

The Cod That Knew

An Unofficial Minecraft Book

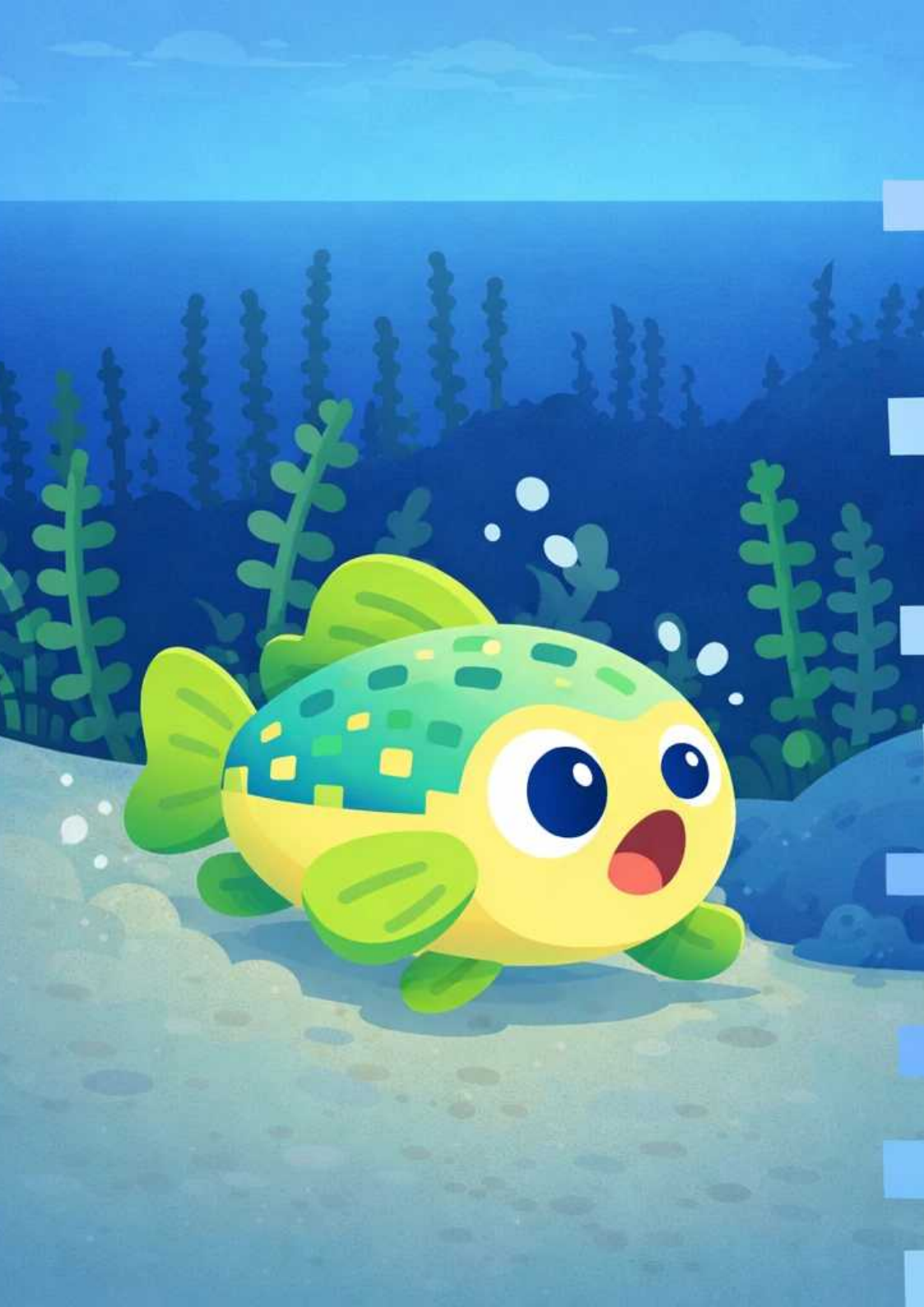


Deep in the cold sea, there lived a cod. Not just any cod. This cod was the fastest, the cleverest, the hardest-to-catch fish along the coast.

It darted past every net, every trap, and every rod. Every fisherman in town **knew** about this cod.

And every single one of them had given up.





The cod liked it that way.
Any time someone came
too close, it would flick its
bright green fins and
vanish into the kelp.

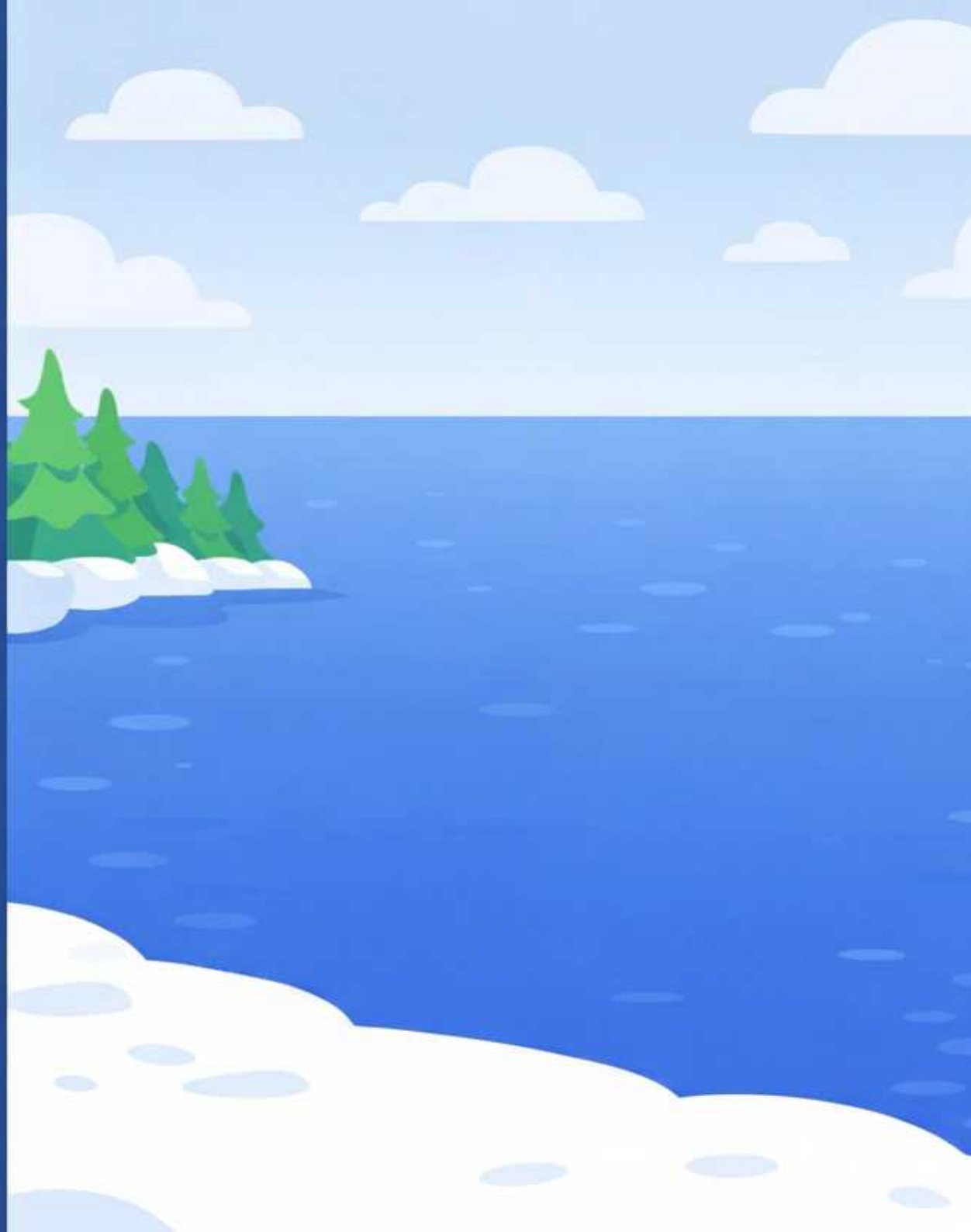
Gone. Just like that.

The cod had a **knack** for
hiding. 'You will never catch
me,' it seemed to say. And
so far, it was right.

The sea stretched out, wide and still. No boats. No nets. No rods. Not one fisherman in sight.

The cod had won so many times that no one even tried any more. It was too fast. Too tricky. Too slippery.

No one could do it. No one but Steve. And Steve **knew** it.



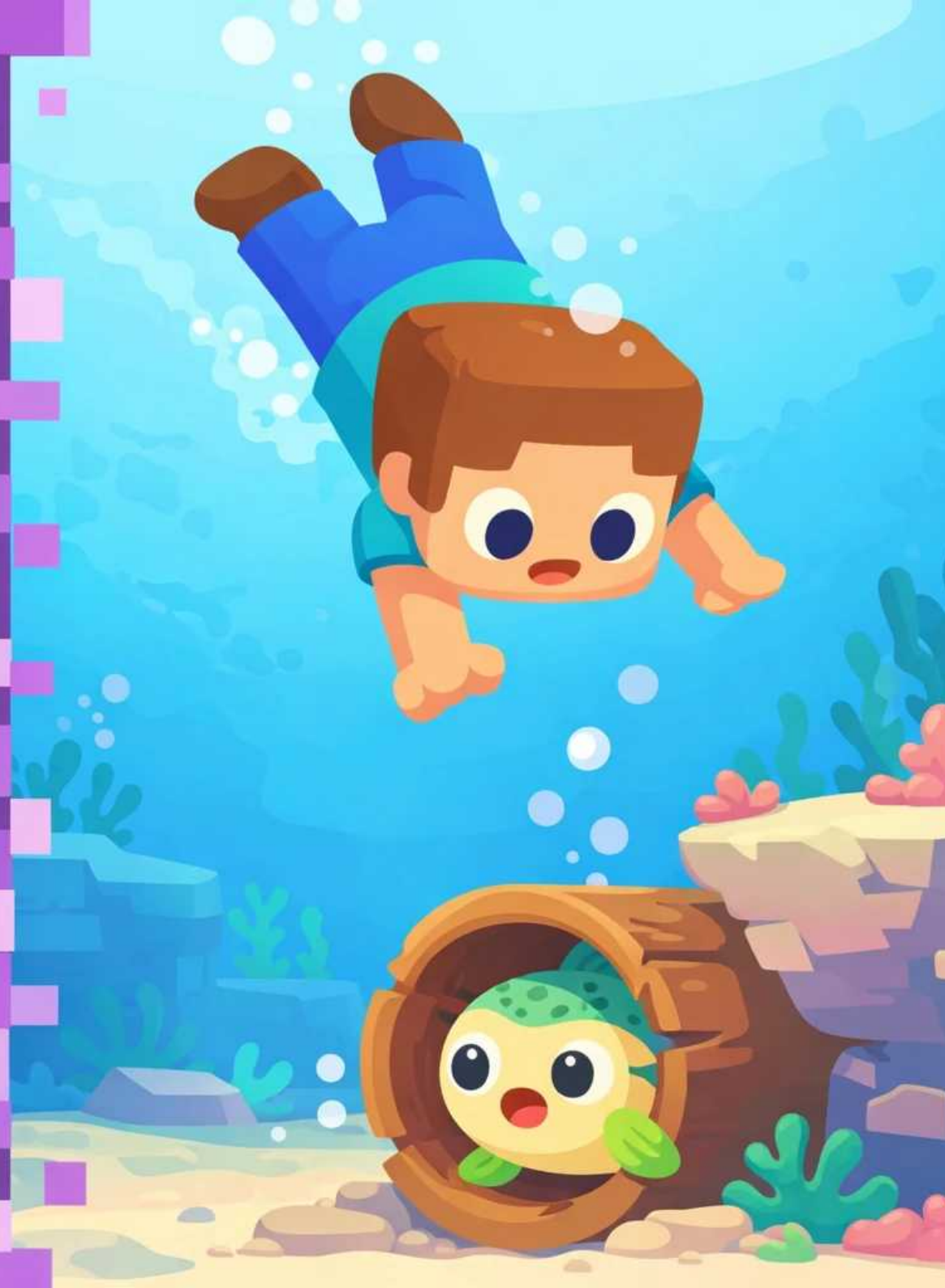


Steve stood on the shore and stared at the water. 'I am going to catch that cod,' he said. 'I **know** I will. I am going to catch it, cook it, and eat it for lunch.' He had no rod. He had no net. He had no boat, no line, no bait, and no plan. But Steve had something better. Steve had grit.

Steve jumped right in. No plan.
No thinking. Just a big splash
into the cold blue water, arms
out, fingers reaching at nothing.

The cod saw him coming from
far away. It darted into a
hollow log and watched Steve
sink past with a trail of
bubbles.

It peeked out with wide eyes.
'This,' the cod **knew**, 'is going
to be easy.'





Steve swam to the log and peered inside. Empty. 'Where did it go?' he said, but only bubbles came out. He looked left. He looked right. He looked up and down and all around. The cod had tricked him, and Steve **knew** it. The dark sea stretched out around him, cold and still. The cod was already gone.

Wait. There! A flash of green, tucked between the kelp. Steve kicked closer, very slowly, very softly. He reached out both hands. The cod did not even flinch. It just waited. And waited. At the very last second, it gave one quick **wriggle** and shot right past Steve's fingers.



Steve chased the cod all the way to a sandbar. Gone again. He checked behind a rock. Nothing.

He looked under a clump of seaweed. Just one very confused crab staring back at him.

'Come back!' Steve gurgled. But fish do not **know** that word.



Steve pulled himself out of the sea, soaking wet, with no fish. His fingers were **numb** with cold. 'That fish,' he panted, 'is smarter than me.' He looked down at the wet sand. And there, just at his feet, was something the tide had washed in.





A bucket! Steve picked it up, and a grin spread all the way across his face. A big, slow, slightly sneaky grin. He **thumbed** the rim of the bucket. He **knew** what to do. 'Right, Cod,' he whispered. 'You are faster than me. You are sneakier than me. But I bet you will come and take a peek at me. I **know** it.'

Steve waded back into the sea, sat down in the shallows, and did not move at all. He did not splash. He did not chase. He just sat there with his bucket and waited. The cold water lapped at his **wrists**.

One cod swam closer. Then two. Then three. They circled his legs, nudging and poking, trying to work out what this strange, still lump was.

'Gotcha,' Steve whispered.





Scoop! Steve burst out of the water with his bucket held high and one very surprised cod **wriggling** inside. 'I did it!' he yelled. 'I caught a fish with a bucket!'

The cod looked up at Steve. Steve looked down at the cod. The most well-known fish on the coast had finally met its match.

'So,' said Steve. 'Do you like chips?'



The Cod That Knew

Deep in the cold sea lives a cod so fast, so sneaky, that every fisherman in town has given up trying to catch it. Everyone except Steve, who wades in with no rod, no net, and no plan at all. Can Steve outsmart the cleverest fish on the coast? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 98: kn /n/, wr /r/, mb /m/), this book practices words like 'knew', 'wiggle', 'knack', 'numb', 'wrists'.

Phonics Focus: kn /n/, wr /r/, mb /m/

knack, knew, know, known, numb, thumb, wiggle, wriggling, wrists

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