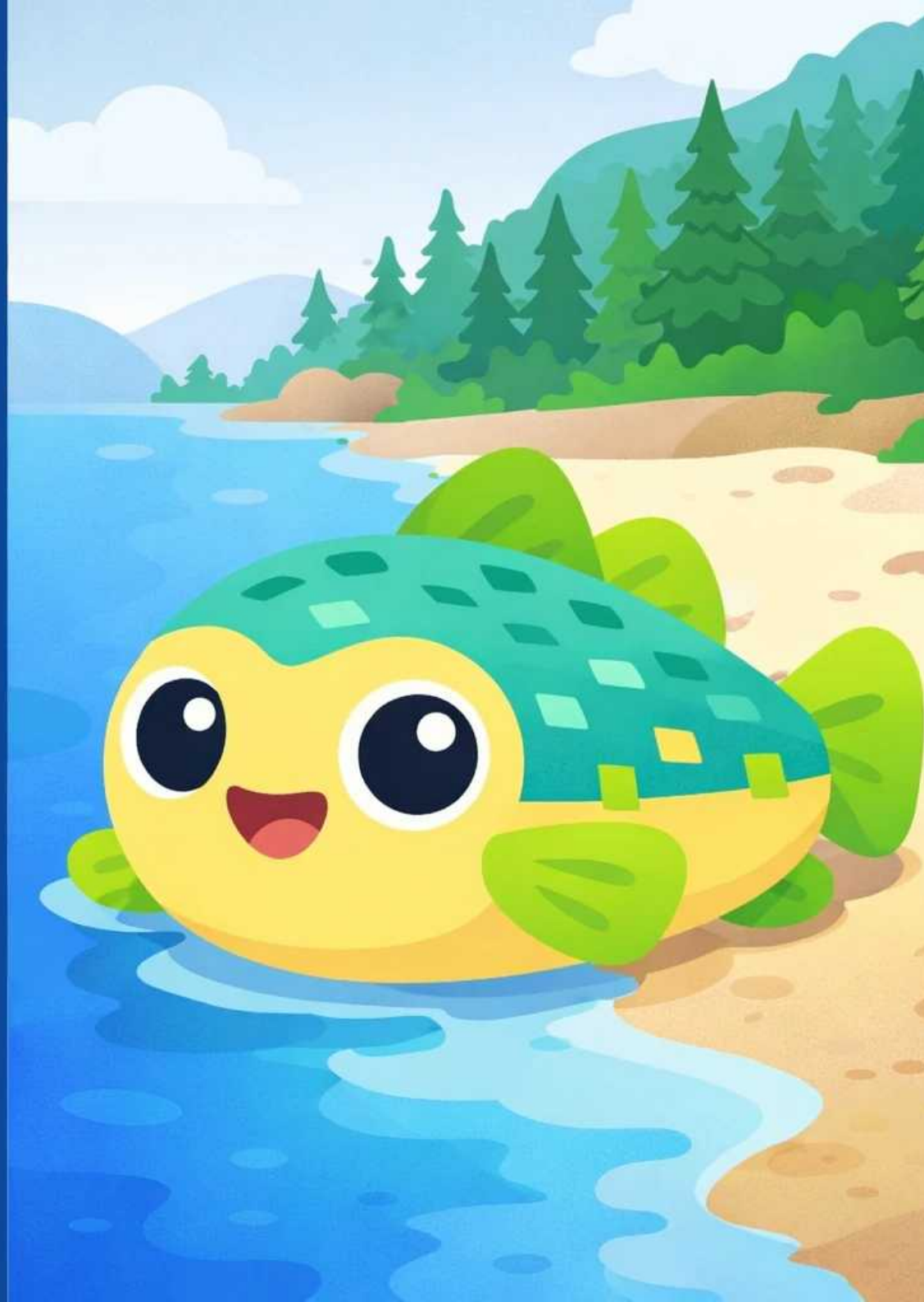
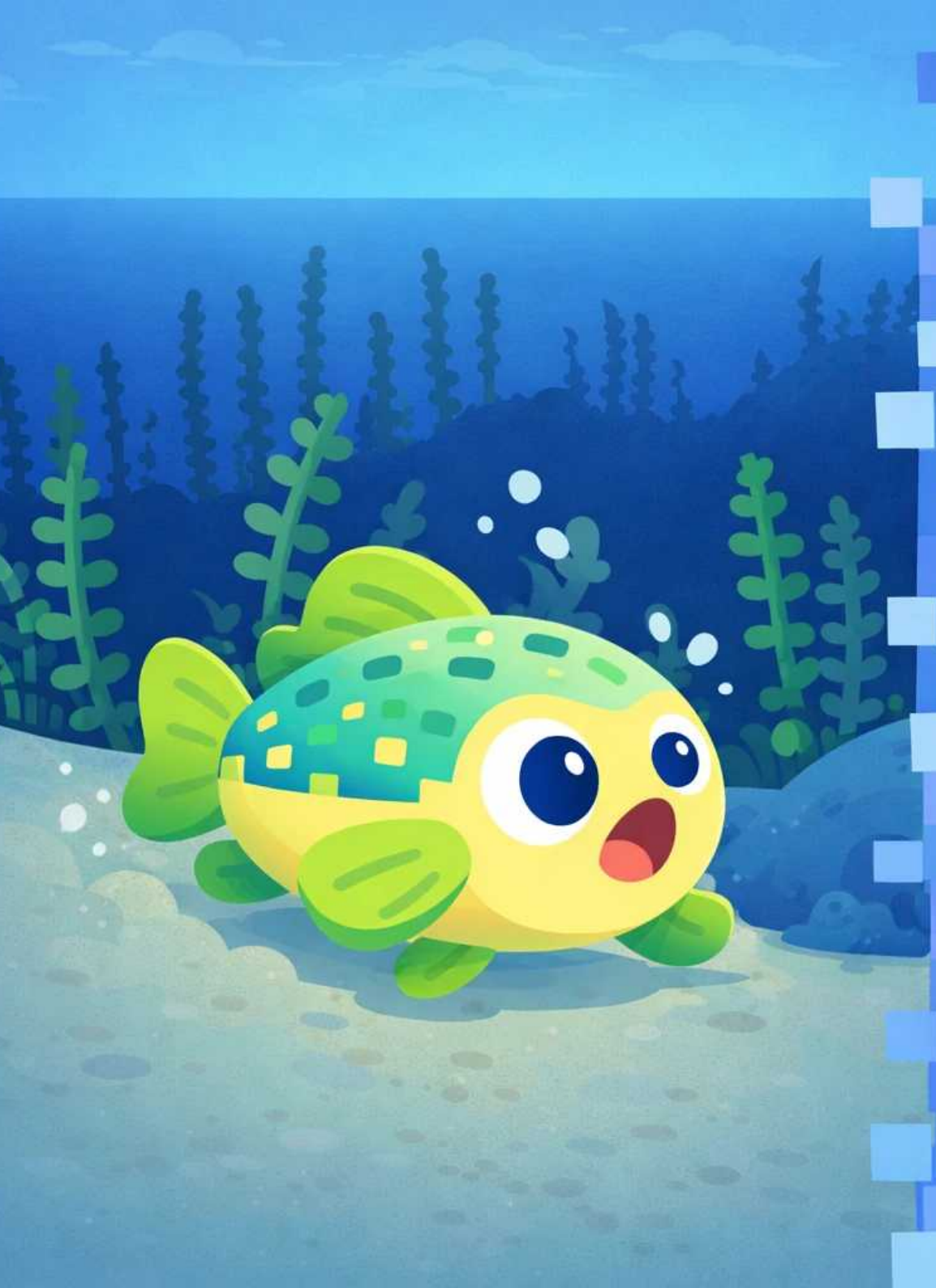
Catch That Cod!

An Unofficial Minecraft Book

Deep in the cold sea lived a cod. Not just any cod, but the most **skittish fish** on the long coast, with a **yellowish** belly and bright **greenish** fins.

Every man in town knew about Cod. They had set rods and nets and traps and bait. And every last one had given up trying to catch him.

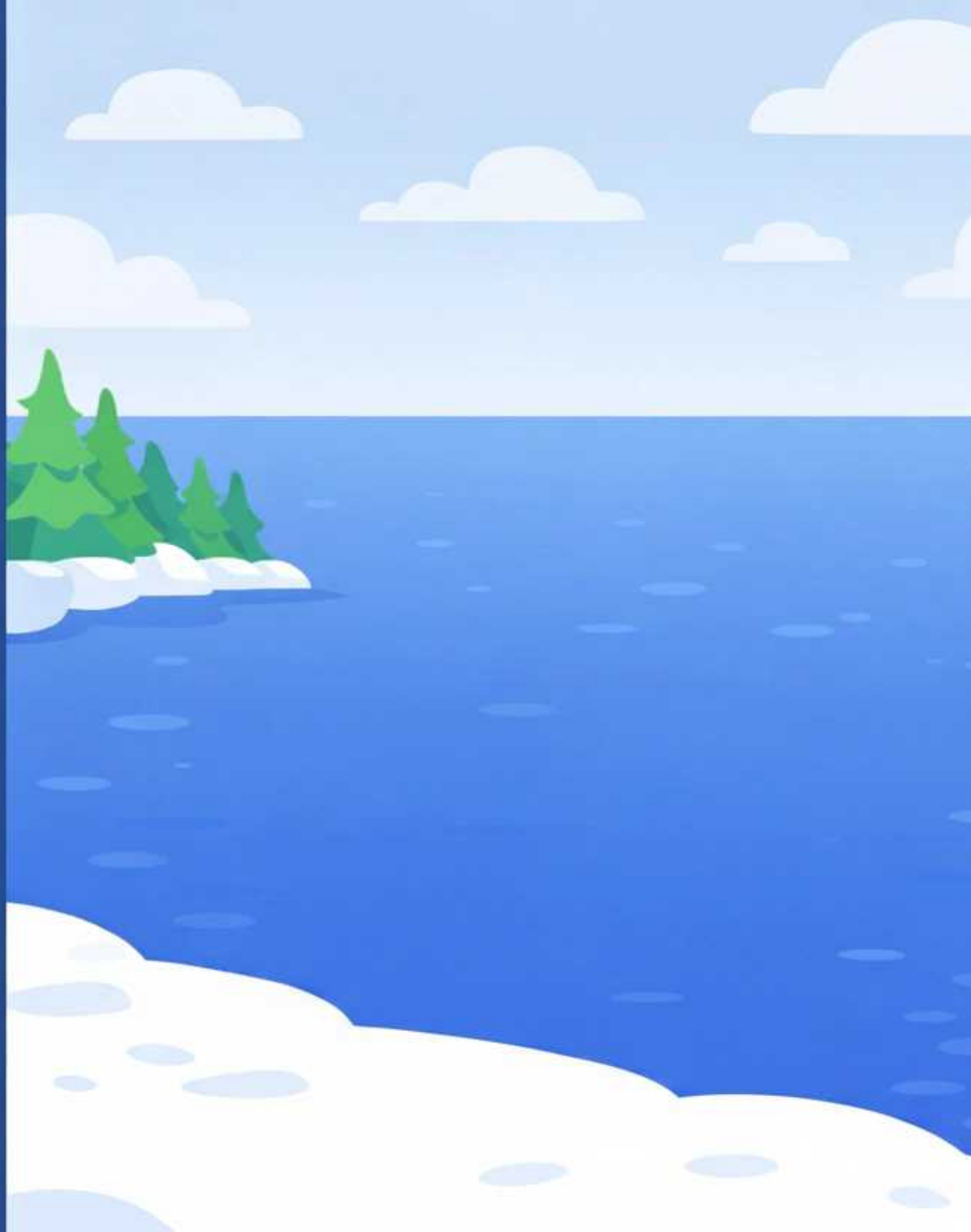




Cod liked it that way. When a man got too close, Cod would flick his **greenish** fins and **vanish** into the kelp with a **swish.** Gone in a flash, just like that.

'You will not catch me,' Cod seemed to say with a grin. And so far, Cod was right every single time.

The sea spread out, wide and greyish. No boats out on the waves, no nets in the kelp, no rods on the rocks. Not a single man in sight on the long, long coast. Cod had won so many times that nobody even tried again. Nobody, that is, but a kid named Steve.



Steve stood on the sand and stared at the deep blue sea. He was **peckish,** and he wanted cod for lunch.

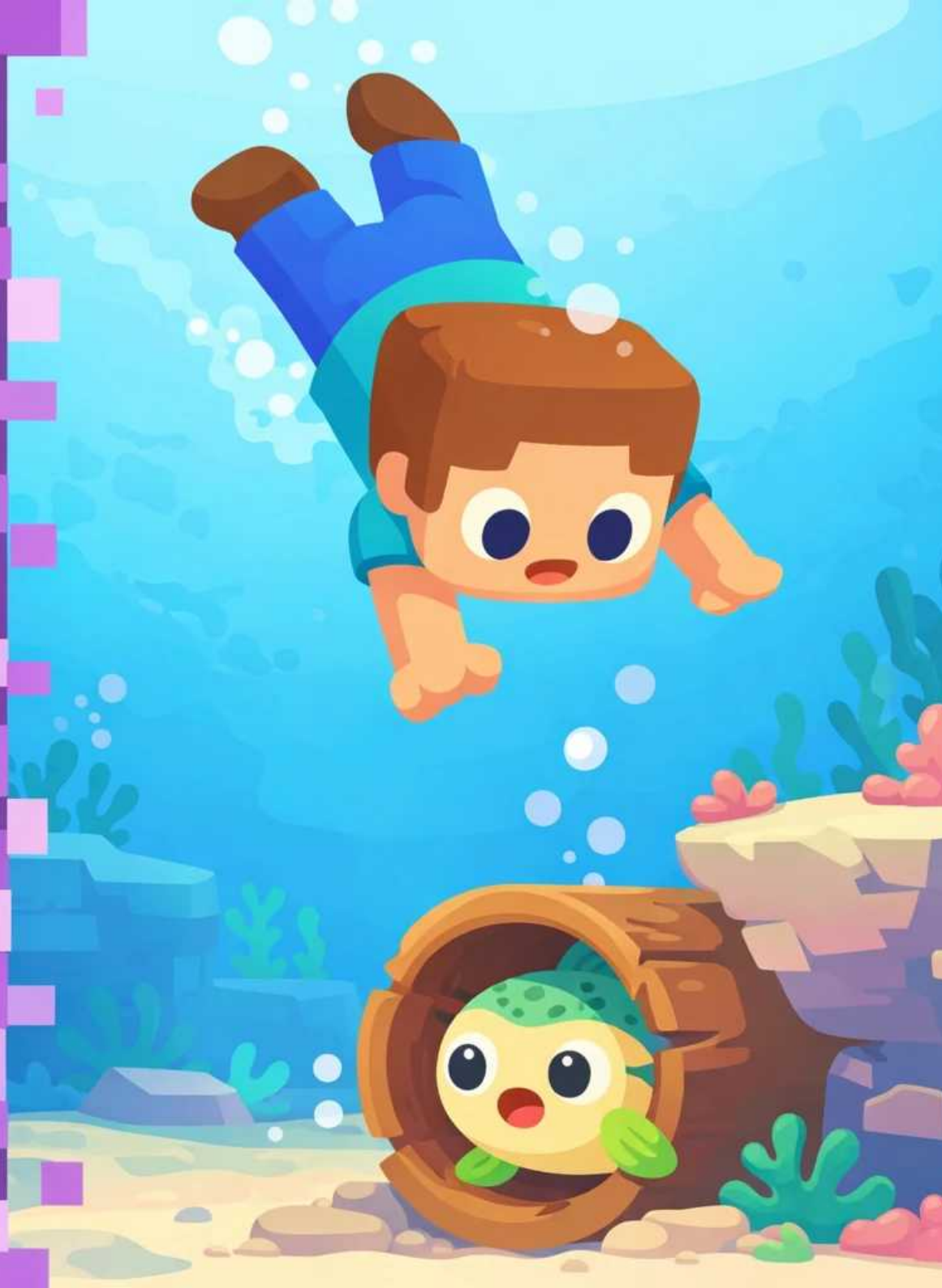
'I will catch that cod,' he said, 'and make a **dish** of him.'

He had no rod, no net, no boat, no line, and no bait. He had no plan at all. But Steve had something much better than a rod, and that was grit.

Steve jumped right in. No plan, no thinking, just a big splash, with his arms out and his fingers grabbing at nothing.

Cod saw him coming from a mile off, and Cod darted into a hollow log to watch Steve sink past in a long trail of bubbles.

'This kid is too **foolish,'** thought Cod with a grin. 'This will be easy.'



Steve swam to the log and peeked inside. It was empty. 'Where did Cod go?' he said, but only bubbles came out. He looked left, he looked right, he looked up and down and to the side. The deep dark sea spread out around him, silent and still. That sly **fish** had vanished into the kelp without a sound.

Wait, a flash of **greenish** fins, tucked deep in the kelp! Steve kicked closer, slow and careful, and stretched out his hands.

Cod did not even twitch. Cod just sat there and waited.

At the last second, whoosh, Cod shot past Steve's fingers like a wet bar of soap.

Steve chased Cod to a sandbar, but Cod had vanished again. He checked behind a rock and under some seaweed, but there was just one very confused crab. 'Come back, Cod!' Steve called. But **fish** are not the best listeners.

Steve dragged himself out of the sea, soaking wet and with no **fish** at all. 'That **fish,'** he panted, 'is smarter than me.' He looked down at his feet in the sand. And there, sitting right next to him, was something the tide had washed in.

A bucket! Steve picked it up off the wet sand, and a big, slow, **impish** grin spread across his face. 'Well, Cod,' he whispered to the sea. 'You are faster than me. You are more sly than me. But I bet you want to peek in this bucket, too.'

Steve waded back in, sat down in the shallow water, and did nothing at all. He did not splash, he did not chase, he did not even make a sound. He just sat with his bucket and waited. One cod swam up close. Then another, and another. The cod got bold and **foolish,** circling Steve's legs to see what this still, silent lump was, and Steve whispered, 'Got you.'

Scoop! Steve burst out of the water with his bucket up in the air, and one very startled cod flopped inside. 'I did it!' Steve yelled. 'I caught a **fish** with a bucket!'

Cod looked up at Steve, and Steve looked down at Cod. 'So,' said Steve with a grin, 'do you like chips?'

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A cod with bright greenish fins is faster and sneakier than every fisherman on the coast, and everyone has given up trying to catch it, except one determined kid with nothing but confidence. Steve has no rod, no net, and no plan, just a wild splash and a chase through the kelp that leaves him soaking wet. Can a boy with no gear outsmart the most skittish fish in the sea? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 122: -ish), this book practises words like 'fish', 'vanish', 'skittish', 'swish', 'peckish'.

Phonics Focus: -ish

dish, fish, foolish, greenish, impish, peckish, skittish, swish, vanish, yellowish

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