

Not Done Yet, Ned

An Unofficial Minecraft Series

Ned and the Magic Book





Ned had come to this new world wanting just one thing. A place to call home.

With help from his trusty book, he had chopped trees, hauled wood up a hill, and built a shed. It had a bookshelf, a door, and a **clear** sight of yellow wildflowers stretching far across the land.

'It's perfect,' Ned said, standing in the doorway with a grin. 'I never have to build one more thing ever again.'

The Book **appeared** from behind the bench and flipped its pages open. 'If you want to make useful things, you need to dig,' it said. 'Dig?' Ned held up his hands. 'My knuckles still hurt from punching all those trees!' The Book smiled. 'I did not say dig with your hands, Ned. I am going to teach you how to make your first tool.'





The Book turned to a page with a drawing. 'Get some wood planks and some sticks,' it said. 'Then put them together in this shape.' Ned knelt at the bench and lined up the pieces just right. Click. Click. Click. The parts snapped together. Ned held up his brand new shovel and grinned so wide his **ears** wiggled. 'I made a tool!' he said. 'I am truly smart.' 'You followed a drawing,' said The Book.

Ned marched outside into the sunshine, holding his shovel high like a flag. Red flowers and tulips dotted the hillside all around him. Then he stopped. He turned the shovel over. He turned it back. He held it upside down. 'So... which end do I stick in the ground?' The Book stood **near** the shed and sighed. 'You hold the long part. You dig with the flat part.' 'Perfect!' said Ned. 'But where should I dig?' 'The beach,' said The Book. 'Nice and soft.'





Ned knelt on the beach, pushed his shovel into the sand, and scooped. A big clump of sand came right out and left a perfect hole at his feet.

Ned stared at the hole. He stared at the shovel. His eyes went wide. 'That,' he whispered, 'was the best thing I have ever done in my life.'

The Book peeked up from the sand **nearby**, grinning. 'You scooped one pile of sand, Ned.' 'Can I dig more?' 'You can,' said The Book. 'Follow me.'

The Book led Ned to a dirt hill not far from the shed. 'Dig into the side,' it said. Ned did not need to be told twice. He swung his shovel and dug. And dug. And dug. Dirt flew left. Dirt flew right. Dirt flew so high it rained back down on his head. Ned carved a hole so big he could walk right inside it. He wiped his face and grinned. He had no **fear** of hard work, that was **clear**. 'I think I was born to dig.'





Ned dug deeper and deeper until his shovel hit something hard. Clang! He swung again. Clang! The shovel bounced right off. At the bottom of the pit, a golden stone glowed with bright light. Ned pushed the shovel against it with all his might. Nothing. Not even a scratch. 'No!' Ned said. 'I think my shovel is broken!' The Book drew **near** and peered down into the hole. 'Your shovel is fine, Ned. That is stone. And stone does not care one bit.'

Ned climbed down to the bottom of the pit. Stone walls rose up all around him. The Book stood by his feet. 'So the shovel can dig sand and dirt, but not stone?' Ned asked. 'That is right,' said The Book. Ned folded his arms. 'Well, that seems like a problem.' 'It is **clearly** not the right tool, Ned. You need something sharp and heavy that can crack stone.' Ned's eyes lit up. 'Back to the shed?'





Back in the shed, The Book opened to a new drawing. Ned leaned in close and squinted. 'So it is a sharp, pointy bit, like two little fangs, on top of a stick?' 'Yes, Ned.' 'Like a T made of tiny knives?' 'Just build it, Ned.' Ned knelt at the bench and got to work. He shaped the wood and fit each piece together. He leaned in so close he **nearly** poked The Book in the eye.

Ned held up his new tool and looked it over. Two sharp points on a long handle. It felt solid. It felt strong. 'What is it called?' he asked. 'A pick,' said The Book, floating **near** the bench. 'A pick,' Ned said again, and the word felt good in his mouth. 'So I can crack stone with this?' The Book smiled a slow, knowing smile. 'Stone. And so much more that you do not even know about yet.' Ned was already heading for the door.





Ned stepped back into the hole he had dug in the hill. He raised his pick, faced the stone wall, and took a deep breath. 'Well,' he said. 'Here goes everything.' He swung with all his might. Crack! The sound rang off every wall. Chunks of stone crumbled and fell at his feet. Ned's grin stretched from **ear** to **ear**. 'Yes, I truly was born to dig.'

Ned swung and cracked and smashed until he had carved out a big cave. Glowing lanterns lined the rocky walls. Stone blocks sat in piles all around him. Ned sat down, pick at his side, **weary** but smiling. The Book **reappeared** at the edge of the cave. 'Well done, Ned,' it said. 'You are going to need all of this stone.' 'For what?' asked Ned. The Book held up a fresh page. On it was a drawing of a fort. 'For that,' it said. Ned grabbed his pick and stood right back up. 'Dig, Ned, dig!'





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Ned finally has his shed, his shovel, and a hillside of dirt to dig. But when his shovel hits solid stone, he learns some jobs need a different tool entirely. Will he figure out what to build next? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 113: ear /ear/), this book practices words like 'near', 'clear', 'ear', 'appeared', 'nearby'.

Phonics Focus: ear /ear/

appeared, clear, clearly, ear, ears, fear, near, nearby, nearly, reappeared, weary

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