

AN UNOFFICIAL MINECRAFT BOOK

DIARY *OF A* MINECRAFT *WOLF*



*NETHER
GHOST*

SCHOLASTIC INC.

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MONDAY

"Did you hear? **Winston's back.**"

"Someone told me he thinks **baby turtles** are **evil.**"

The other wolf cubs giggled and **trotted off.** I just **rolled my eyes** as I made my way home. I didn't have time for their immature gossip. I had a **MYSTERY** to solve.

Hidden in my hands was the clue to my next mission—a **NETHER STAR**, left for me by my **nemesis**, the leader of the baby turtles.

I'd only just found out I had a nemesis, but I guess now that I'm a secret agent, it comes with the territory. I also have a camouflaged tech suit full of gadgets and a junior agent-in-training called **Brian**.

What I didn't have was any idea what the star means. Nether stars were left by **withers**, but I'd never met a wither. Brian told me nether stars are made from the skulls of wither skeletons. **GROSS.**

But also neat! And unhelpful.

Maybe if I concentrated real hard . . .

“What have you got there, Winston?”
Mom asked when I walked into our
cave.

“A nether star. I got it when I solved
my last mission with the Drowned
and beat the baby turtles yet again.”
Ever wondered why Drowned attack
baby turtles? Well, they’re still **mad**.

“Because . . .” she probed.

“Because baby turtles are supervillains,”

I explained to my mom for the hundredth time. “And *I* have to *stop them*.”

“It’s not that I don’t **believe** you,” Mom said as she served dinner.
“It’s just that . . .”

“There’s no **proof**,” I sighed. It was a very annoying fact that the baby turtles had so far gotten away without leaving **a single trace**. They were always scheming and causing mayhem, but hardly anyone believed me—I was still the only wolf in the entire pack who knew **THE TRUTH**.

“That’s why I *have to* follow this latest clue, Mom. My nemesis left it **for me.**”



“Your nemesis.” Mom smiled, roughing up my head fur. “It’s so cute that you use **code names** for your secret agent friends. Next you’ll be telling me one of them is **a player!**”

I nearly **CHOKED** on my food when she said that!

"Eh, *ahem* . . . **HA HA!** Yeah, that would be **funny!**" I said quickly as a cover-up. I hadn't told anyone in the pack that my best friend and secret agent partner, Brian, was in fact, a player. Wolves don't like players. Just like Drowned don't like wolves, and husks don't like villagers. **It's complicated.**

The best thing about Brian, other than his **super cool sword**, was that he knew about the baby turtles and their trickery. And while

all the other wolves still needed to be convinced, at least my mom was trying to be **supportive**.

“Okay, so the nether star probably came from a wither,” she agreed. “I don’t want to stand in the way of your work, Winston, but I’m a little **worried** about you wandering around the Nether alone.”

“Why?”

“Because **wither skeletons** live in the Nether, and wolves and wither skeletons have a **DIFFICULT HISTORY**.”

Huh. Another complicated mob relationship. Why can't everyone **just be friends?**

"I'll be *extremely* careful,"
I promised Mom.

"I know you would." She smiled at me. "But the wither skeletons may not be friendly. Perhaps you should have Edwina check over your armor and see if there are any **improvements** she can make, to help **keep you safe** in the Nether?" she suggested.

"THAT'S A GREAT IDEA!"

I **jumped** up and started running for the door but stopped suddenly as Mom **grabbed** the scruff of my neck.

“A great idea **for the morning,**” she corrected. “For now, finish your dinner!”

I **sniffed** deeply, my canine nose picking up all the amazing scents coming from the rest of my dinner.

“Okay, that’s an **even better idea.**”