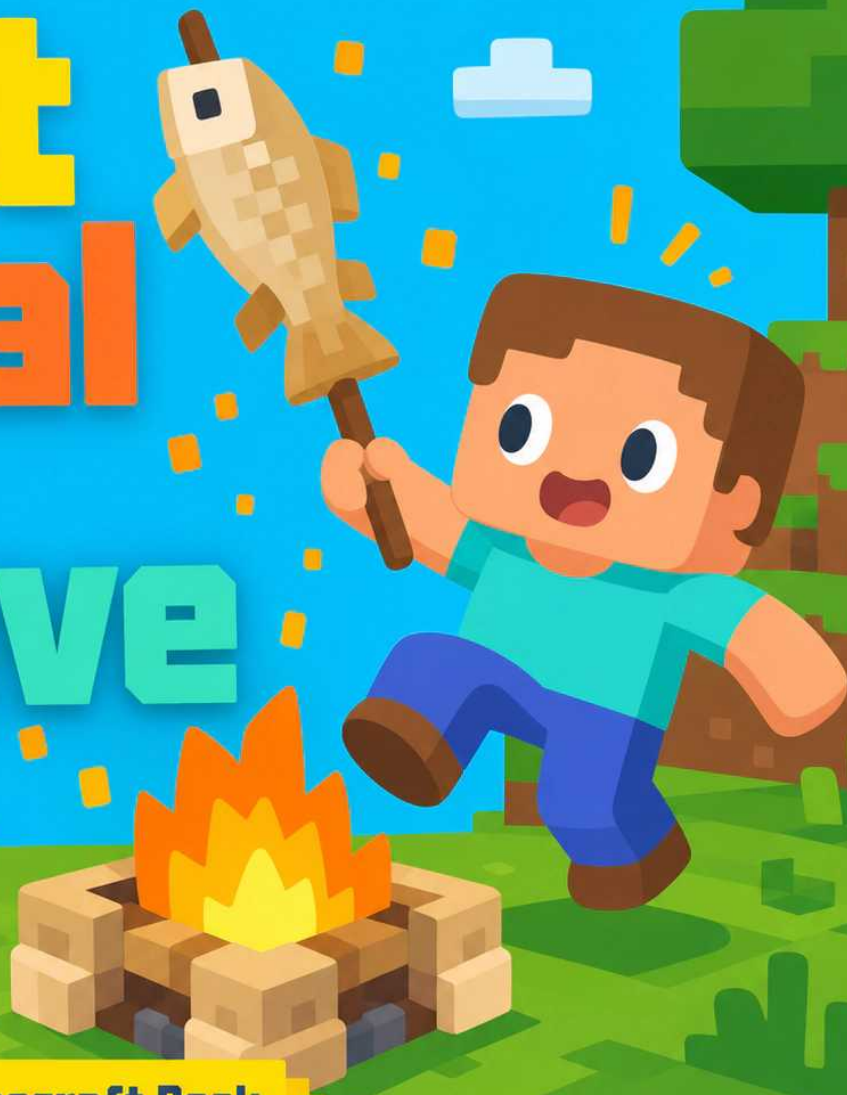


A Hot Meal for Steve



An Unofficial Minecraft Book

Steve walks up from the sea. He is wet. He has a fat cod fish in his hand.

'Lunch!' Steve yells. 'I am the top fisherman!'

He sniffs it. The cod is cold and slick, not hot at all.





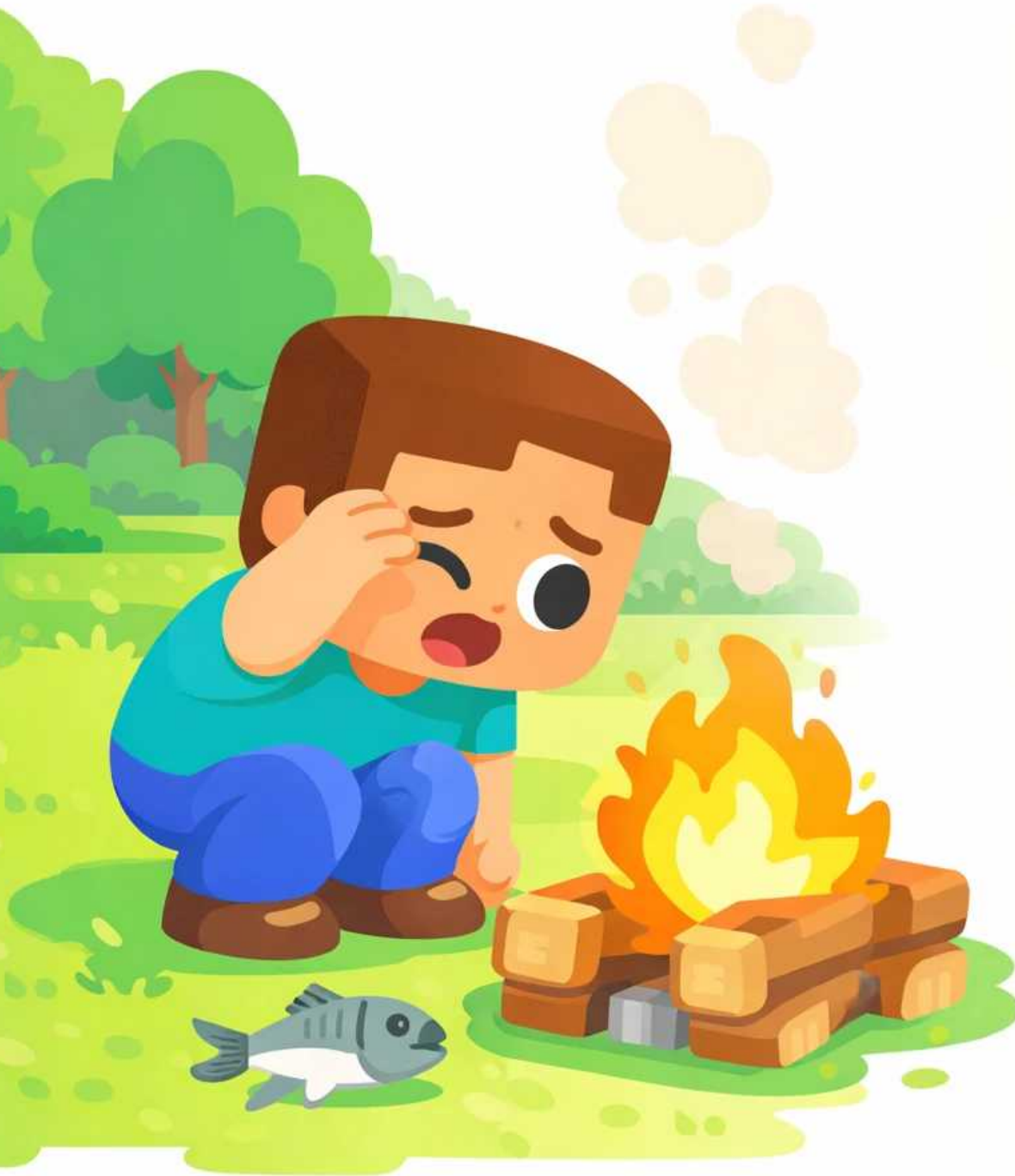
Steve sets the cod in the grass. The cod looks back at him.

'I will not eat you like this!' Steve says. 'You need to be hot and crispy.'

He rubs his chin. 'I need a fire. That is not hard.'

Not hard at all! Steve
grabs a stack of logs.
He strikes a spark.
Flames **leap** up! Smoke
streams into the sky.
'Neat!' Steve says. 'I am
the best fire maker!' He
sets the cod next to
the fire. 'We just wait.'





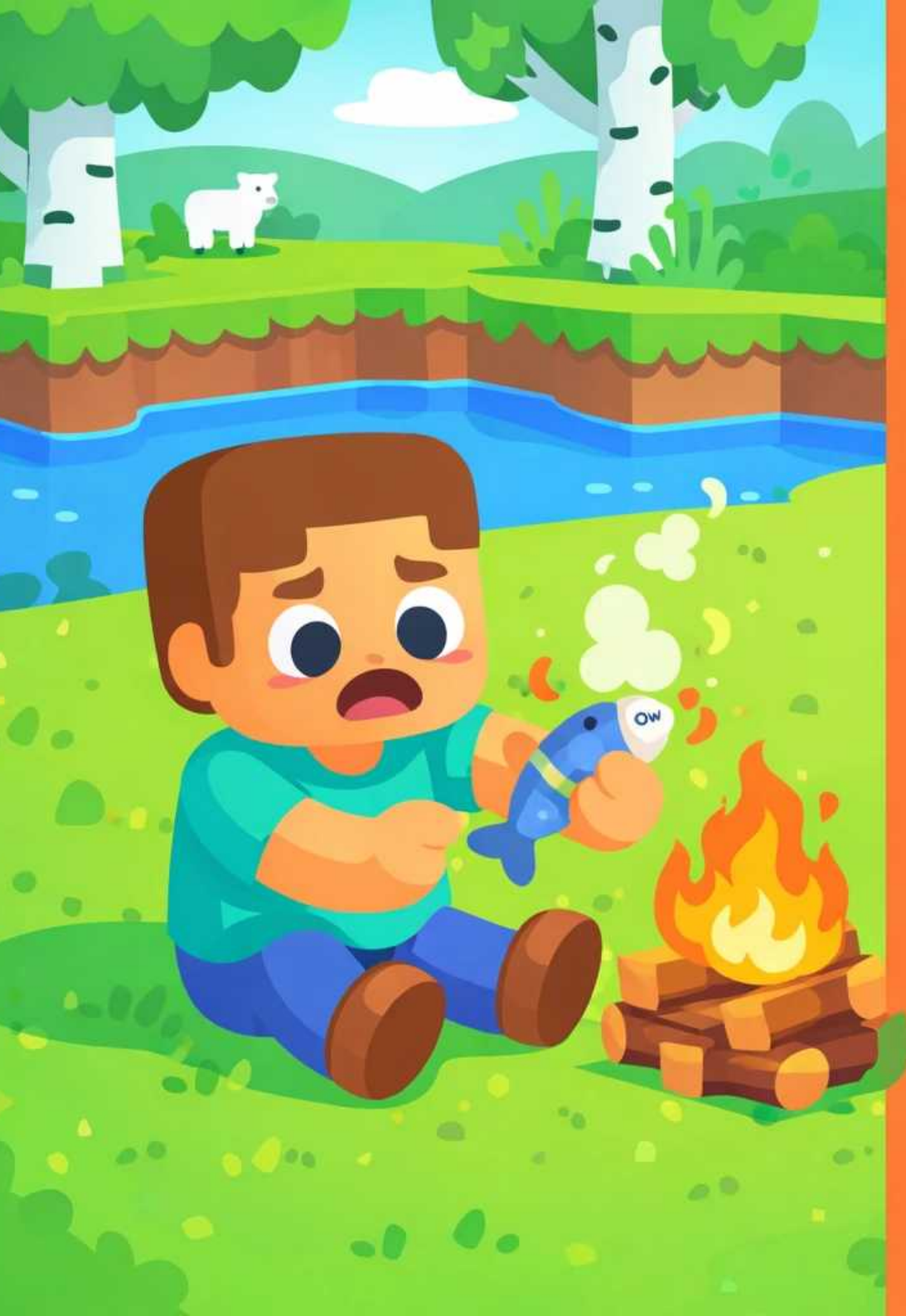
Steve sits to check his fish. The fire pops and crackles. **Heat** hits his face. Steve winces. He lifts his arm over his face. 'That is very hot!' He steps back, but just a bit. The best fire maker does not run from his fire.

Steve leans in and sets
the cod into the fire.

'Each side needs to
feel the fire,' he says.

'That way it gets hot all
the way in.' He brushes
off his hands. 'Trust
me. I am good at this.'





The cod is golden. It smells so nice. 'Time to eat!' Steve grabs the fish with both hands. His eyes go wide. He gasps. 'Hot! Hot! Hot!' Steve tosses the fish from hand to hand. On the hill, a sheep stops eating to peek at him.

The next day, Steve finds a raw chicken.

His belly is empty. His hands are still pink from the fish.

'This time I will not rush,' Steve says. 'I will set up a fire and **heat** the chicken. I will not grab it with my hands.'



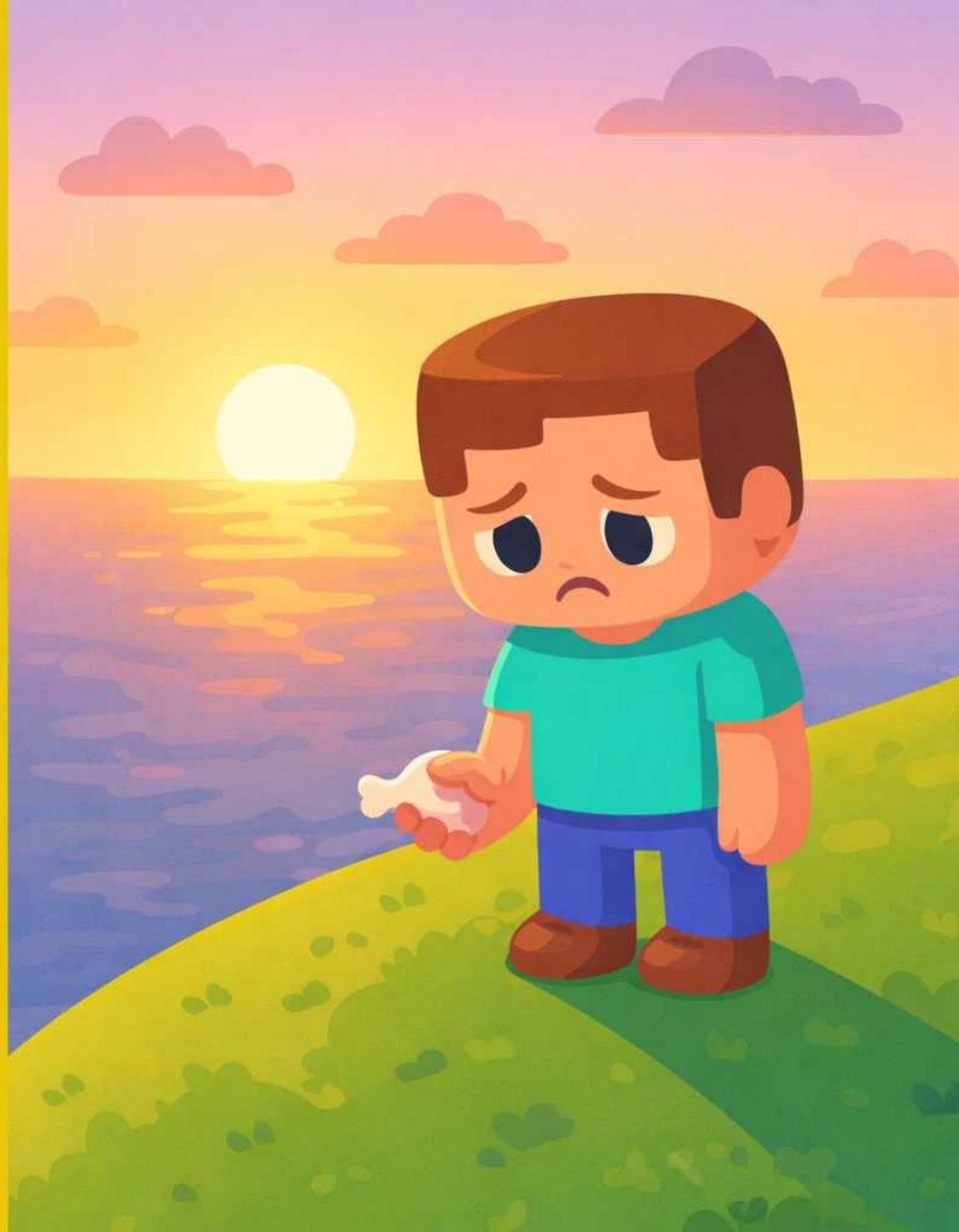


Steve looks. Then he
peeks between the
trees. No logs. No
sticks. Not even a twig.
Just grass, big trees,
and a small craft. 'I can
not burn a craft!' Steve
snaps. 'I need logs!
Where are all the logs?'

Steve trudges up a hill.
He stops.

The sun sinks. His belly
screams so hard that
birds **flee** a **tree**. The
chicken hangs from his
hand.

'I just **need** a hot **meal**,'
Steve whispers. 'Is that
a lot to ask?'





Then Steve **peeks** at his **feet**. A pit of lava **gleams** in the grass! Steve gasps. His **eyes** shine like the lava. 'Hot!' Steve yells. 'That is very hot! I do not even **need** logs!'

Steve finds a long stick and jabs it into the chicken. He holds the chicken over the lava. Heat beams up. 'See?' Steve grins. 'Neat and clean. I am good at this.'





Then Steve tosses the chicken into the lava. A tiny sizzle. A puff of smoke. And then... nothing! No chicken at all. Not even a drumstick. No hot meal for Steve. Steve looks at his hands. The stick is on fire. 'Maybe I am not so good at this,' Steve says.



A Hot Meal for Steve

Steve is starving, and he's got a plan: build a fire and cook himself a proper hot meal. But every time he gets close to a hot, crispy dinner, something goes wrong. Will Steve ever learn to be careful instead of grabbing his food too soon? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 85: ee, ea, ey /ē/), this book practices words like 'heat', 'meal', 'sea', 'eating', 'need'.

Phonics Focus: ee, ea, ey /ē/

beams, between, clean, each, eat, eating, eyes, feel, feet, flee, gleams, heat, leans, leap, meal, neat, need, needs, peek, peeks, screams, sea, see, sheep, streams, tree, trees

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