

Wed's Sad Box of a Shed



An Unofficial Minecraft Series
Ned and the Magic Book

Ned stood outside his shed and smiled. It had a door, a window, and a bed. But it looked plain, and Ned was a bit **disappointed**. He wanted to add to it. 'Is there a way to make this less dull?' Ned asked The Book, who floated beside him. 'It needs flowers. Or art. Or something.' The Book shut, then swung open. 'I have a plan. We go to the beach.' 'The beach?' said Ned. 'How does that fix my shed?'





The Book did not answer.
The Book did not like to
disclose its plans right away.
It liked to be sly. Ned took
his tool and set off across
the grass, past red, white,
and purple flowers. A soft
breeze sent their sweet smell
to his nose. 'So we dig!' said
Ned, swinging the tool with
a grin. 'Yes,' called The Book
from behind. 'But we need
to find sand that looks blue.'

Blue sand. On a beach. Ned **distrusted** this plan. Had The Book lost its pages? But there it was. A bright blue patch, right in the middle of the beach. Ned swung his tool down hard. It sank in like a stick into mud. 'That is not sand,' said Ned. 'It is soft and sticky!' 'It is clay,' said The Book. 'Dig on.'





Small blue balls started pushing out of the clay. Round and smooth. Ned fell to his knees and scooped them up, stuffing them into every pocket. His overalls bulged. His socks bulged. 'Pick them all up,' said The Book. 'Do not **discard** one. Trust me.' Ned smiled. 'No ball left behind! Not a single one!'

Back at the shed, Ned turned a blue ball over in his fingers. Soft. Sticky. It stuck to his thumb. 'Yuck,' said Ned, **disgusted**. 'What can I do with sticky mud balls?' 'Put one in the fire,' said The Book. Ned held a ball near the flames. The blue melted away. The ball got hard. A solid red brick sat in his hand. 'It changed! It completely changed!' His eyes went wide. He held the brick up like it was made of gold.





The Book fell open on the path and **displayed** a drawing of a round pot filled with flowers. 'Make one of these,' said The Book. 'A flower pot. Use the bricks.' Ned bent down. He studied the drawing. Pot. Flowers in a pot. Pot outside his shed. His shed, looking fine. 'I get it!' Ned jumped up. 'Beach to clay to bricks to pots to flowers to a perfect shed! That is the big plan!' 'Making plans is my job,' said The Book.

Ned held up his little brown pot and beamed at it. Then he looked at the shed. Then at the pot. The shed had one small room, already full. The bed took up almost all of it. Ned was **dismayed**. 'There is no room for pots in there,' he said. 'Just put them outside the door,' said The Book, peeking from inside. Ned set two pots on the grass. They looked very small and very empty. 'I need flowers,' he said, cracking his knuckles. 'Lots of flowers.'





Lucky for Ned, his shed sat right in the middle of a big flower land. Red, yellow, and white flowers stretched out all around. 'This is perfect!' said Ned. 'I will just pick a few and...'

A low buzz drifted past. 'What is that sound?' said Ned. 'What sound?' said The Book. Maybe it was nothing. Ned bent down, filled his hand with flowers, and pulled. He did not mean to **disturb** the bees. But he did.

The buzzing got louder. Much louder. Very mad bees rose up like a striped storm cloud. Ned's plan fell apart. The bees wanted those flowers back. 'Big mistake!' yelled Ned in **distress**, and he ran. Arms pumping. Legs flying. Flowers flashed past in red and yellow. The bees stayed right behind him. 'Well, Ned,' called The Book from far behind, 'at least it is a fine day for a run!'





Ned dashed inside and slammed the shed door shut. Bang. The buzzing faded. One bee sat on the grass outside, just staring in at him. It looked very **disappointed**. 'Next time, I will pick flowers away from the bees,' Ned panted. 'Picking them right next to the bees was not my best plan.' The Book, outside on the grass, gave Ned a long look. 'Ned, that plan would top my list of bad ones.' Ned waited for the bees to leave. Then he crept back outside.

This time, Ned crept to the far side of the flower land where no bees buzzed. He picked red, yellow, blue, and white flowers. He did not want to upset the bees again. He set the flowers in the pots. What a **display**. 'They do make the place look bright,' Ned said, stepping back. 'What is the best one?' 'The blue flowers,' said The Book softly. 'Truly the blue flowers.'





Ned lined every pot along the base of his shed. Red, yellow, and blue blooms spilled over the edges. The shed did not look dull now. It looked like a shed that was trying. 'They are so pretty,' said Ned. 'But it is a bit **disappointing** that they have to stay outside. There is no room in there.' 'Then it is time to make something bigger,' said The Book. Ned's eyes lit up. A house. A real house. He picked up his tool. 'Does it start with a trip to the beach?' 'It starts,' said The Book, 'with a trip to the beach.'



Ned's Sad Box of a Shed

Ned wants his plain little shed to look amazing, and The Book has a plan: beach, clay, and bricks. But when Ned reaches for flowers to finish the job, will he disturb something he really shouldn't? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 105: dis-), this book practices words like 'disappointed', 'disclose', 'discard', 'disgusted', 'dismayed'.

Phonics Focus: dis-

disappointed, disappointing, discard, disclose, disgusted, dismayed, display, displayed, distress, distrusted, disturb

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