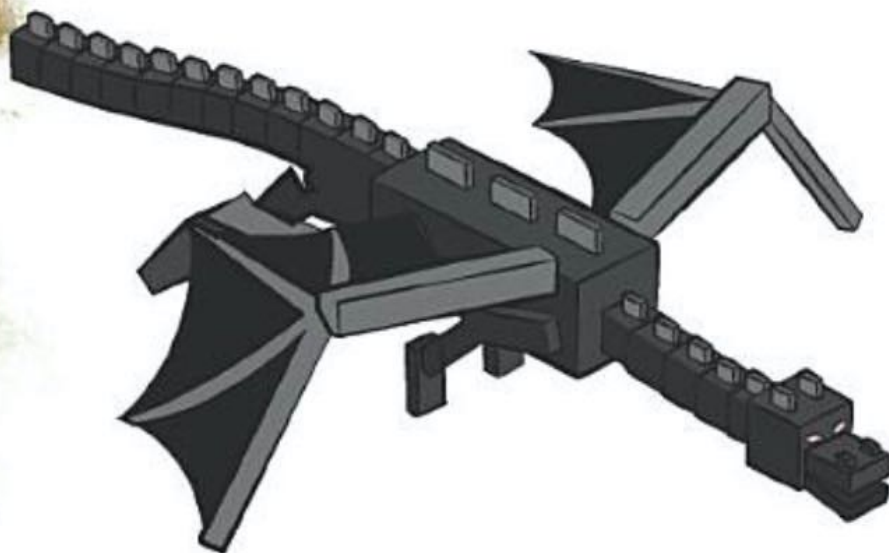


DIARY OF A MINECRAFT ENDER DRAGON



Books Kid

Day 1

It was a day that started just like any other. Wake up. Burp. Laugh at the little flame that comes out. Scratch my back before I stretch, stand up, walk around my nest a bit while I consider getting up before flopping back down again for a bit more sleep.

It's a tough life being an Ender dragon.

When I eventually dragged myself out of bed, I went for my usual flap around The End. There's not an awful lot to see out here. Just a floating island with a bunch of Endermen wandering around on it.

"Morning, Jo!" I called down to one of them.

"Morning, Ember!" he yelled back as I flew overhead. "It's a good day to be in The End."

"Isn't it?" I replied.



We have exactly the same chat every day. Endermen aren't exactly known for their brilliant conversation skills. I suppose it's because nothing ever happens here. Oh sure, we get the odd Minecraftian coming down, thinking they can defeat me and steal my eggs, but they never do. I could build a nest out of the remains of Minecraftians who'd thought they could beat me. I'm just that tough.

I heard a small "whomp!" It was the sound of a Minecraftian arriving through one of their portals. I sighed and prepared myself for battle. I suppose a fight would make today a little more interesting, but I knew exactly how it was going to go. The Minecraftian would hide behind an obsidian column while they prepared their bow and arrows. They'd fire a few shots, thinking it would wear me down and then dash about, trying to avoid my attacks while they get in a few blows with their swords.

It's impossible for a Minecraftian to defeat me by themselves. I usually let them get a few hits in, just to lull them into a false sense of security and make them feel good about themselves before I swoop in and finish them off.

Contrary to popular belief, Minecraftians really don't taste very nice, not even with tomato sauce and chips.

I waited all day, but the Minecraftian didn't attack me. It was very odd, not to mention annoying. I'm going to have



to stay awake all night to make sure they don't try to get me in my sleep.



Day 2

The Minecraftian didn't attack me last night.

This morning, I did my usual burping and stretching, and then went out to see the Minecraftian.

This is one weird Minecraftian. He built a camp and he looks like he's going to be staying here for a while. Why would he do that? The End isn't the best place for a Minecraftian. Don't they like building things? But there's not much you can use to build with here. And if he wanted to start a fight, we already know that he doesn't have any chance to win.

I should watch him. Maybe he's got some machine or a new kind of potion or something that will help him fight me. I think I'll go right up to him and see if I can see any strange weapons on him. First, though, I'm going to move my eggs away somewhere safe, somewhere you can only get to by flying.

I don't like having a Minecraftian in The End. He doesn't belong here. If he's not gone by tomorrow, then I will have to do something about him.



Question:

Who is the main character of the story? What happened to her? How does she think of the Mincraftian?