

Find Me If You Can



An Unofficial Minecraft Book

'Ready or not, I am coming!' Steve cracked his knuckles. He rolled his neck. He squinted out across the open grass. Alex was out past the trees. And Steve? Steve was going to find her in ten seconds flat. He was ready. He was **boastful**. He was the most **skillful** seeker who had ever lived.



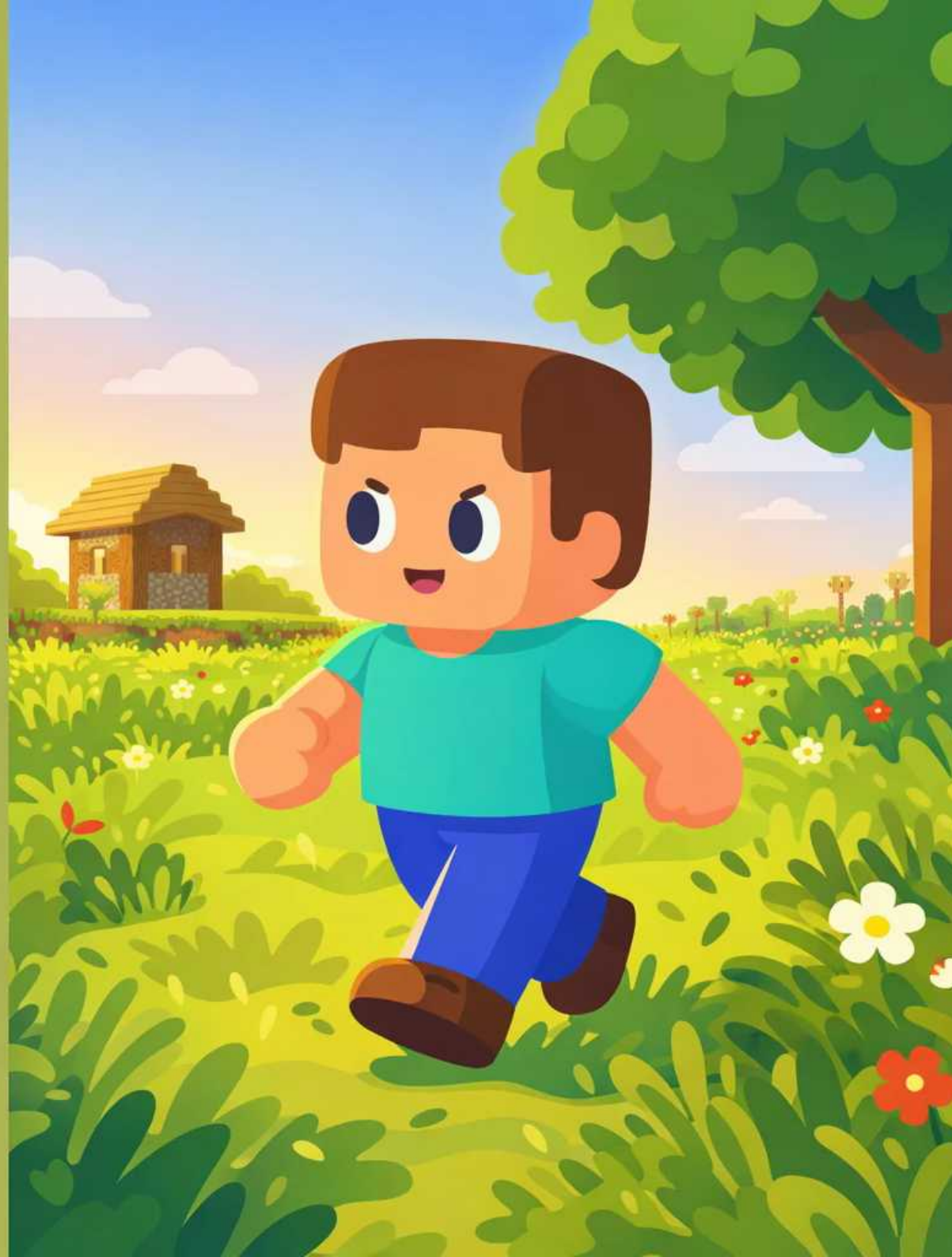


Alex flew across the open grass. She ran so fast her feet seemed to skip over the ground. She dashed past tall crops and wildflowers with a big grin. She was **breathless** and **playful** and not even a little bit sorry. Houses sat far off, but in this wide open land, there were so many spots to hide. Alex just needed the perfect one.

Steve marched in the tall grass with big, important steps. Left. Right. Left. Right.

He checked behind the old oak tree. He checked beside the wooden house. He checked under a rock that was way too small to hide a person.

'She can not hide from me,' he muttered. 'I am the most **skillful** seeker who ever lived.' He was **boastful**. He was proud. He was wrong.

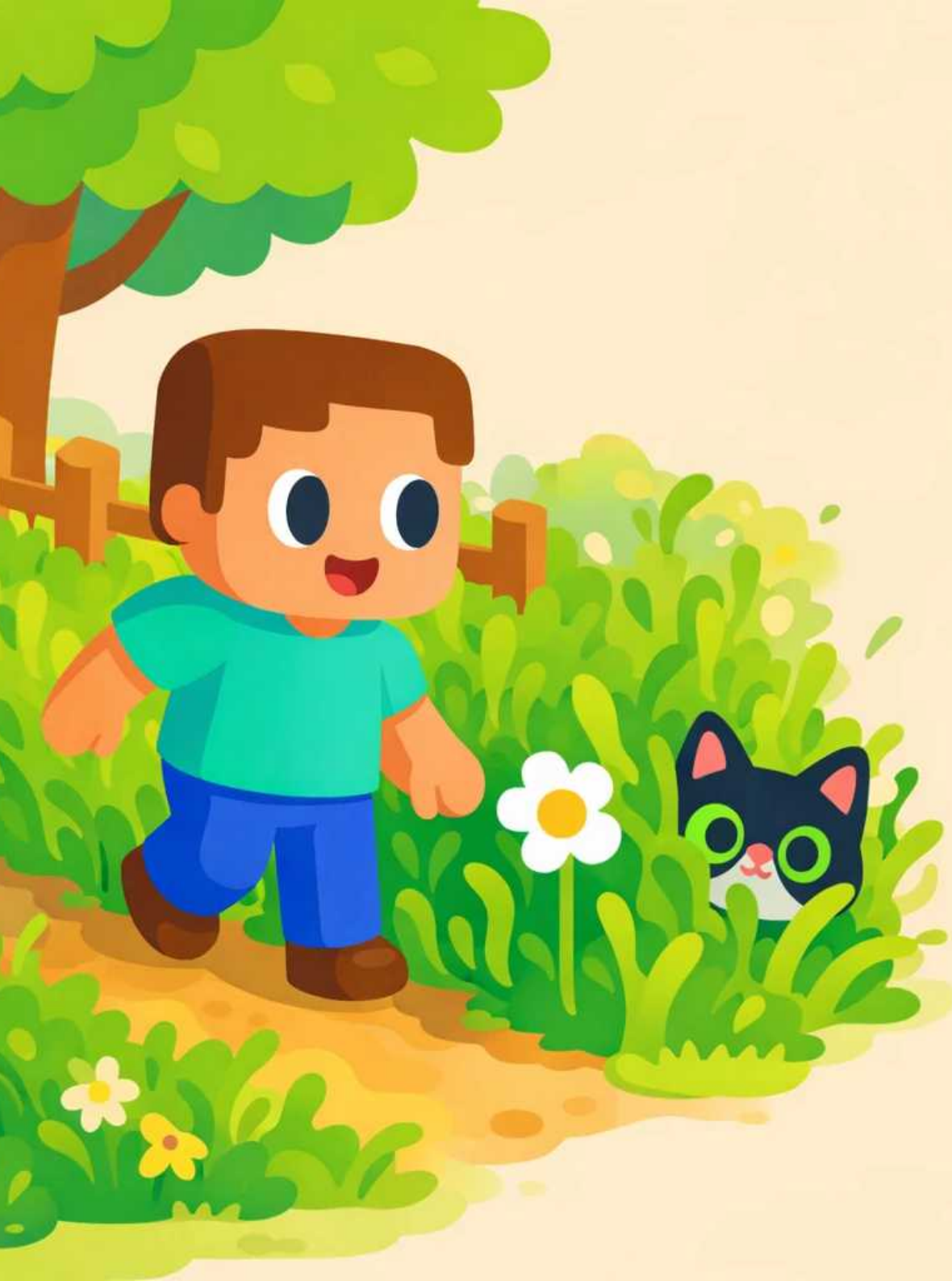




Snap. A twig cracked close by. Steve froze. His heart hammered. Something small and sneaky was moving in the tall grass at his feet. Steve held his breath. He crept closer on **soundless** feet, step by step. Then he pounced with both hands. 'Yes! Got you, Al...'

It was a dog. A happy, fluffy, completely **useless** dog with its tail wagging fast. 'This is not Alex,' Steve groaned. The dog barked once, licked his hand, and ran off to sniff at something stinky in the grass. Very **helpful**. Steve had not found Alex.



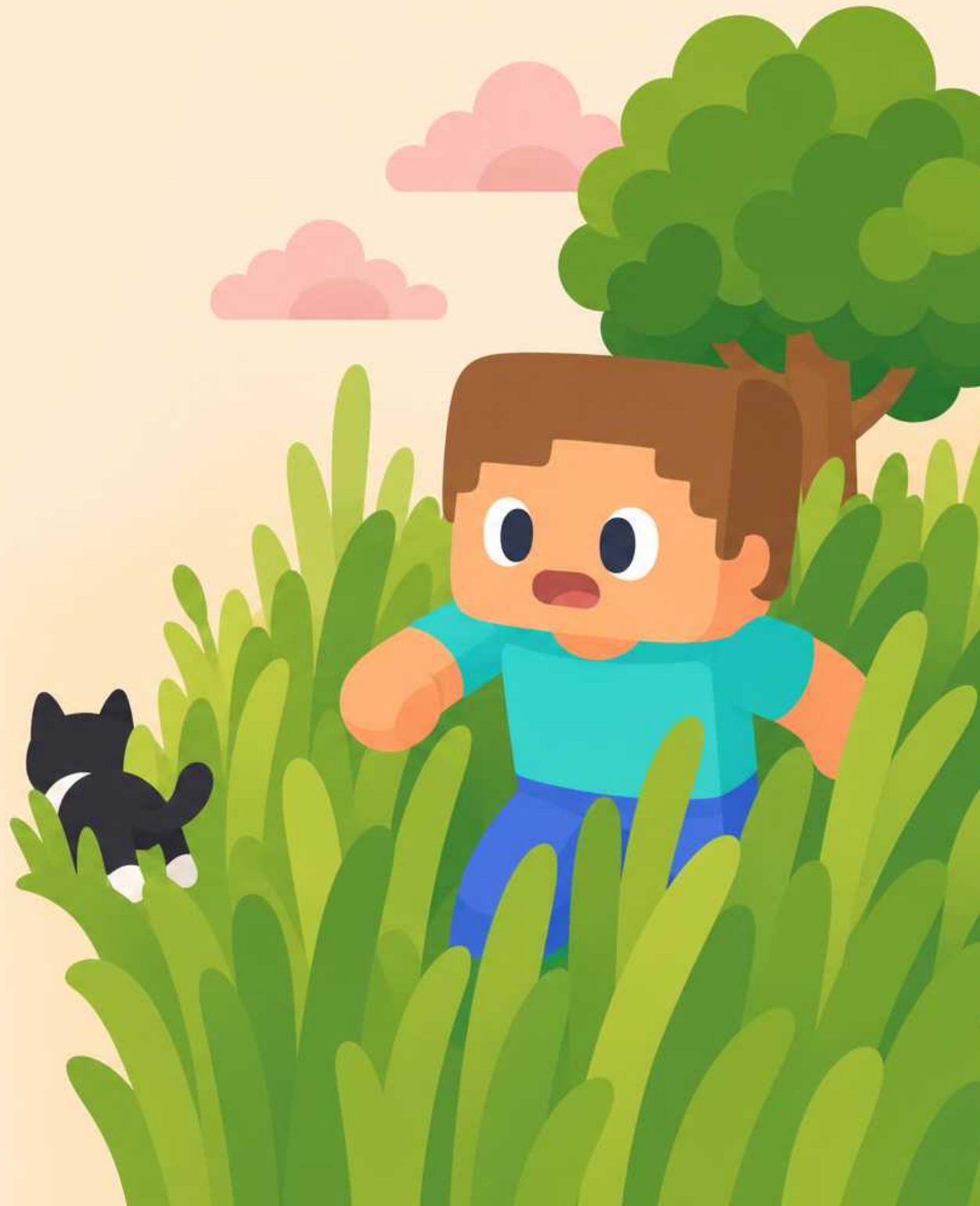


Steve saw something in the tall grass under a big tree. Two bright green eyes stared back at him.

Green eyes. Sneaky. Hiding in the grass. Steve felt **hopeful** at last. This had to be Alex.

He crouched down in the grass and whispered, 'I knew it! I have you this time, Alex!' Then he crept closer, closer, closer...

It was a cat. A grumpy black-and-white cat that gave Steve one long, **scornful** look and sneaked off into the tall grass like he was not worth the bother. 'A cat! Come ON!' Steve threw his hands up. Pink clouds drifted across the quiet sky, **peaceful** and still. They did not mind his problems at all.





Then Steve found a hole. A big, deep, dark hole right in the middle of the grass. A small white chicken stood at the edge, peering into the dark with the most **peaceful** face Steve had ever seen.

Steve peered down too. 'Alex? Are you down there?'

The chicken looked at him.

The chicken was not Alex.

Steve was completely **clueless**.

Then the chicken fell in! It landed on a ledge deep inside the stone walls, and it blinked up at Steve like this was all perfectly normal. Steve sighed. He made a small ramp so the chicken could waddle out. He was **helpful**. He was **selfless**. 'One chicken saved,' he grumbled. 'Still no Alex.'





Steve sat in the tulips and did not get up. Red ones. Yellow ones. White ones. They went on and on, but he did not look at a single one. 'That is it. She wins. She is back home right now, not thinking of me at all.' He had found a dog, a cat, a chicken, and a hole. Not one hint of Alex. He was the most **hopeless** seeker who had ever set out on a hunt.

Then he saw it. One leg.
Poking out from behind
the big tree. Right there.
Not ten steps from the
spot where he had just
sat. Steve felt his eyes
go wide. His mouth fell
open. She had been so
close all this time. He
was **speechless**.





Steve crept up on quiet feet. One step. Two steps. Alex had not seen him yet. Then, quick as a cat (a much nicer cat than the last one), he reached out and... 'Tag!' He tapped her before she could run. Alex spun around fast, **joyful** and shocked. 'No way!'

'My turn to hide!' said Steve with a grin. 'And watch out for the hole!'



Find Me If You Can

Steve is boastful, sure he'll find Alex in ten seconds flat. Instead he finds a dog, a cat, and a chicken stuck down a hole, growing more clueless with every wrong guess. Can the greatest seeker who ever lived actually spot the one hiding spot right under his nose? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 102: -less, -ful), this book practices words like 'boastful', 'clueless', 'helpful', 'hopeless', 'useless'.

Phonics Focus: -less, -ful

boastful, breathless, clueless, helpful, hopeful, hopeless, joyful, peaceful, playful, scornful, selfless, skillful, soundless, speechless, useless

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