

The Cave Starts to Spin



Chink, chink, chink. My pick hits the coal. Same old coal. Same old dark cave. Same old dull day. Then a green flash glints in the rock, and my pick stops mid swing. An **emerald**. A big green **emerald**, glowing in the rock. My brain says, 'Do not grab it.' My **fingers** grab it **first**.





Hisss. I can tell that sound. I spin round and block as the mob **bursts**. Boom! The blast slams me back into the rock so hard my teeth shake. The dust drifts away, and I look at the **emerald**. A thing inside it glows. Not plain **emerald** green. A **darker**, odd green, like a tiny flame. 'That is new,' I say low. And then the cave starts to spin.

I blink. I stand on grass,
under the stars, outside. No
more cave. No more coal. I
am far off now, with wind
on my face and a wood
sign in the grass. I check
my blue kit for cracks. No
cracks. I check the **emerald**
in my hand. Still glowing.
Still not right. 'So,' I say to
no one. 'It is that sort of
emerald.'





Twang! An arrow zips past my chin. A bone mob. It is always a bone mob. I block two arrows, **turn**, and yank out my blade. One swing. Bones all round. A little green orb floats up, and I drink it in. 'Thanks for that,' I tell the bones. The bones do not chat back. But in back of me, a thing does. Click. Click. Click.

I **turn** slow. A mob creeps out of the shadow, a red glow in the dark. Behind it, a bone mob with an arrow on the string. And behind that, a little green mob on a **bird**! 'Oh, come on,' I groan. I do not stop to count. I just run. My boots pound the grass, my kit clangs, and the **bird** goes cluck, cluck, cluck.





A **river**. Just right. I splash in. Green mobs can not swim fast, bone mobs can not aim at me as I swim, and green mobs on **birds...** well, I do not want to meet one. A green mob stands on the bank. It does not come in. I swim out and let the **river** take me. The mobs shrink to tiny dots. 'Not today,' I say low.

I swim and swim. The trees on the banks get tall and thick. Vines hang down.

Ferns cover the banks. No one could run in there at night.

Then I see it. A little wood hut sits in the **ferns**, and its shape gleams on the still **river**. A hut can keep the mobs out. I swim for it so fast I **slurp** up the **river**.





I flop onto the bed, and sleep hits me like a falling anvil. When I wake, sun fills the window. Then I see a green glow. The **emerald**, there on the bed. That odd flame still **stirs** inside it. It can zap me far off. I can tell. I pick it up. I hold it to the light. I grin. 'So,' I say. 'Where to next?'



The Cave Starts to Spin

Deep in a mining cave, a sudden glowing emerald sends the miner spinning somewhere new: grassy fields, strange sounds, and monsters closing in fast. Fleeing across open ground with danger on every side, the miner spots a river ahead and dives in, but will it really be safe? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 11: /er/ mixed), this book practices words like 'river', 'turn', 'bursts', 'ferns', 'under'.

Phonics Focus: <mixed>

bird, birds, bursts, cover, darker, emerald, ferns, fingers, first, river, slurp, stirs, turn, under

Bookbot is not endorsed by or affiliated with UFLI (the University of Florida Literacy Institute) or Jolly Learning Ltd. UFLI Foundations and Jolly Phonics are trademarks of their respective owners.

Learn to read with confidence

The Bookbot app and its carefully designed decodable books help children practise the sounds and words they are learning, building strong phonics and reading skills one step at a time. In the app, children can listen to stories read aloud, follow highlighted words as they are spoken, and read independently when they are ready. Together, the decodable books and oral reading support help develop accuracy, fluency, confidence and a love of reading. Learn more at www.bookbotkids.com.



www.bookbotkids.com