

I Am Not Sick!



An Unofficial Minecraft Book



Nitwit's nose was twitchy. His eyes were wet. His throat felt all **numb** and odd, like there was a big **knot** in it. But did Nitwit want to go back to bed? No way. Not him. Not for one little achoo. He found his chum at the big bell in town. 'I am fine,' Nitwit said. 'I **know** I am fine. I am not even one bit sick.' He folded his arms across his chest and gave his chum a **wry** grin to show it. His chum just looked at Nitwit's red, twitchy nose.

Nitwit marched down the grassy path. Blooms swayed. Birds sang up in the trees. A little **wren** sat on a **limb**. Then Nitwit's nose twitched and wiggled. 'I will not go achoo,' he muttered. 'I **know** I will not go achoo. I will not go...' A... A... Achoo! The blooms all flattened down. The **wren** was off in a flash. Birds scattered all about. Nitwit just stood there and pretended that nothing was **wrong** at all.





Fine. Maybe just a quick rest at home, just for a minute or two. Nitwit shuffled into his little hut and wiped his nose with his **thumb**. He found Cat curled up on the floor, soft and still. 'Do not fret,' Nitwit sniffed. 'I am not even a little bit sick. Not me. I am fine. I just need to sit a bit...' A... A... Achoo! Cat got such a shock. Her eyes were wide, wide open. She puffed up big and round. She gave Nitwit a grumpy squint. Nitwit just held up both **thumbs** at her. 'Bit dusty in this hut,' he mumbled.

Nitwit trudged next door and **knocked** on Dog's door. But Dog did not look so well. Dog's nose was twitching. Dog's eyes were wet and red too. Every **limb** of Dog's body was shaking. 'No, no,' said Nitwit. 'Dog, you look a bit...' A... A... Achoo! Dog let out a huge, wet blast. Blue goo sprayed all over the room. Nitwit ducked behind his arm. 'Yuck, Dog, that is nasty,' he said, wiping his face with both **thumbs**. 'You should **climb** into bed and rest. That one **wrecked** the floor!'





Back in his own little hut,
Nitwit leaned against the wall.
His arms felt so heavy. His
knees felt weak and **numb**.
His head felt fuzzy. His nose
felt like it was full of bees.
Even his **thumbs** felt odd. 'I
told Dog to rest,' Nitwit
mumbled. 'I told Dog to **climb**
in bed. But me? I do not need
to rest. Not me. I am fine.
Just fine. Not one bit...' A... A...
Achoo!

Nitwit's bed was right there, just waiting for him. Soft red blanket. Fluffy pillow. It seemed to call him to **climb** right in. Nitwit looked at the bed. The bed looked back at Nitwit. His chest felt like one big **knot**. His head felt as heavy as a brick. Deep down, he **knew** he was very sick. But Nitwit folded his arms. He held his chin up high. He shook his head with a **wry** little grin. 'I. Am. Fine.'





I Am Not Sick!

Nitwit insists he's fine, even as his nose twitches and his throat feels tight. He shrugs off every sneeze, blaming dust or a scratchy throat, and marches on to check on his friends. But when he finds Dog shaking and sneezing too, will Nitwit finally admit that something's wrong? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 98: kn /n/, wr /r/, mb /m/), this book practices words like 'knot', 'wry', 'thumb', 'knees', 'wrecked'.

Phonics Focus: kn /n/, wr /r/, mb /m/

climb, knees, knew, knocked, knot, know, limb, numb, thumb, thumbs, wrecked, wren, wrong, wry

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