

# How Hard Can Fire Be?



An Unofficial  
**MINECRAFT**  
Book

Steve **marched** up from the sea, **dripping** wet and **smiling** from ear to ear. In his hand he held one big fat cod.

'Lunch, fresh from the sea!' he said. 'I am the best fisherman ever.'

He **lifted** the cod up and gave it a sniff, but his smile **dropped** because the fish was cold, **slimy**, and very raw.





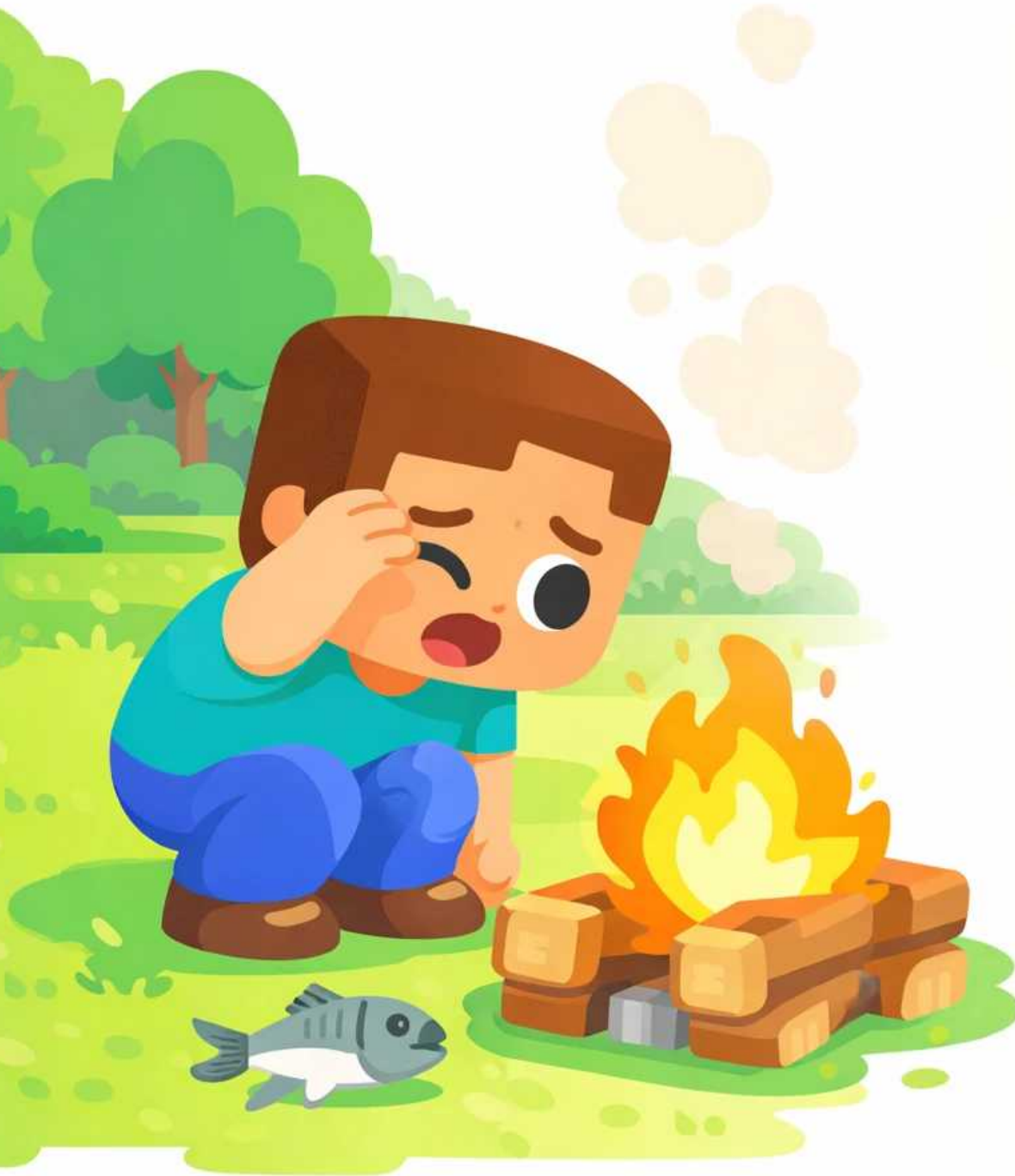
Steve set the cod down in the grass and **stared** at it, and the cod **stared** back. 'I am not eating you like that,' Steve told the fish **firmly**. 'You need to be hot, and you need to be **crispy**.' He **rubbed** his chin and thought hard. 'I need a fire,' he said. 'How hard can it be?'

Not hard at all, it **turned** out.  
Steve picked up an **armful** of  
logs, **stacked** them **quickly** in  
a pile, and struck a spark.

Flames **crackled** to life, and  
thick smoke **curled** into the  
sky.

'See? I am the best fisherman  
and the best fire-maker too,'  
Steve said **proudly**. He set  
the cod **neatly** beside the  
flames and waited.





Steve **crouched** down to check on his fish. The fire **popped** and **roared**, and the heat **blasted** his face. He threw his arm up **quickly** to block the heat. 'That is very, very, very hot,' Steve said. He **shuffled** back just a tiny bit, but the best fire-maker does not run from his own fire.

Steve **leaned** in close and **slowly pushed** the cod right into the flames. 'Every side needs to **touch** the fire,' he said, as if **someone** were watching. 'That way the fish cooks the same all over.' He **dusted** off his hands and stood up tall. 'Trust me, I know exactly what I am doing.'





The cod **sizzled** and **turned** golden brown, and it smelled amazing.

'Done!' Steve **shouted**, **grabbing** the fish straight out of the fire with **both** hands. His eyes went wide and his mouth fell open.

'Hot, hot, hot, hot!' he **yelled**, **hopping** in circles and **tossing** the fish from hand to hand. Up on the hill, a sheep **stopped chewing** to watch.

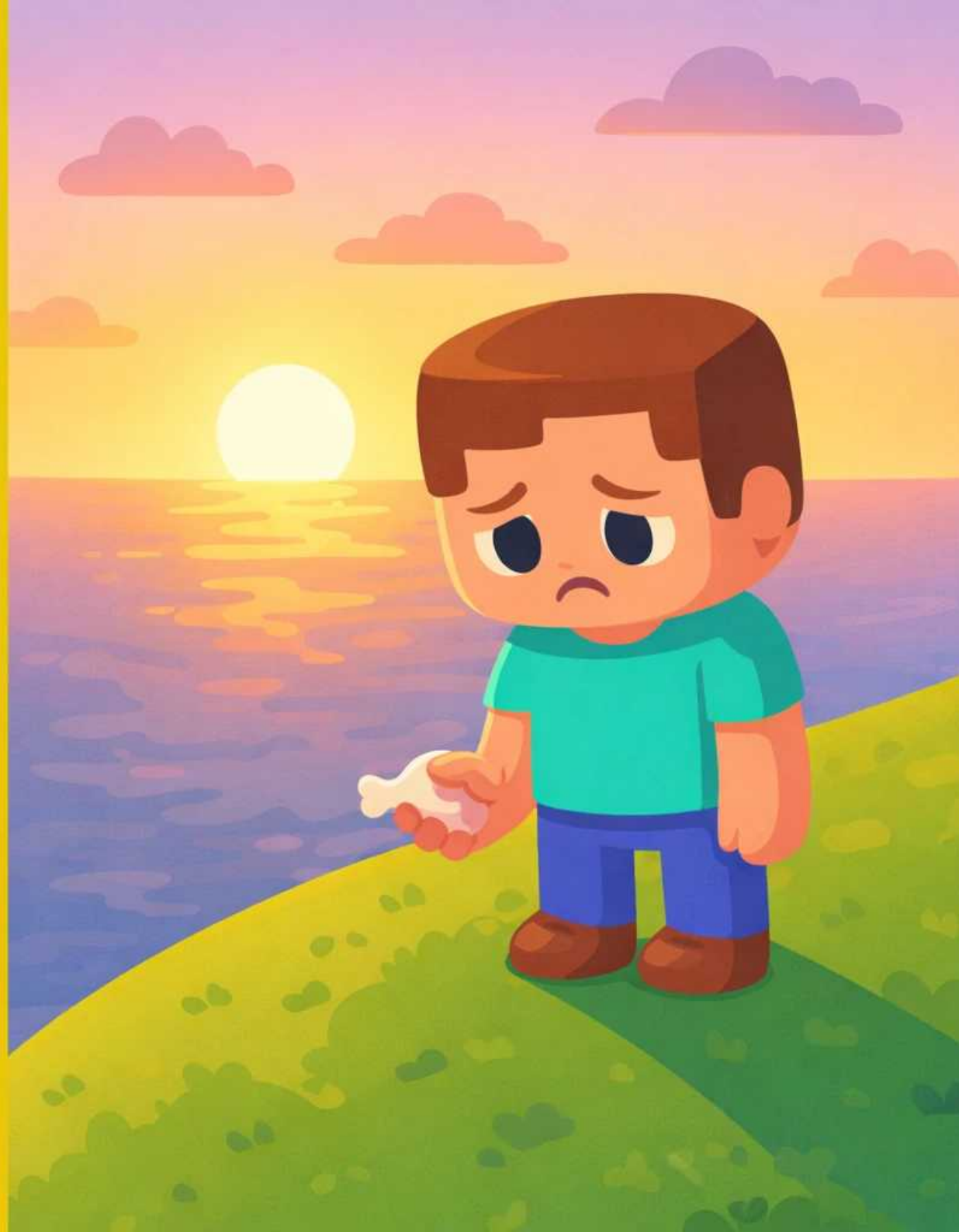
The next morning, Steve found a chunk of raw chicken in the grass. His tummy **growled**, and his fingers, still pink from the hot fish, **twitched**. 'Right, this time I will be **careful**,' he said **firmly**. 'I will **build** a fire and cook the chicken **slowly**, and I will not grab it with my bare hands.' He **grinned** at his clever plan.





Steve looked around the **grassy** hill, and then he looked around again. There were no logs, no sticks, not even a tiny twig, just grass and trees too big to break. One odd little boat sat in the middle of the grass. 'I can't burn a boat,' Steve **groaned sadly**. 'Where is all the wood?'

Steve **trudged** to the top of a hill and **slumped** down. The sun was **sinking**, and his tummy grumbled so **loudly** that birds flew out of a tree. The raw chicken **dangled sadly** from his hand, cold and **useless**. 'I just want something hot to eat,' he whispered. 'Is that so much to ask?'





Then Steve looked down at the ground. Right there, **bubbling** and **hissing** at his feet, was a pool of **glowing**, bright orange lava. Steve gasped in **amazement**, and his eyes lit up like the lava itself. 'Hot, hot, very hot, the **hottest** of all!' he **shouted**. 'No need for any wood!'

Steve found one long stick.  
Just one! He stuck the raw  
chicken on the very end  
and held it over the  
**bubbling** lava, nice and  
steady. The heat rippled up  
around it. 'Slow and  
**careful,**' Steve said, **smiling.**  
'This time I have **learned**  
my lesson, and I know  
exactly what I am doing.'





Then Steve threw the **whole** chicken straight into the lava. There was a tiny sizzle, a puff of smoke, and then nothing. The chicken was gone, **swallowed** up, not even a drumstick left. Steve **stared** at his empty hands, and his stick was on fire. 'Maybe,' he said **softly**, 'I do not know exactly what I am doing after all.'



## How Hard Can Fire Be?

Steve marches up from the sea with a fat, raw fish and one big problem: he has no idea how to cook it. He builds his very first fire and quickly learns that flames are a lot hotter than they look. So when a fresh piece of chicken shows up the next day and there's no wood left anywhere in sight, what is a hungry, determined fisherman supposed to do? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 128: Affixes Review 2), this book practices words like 'careful', 'quickly', 'smiling', 'crackled', and 'grinned'.

### Phonics Focus: Affixes Review 2

amazement, armful, blasted, both, bubbling, build, careful, chewing, crackled, crispy, crouched, curled, dangled, dripping, dropped, dusted, firmly, glowing, grabbing, grassy, grinned, groaned, growled, hissing, hopping, hottest, leaned, learned, lifted, loudly, marched, neatly, popped, proudly, pushed, quickly, roared, rubbed, sadly, shouted, shuffled, sinking, sizzled, slimy, slowly, slumped, smiling, softly, someone, stacked, stared, stopped, swallowed, tossing, touch, trudged, turned, twitched, useless, whole, yelled

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