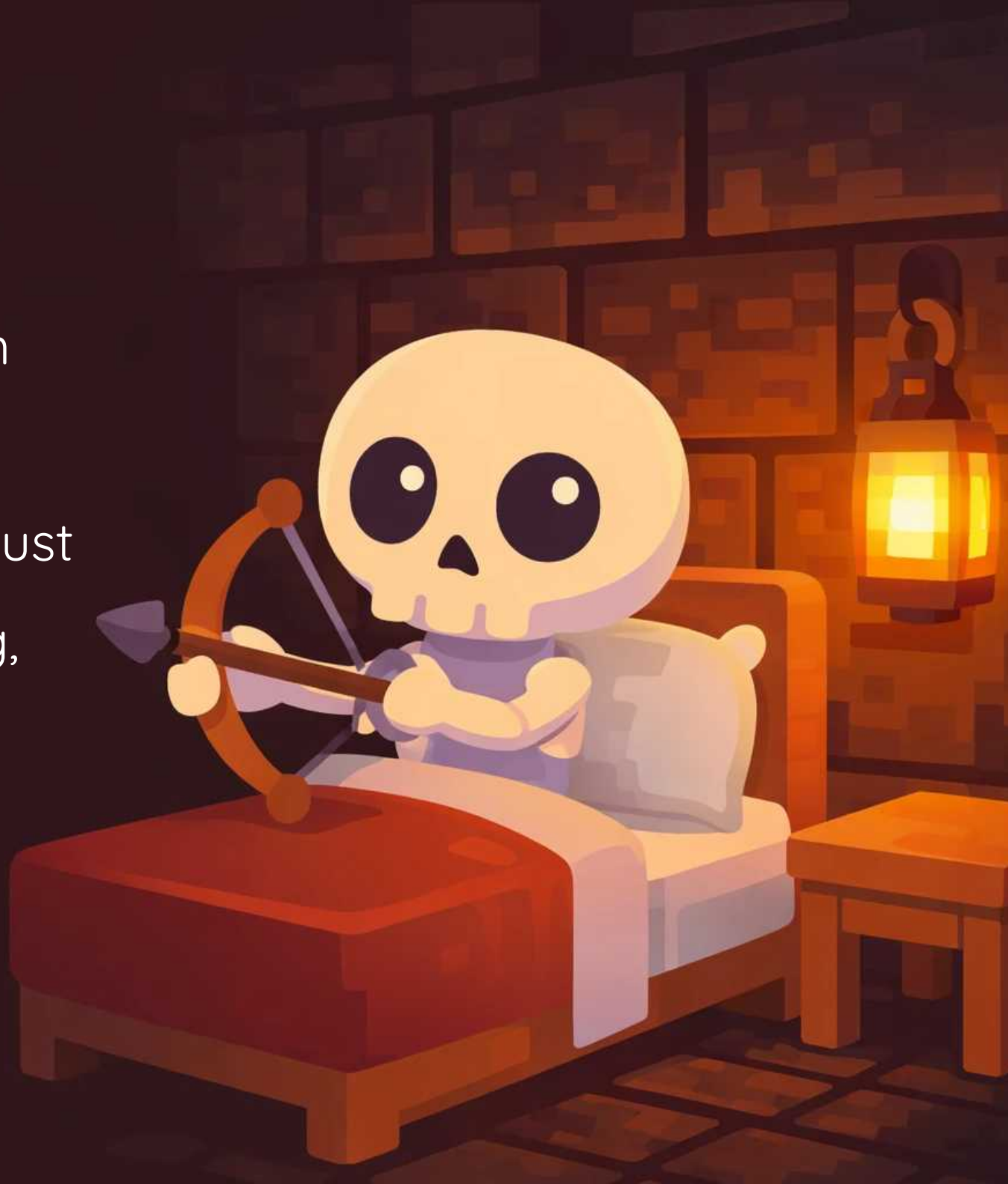
# LLAMA DRAMA

An Unofficial Minecraft Book

Boom. Boom. Boom.

Skel shot up in bed. The walls of his room were shaking. Not a quake. Not thunder. Just music! Loud, thumping, floor-shaking music. It was the first **sign** of trouble, and it was coming from outside.



In the morning, Skel stomped outside. Three llamas stood on the farm like they owned it. One purple. One orange. One white. All trouble.

They pranced on the grass, kicking up dirt and tossing their heads, **gnashing** their teeth to a beat only they could hear. 'Shoo!' said Skel. 'Go home!' The llamas looked at him. Then they kept on dancing.

Skel puffed out his bony chest. He pointed one stubby arm at the hills. 'I will count to three,' he said. 'One. Two. Thr...'

The purple llama yawned. The orange llama sat down. The white llama turned around and started **gnawing** on Zom's carrots.

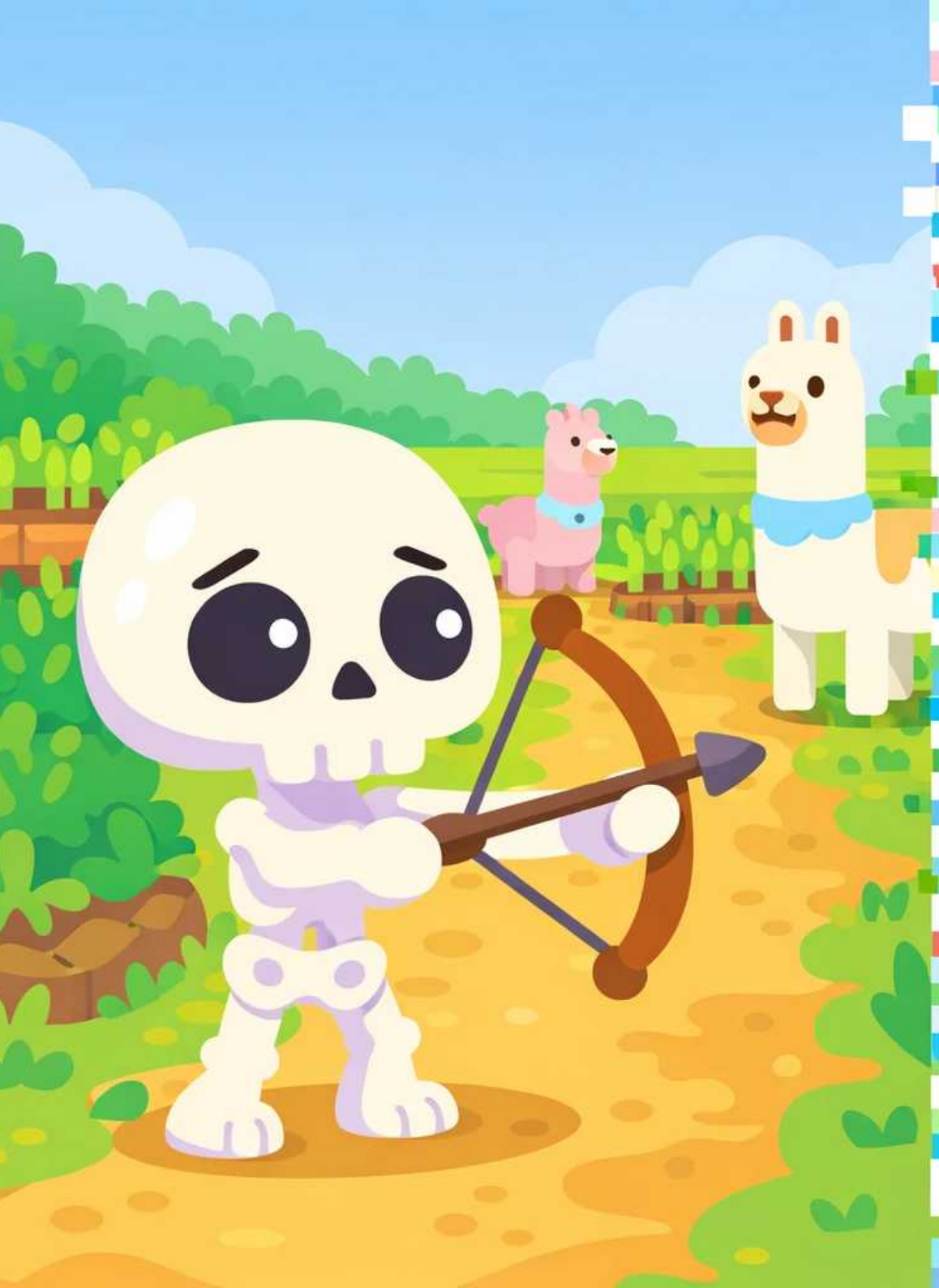
The next morning was worse. Much worse.

The three llamas had asked friends. And those friends had asked friends. And those friends had asked everyone they knew.

Llamas filled the yard, the path, and the garden. Pink ones, grey ones, spotted ones, tiny ones. It was a **sign** that things were very bad. Skel gave up counting at forty-seven.

'Have you seen the front yard?' Skel asked Zom. Zom was busy. He had pigs to feed and a zombie that kept trying to nibble through the fence. 'They're just llamas, Skel. What's the worst they can do?'

'They're eating every single thing,' said Skel. 'The grass. The crops. I think one of them **gnawed** a fence post in half.' Zom shrugged like it was no big deal. 'I'll deal with it after lunch.'



After lunch, Skel went back to the field. The crops were half gone, and llamas were **gnawing** in every direction, calm and happy like a fuzzy lawnmower nobody had signed up for.

'Okay,' Skel said with a **resigned** sigh, 'that is a lot of llamas.'

Zom had **designed** a plan. He grabbed some leads, looped them around three llamas, and started walking. 'Where the herd leader goes, the rest will follow,' he said, cool as anything.

And it worked. One by one, the llamas fell in line behind him 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, watching the water ripple. No stomping. No chewing. No llama music. Just peace.

'It won't last,' he muttered. A frog croaked. 'See?' said Skel. 'Even the frog knows it's a bad **sign.'**

It did not last.

The very next day, they were back. All of them. Plus new ones Skel had never seen before. They poured onto the grass like a woolly flood, pushing and shoving and honking with joy.

The farm was their favourite place in the whole world. And llamas do not forget their favourite place. All the **signs** said so.

'That's it!' Skel roared. He marched into the herd with arms up, waving like a windmill. 'I am a skeleton! Fear me!'

The llamas stared. Then they started **gnashing** their teeth. Then the first one spat. Then the rest joined in. Green, stinky spit hit him right in the face. He slipped, wobbled, and sat down in a puddle of goo.

Zom found him a bit later. 'Skel? Is that you under all that... green?'

'Don't,' said Skel with a **resigned** groan. 'You tried to scare them, didn't you?' asked Zom. 'I said don't,' Skel told him.

Zom bit his lip. It did not stop the laugh. 'Come on,' he said. 'You smell like a llama's mouth.'

Inside, Zom mixed a warm potion and dabbed the green gunk off Skel's bones.

'We can't scare them away,' said Zom. 'We can't lead them away. They just come back.' 'So what do we do?' asked Skel.

Zom held up the vial and smiled a slow, clever smile. 'We **design** a plan to make them useful.' Skel leaned in. 'I'm listening.'

GN

# Llama Drama

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. What is shaking the walls of Skel's farmhouse in the middle of the night? When he stomps outside, he finds three llamas prancing on the grass - and by morning, there are forty-seven more! They are gnawing the crops, gnashing their teeth, and spitting sticky green goo. Can Skel and Zom ever get rid of this woolly, wobbling herd? This decodable reader practises the gn phonogram in words like 'gnashing,' 'gnawed,' 'resigned,' and 'designed.'

**Reading Skills:** <gn>

design, designed, gnashing, gnawed, gnawing, resigned, sign, signs

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