brighter than ever before. It seemed as though Zathos had the upper hand, but suddenly the creature grabbed zathos with it's huge claws, squeezing the life force from his gaseous form. Just as his life force started to drain, the presence of his creatures gave him a surge of power, as they began to attack and distract the creature.

At last, with his power restored and with a final, mighty blow, Zathus struck the creature down. It collapsed to the ground in a smoldering heap. Zathus stood victorious, his body wreathed in flames as he surveyed the wreckage of the battlefield.

For a moment, there was silence in the Nether. And then, slowly but surely, Zathus's creations began to emerge from the shadows, their faces a mixture of awe and reverence as they gazed upon their creator. For they knew that in that moment, they had witnessed something truly extraordinary, a display of power and strength that would be remembered for generations to come. Zathos, finally fulfilled, and having expended all his energy to save the creatures he considered friends, dissipated, never to be seen again. To this day, those creatures defend the nether in his honour."

Alex listened intently to Steve's story, her eyes wide with wonder and excitement. As Steve finished his tale, she let out a breathless laugh and clapped her hands together.

"Wow, Steve, that was amazing!" she exclaimed. " You really know how to tell a spooky story!"

Steve grinned and held the torch up to his face, casting eerie shadows on the trees around them.

"Thanks, Alex," he said, his voice low and menacing. "But just remember, the Nether is a dangerous place. You never know what might be lurking in the shadows, waiting to pounce."