

AN UNOFFICIAL MINECRAFT BOOK

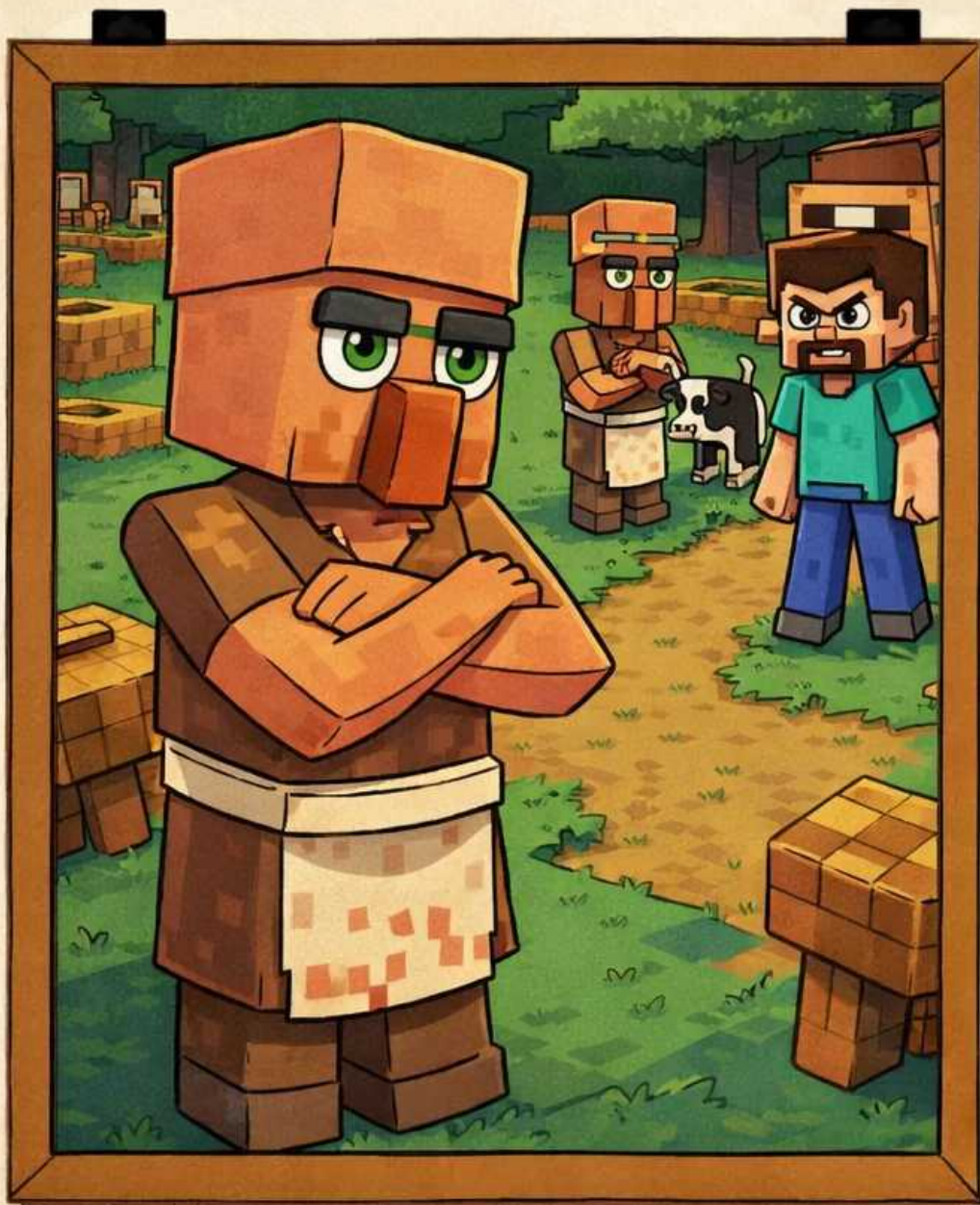
THE CURSED EMERALD PART 2

PART
2



My belly growled so loud it spooked a chicken. I looked down at the emerald in my hand. It shone like a tiny green sun, and I could not stop **gazing** at it. The world went still. Even the breeze held its breath. Then I blinked. The sun was high and bright, but it had just been morning. I **shoved** the emerald deep into my pocket and shook my head hard. 'Well, that was odd.' My belly growled again. I needed food, and lucky for me, a village full of **traders** was right there.





Some **villagers** walked along the path. One of them stood with his arms crossed, **giving** me that look **villagers** always give. Like I had just **sneezed** on his crafting table. A cow walked behind them, flicking its tail. I spotted a butcher and a farmer by a wheat patch. 'Butcher!' I grinned. 'Just the man I need.' I patted the emerald in my pocket. One little green emerald, one hot roasted chicken. This was going to be **easy**.

I walked right up and tapped the butcher on the shoulder. He turned and let out that deep villager hum. 'Well then, big nose,' I said. 'Time to trade.' I tapped his shoulder again to check his trades. Roasted chicken. One emerald. My mouth watered so hard I almost drooled on his apron. 'That is **amazing**. One emerald for a hot meal? It is a deal, my friend.'





I pulled the emerald from my pocket and held it out.

The butcher's eyes went wide. He **stumbled** back like I was holding a live creeper. His hum rose up fast and loud. The other **villagers** started bumping into each other, arms **waving**. Not quite a raid panic, but close.

'No, no, no!' I **shoved** the emerald back into my pocket. Every single villager went still. Instantly. I **stared** at them. They **stared** at me. 'What,' I whispered, 'is wrong with this emerald?'

Nobody was going to trade with me now. Fine. I would find food the old way.

I peeked into one of the huts. Two **villagers** stood by a crafting table, **facing** something that glowed orange. They did not glance my way. 'Do not mind me,' I muttered. 'Just a **starving** man with a **cursed** pocket rock.'

This was a big village. Plenty of huts, plenty of chests. But I had to be sly. The last thing I needed was the golem **coming** after me.





Next hut. Chest. Jackpot. I flipped the lid open and found bread and ingots inside. I grabbed the bread and bit into it so fast I almost ate my own fingers. Still chewing, I dropped some string and sticks into the chest. I always leave something for the **villagers**. A happy village means **nicer** trades next time. 'Well,' I said, **wiping** crumbs off my shirt. 'My belly is full. Now let's work out what is going on with this emerald.'

In the corner of the hut, I spotted a cat sitting perfectly still. I bent down and reached out, **stroking** what I **hoped** was fur. But my hand felt cold, hard stone. It was not a real cat. It was a stone cat. Then a real cat darted in the open door and skidded to a stop right by my knee. Cats always look up when you might have fish. But this one did not look up. It did not blink. It was frozen solid. Exactly like the stone cat.





My heart hammered. I remembered the butcher backing away. The emerald was doing this.

I took one step back. Then two. Then five. The cat blinked, it twitched, and then it bolted out the door in a wild orange blur, like nothing had happened.

I stood there with my mouth open. The emerald froze time. It froze the cat, and it froze me at the start, **gazing** at that green glow for hours without knowing it. And the **villagers** knew. They had seen this before.

I stepped outside and leaned on the fence. The sun was already sinking, **shining** gold and orange across the sky. A full day, gone. The emerald hummed in my pocket. I could feel it, hot and bright, begging me for one more look. Just one tiny peek at that **amazing** green glow. I gripped the fence rail and kept my hands right where they were. 'Nope.' I knew what I had now. A **cursed** emerald. And whatever I did with it next, I was not going to take it out again.





The Cursed Emerald Part 2

A cursed emerald has frozen time itself, and the boy holding it just watched a whole day vanish in a blink. Villagers scatter in a panic whenever he pulls it out, cats freeze mid-blink, and his growling stomach won't wait for answers. What is this glowing green gem really doing to the world around him? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 109: Drop -e Rule), this book practices words like 'gazing', 'coming', 'easy', 'facing', 'shining'.

Phonics Focus: Drop -e Rule

amazing, coming, cursed, easy, facing, gazing, giving, hoped, nicer, shining, shoved, sneezed, stared, starving, stroking, stumbled, traders, villagers, waving, wiping

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