

AN UNOFFICIAL MINECRAFT BOOK

DIARY OF A MINECRAFT

WOLF

*UNDERWATER
HEIST*



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MONDAY

Bored, bored, BORED! A THOUSAND TIMES BORED!

Ever since I completed my first secret agent mission, life as a regular Minecraft wolf has seemed so dull.

Patrolling the Den where my pack lives—**boring**. Chasing my tail—**boring**. Even hanging out with the other wolf recruits isn't as fun since I've become a **secret agent**.

On my last mission, I'd rescued my friends from a trap set by some **VILLAINOUS BABY TURTLES**—you know, the most evil things in all the Overworld—but because the baby turtles had hypnotized them with their cuteness, none of the recruits remembered how **heroic** I'd been! They don't remember the turtles at all, and whenever I try to remind them, they think that I'm imagining things.

Besides, we are on different **career paths** now. Most wolves my age are training to become GUARDS,

the most elite group of wolves in Minecraft. But I am the **VERY FIRST** wolf to become a secret agent. And pretty soon I will have loads of missions under my collar.

“Any new missions yet, Winston?”
Lobo laughed. “Or are you too busy daydreaming about baby turtles?”

I just stuck my nose in the air and trotted off. Those turtles would have done terrible things to him and the other recruits if I hadn't shown up! One day I'll have my proof. All I needed was another **mission . . .**

But the other wolves were far from supportive. I tried looking for new missions in creative places, but they all kept saying stuff like, “Hey! What are you doing **digging up** my garden?!” and

**“AAGH! THERE'S
A WET WOLF IN
MY BATHTUB!”**



They clearly didn't **understand**.
A secret agent's work can come
at **unexpected times** and in
unexpected places. Kind of like
GUARD duties.

GUARD stands for Guardians United
Against Real Dangers, and wolves
who join this force travel all over
Minecraft to **PATROL** biomes
for trouble, **PROTECT** villagers
and other mobs from players, and
GATHER INTEL on player activity.

What they don't do is **investigate**,
which is exactly why I became
a secret agent. My mission is to

uncover the **terrible truth** and
expose Minecraft's most evil villains—
THE BABY TURTLES.

And let's be real here—being a secret
agent is the **coolest job EVER.**

“**Real estate agent**, was it?” said
old Mrs. Lonewolf when I stopped
to chat with her outside her cave.
She squinted at me through her
glasses while she watered her
wolfsbane flowers. “Your mom said
you're working with baby turtles, or
something?”

“I'm not working *with* baby turtles,”

I said crossly. “I’m working *against* them.”

“Well, good for you,” she said. “I was wondering how you were going to **sell houses to turtles** when they already carry their homes around on their backs!”

“What?” I asked, frowning.

“Isn’t that what real estate agents do? Sell houses?”

I sighed and explained the difference between a real estate agent and a secret agent to her.

She just smiled
and patted
me on the
head, so
I gave
up. But
after I
left her, I



found myself thinking about what
she'd said. Turtles *do* carry their
homes around on their backs.
Which means they could camp out
on missions a lot longer than other
mobs, biding their time until they
could **strike**. I was really going to
have to keep my eye out for that
SNEAKY MOB!

It would help if I weren't so **alone** in my objective. But there was only one other being who understood the danger.

On my first mission, I'd found and **tamed** a player I'd named **Brian**, and he helped me defeat the baby turtles in battle so I could free my fellow wolves. But he'd disappeared right after the fight and I hadn't seen him since. I'm not even sure what to call him. My **pet?** My **friend?** He was very good with his sword, and with a bit more training, he might make a great secret agent one day. For now, he could

just be my **JUNIOR PARTNER**.

He was also a **SECRET**. The other wolves are suspicious of players, so I hadn't told anyone that I'd tamed one. My mom and the other **GUARDS** believe that players are **trouble**, and they usually blame players for all the problems they encounter in the Overworld. If they wouldn't believe me about the baby turtles being criminal masterminds, they sure wouldn't believe that players could be the good guys. So Brian has to stay a secret . . . for now.