

# MONDAY

**Bored, bored, BORED! A THOUSAND TIMES BORED!**

Ever since I solved 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'd 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 they were hypnotised, none of them remembered how **heroic** I'd been! They don't remember the turtles at all, and whenever I try to remind them, they think 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 mum 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 wasn'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, who 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 mum 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.