

Who Stole My Pumpkins?



An Unofficial Minecraft Book

Zom loved his pumpkin patch best of all. Every morning, he checked each pumpkin, watered it, and sang to it, which was **dreadful**, but the pumpkins did not mind. 'This one will be the best,' he whispered, and gave the big one a pat, like a pet. Torches glowed among the tall trees. Zom smiled, **thankful** for every vine. This was going to be his best crop yet.





The pumpkins got huge. So huge that Zom could not see over the tops of them. 'Come and look!' he called. 'They are huge! I will bake the most **delightful** pumpkin cakes ever made. My friends will talk about my cakes for a long time!' Zom was feeling **boastful**. Very **boastful**. But his pumpkins, it turned out, had plans of their own.

The next morning, Zom walked into his patch and stood still. One pumpkin was gone. Just gone. A blank spot of dirt sat where it had been. Something broke the vine right off. 'No bite marks,' said Zom. 'No seeds left. Something big took it, but what?' Zom felt **hopeful** that he could find a clue. He got down low and looked at the dirt, then checked every vine in the patch.





Zom's pal Skel came to help, with his dog Bones sniffing at his side. 'Bones will sniff out the thief,' said Skel. Bones sniffed among the trees. He sniffed a rock. He sneezed on a mushroom. He sat and scratched his neck. 'Well?' said Zom. Bones thumped his tail. Not one footprint. Not one scrap of fur. It was **pointless**. The pumpkin was just gone.

The next day, two more pumpkins were gone. Zom stood in his patch, fists clenched. 'This is **woeful!** I had nine prize pumpkins and now I have six!' He looked at the blank spots. Still no tracks. Still nothing. Then his voice went low and soft, which was more **frightful** than the shouting. 'Nobody steals from Zom's patch and gets away with it. Nobody.'

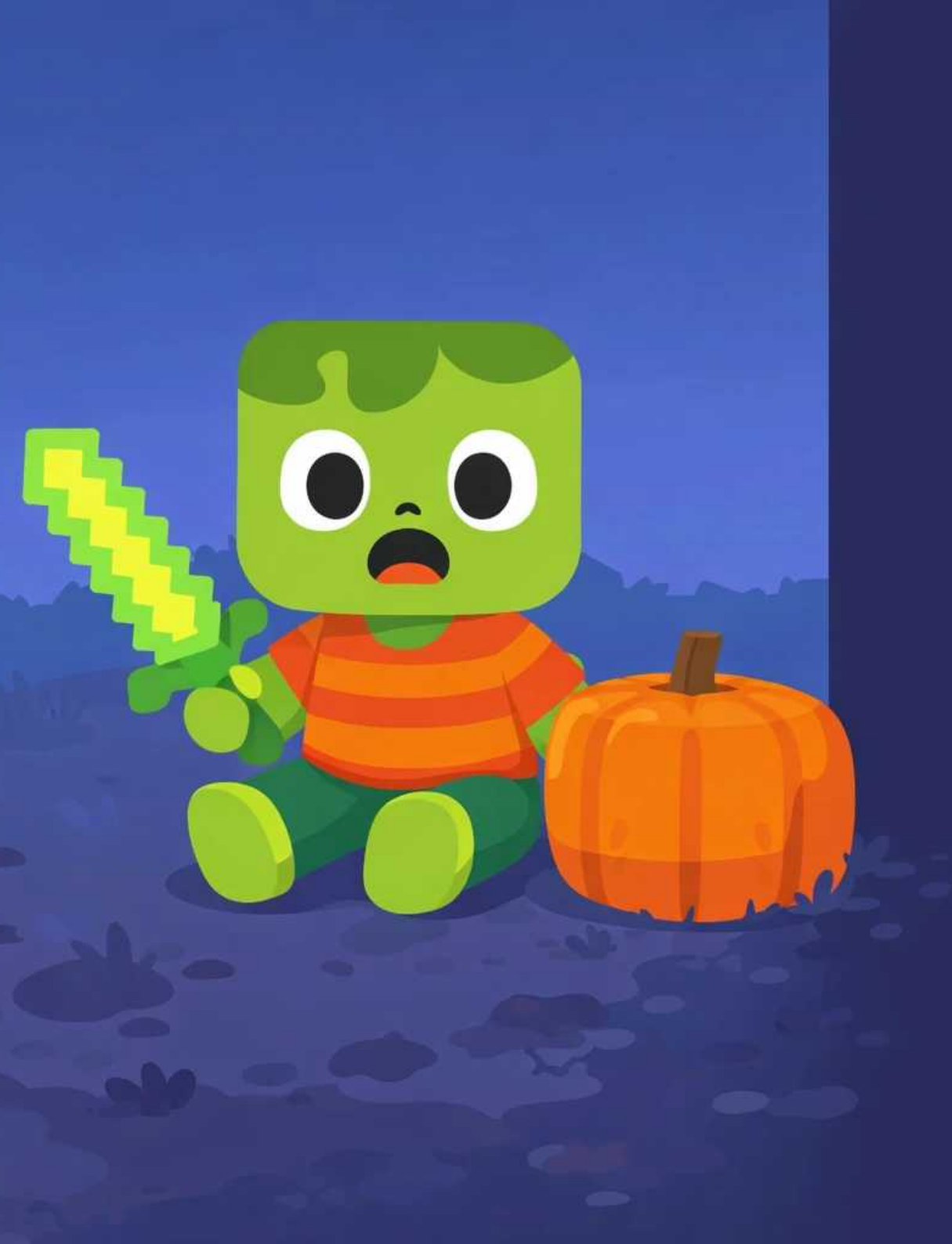




That night, Zom and Skel huddled under a lamp to make a plan. 'I will do a stakeout,' said Zom. 'I will hide in the patch all night. I will be **wakeful** and waiting.' 'Will that work?' asked Skel. 'That is a long time to stay awake.' 'Please,' said Zom. 'I will catch this thief tonight.' Zom sounded **boastful**. Skel just sighed.

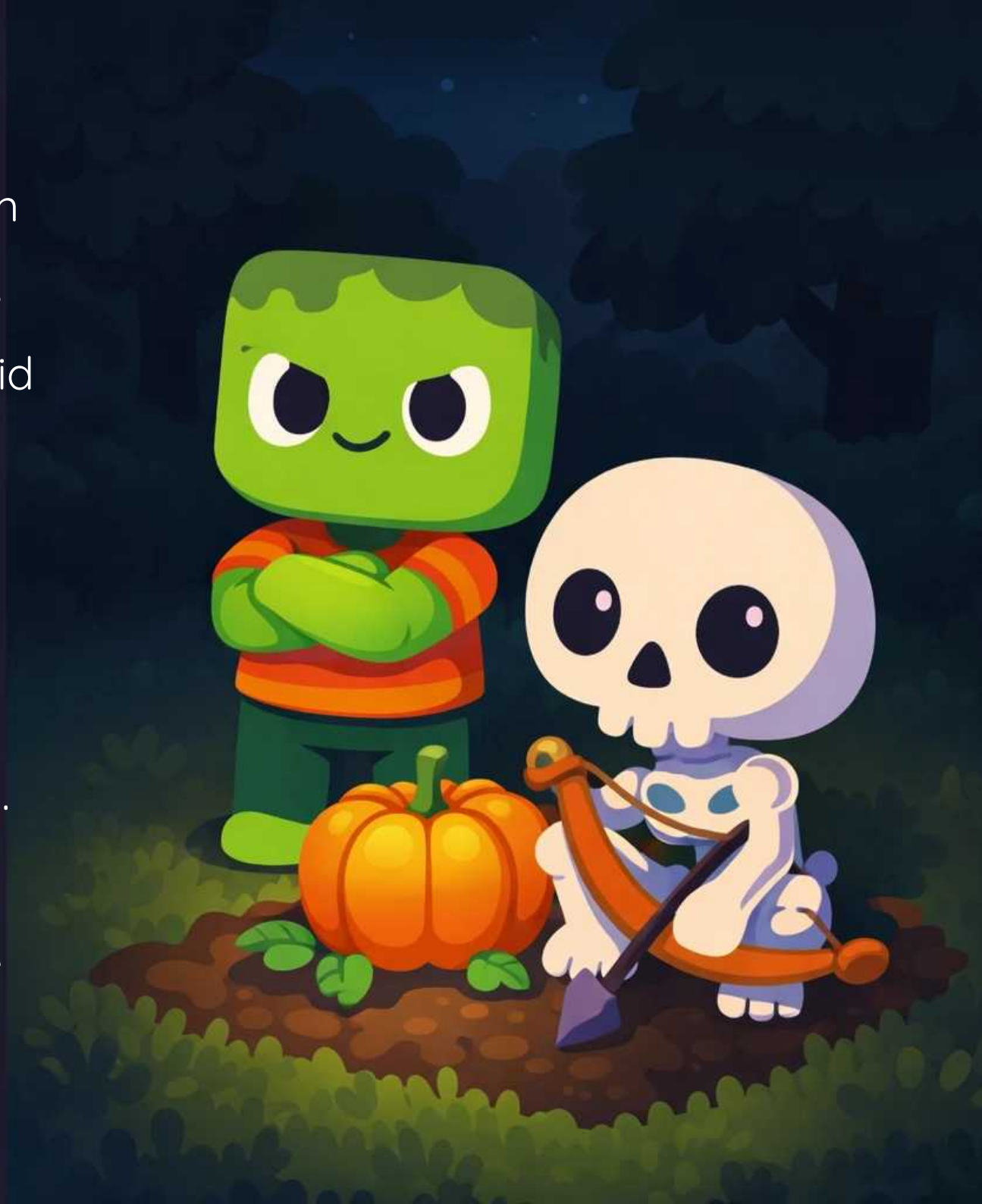
Zom settled into the patch,
wakeful and waiting. One
hour passed. Nothing. Two
hours passed. Nothing. A
bug landed on his nose. He
flicked it off. A leaf drifted
past. 'Stay awake,' Zom
mumbled. But the night
was so still and **restful**,
and the pumpkins were so
round and smooth... Zom
was snoring.





When Zom opened his eyes, the sun was coming up. He looked left. He looked right. One pumpkin. One. That was all that was left. Zom was **hopeless** at stakeouts. 'How?!' he yelped. 'I was on watch! Did they sprout legs and walk away?!' He said it as a joke. He did not know how right he was.

Skel crouched beside the last pumpkin, **watchful**. Zom stood by him with his arms crossed. 'We take shifts,' said Zom. 'Day and night. This one stays put.' 'Yes,' said Skel. 'If we can save this one,' said Zom, 'I can grow a new crop from the seeds. This pumpkin is **priceless**, Skel. **Priceless.**' It sat in the dirt, very still. For now.





It happened just after midnight. The pumpkin started to wobble. Then it started to spin, kicking up dirt and leaves all over. Zom grabbed Skel's arm. 'Are you seeing this?!' 'I am seeing it,' Skel whispered. 'It can not be true, but I am seeing it.' Bones barked and barked. The ground cracked. Something was pushing up out of the dirt. 'This is **frightful!**' Zom cried. 'Do something!'

Pop! The pumpkin shot up out of the ground. But it was not just a pumpkin now. It had legs. It had arms. Its face was glowing, with a sharp carved mouth and a grin. Zom and Skel stood there, **speechless**. 'Hello!' said the pumpkin. 'My name is Jack. Sorry about the patch. The others woke up before me and walked off. Pumpkins never do as they are told.'





Jack loved it there, and he asked to stay. How do you say no to a talking pumpkin? 'No cakes this time,' Zom sighed. 'But I am **thankful** for a new friend. A new friend is better than cake.' 'Is it?' said Skel. 'Yes, Skel. Yes it is.' They gave Jack his own room. His bright glow lit every corner. Late at night, soft sounds came from the dark. Footsteps. And pumpkins giggling.



Who Stole My Pumpkins?

Zom's pumpkin patch grew the biggest, roundest pumpkins he had ever seen, and he was already dreaming of prize-winning cakes. Then one morning a pumpkin vanished without a single footprint or clue left behind. Who could be sneaking into the patch, and how are they doing it without leaving a trace? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 102: -less, -ful), this book practices words like 'boastful', 'thankful', 'watchful', 'pointless', 'hopeful'.

Phonics Focus: -less, -ful

boastful, delightful, dreadful, frightful, hopeful, hopeless, pointless, priceless, restful, speechless, thankful, wakeful, watchful, woeful

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.

