

THE GAMER'S GUIDE TO MINECRAFT

Inside:

“The Runaway Piggy”
By Jack Sprat!

Also:

“The Wither Hunt”
by Jack Black!



Issue #1

Graphic designer: Jack Hammer

DISCLAIMER: The ads in this magazine are not real ads. They are just there to:

- a) fill an area,
- b) qualify for school credit, or
- c) amuse you.

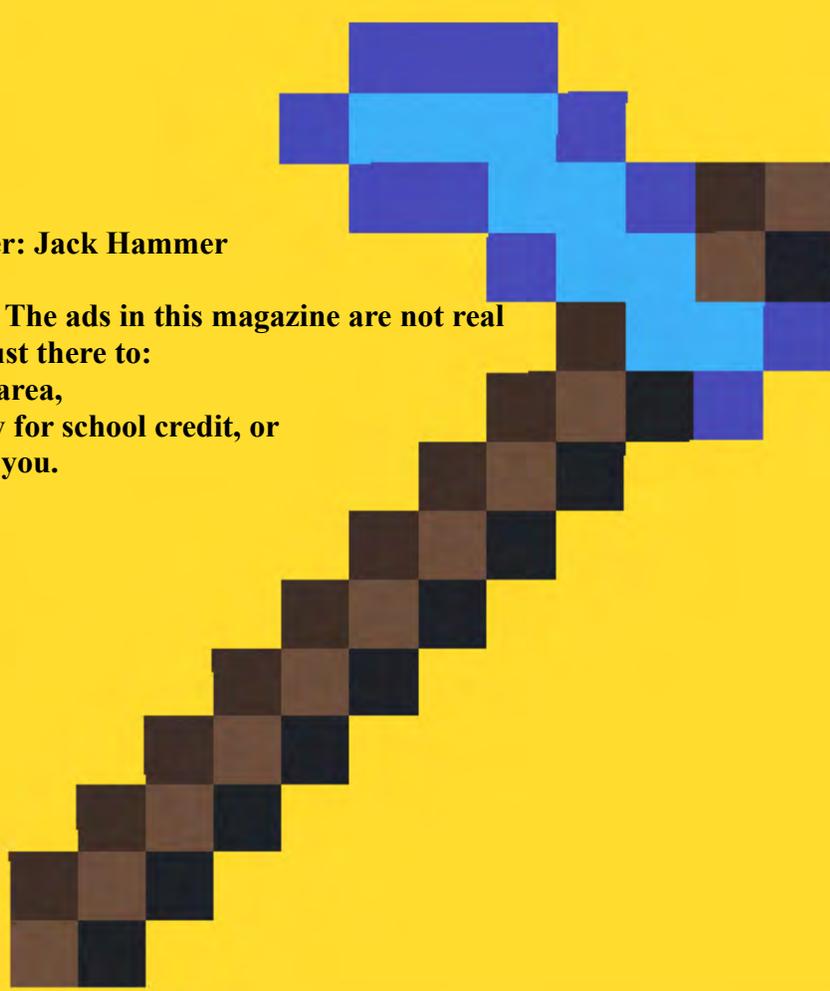


Table of Contents

The Runaway Piggy (<i>a ballad</i>).....	1
Diamond (<i>an acrostic</i>).....	3
TNT (<i>a cinquain</i>).....	4
How To Survive Your First Night	5
The Wither Hunt	6
The Eight Portals (<i>a review</i>).....	15
Mob Alert Crossword	17
The Impenetrable Tower (<i>a guide</i>).....	19



The Runaway Piggy

A Ballad by Jack Sprat

As Steve walked out of his house one day,
He looked down the creek where his pigpen lay
And spied a small piggy running away-
A troublesome piglet was running away.

Steve ducked back inside and put on his speed boots,
Then searched for a spot that a pig had jumped on
And spotted a hole where a fence piece once was-
A portion of fence was completely gone.

So Steve bolted after his galloping piggy,
Running through rain and the silent snowfall
But that crafty piglet was not really done yet-
It made zipping Steve zip right into a wall.

The wall had a hole large enough for a piggy,
Yet not large enough for a man to pass through.
So Steve mined it larger and kept up his zooming-
He sprinted so fast that his blue boots wore through.

Steve's speed boots were wrecked, and the small piggy knew it:
It slowed down its pace to a slow, taunting walk
And left Steve behind on their fast and slow trek-
His pig's great endurance made starved Steve just gawk.

The piggy continued straight into the sunset
While Steve made some bread so that he could survive
The piggy encountered a small house of bricks-
With straw and wood wreckages laying beside.

Steve stumbled along, foll'wing the pig's tracks
(He wanted to have that small piggy fried)
And tripped on the house that the piggy had entered-
The piggy had found other piggies inside!

The piggy soon left the tiny brick condo,
Skipping along back the way it had come.
Bone-weary Steve did his best to keep foll'wing-
His troublesome pig was as strong as they come!

The piggy bounced back then into the pigpen
Around it the other pink piggies condensed
The naughty young piggies produced an oak fence-post
And patched up the cavernous hole in the fence.

Bone-weary Steve ambled back to his farmhouse,
Just wanting to sleep in his comfortable bed.
But instead he received a hazardous welcome-
Some creepers within were now after his head!

Diamond

by Jack Beans Talk

Diamond

In the rough, just ready
And waiting to be discovered by
My pickaxe through morning
Or
Night and holding power—that beautiful
Diamond





Waiting
Hidden danger
Underground in a hole
For you to trigger it and die



How to Survive Your First Night

by Jack Frost

Minecraft is a wonderful place, full of towering mountains, gargantuan crevasses, and cute, tasty piggies. Though wonders await, one thing is an immediate necessity: a house. Your first house does not have to be a permanent home. It just needs to be a temporary base of operations for your first few nights.

I would recommend collecting at least a full stack of wooden logs before starting.



This will ensure that you have enough space to house all of your chests, furnaces, and decorations. Don't forget to floor your house, or it will look sloppy. Also, don't forget torches. If you don't want to mine, just smelt your leftover tree trunks for the coal.



Once you're done, you can stay in it for a while, or immediately start work on another, larger house. If you don't like the look of your old house once you've built a new one, you can just collect TNT and turn it into a ruin.



The Wither Hunt

by Jack Black

Williewhopper247 spawned face-down in a tree. He hardly had time to wonder how to get down before he noticed, out of the corner of his eye, a player walking towards his tree with an axe. Out of desperation, he cried, “Don’t kill me!”

The other player jumped back, startled, then started looking for ways to climb upon the tree. Finding none, he asked Williewhopper247, “How on earth did you get up there? There has to be some kind of way, but I can’t see it.”

“I spawned up here.”

“Ah, yes. I’ve completely forgotten the spawn point. My name’s Ryan94. What’s yours?”

“Williewhopper247.”

“Wow. That’s a really long name. Do you want to stay at my place? It’s getting close to dusk, and I don’t think you want to be out then.”

“Of course!”

And so Willie decided to try and leave his leafy platform. He instantly fell the four meters to the ground. Wincing, he found his feet and let Ryan94 lead him off to a tall wooden house on the outskirts of a city. By the time they reached it, a square moon was rising.

It was then that Williewhopper247 noticed the monsters. He hated monsters. After hiding behind the wall for a few seconds, he went to sleep, wondering how Ryan94 could have set up his bed in a split second. One other thought was running through his head: “*Maybe if I kill those monsters’ boss they’d go away...*”

He awoke the next morning at the same time as Ryan, determined to eliminate the monsters but far too scared to. As he watched through the window, the monsters began burning up, falling over, and disappearing. He had no idea if this was the norm or not. All that didn’t burn were some absolutely ginormigantic spiders and some odd, four-legged, dappled green creatures that seemingly had no way to attack. He figured that the worst they could do was get in his way. One of the green things stood remarkably close to the door, so Willie strolled over to examine it. Ryan immediately pulled him back.

“Are you mad? That creeper could blow this house into nonexistence, with you and me in it! It’s hardcore too!”

Willie had no idea how a creeper, as the green creatures were apparently called, could blow something into nonexistence, nor how it could be hardcore. But he said he understood anyways, to make his new friend

happy. Once the creeper had wandered away, Ryan informed Willie that the spider things would only attack at night, but the creepers were always hostile.

The twosome set off for town and ran the 3-kilometre distance to a small empty cottage on the side of the path in five minutes flat. Claiming it was his, Ryan led Will to it and walked into the door. “Ouch!” he said as he rubbed his nose. “I should’ve remembered that I closed that thing.” Willie had a good laugh, entered, got his face stuck in a gargantuan spiderweb, and lost his footing. Now it was Ryan’s turn to laugh at the panicking, wiggling figure before him. Once they had successfully demolished all the cobwebs, Ryan puzzled Willie by producing two chests, a bed, and a clock from a single chest. That night, Willie jumped up and down on his bed, trying to see if he could make it smaller than a chest.

The following morning, both players snarfed down a loaf of bread and a whole steak. Will surprised himself by running. He didn’t know anyone could run on a full stomach. He was baffled even further when he had the energy to run the mountainous route to the city of Stockhelmsburgvilleton. When Ryan and him found an inn, they were required to have someone who looked like a sheep as their roommate. Luckily, he didn’t give them any trouble, only space.

After staying a few days at the inn, they set off for the capital. Since he had trouble being silent, Ryan began to talk.

“I have a mini mansion in the city. It may not be too big, but it fits my purposes and my visitors’ purposes quite nicely. I hope you enjoy it. Have you ever played Minecraft before? I have nineteen private servers dedicated to building things. I have about 3 copies of each dedicated to destroying the creations. On my first survival world, I got killed nine times in a row by falling off a hidden cliff. I kept thinking I was nowhere near it, when wham! I was down.”

He kept going on like this until dusk. The pair continued along the twisty, turny “direct route” that Ryan had picked out. After taking five days to complete the three-day journey, their food supply was nearly exhausted. It was then that Willie noticed a bright red beam of light protruding from a nearby forest. Agape at how the narrow strip of light dominated the scene, he asked Ryan how to obtain such a beam and what it was called. “Iuh, wuh ih uh-owwy essa orl-” He stopped himself, closed his mouth and tried again. “Ryan, what in somebody else’s world is that laser thing? I want to make one!” With a funny look on his face, Ryan replied: “That is a beacon. You make it with a nether star, some obsidian, and some glass.” This sounded simple to Willie, who thought it was some kind of anti-flying monster device.

“How do you get a nether star?” he asked. “I really want one of those beacon thingies! Say, do they have anything to do with bacon?”

“Sorry, no.” replied Ryan. “Unless sometimes looking like bacon counts. You get the nether star by killing the wither, which is a player- built boss.”

The two agreed that sometimes looking like bacon half counted, each privately wondering how Willie was going to kill a Wither as they continued on their way. That night they slept in a makeshift hut.

The following morning, they sprinted all the way to the nearby capital.

“How tough is this Wither you speak of?” Willie enquired as they jogged along.

“It is the tougher of the two boss mobs of Minecraft,” came Ryan’s swift reply. “It has 15 times your health and can regenerate by dealing damage. It deals damage by shooting black and blue wither heads. The black ones deal the wither effect and explode. The blue ones do the same, but with a huge explosion that destroys obsidian. The blue skulls are also slower.”

They soon reached the capital. When they did so, the 23 sentries at the gate let them through with barely a glance. Puzzled by why the security measures were a whole lot of useless guards, he walked into a rosebush. Baffled by his not getting poked, he continued following Ryan.

After a little while, they came to Ryan’s mini mansion – or what was left of it, at least. Bits of broken glass were scattered around the decay of that colossal wreck¹. It was unclear whether a second floor had ever existed. While lone flame feasted upon a ceiling, three detectives scrutinized the grisly scene. Upon sighting the owner, namely Ryan, they declared the fire arson.

Ryan gasped and lost his balance when he discovered his beautiful mansion had been burned. Willie, being the caring type, shared the emotion and helped Ryan regain his feet. “Who could have done this?” asked Ryan.

By then, a mob of players had accumulated. Noting this, Willie schemed up a way to realize his Wither-slaying plans. “Does anyone here want to kill a Wither?”

Thirty-nine excited faces rendered him with a look of pure excitement.

“If you’ll come with me!”

“Finally! Excitement!”

“This is what I’ve always wanted!”

After the crowd died down a bit, Willie related his plans. Two people left after he was halfway done. The rest of the crowd stayed and agreed to form a Wither-slaying party. One player asked if things were going to get political, but Ryan quickly answered in the negative. This settled, they all had a lunch break. Later that day, the Wither-slaying party finally made it to the Omricon Mines. This was a place where players could go mining for free. Just before they all entered, Willie reminded everyone to not drop any pianos down mineshafts. He chuckled as he revealed he didn’t want A flat minor. After collecting about 60 stacks of iron ore, 2 stacks of golden ore, 15 stacks of redstone, 1 stack of diamonds, and 159 stacks of coal, they called the day a day. They had dinner break and went to bed.



¹ *Ozymandias*, by Percy Bysshe Shelley

Two players sat by a tiny campfire, quietly discussing how to execute their secret plan. The two greifers had joined the Wither-slaying party with ill intentions. “If we come in and raise the alarm after lighting the guardhouse on fire, we can say that two outlaws did it. Which wouldn't be so far from the truth.”

“Nah, just skip the fire, Petey. They'll see us lighting it. Let's just shoot the guards all at once.”

“But we don't have the others with us, you fool!”

“It's Commander Philip, you fool.” With that, Philip whacked Petey on the head with a resounding *SMACK*.

Willie and Ryan both woke up when they heard a resounding *SMACK*. “What do you think that was, Ryan?” Willie asked.

Ryan replied, “Probably a miner falling down a hole. There aren't any pianos to worry about, so let's get back to sleep.” And so they did, unaware of the impending threat.

Early in the morning, just as everyone was waking up, two raiders dressed in black ambushed the camp. They seemed to jump from nowhere, as if summoned by some invisible force. It was then that Willie realized the dirty truth. “We've got traitors!”

A few minutes later, the battle was over. After counting the losses, Ryan determined that the party's numbers had gone from 41 to 31, which was the source of much discussion.

“At least there's less of them to eat the food. And the chicken.”

“More loot for me!”

“Now we can use bed-bombs!”

Willie heard these cries and others. Did he really want to spend his days with a bunch of bloodthirsty hounds?

They soon continued mining, as none in the party had want for a funeral of any kind. Though the work went slower, there was also less needed. Somebody found a series of diamond veins, which drew everybody to his side of the mine. Willie stayed away from his “pack of bloodthirsty hounds”, finding instead two emerald veins. Together they produced two emeralds. He continued mining, only to have a strange, grey creature jump at his face. Even though it wasn't much larger than his fist, it was still scary. And thus Williewhopper247 ran.

He sprinted all the way to the crafting bench. He shoulder-checked and was horrified to find that the tiny creature had called its friends. He spun around and started smacking his two emeralds on a stick, hoping in vain that this would make a powerful sword. While he continued stubbornly smacking his glittering green gems, Ryan bounded out of the mine with about 12 of Willie's companions, swords gleaming, and began slaughtering silverfish. Grateful for the support, Willie did likewise with his iron blade. Within 90 seconds, the last silverfish was decapitated.

“Whew!” someone exclaimed as they sat down on the crafting bench—and Willie’s emeralds. “Oh, what’s this?” He asked as he pulled out something green from below his rear end.

“Mine.” Willie replied as he snatched his emeralds back. He wasn’t sure, but he thought he saw a hint of a scowl on his thieving companion’s face. Everyone went back to collecting resources.

After four days of mining, everyone was fully armoured and equipped. They each had a diamond primary set of armour and weapons, and two extra sets of iron armour and weapons. Everyone felt ready to assault the Wither, so they put their gradually collected obsidian to good use. Within seconds, a nether portal had been constructed.

One player stumbled through, obviously drawn by the strange purple swirls of the opening. All too soon, a death message appeared, stating that the player had been burnt to a crisp by a blaze. “We’ll have to be careful,” Williewhopper247 stated.

Twenty-eight heads beside him nodded consent. 1 player, however, hesitated. “Willie, I don’t really to kill the Wither *that* badly...”

Willie’s reply came quickly. “Then leave. You earned the stuff you mined, so take it with you.” The scared player nodded and then bolted away from the swirling purple of the nether portal.

Everyone went through the vortex shortly thereafter. No one was slain by the greeting party of eight blazes, but two players came remarkably close. Willie did a quick headcount and realized 2 players were missing. He thought about it for a moment, then realized he had forgotten to count himself. But who could the other missing player be? His mental question was swiftly answered by a plethora of shrieks, multiple explosions, and a death message stating that the missing party member had blown up.

“Let’s all stick together,” he called to his remaining companions. “or we’ll get killed—and not by me!” The 27 other players all gave him a quick nod, then began heading towards a nearby dark fortress. Willie followed suit, and soon everyone was inside. All at once Willie was bonked upon the head by the sharp side of a stone sword. He whirled around, his own sword extended, and smacked a very tall black skeleton. His companions heard the commotion and came to his aid. This was a good thing, for he was now in pain from the wither effect. Ryan stepped up and gave him a bucket of milk. Not even looking to see what it was, Willie guzzled it down and instantly felt much better. He thanked Ryan, returned the bucket, and asked three of his party members to be a rear guard.

After they complied, everyone continued along the hallway until they came upon a staircase with strange red plants growing underneath. Mostly everyone glanced at other, then continued walked to the open red sky above. Seconds after they reached the top, a swarm of floating, bloated white blobs opened their ugly mouths and hacked great balls of fire at the party. All but one player escaped down below. He had been skyrocketed by the exploding fireballs’ explosions and landed in ‘the drink’. The party located a route behind the staircase and used it instead.

A few minutes later, the party encountered a group of six wither skeletons. Though the resulting battle was short, it was lethal. Two party members withered away, and a wither skelly lost its head. Another player picked up the dropped head and announced that the Wither was one step closer to being created and subsequently slain.

A few minutes later, the band of 25 players reached a split path. It was decided that the party would split evenly, with Willie in one group and Ryan in the other. One player had nowhere to go, and therefore did the splits. Therefore Willie requested the extra player, truthfully claiming to need it. Soon after, both parties set out along their separate paths. It was not long before Willie's party came across—you guessed it—an enderman. It was quickly slaughtered, and Willie picked up the ender pearl it dropped. Willie's team turned a corner and encountered a netherrack wall that was barricading their pathway. Undeterred, Willie mined the wall, only to be rewarded with a waiting abyss. Lurching backwards, Willie accidentally caught a zombie pigman on the snout with his pickaxe. And thus the fight began.

Willie's party was left hacking and slashing for quite a while before there was any sign of a respite. Just when they thought the battle was over, nine wither skeletons hopped down from a hole in the ceiling. All the players groaned and kept fighting. The wither skeletons just kept up their blank faces. After the wither skeletons finally collapsed into broken bony heaps, the squad surveyed the damage.

Willie announced that the group size had been nearly halved. However, there was still a bright side. One of the wither skeletons had dropped its head in the course of combat. Unless Ryan's party had also been lucky enough to collect a head, they needed only one more wither skull. Willie, now carrying both collected skulls, started back to the junction. He called his companions, then shoulder-checked. His companions weren't there. Dumbfounded, he gaped around at the red brick walls. He had been deserted.

Willie felt lucky to make it back to the junction. First off, a pair of the normal white skeletons tried to turn him into a pincushion, presumably for their grandmother. After he had sprinted past them, one shot an enderman. Dodgeball is not easy when it's impossible to determine where the next arrow will be. It took a full three minutes to finally return to the junction. Exhausted, Willie almost walked into Ryan, who was waiting for him. After he'd rested a bit, Ryan demanded that Willie answer the inevitable questions: What took you so long? Where's the rest of your group? Did you get any kind of loot? Willie answered each question, each time hearing a gasped response. It took only five minutes to struggle through the endless torrent of questions, but to Willie, it felt like an eternity. He was already tired by the time Ryan recalled his recent adventures.



“Our path led to two chests, and then turned a 180 right into a blaze spawner. A blaze tried landing on our heads, but we noticed it soon enough and it landed on our swords instead. After lighting up the spawner, we kept going and reached a split path, so we all turned around to wait for you and drop off our goodies. The only problem was that a group of fifteen wither skeletons had snuck up on us, so we had to battle again. Some of us were suffering from the wither effect, but one of those nasty skellies lost its head! Sadly, three players withered away the second we reached the junction here.”

Willie attempted in vain to sort out the endless monologue in his head. Was it three battles? One chest? He decided he was hungry and pulled out some steak. After eating two he felt well enough to wonder how he could snarf down two whole steaks in just five seconds. He shrugged the thought away and commenced following his companions back to the nether portal. He had a wither to kill.

It looked unformidable at first. Just a few blocks of soul sand and a few black skulls weren't that scary. Willie was puzzled by the construction of the Wither. His befuddlement was converted to surprise as the construction turned blue and enlarged itself, then to shock as he realized that his companions were all gone. Willie then noted Ryan, who was hiding from the forming Wither behind a post. Willie followed suit.



This was a good thing, for just then the Wither came to life in a huge explosion. Parts of the enclosure crumbled, including the wall between the Wither and the nether portal.

With Ryan and Willie left alone to slay the thing, this was going to be a problem. Ryan seemed to be unaware of the fact that all their fair-weather friends were gone, so Willie told him. Visibly shocked, Ryan just gaped at Willie. Then, while their backs were turned, the Wither slipped through the nether portal. Stunned, the two players glanced at each other, then began pursuit of the wither.

Once through the portal, Willie and Ryan surveyed the seemingly Witherless scene. All they could see were about twenty happily mining miners... and three more miners rushing to sound the alarm. In pursuit of them was a Wither. Its three dark heads were firing clones of themselves at the two fleeing miners. One had already “withered away”. Though this was quite the spectacle, Willie knew he had to do something. He loaded his bow and shot the Wither smack in the middle of its left head.

That really got its attention, and, unfortunately for Willie and Ryan, the number one spot on its hit-list. It fired salvos of heads without relent, abandoning the fleeing miners to the alarm tower. The alarm was going to be sounded, but not until the miners reached the alarm. Willie had more immediate problems than that, though. He had to play lethal dodgeball 2000 until the alarm was sounded. A blue skull nearly hit Ryan's nose, and Willie was sure glad it didn't. The fight seemed to last for hours, but Ryan told him later that it was only five minutes.

Willie's stamina began to flag as his hunger increased. He hadn't eaten since he left the nether fortress junction. He was trapped in a cage of flying skulls. Just when he thought he was doomed, a rather loud horn sounded, causing Willie to fall over backwards. This caused him to narrowly avoid all the rest of the incoming head-shaped projectiles.



The barrage of bombs had stopped, and Willie quickly found out why. The Wither had been attacked by the mob of miners and was quickly being slaughtered by their whirling pickaxes. Willie and Ryan lent a hand with their bows, and soon enough the Wither grew a forcefield that reflected their shots. Willie looked at Ryan. Ryan looked at Willie. Together they charged into the battle, swords dicing.

With the assistance of the miners, killing the Wither was not that hard. While Willie and Ryan did a lot of the damage, they did not deal a lot of the blows. The only two casualties were the wither and the miner that withered away while sounding the alarm. The miners all enjoyed the fight, as it was a welcome change from the repetition of hacking away at stone. The experience bath from the Wither's death was also welcome. All in all, it was no surprise that the miner horde offered Willie and Ryan the Nether Star. "You earned it," they said. "There's no way we could have had that amount of fun without you."

Willie gratefully accepted and made himself a beacon. After placing it, he asked Ryan this question: "How do I light this thing? Do I need bacon?"

His one good friend replied, "No. You just need iron, gold, diamonds, or emeralds. Lots of them."

Willie sighed. He'd probably have to go on another adventure for all that.

THE END

What size do you take?

Minecraft Block Boxes are the perfect cache for your small change or your mini-van.



They're flying off the shelves!

Buy yours today!

The Eight Portals

By Jack Rabbit

The Eight Portals is a fun and funny puzzle adventure map. The puzzles are solvable, but not for the easily discouraged. However, one random requirement is that you must kill a villager.

When you begin playing, you spawn in an open-topped woollen room. A sign on one wall reads “**Start**”. Upon right-clicking it, multiple things happen. You teleport, your spawn point changes, and an introduction sequence begins. When the introduction sequence completes, you are taken to your new spawn point.

Here you find a light switch to your left. I flipped it and regretted it, as it darkened the room too much for me to find it again easily. On your right a villager named Anubis stands beside a lever labelled “cat”. Ahead of you is a hallway with four coloured portals on each side. The white portal is open and the rest are closed. There is a mysterious empty room through an archway at the end of the hallway.

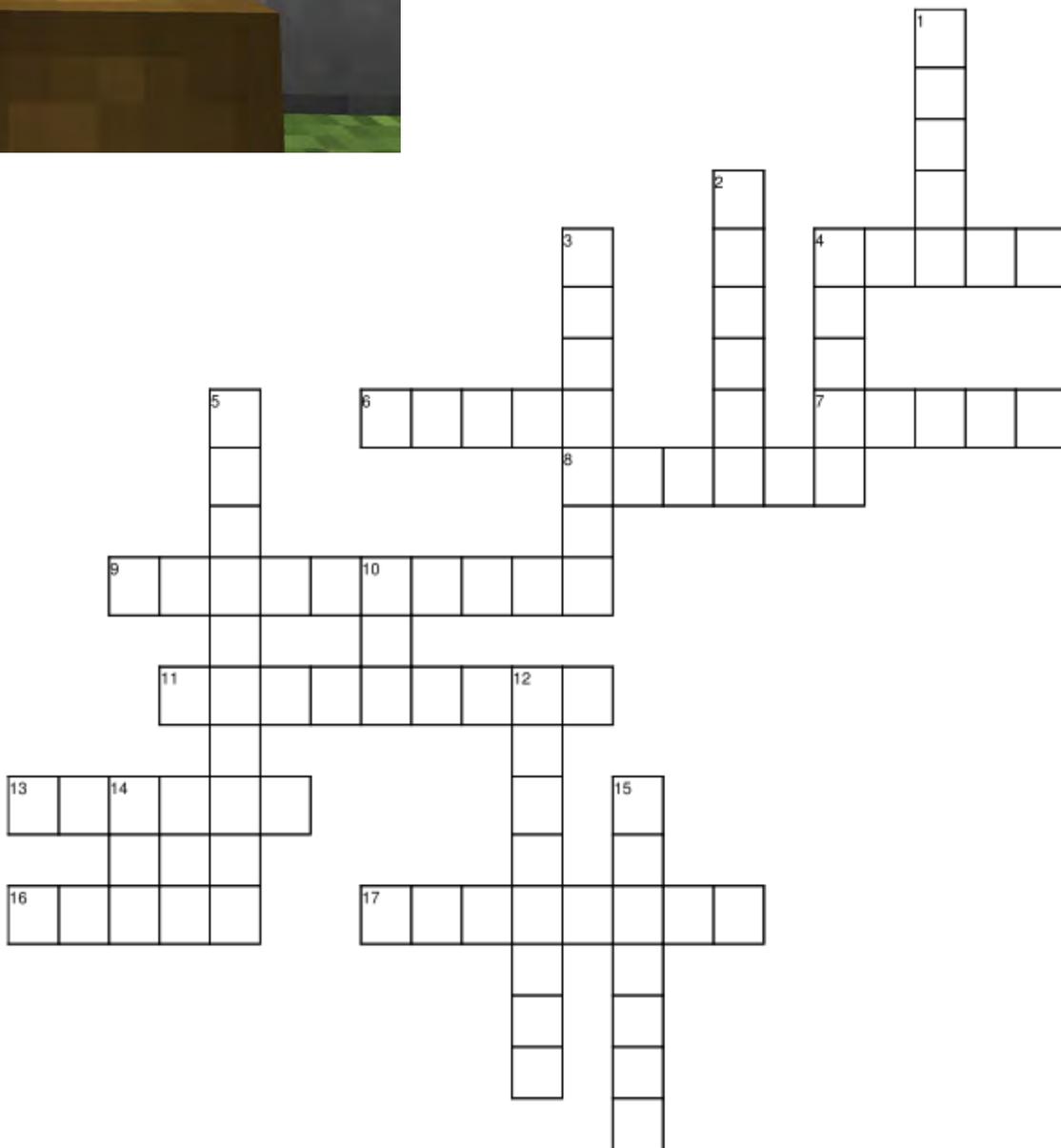
Upon walking into the white portal, the words “**Mechanical Room**” greet you with a puzzle. When you discover the correct sequence, a piston door opens for you to advance. Once you have solved all the puzzles that the mechanical room has to offer and collected all eight emeralds, a notification appears in the chat log that the yellow portal has been opened. Hitting the 'quick teleport' button will teleport you back to spawn.

This sequence is repeated for the other seven portals. The yellow portal takes you to the Far Desert, in which you find a merchant with a head on his crafting bench. The blue portal takes you to Squid Squad, where Hercules and Even Stronger Hercules reside. The orange one brings you to the Mummy Hideout, featuring a loaf of bread toasting beside a lava pit. The black leads to the Cave with the Ghost Who Sells an Emerald, which boasts a fire-resistant cow in a lava pit. The purple portal leads to Rainbow Madness, which has a launch pad between its two sections. The green portal leads to Summer Valley, the wondrous space that is populated by piggies. There is also a villager that will pay you to kill his brother. If you get killed instead, an emerald is respawned for worthless cheaters. Lastly, the red portal leads to the danger zone of Hot Plates. It is home to a fantastical mural of what seems to be an anthropomorphic flame.

The ending is for you to discover. It is definitely worth your time to play through, and hilarious too.



MOB ALERT!



ACROSS

4. These brutes look like oversized zombies.
6. This bouncy cube is found in the depths of the overworld.
7. This mob's drops are easily harvested without killing the mob.
8. This tameable mob can sit on your shoulder.
9. The small version of wall climber.
11. It's a powerhouse. It's a defender. It's a tank.
13. The killer version of this can make a mess of wolves.
16. This crazy lady is a villager gone wrong.
17. A giant blue pufferfish.



DOWN

1. These tameable mobs can be ridden, but not controlled.
2. This boss shares its name with a status effect.
3. This mob has menaced players by blowing itself to bits.
4. This hellish creature has such a terrible digestive problem that it hacks fireballs, and has such a terrible temper that it hacks them at you.
5. These little nasties can burrow in and eventually destroy stone and stone brick buildings.
10. This mob inspired the creeper.
12. This teleporting, conditionally hostile menace sounds like "slenderman".
14. This mob gets closer than any others to "useless".
15. Sometimes ridden by baby zombies.

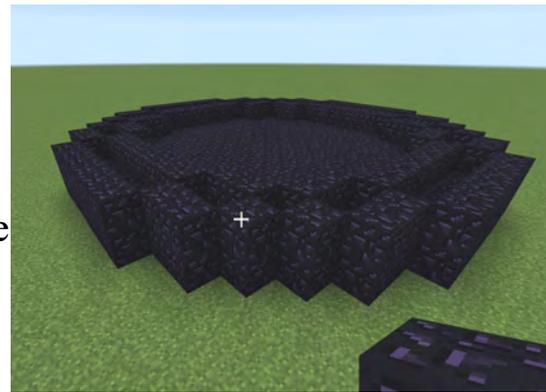
The Impenetrable Tower

by Jack O. Lantern

Have you ever craved a tower that is impenetrable on survival? Do you value your alone time? If so, you may enjoy creating this exceedingly dangerous, cool-looking mini-fortress.

You will want to make this in creative unless you have a lot of time and obsidian. If you want a large tower, try teaming up. The process can be incredibly time-consuming.

First, make a large obsidian circle as the foundation and fill it in. Build up the outer ring by one block. This is your outer wall. Next, make a second smaller ring, leaving a 1-block gap between it and the outer wall. This is your inner wall.



Build up the double wall. Add a door, even if it's just a hole. For a tower that does not look squishy, make the height at least twice the diameter. Iron-bar windows are optional.

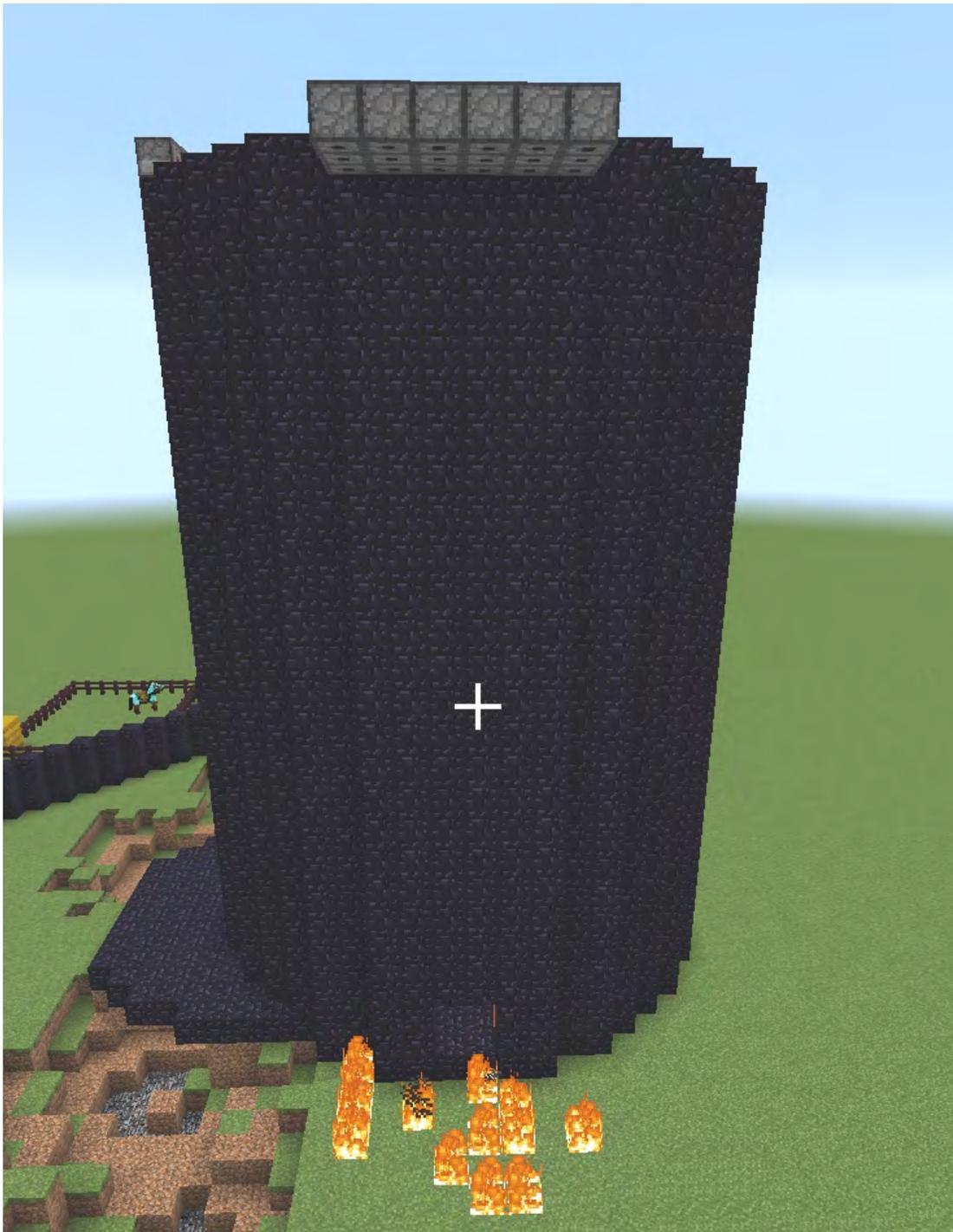


Next, fill the area between the rings with lava. Once the area between the walls is all either windows or lava, create a way to the top of your towering tower. Join the walls at the top, either as a platform or a roof. Add crenellations, which could be dispensers or some other

trap. If you use TNT dispensers, be careful not to blow your door up.

Next, add your own defences and decorations. If you can't think of any, check the internet for inspiration.

On my first try, I made a solid ring of TNT dispensers around the top and a lava door mechanism. However, my mechanism for firing TNT was faulty and ended up blowing itself to bits. It took out the door, too. It was still fun to build, though, and I then knew what NOT to do next time.



Farewell

**We say goodbye now
To you, this square sunset, and
This sublime issue.**

