

An Unofficial Minecraft Book



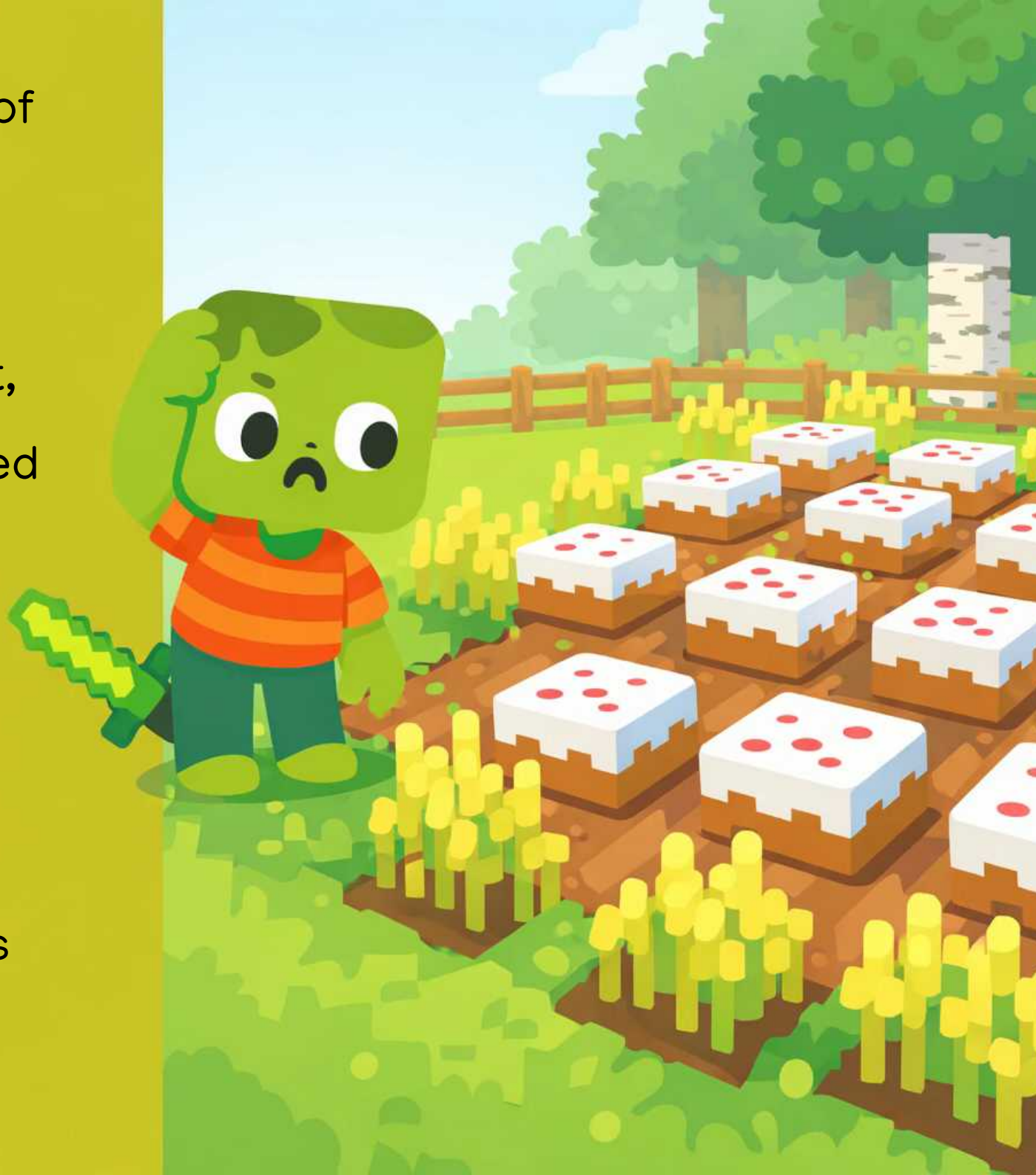
Coal on the Road



Zom went to the yard to feed the chickens and froze so fast his feet almost left the **soil**. His jaw fell open. His eyes went wide. He stood still for three long seconds, which for Zom was a very long time. Something was off on the farm. Something that was not right at all.

Cake. Rows and rows of white cake with red frosting on top, in the soil between the wheat, as if a hand had planted them there.

'I did not plant cake,' Zom said slowly. 'I do not think cake seeds exist.' He scratched his head. 'Do they?'





Zom pulled his pals Skel and Jack along to see it. Skel took one look and groaned. 'More work. Just what I wanted.' Jack took one look and bent over, full of **joy**. He held his belly. He was in fits. One of them was very **annoyed**. And one of them had the best morning of his life.

They each had a slice. It was so yummy.

Then they boxed up the rest and carted it into the village. The villagers **enjoyed** every bite.

By nightfall, the last bit of frosting was gone. Zom told himself it was a one-time thing. A fluke. A very odd cake fluke.





It was not a one-time thing. The next morning, the entire farm was thick with coal. Black chunks in the grass. Black chunks in the crops. Black chunks piled by every fence post as far as Zom could see. 'Once is odd,' Zom said from the porch. 'Twice is annoying. Now I have a hunch.'

They kept some coal for the furnace. The rest went into boxes. Again. Skel hauled crate after crate, not saying a word, which was worse than any complaint.

Jack was no help at all. He was bent over in the yard, giggling with **joy**.

Zom watched him from across the fence and said in a low **voice**, 'Jack. It is you, is it not?'





That evening, Zom saw Jack by the wheat and gave him The Stare. 'It was not me!' Jack said, hands up. 'You were giggling,' said Zom. 'It is funny, Zom!' said Jack. 'The farm is full of cake! It **annoys** you, and that brings me **joy**.' Zom folded his arms. Jack's carved grin looked pure. It looked sly. It looked the same as always, because it was carved into a pumpkin and could not change. This made Jack very hard to read.

Fine. Zom was **annoyed**.

He would prove it the old way. He stood all night at Jack's door, arms folded, eyes open. Every firefly that drifted by got a long, hard look. The door did not open. Not once. 'Got you,' Zom said under his breath. 'Stay right there.'





Eggs. Under every fence.
In every garden bed. On
every path. The farm was
a sea of eggs, and Zom
had been up all night long.
Zom's plan was **foiled**. 'It
was not Jack,' he told Skel,
his **voice** flat. 'I watched
his door. It did not open
once.' Skel looked at the
sea of eggs. 'Then who?'

Jack burst from the door like it was his birthday. 'Eggs!' he yelled. 'This is the best one yet!'

He scooped them all into a box, sprinted along the stone path, and delivered them to the village before Zom could finish breakfast. The villagers yelled for joy. Three days, three trips. They were starting to think the farm was some kind of gift shop.

Jack waved to the people, smiling so hard his face could have cracked. It did not, because it was a pumpkin.



Skel had had it. 'Three days of **toil**,' he said, 'hauling cake, coal, and eggs instead of real work. Not one fence fixed. Not one crop tended. This farm is falling apart because of a prank.' He got his tool and marched to the paddock. 'Tonight, I keep watch. And when I find who is behind this, things will change.'



Jack was in his room. Skel had looked twice. Then a glowing orange face rose over the hill, and Skel froze. And another. And another. And another. Five. Six. Seven **noisy** pumpkin heads, blazing in the dark, charging across the farm with arms spread wide. Skel held up his tool and stood firm. 'No,' he said. 'There are more of him.'





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Coal on the Road

Zom's farm keeps filling with strange surprises: first cake, then coal, both dumped in tidy rows overnight. One pal is furious, another can't stop laughing, and Zom is determined to catch whoever is behind it before the whole farm falls apart. Could the culprit be closer than anyone thinks? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 95: oi, oy /oi/), this book practices words like 'joy', 'annoyed', 'soil', 'foiled', 'noisy'.

Phonics Focus: oi, oy /oi/

annoyed, annoying, annoys, enjoyed, foiled, joy, noisy, soil, toil, voice

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