

An Unofficial Minecraft Book

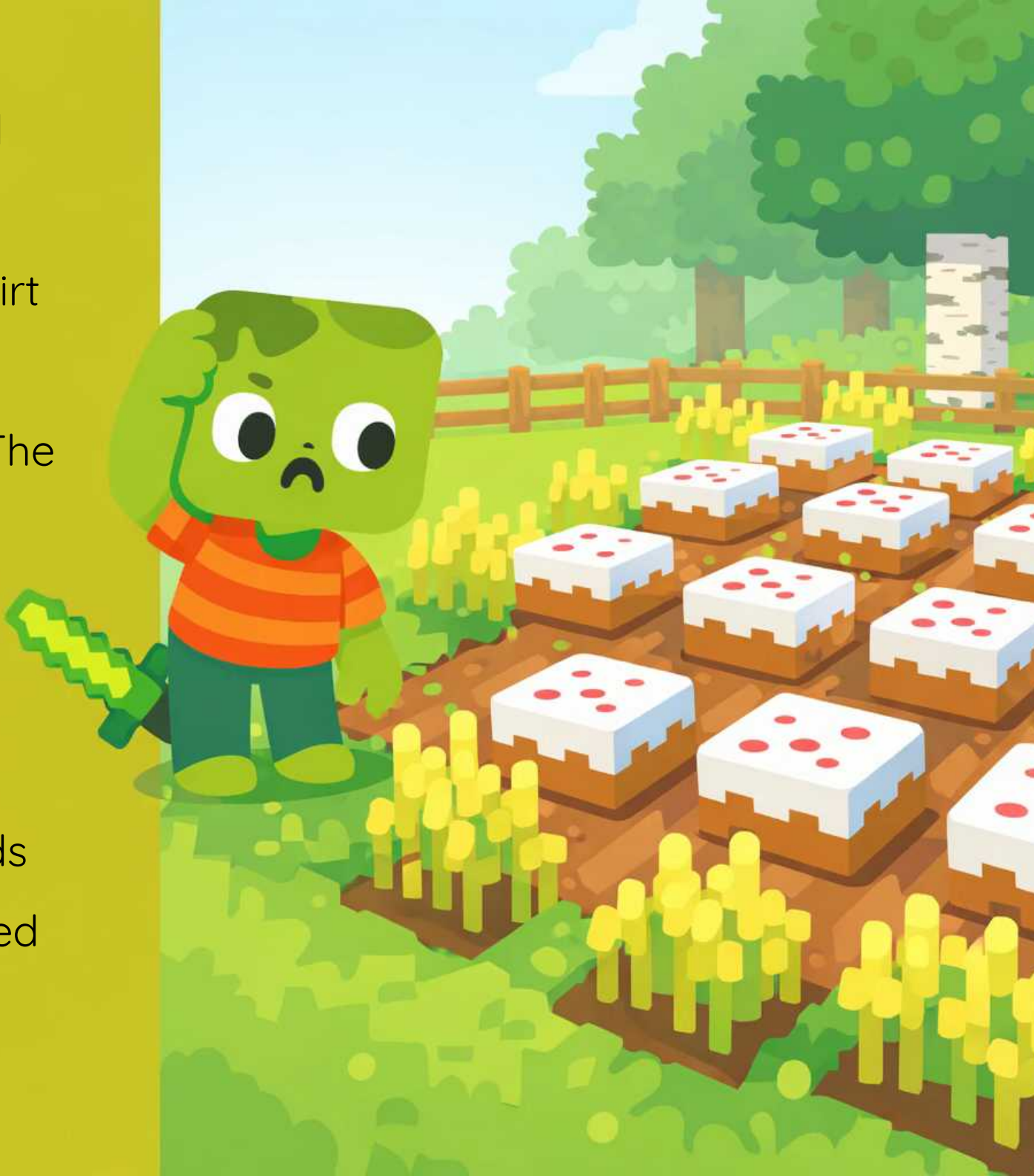


**Not One
Seed of Cake**



Zom stepped outside to feed the chickens and stopped so fast his feet nearly left the ground. His mouth fell open. His eyes went wide. He stood in complete **stillness** for three full seconds. For Zom, that was a very long time. Something had happened to his farm. Something that could not be.

Cake. All over. Rows and rows of white cake with red icing, sitting in the dirt between the wheat as if planted there by hand. The **neatness** of those little lines made it even more strange. 'I did not plant cake,' Zom said slowly. 'I am fairly sure cake seeds do not exist.' He scratched his head. 'Do they?'





He dragged Skel and Jack outside to see it. Skel took one look and groaned.

'Great. More work. Just what I wanted.' Jack took one look and laughed. He laughed so hard he shook all over. Zom looked at Skel, then looked at Jack. One of them was full of **crossness**. And one of them was having the best morning of his life.

They each had a slice. The **sweetness** hit them all. Then they boxed up the rest and carted it into town. The people cheered and grabbed slices with both hands. By nightfall, the last smear of icing was gone and the sheep were snug in their pen. Zom told himself it was a one-time thing. A fluke. A very odd fluke, full of cake.





It was not a one-time thing. The next morning, the farm was full of coal. Black chunks in the grass. Black chunks in the crops. Black chunks piled against every fence post as far as Zom could see. 'Once is strange,' Zom muttered from the porch, staring at all that **blackness**. 'Twice is a plot.'

They kept a bit for the fire.
The rest went into boxes.
Again. Skel hauled crate after
crate and did not say a word.
Somehow, that was worse
than a groan. Jack was no
help at all, bent down in the
middle of the yard, shaking
with giggles. Zom watched all
that **silliness** from across the
fence. That grin. That glowing
grin. 'Jack,' Zom whispered. 'Is
it you?'





That evening, Zom found Jack by the wheat patch and gave him the stare. 'It wasn't me!' Jack said, holding up his hands. 'You were laughing,' said Zom. 'Because it's funny,' Jack said. 'A farm full of cake! That is just funny, Zom.' Zom crossed his arms. Jack's carved grin looked sweet. It also looked full of **slyness**. It also looked the same as always, because it was carved and could not change. This made Jack very hard to question.

Fine. Zom would prove it the old way. He placed himself right outside Jack's door and kept watch all night in the **darkness**. Arms folded. Eyes open. Every firefly that drifted past got a long, hard look. He did not blink once. Jack did not come out. Not once. Not even to use the bathroom. 'Got you,' Zom whispered. 'Stay right where you are.'





Eggs. Under every fence. In every garden bed. On every path. The farm was one big egg hunt. It was **madness**. And Zom had been awake all night. 'It was not Jack,' he told Skel, his voice flat. 'I watched his door. He never moved.' Skel stared at the sea of eggs. 'Then who?'

Jack burst out the door like it was the best day ever. 'Eggs!' he shouted. 'This is the best one yet!' He scooped them into a box, sprinted down the stone path, and sold the full lot in town before Zom could finish breakfast. The people cheered. Three days, three loads of treats. They were starting to think the farm was some kind of magic store. Jack could not hide his **happiness**. He waved, grinning so hard it seemed his face would crack. It could not crack. His grin was carved on.



Skel had had enough. 'Three days,' he said. 'Three days of hauling cake, coal, and eggs instead of doing real work. Not one fence fixed. Not one crop tended. This farm is a mess.' The **sternness** in his voice hushed even Jack. He grabbed his bow and marched toward the paddock. 'Tonight, I keep watch. And when I find out who is behind this, they will answer for it.'



Jack was in his room. Skel had checked twice. So when a glowing face rose over the hill, Skel blinked. Then another came. And another. And another. Six. Seven. Eight grinning heads blazing in the **darkness**, charging across the farm with arms spread wide. Skel drew his bow and braced himself. 'No,' he whispered. 'There's more of him.'





Not One Seed of Cake

Zom wakes up to find his entire farm covered in cake, planted in neat rows like crops. No one on the farm claims to know how it got there, and Jack can't stop laughing about it. Could someone Zom trusts be behind this strange, funny mess? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 124: -ness), this book practices words like 'stillness', 'neatness', 'crossness', 'sweetness', 'silliness'.

Phonics Focus: -ness

blackness, crossness, darkness, happiness, madness, neatness, silliness, slyness, sternness, stillness, sweetness

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