



I'm not robot



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## Minecraft the island reading level

From the tradition of iconic stories like Robinson Crusoe and Treasure Island, the world Z.In war #1 global event video game of all ages, the first official tie-in novel in Minecraft's novel, this riveting novel will tell the story of a new hero trapped in the world of Minecraft, escaping from harsh, unfamiliar environments to solve the mysteries of the mysterious island. Chapter 1NEVER GIVE UPDrowning! I woke up underwater, deep underwater, and it was my first conscious thought. Cold. Dark. Where was the surface? I kicked in all directions, trying to find my way. I turned and turned, and then I saw it: a light. Dim, pale, and distant. Instinctively I shot for it, and quickly saw that the water around me was growing brighter. That surface, the sun had to be. But how can the sun be.... cla? I will be looking at things. Maybe some water trick. Who cares! How much wind have I left? Just get to it. Baffle! My lungs balloon, small bubbles escape my lips, let me race away to light. I kicked and clawed the water like a caged animal. Now I could see it, a ceiling of wave coming close with each desperate stroke. Close, but still so far away. I had pain in my body, my lungs burned. Baffle! Baffle! Well trained! My body shot to the eyes with writhed toes as a sudden jolt of pain. My mouth opened by hearing the cries from the knee. I reached for sparkle, grabbing for breath, for life. I exploded into calm, clean air. I cough. I choked. I wheezed. I laughed. Breathing. For a moment, I just tasted the experience, closing my eyes and letting the sun warm my face. But when I opened my eyes, I couldn't believe them. The sun was square! I blind hard. Clouds too? Instead of round puffy cotton balls, these thin, rectangular objects floated lazy over me. You're still seeing things, I thought. You hit your head when you fell off the boat and now you're a little amazed. But did I fall off a boat? I didn't remember. I couldn't remember anything, actually; How I got here, or even where it was here. Help me! I screamed, scanning the horizon for a ship or a plane or even a speck of land. Please, anyone! A! help! What I found was silence. All I could see was the water and the sky. I was alone. Almost. Some splashed inches from my face, a flash of whiskers and a thick, black and brown head. I screamed, kicking back. It seemed like a squid, but square like everything else in this weird place. The tentacles turned for me, opening wide. I gaze right into a yawning red mouth belted with white razor teeth. Get out of here! I screamed. Mouth drained, heart pounding, I splashed away from the clumsy creature. I didn't have to. At that moment, the tentacles stopped, blasting the squid in the other direction. I floated there, frozen, running water for a few seconds, until the animal disappeared in. That's when I walk out a long, sore, stress-draining oo. I took another deep breath, then another, then a whole lot more. Finally, my heart settled down, my organs stopped wringing, and, for the first time since I woke up, stopped on my mind. Well, I said aloud. You're way out in a lake or ocean or whatever. No one is coming to save you, and you can't walk on the water forever. I had a slow, 360-degree turn, hoping to see some threads of beach I had missed before. Nothing. In desperation I tried a final scan of the sky. No aircraft, not even a thin white mark. Doesn't the sky have those trails? A square one with sun and rectangle clouds. Cloudy. I saw they were all moving fast in one direction, away from the rising sun. Because of the West. As good as anywhere, I said, giving another deep sigh, and slowly started swimming west. It didn't have much to go on, but I felt the wind might help me with a bit, or at least wouldn't slow me down. And if I went north or south, the wind could slowly into an arc so I would end up swimming in circles. I didn't know if that was really true. I still don't. I mean, come on, I was just awake, maybe with some kind of massive head injury, at the bottom of an ocean, and was really trying, not really hard to end back there. Just to keep going, I told myself. Note what's next. I started to notice how weird my swimming was; Not stroke, pause, stroke speed, but a sense of gliding across the water with my limbs along for the ride. The head injury, I thought, is not trying to imagine how serious the injury can be. A good thing, I noticed, that I didn't look tired. Shouldn't swimming be exhausting? Do your muscles burn and leave a little later? Adrenaline, I thought, and hasn't tried to imagine that emergency gas tank is running out. But it will. Sooner or later, I'd lose steam, cramp, go from swimming to running water, then from running water to temporary. Of course, I will try to relax, bobbing up and down to conserve energy, but how long can I keep that up? How long before the freezing of water finally got me? How long ago, teeth chattering, body trembling, I finally drowned back down in the dark? Not yet! I blur out. I'm not giving up yet! Shouting out loud was enough to perk me up. Keep focused! Keep moving! And I did. I kept swimming with all my power. I also tried to be aware of my surroundings. Hopefully I will spot the mast of the shadow of a ship or a helicopter, but at the very least, it will take my mind off my current predicament! I saw that the water was calm, and it gave me something to feel good. No waves have any resistance, which means I could swim forward, right? I also saw that Was fresh, not salty, which meant I had to be in a lake Of an ocean, and lakes are smaller than oceans. Well, a big lake is just as dangerous as an ocean, but come on, have you been trying to look at the bright side for a problem with me? I also noticed that I could see below. It was deep — don't get me wrong, you could have sunk a very decent office building and could never see the top — but it wasn't unfathomable like the sea is supposed to be. I could also see that it was not level. There were tons of small valleys and hills. That's when, to my right, I noticed that one of the hills had become so long that his top disappeared beyond the horizon. Does it break the surface? I turned north, northwest, I think, and swam in a straight line to the hill. And before I knew it, the hill grew into an underwater mountain. And a few seconds later, I actually thought I saw my top sprout above the water. It would land, I thought, trying not to get my hopes. It can be a mirage though, a trick of light or some mist or.... That's when I saw the tree. At least I thought it was a tree, because, from that distance, all I could do was make out a dark green angular mass sitting atop a dark brown line. The excitement inspired me like a torpedo. Eyes closed further, I soon saw other trees dotted with a tan beach. And then, suddenly, the green-brown slope of a hill. land! I screamed. LAAAND! I had made it! Hot, firm, solid ground! A few strokes and I'll be there. I was swept away by a wave of relief. And just like a real wave it washed right back out. I barely had to celebrate each other before the island came into full view. By the time I reached the edge, I was just as confused as the moment I'd wake up. The island was square. Or, rather, it was made up of squares. Everything: sand, dirt, rocks, even those things I first thought were trees. Everything was a combination of cubes. Well, I said, refuse to believe what I was seeing. Just need a minute is all, just a minute. Standing in the groin - high water, breathing, blinking, I was waiting for my eyes to be cleaned. I'm sure any minute, all those rigid right angles will return to soft, curvy normal. They weren't. Will that head wound, I said, wading ashore. No problem. Just make sure you're not too bad bleeding and — instinctively, my hand went off to get hurt, and as it came in front of my face, I gasped. Wha... ? At the end of my rectangular hand was a fleshy cube, a cube that no matter how hard I tried. Where's my hand!? I screamed, my voice rising into panic. Head swimming, throat off, I nervously looked down at me comfortably. Brick-shaped legs, rectangular legs, a showbox-shaped torso, all included in painted clothing. What's wrong with me!? I used to shout on the empty beach. It's not real! I screamed, running back and Trying to tear the clothes painted from my body. Hyperventilation, I rushed back to the water, desperate for calm reflection of my face. Nothing greeted me. Where am I? I screamed at the shimmering sea. What is this place? I thought about the water, how I was awake.... But was I? It's a dream! I said, relief break into my feared voice, reaching for the only thing I could think of. Of course! And for a second I almost pulled myself together. Just a crazy dream, and soon you'll wake up and..... What else? I tried to imagine waking up in my house, in my life, but it was all gone. I could remember the world, the soft, round shape, the real world of people and homes and cars and life. I just couldn't remember me in it. My vision narrowed as an invisible fist closed around my lungs. Who am I? The tension repulsed through the veins in my neck. I could feel the skin on my face, the roots of my teeth. Dizzy, nauseous, I staggered back against Hill's base. What was my name? What did I look like? Was I old? Was I young? Looking down on my boxy body, I couldn't determine anything. Was I a man or a woman? Was I too human? What am I? The thread broke. My mind collapsed. Where? who? What? And now the final question. why!? I screeched over the bright square sun. Why don't I remember? Why am I different? Why am I here? Why is all this happening to me? WHYYY! All I got back was silence. No birds, no waves, no rustle of air through those angular excuses for trees. Nothing but pure, punishes silence. And then. Grrrp.sound so small I wasn't sure I'd heard it. Grrrp.I certainly heard it that time, and it felt too. It was coming from inside me. My stomach was thunderous. I have been hungry. That was all I needed to break my downward spiral. To do something, to focus on something simple and clear, and next to breathe, there is nothing clear or simple from eating. Grrrp, my stomach growled, as if to say, I'm waiting. I shook my head violently, trying to get blood back in my cheeks, and looked down at my body to see if I had anything to eat. I was so shocked the first time I saw myself that I might have missed something before. Maybe I had a waterproof phone in my pocket, or even a wallet with my ID.My. I didn't have either, or even pockets. But what I found was a thin belt, she painted the same color as my pants—another reason I missed it for the first time—with four flat pouches on either side. Each pouch

was empty, but when going through them, I suddenly realized I could feel the slight pressure of something resting slowly on my back. I call it a bag, but it didn't have any straps or hooks or anything that should have held it in place. It just stuck there And like the belt and my painted on on I couldn't take it away. All I could do was reach back and swing it up front. Crazy dream, I said, is the only mental crutch I had coming back. The inside of the pack was lined with twenty-seven small pouches, just like those on the belt, and also completely empty. So much to take the list, I thought, as the sense of hunger constantly grew. Which meant forging for food. I looked around for something, anything, that looked food from afar. First, the only thing I could find appeared a block high blade of rectangular grass. They grew into people and twos on the green-covered dirt behind the beach. I reached down to a germination right on my feet, but somehow I couldn't lift it. Instead I just swiped clumsily in a fast punching motion. Anxiety well in me again. It's a strange-looking body, but there was a new crisis to discover that that body wouldn't follow! I tried again, missing the grass, and then, and when I finally connected, my fist broke my goal to oblivion. And I mean anonymity. Tall green stalks just didn't fall on or break, they disappeared. A quick crunching noise and poof, gone. Aw, come on! I pouted, looking at this angular appendage. Will just work, then? For some reason, pleading with my hand was not the answer. Neither was trying to repeat the same preposterous proposition on another similar clump of grass. I have heard, although I do not remember where, doing the same thing on the definition of that madness and again hoping for a different outcome. I don't know if that's true for some people, but for me, it was pretty darn off. Just work! I grunted angrily, punching the grass like it had come before. Work. Work. work! It was starting again, the mental slide. My mind was balancing on a thin middle way at that moment, and I really needed some kind of victory. I didn't get one, of course, but I accidentally broke the cycle, literally, ground-breaking. On the fourth try, I hit so hard and for so long that I didn't only destroy the small green blades but also knocked away a whole block of dirt beneath them. bravo. I stuttered, frustration changed with curiosity. At first I didn't see the block, just the block-shaped hole it had disappeared into. I peer into the divot and saw a cube floating down - actually cruising off the ground - and much smaller than it was. I reached into taking it and didn't get halfway there before it flew at me. Me.

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