

AN UNOFFICIAL MINECRAFT CHAPTER BOOK

THE CURSED EMERALD



PART

1

My pickaxe goes chink,
chink, chink on the coal.
Same old coal. Same old
cave. Same old Tuesday.

Then something green
flashes in the wall, and my
pickaxe stops. An emerald.
A big, fat, pretty emerald,
glowing like it wants me to
find it. My brain yells
caution. My fingers do not
listen.





Hisssss. I know that sound. Every miner knows that sound. I spring into **action** and lift my shield just as the Creeper blows up. Boom!

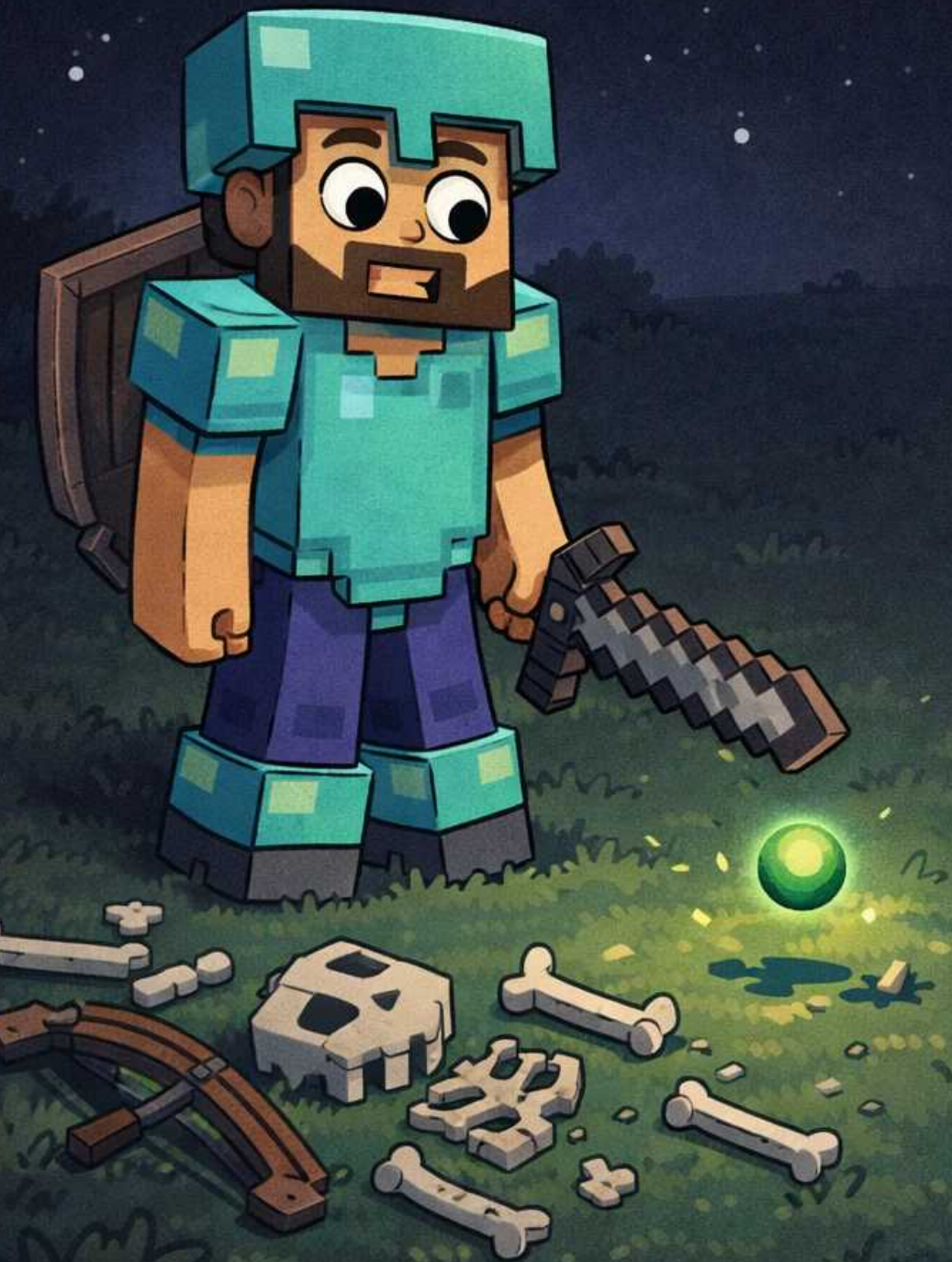
The blast slams me into the wall so hard my teeth rattle. When the dust clears, I look at the emerald. Something inside it glows. Not the usual green. A deeper, weirder green, flickering like a tiny flame. 'That's new,' I whisper. Then the whole cave starts to spin.

I blink. I am standing on grass.
Under stars. Outside.

One second I was deep in a
cave, and now I am in a new
location with wind on my face
and a wooden sign I have
never seen. Good thing I always
mine in my diamond armour. I
check it for cracks. No cracks. I
check the emerald in my hand.
Still glowing. Still weird.

'Okay,' I say to nobody. 'So it's
that kind of emerald.'





Twang! An arrow zips past my ear. A skeleton. Of course it is a skeleton.

I catch the next two arrows on my shield in one smooth **motion**, then pull out my netherite sword and charge. One swing. Bones everywhere.

A little green orb floats up from the pile, and I breathe it in. 'Thanks for that,' I tell the bones. The bones do not answer. But something behind me does. A clicking, skittering, many-legged something.

I turn slowly. A spider creeps out of the shadows, red eyes glowing. Behind it, another skeleton with an arrow on the string. And behind that... a baby zombie. Riding a chicken.

'Oh, come on,' I groan.

I do not wait to count any more. I pick a **direction** and run. My boots pound the grass, my armour clangs, and behind me a chicken goes 'Bawk bawk bawk' like this is all very exciting.





A river. Perfect. I splash in without **hesitation**. Zombies can't swim fast, skeletons can't hit a target in water, and baby zombies on chickens... well, I don't know what they do in rivers. I don't want to find out.

A zombie stands on the shore, watching me with dull, hollow eyes. It does not follow. I paddle to the deep part and let the current carry me. Behind me, the monsters shrink to tiny shapes in the dark. 'Not today,' I whisper.

I swim until the trees on the banks get tall and tangled. Jungle. Vines everywhere. Way too thick to run through at night.

Then I see it. A little wooden cabin, half-hidden in the ferns, its **reflection** sitting in the still water. A cabin means a door. A door means nothing can get in. I swim for it so fast I nearly swallow the river.





I slam the door, flop on the bed, and sleep hits me like a falling anvil. When I wake up, sun pours through the window. I eat my last piece of bread and sit chewing, staring at nothing.

Then a green glow catches my **attention**. The emerald, sitting right there on the bed where it fell out of my pocket. That strange little flame still dances inside it. Last night it zapped me to the middle of nowhere, threw monsters at me, and nearly got me eaten by a baby zombie on a chicken.

I pick it up. I hold it to the light. I smile. 'So,' I say. 'Where to next?'



The Cursed Emerald Part 1

CHINK, CHINK, CHINK - just another boring day of mining coal, until a strange glowing emerald changes everything. One touch, one Creeper blast, and suddenly our miner is standing under unfamiliar stars with monsters closing in. Where did the emerald send them? And what will happen when night falls in the jungle? This decodable reader practises ci/si/ti making /sh/ in words like 'action,' 'caution,' 'direction,' and 'hesitation.'

Reading Skills: <ci> <si> <ti>

action, attention, caution, direction, hesitation, location, motion, reflection

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