

The Book Just Stood There

An Unofficial Minecraft Series



Ned and the Magic Book

Ned had a good home made of wood. Before this, he had lived in a tiny woodshed. At last he had walls, a door, and a floor. Much better! But two things were still bad. Monsters came at night. And Ned's tummy would not stop rumbling.





The **Book** had legs and a quill, and it had come to help Ned. 'I eat nothing but apples, day after day,' Ned told The **Book**. 'Apples in the morning. Apples for dinner. I am turning into an apple.' The **Book** looked up at him. 'I can help you cook your own dinners,' it said. 'Good dinners? Not apples?' said Ned. 'Good dinners. Not apples,' said The **Book**. 'But you must do exactly as I say.'

'Step one,' said The Book.

'Pull apart clumps of long grass. Look for seeds.'

Ned bent low and pulled up every bit of grass he could find. Green bits fell all over him. Two sheep stood still and looked at him.

Then Ned felt something tiny and hard in the dirt. 'What are these?' he asked.





'Seeds!' said The Book. 'Wheat seeds! You can cook with wheat.' 'Good,' said Ned, holding up some seeds. 'I have six. Will that do?' 'Six?' The Book gave a snort. 'No. Keep going.' So Ned pulled up more grass. And more. And more. His fingers went green and his legs got muddy. The Book just stood there, looking. It did not pull up one blade of grass.

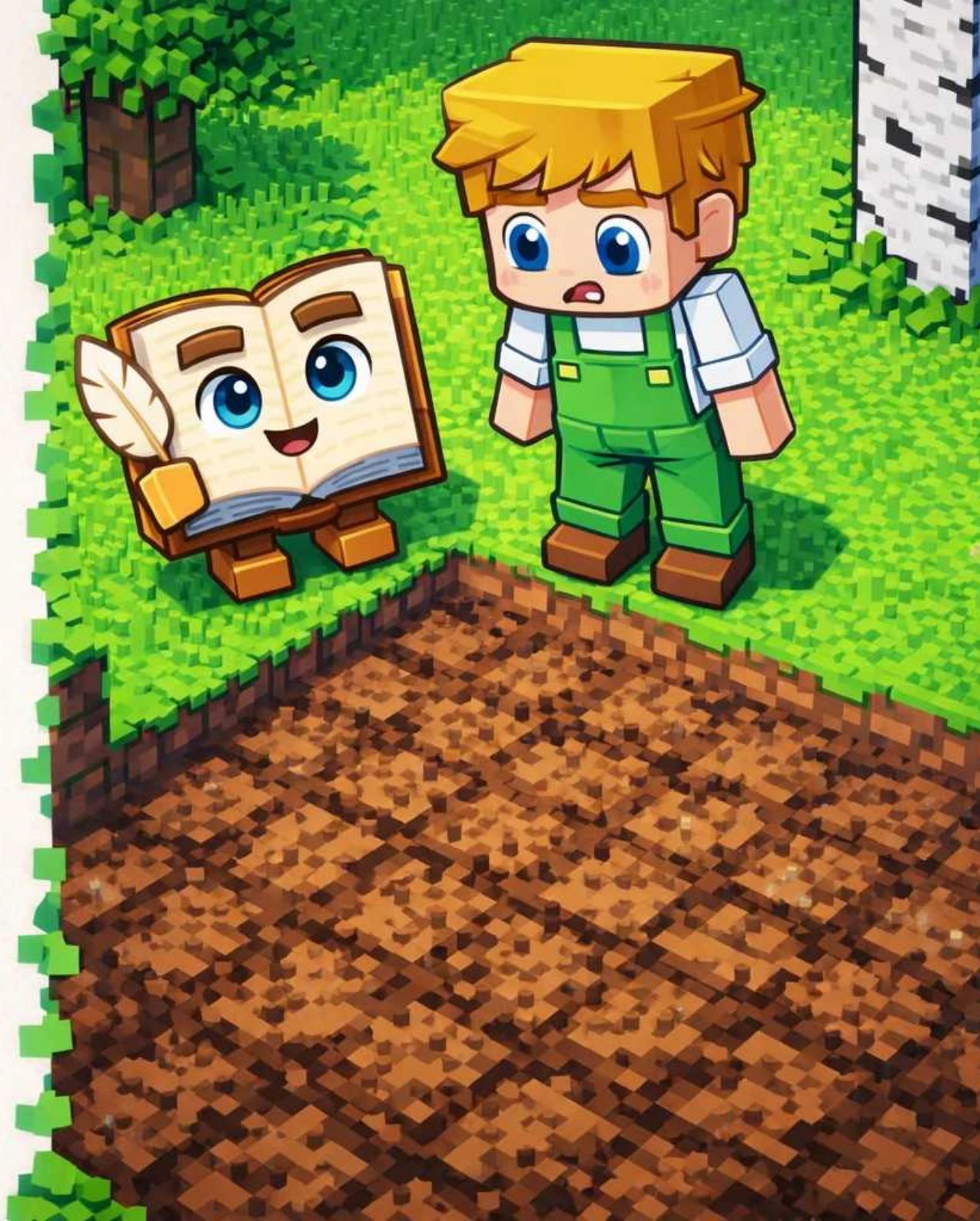
The Book sent Ned inside to the crafting table. 'You need a hoe,' it said, showing him a sketch. 'Long handle, bent blade. Simple.' 'Simple for who?' muttered Ned. He got to work with stone. When the hoe was done, it took both arms to pick it up. 'This thing is so hard to lift!' 'You will be fine,' said The Book, who never had to lift a thing.





Ned took the hoe to a flat spot by the trees. He pulled it hard across the dirt. It hit rocks and got stuck. His arms burned. But neat lines formed in the dirt. 'Good work!' said The Book, who had stood right there doing nothing. 'Thanks,' said Ned. 'Very good of you to help.'

Ned looked at the dirt. It was pale and dry. He poked it and it crumbled like sand. 'Nothing will grow in this,' he said. 'Correct!' said The Book. 'Seeds need damp dirt. You will have to water it.' Ned looked at the dirt patch. Then he looked at the beach, far away. Then he looked back at The Book. 'And what am I to do?'





'Simple!' said The Book. Ned was starting to hate that word. The Book turned to a page and showed him a sketch of a bucket. 'Make this. Then fill it up.' Ned took some bars, hammered them flat, bent them into a ring, and clanged them into shape. He held up a good, strong bucket. 'Perfect,' said The Book. 'Go fill it up.' 'I bet,' said Ned. 'Simple?'

Ned put the bucket into the water at the beach. It went in light and came up like it was full of rocks. He staggered sideways, almost falling into the sea. 'I can not lift this bucket!' 'Water is like that,' said The Book, as if this was not its problem. 'We do not have far to go,' it said. 'We?' said Ned. 'You would fit in my lunchbox!' Grunting and groaning, Ned lugged the bucket all the way back.





Ned dug a hole in the middle of the dirt patch. 'Tip the water in,' said **The Book**. 'The dirt beside it will soak it up.' 'It better,' said Ned, 'because I am not lugging another bucket.' He put the water in. For a moment, all was still. Then the pale dirt beside the hole began to turn dark and damp. It went wide, one patch at a time. 'It is working!' Ned smiled. His arms still hurt. But it was working.

Ned planted his seeds one by one, pressing each into the dirt with his finger. When he was done, he got up and looked. Tiny green seedlings, just a finger tall, poked up in crooked rows. 'They are so small,' said Ned. 'When do I get my wheat?' 'There is one more thing you need to do,' said The Book.





'What? Make something? Lug something? Dig another hole?' Ned rolled up his sleeves. 'No,' said The **Book**. 'Wait.' Ned blinked. 'Wait?' 'See them grow. Let the sun and water do the work. When the wheat is up to your belly, you can cut it.' Ned stood in his dirt patch and gazed at the wheat as it stretched just a little bit taller. After all that **pulling**, crafting, and lugging, the hardest job of all was doing nothing. Just like The **Book**.



The Book Just Stood There

Ned finally has a real house with walls, a door, and a roof, but two problems remain: monsters at night, and a stomach that won't stop growling after too many apples. A strange little book with legs offers to teach him how to grow his own food, if he follows its instructions exactly. What will Ned have to do first? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 89: oo, u /oo/), this book practices words like 'book', 'looked', 'pulled', 'stood', 'wood'.

Phonics Focus: oo, u /oo/

book, cook, crooked, full, good, look, looked, looking, pull, pulled, pulling, put, stood, took, wood, woodshed

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