

IT SPRINGS BACK!

An Unofficial Minecraft Book





I am the bravest **explorer** in all the world. I have walked through dark caves. I have crossed rivers at night. Nothing scares me. So when I spot a village under the full moon, I march straight toward it like a **hunter** on a trail. Lanterns glow beside every door, and little green lights line the street. But every single hut is dark inside. 'Hello?' I call out. Nobody answers. Not even an echo.

Every village has a **keeper**, a big metal golem that keeps all the **villagers** safe. I find this one standing still in the middle of the street, and my stomach drops. It is cracked from head to toe. Dark green vines creep up its legs. Its eyes are dark and still. Whatever took place in this village, it happened a long, long time ago. 'Not scared,' I whisper to myself. But I say it a little too loud, like I need to hear it.





Something moves between the huts. A cat! Just a regular, normal cat walking toward me. Except I can see right through it. The walls behind it show straight through its body, like it is made of glass. That cat is no normal **visitor**. A cold feeling crawls down my back, one icy finger at a time. 'Right,' I say. 'A ghost cat. That is fine. Totally fine. I am still the bravest **explorer** in all the world.'

I search every hut in the village. I am a good **finder**, but I find nothing. I check under tables and behind doors. I peek into chests and poke my head around corners. Not one single **villager**. Torches still burn on the walls. Flowers still grow in the window boxes. It is like all the people just left, right in the middle of a normal day. Where did they all go?





All at once, rain hammers down, and the sky turns black. Then I see it, a huge serpent with glowing green eyes, rising up beside a hut like a tall tower made of scales. It blocks out the sky above me. It is bigger than every beast I have ever faced. Bigger than every beast I ever want to face. I am no **screamer**. 'Still brave,' I tell myself. But my legs go stiff, and I stand there like a stone in the rain.

I slip past the serpent and run straight into something worse. A zombie **villager**, right in the middle of the path. Its red eyes glow through the rain as it stumbles toward me with its arms out. But I am still the bravest **explorer** in all the world. I pull an arrow from my pack, slide it into my bow, and take aim. 'Sorry, friend,' I say. 'I am a **shooter**, and I do not miss.'





One clean shot. The zombie falls. I punch the air. 'Yes! I am the **winner!** The bravest **explorer** in all the world strikes again!' Then something rises from the body. A Ghost **Villager**. The zombie's ghost. It floats up into the doorway of a hut and stares at me with angry green eyes. 'Oh, come on!' I shout. 'It won't stay down!'

I spin around and freeze. Ghost **Villagers**. So many of them, gathered among the white flowers. Each one is a **watcher**, staring at me with a stern, unblinking face. Now I know where all the **villagers** went. They never left. They just stopped being alive. The Ghost Cat sits at my feet, looking up at me like I am the biggest fool it has ever seen. 'I am the bravest **explorer** in all the world,' I say. 'And the bravest **explorer** in all the world... runs!' So I run. And I do not look back.





It Springs Back!

I'm the bravest explorer in all the world, and nothing scares me. So when I march into a silent village under the full moon, past dark huts and a cracked, vine-covered guardian, why has every villager vanished without a trace? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 121: -er, -or, -ist), this book practices words like 'explorer', 'hunter', 'keeper', 'shooter', 'watcher'.

Phonics Focus: -er, -or, -ist

explorer, finder, hunter, keeper, screamer, shooter, villager, villagers, visitor, watcher, winner

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