BEAST FEAST!
An Unofficial Minecraft Book

Boom. Boom. Boom. Skel shot up in bed. Something was shaking the walls of his room. Not a storm. Not thunder. Music. Loud, thumping, floor-shaking music, with a **drummer** pounding away. And it was coming from right outside his window.

In the morning, Skel stomped outside to find who was making all that racket. Three **critters** stood in the middle of the farm like they ran the place. One purple. One orange. One white. A bad lot, all three. They pranced across the grass, kicking up dirt and stomping to their own beat. Each one was a **drummer** with no drum. 'Shoo!' said Skel. 'Go home!' The **critters** looked at him. Then they kept dancing.

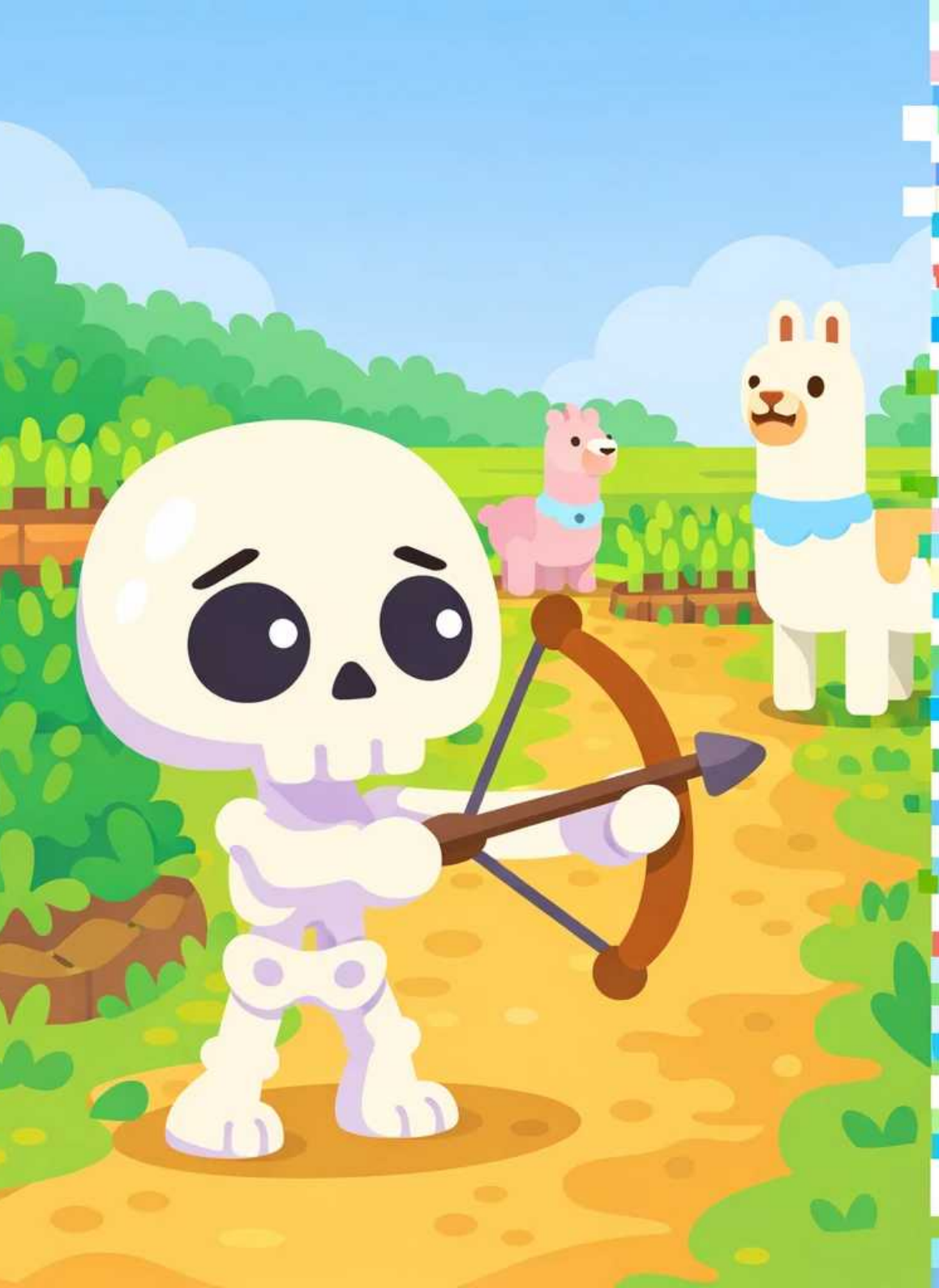
Skel puffed out his bony chest. He pointed one stubby arm at the far end of the farm. 'I am giving you until the count of three,' he said. 'One. Two...'

The purple llama yawned. The orange llama sat down. The white llama turned around and started chewing the crops.

Skel got **madder** and **madder.**

The next morning was worse. Much worse. The three **critters** had invited friends. And those friends had invited friends. And those friends had invited every **critter** they had ever met. **Critters** filled the yard, the path, the garden, and the space past the fence. Pink ones, grey ones, tiny ones. The crowd got **bigger** and **bigger.** Skel tried to count them all and gave up at forty-seven.

'Have you seen the yard?' Skel called to Zom. Zom was busy. He had pigs to feed and a zombie that kept trying to get past the fence. 'They are just **critters,** Skel. What can they do?' 'They are eating everything,' Skel said. 'The grass. The crops. The mess gets **bigger** every hour. I think one of them ate a fence post.' Zom shrugged. 'I will deal with it after lunch.'



After lunch, Skel went back out to check on the crops. They were **sadder** and **thinner** than he had left them.

The herd chewed in every spot, still and happy, like the **biggest** fuzzy lawnmower that nobody had asked for.

'Well,' Skel said to himself. 'That is a very big herd.'

Zom had a plan. Zom was a **planner.** He grabbed some leads, looped them around three **critters,** and started walking. 'Where the herd leader goes, the rest will follow,' he said, cool as anything. And it worked. One by one, the **critters** fell into a line and marched right off the farm. Skel's jaw dropped. 'How did you do that?' Zom grinned. 'I'm a people person. Well. A llama person.'

The farm was quiet. Too quiet. Skel stood by the pond and watched the water ripple. No stomping. No **chatter.** No drumming. Just peace. 'It will not last,' he muttered. He kept his eyes on the pond and waited. Something bad was coming. Skel could feel it in his bones. He was never the best at waiting.

It did not last. The very next day, they were back. All of them. Plus new ones Skel had never seen before. They rushed in, a **bigger** mob than ever, pushing and shoving and honking with joy. The farm was their best spot in all the world. And that herd did not forget their best spot.

'That's it!' Skel yelled. He marched into the herd with his arms up, waving like a windmill. 'I am a skeleton! I am grim! Run from me!'

The herd stared. Then the first one spat. Then the second one spat. Then all of them spat. Green, gooey, stinky **splatter,** right in Skel's face.

He could not see. He could not breathe. He slipped, wobbled, and sat down in a puddle of goo.

Zom found him five minutes later. 'Skel? Is that you under all that green?' 'Stop,' said Skel. 'You tried to spook them?' said Zom. 'I said stop,' said Skel. Zom bit his lip to keep from grinning. It did not work. 'Come on,' he said, pulling Skel up. 'Let's get you inside. You smell like the inside of a llama's mouth.' Skel had never felt **glummer** in his life.

Inside, Zom made a warm mix by lantern light and wiped the green gunk off Skel's bones. Skel sat very still and very sorry for himself. 'We can't make them run,' said Zom. 'And we can't lead them away. They just come back.' 'So what do we do?' asked Skel. Zom held up the glowing bottle and smiled a slow, clever smile. 'We don't get rid of them. We make them useful.' Skel leaned in. Zom looked **smugger** than ever. 'Okay,' said Skel. 'I am listening.'

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Three loud llamas turn Skel's quiet farm upside down, filling the yard with dancing, chomping newcomers no matter how many times he chases them off. Zom leads them away once, but they keep coming back bigger and bigger, hungrier than before, until Skel tries one bold move to finally scare them for good. Will his plan actually work? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 108: Doubling Rule -er, -est), this book practises words like 'bigger', 'madder', 'sadder', 'critters', 'chatter'.

Phonics Focus: Doubling Rule -er/-est

bigger, biggest, chatter, critter, critters, drummer, glummer, madder, planner, sadder, smugger, splatter, thinner

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