

AN UNOFFICIAL MINECRAFT SERIES

DR. CAN DO

HOT MY PIES!





Tom the Baker made the best pumpkin pies in the land. At least, that is what Tom said. Every single day. He baked them fresh each morning in his little bakery in Canville, golden and steaming, with fresh bread so hot it made mist on the windows. People came from streets away just to sniff the sweet smell from his bakery. Tom stood **proudly** in the doorway, smiling like a man who had everything he ever wanted. Because he did.

Canville had a good plan. Jill mined the blocks. The Mage used pumpkins and big blocks to make golems. These tall golems stomped around the town all night, keeping the people safe from creepers. The plan worked **perfectly**. Until one morning, Tom, Jill, and the Mage walked outside and found every single golem smashed to bits on the ground. 'No!' Jill whispered. 'No!' said the Mage. 'No no no no no,' said Tom, because Tom was already thinking about his bakery.

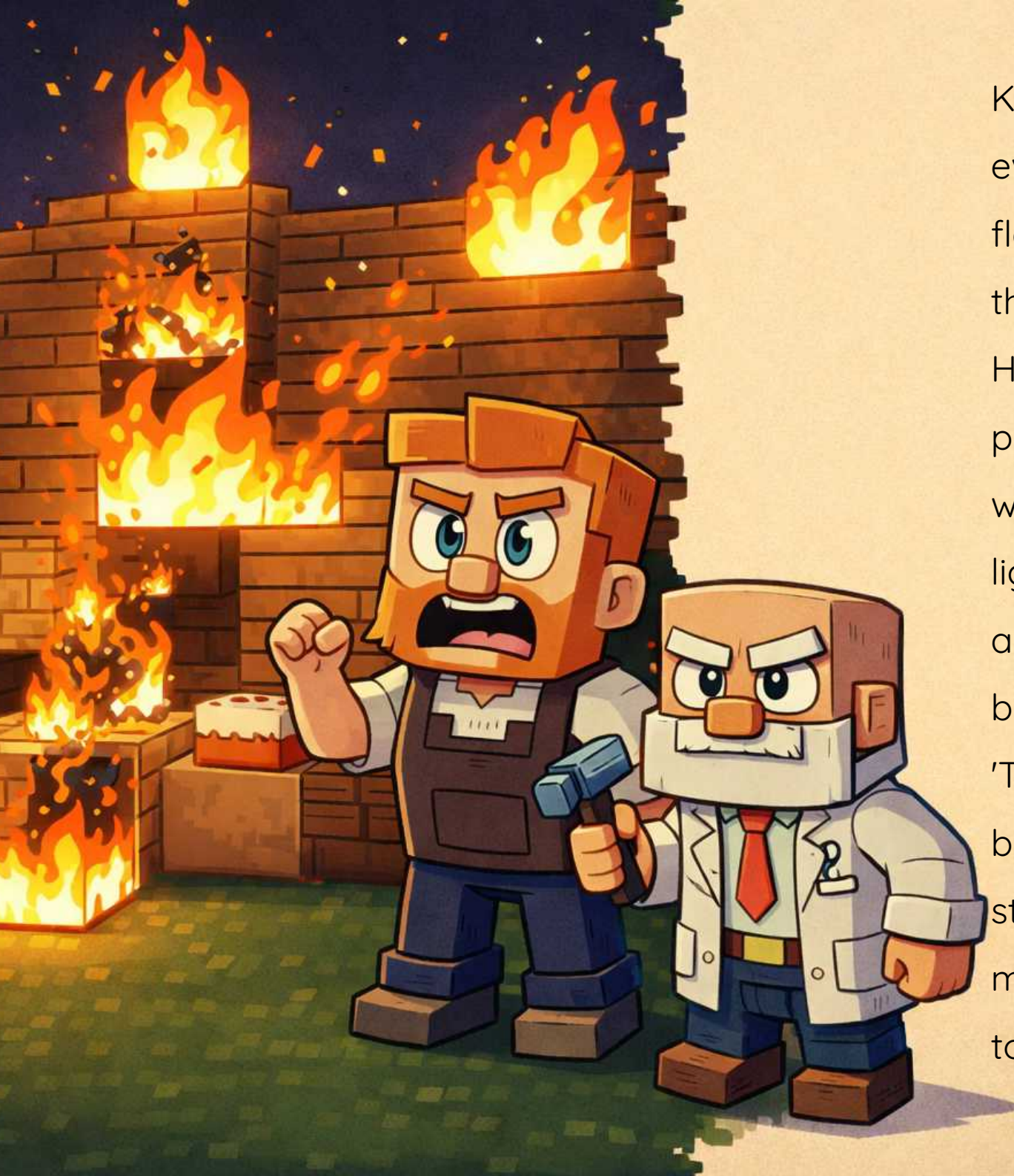




The Mage **quickly** made new golems. But Tom could not stop pacing. 'We have torches all around the town,' he said to Dr. Can Do that night, peering out into the dark. 'So how does a creeper get in?' Dr. Can Do folded his arms **firmly**. 'They spawn in the dark land, where no torch can reach. Do not fret, Tom. The golems will handle it.' Tom did not look like a man at rest.

That night, Tom lay in bed, gazing **blankly** up into the dark. He tossed. He turned. He could not sleep at all. A creeper was sneaky. It did not growl. It did not groan. It did not even stomp around **loudly** like a zombie. It just crept. And crept. And then... BOOM. Tom pulled the blanket **tightly** up to his chin. 'Not my pies,' he whispered. 'Please, not my bakery.'





Kaboom! The blast rattled every window in Canville. Tom flew out of bed, sprinted down the path, and came to a stop. His bakery. His **lovely**, pumpkin-pie-smelling bakery was a wall of flames, **brightly** lighting up the night sky. Jill and the others came **swiftly**, but Tom was already shouting. 'That is it!' he yelled, his face bright red. 'If this town can not stop a few pests, I will pack my pies and find a safer place to live!'

Jill put her hand **kindly** on Tom's shoulder. 'Don't leave, Tom. We need the pies. Well... we need more than the pies.' Tom gazed **grimly** at the pile of ash that was once his stove. Dr. Can Do gave a nod. 'What if we made a wall? A proper stone wall, right around all of the town. Nothing gets in. Nothing gets out. But people can pass. We would have a gate.' 'A big wall?' said Tom **slowly**. 'Very big and very tall,' said Dr. Can Do. Tom sniffed. '...Fine. But I will need help to make my bakery again.'





They started the very next day. All the people took stone to the wall. Dr. Can Do drew up the plans **neatly**. The Mage lifted the big blocks into place with a wave of his staff. The wall rose higher and higher, going all around Canville with thick, sturdy stone. Dr. Can Do and the Mage stood back and smiled at the wall. 'No creeper will get past that,' the Mage said **boldly**, and banged his staff on the ground with a firm thud.

Tom had a new bakery, bigger and better than the old one, with more room to bake fresh pies. Jill planted bright flowers all around the bakery. She said a bakery should smell like two perfect things at once. 'People will travel from every town in the land to find this place,' Jill said **gladly**. Tom pulled a fresh golden pumpkin pie from the hot stove and smiled. 'And when the people come, not a single creeper in sight.' He paused. 'But if one does show up, I will blame Dr. Can Do!'





Not My Pies!

Tom the Baker is proud of his golden pumpkin pies, but golems that keep the village safe are turning up smashed to bits every morning. He tosses and turns, gazing blankly at the dark, terrified something will creep past the torches and reach his bakery. Will the village find a way to keep the creepers out for good? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 101: -ly), this book practices words like 'blankly', 'swiftly', 'firmly', 'kindly'.

Phonics Focus: -ly

blankly, boldly, brightly, firmly, gladly, grimly, kindly, loudly, lovely, neatly, perfectly, proudly, quickly, slowly, swiftly, tightly

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