PHANTOMS
An Unofficial Minecraft Book

Skel had a list of chores longer than his arm. He started before dawn and had not stopped once. Chop the wood. Plant the seeds. Water the wheat. Pull the weeds. He swung his hoe so fast the dirt flew up in clouds.

'No time for **leisure!'** Skel called out to nobody at all. 'Too much work to do. Busy, busy, busy!'

The sun dipped low in the sky. Pink turned to purple, and purple turned to dark. Skel looked over at his bench. His lovely, comfy bench. He could sit right down. He could shut his eyes. He could rest his tired old bones for once.

'Nah,' said Skel. 'Rest is for the boring. That is not my **usual** style at all.'

'Skel,' Jack said, his pumpkin head glowing with worry. 'When did you last sleep?'

Skel counted on his fingers. He ran out of fingers. He started on his toes.

'You must rest,' Jack told him. 'You know what happens when you don't sleep.' Zom nodded hard. 'Pffft,' said Skel. 'My **decision** is made. I don't need it.'

'I don't need sleep,' Skel said. 'What I really need is adventure!'

He grabbed his bow and slung his arrows over his shoulder. Then he marched right out the door with his chin held high. Bones trotted beside him, tail wagging fast.

'We'll be back by morning,' Skel called over his shoulder. 'And we'll bring back **treasure!'**

They hunted through the hills. They hunted past the river. They hunted under stars so bright they looked close enough to grab.

Bones's belly growled. Skel's belly growled even louder.

'No stopping now,' Skel said. 'Not for lunch. Not for dinner. Not even for a tiny midnight snack. This is no **occasion** for resting. We are on a roll!'

And what a roll it was. A small pile of gold ingots and shiny gems rested at Skel's feet. A modest **treasure,** but a **treasure** all the same.

But Skel's bow hung heavy in his hand. His knees wobbled. His eye sockets drooped low. Beside him, Bones collapsed in a spent heap.

'I'm not tired,' Skel said, yawning so wide his jaw nearly fell off. 'I'm just... resting my face for a little moment.'

Then Skel heard it. A sound like bedsheets snapping in a big storm.

Skel looked up slowly. Two glowing green eyes stared down at him from the dark sky. The **vision** made his bones rattle.

A phantom! Phantoms only come for those who will not sleep. And this one looked hungry. Very, very hungry indeed.

'Run!' Skel yelled, which was funny because he was already running as fast as his bones could go.

Bones shot past him like a dark furry rocket. More phantoms poured out of the clouds, diving and screeching. An **invasion** of wings sliced through the air.

Skel could see his front door. Almost there. Almost there. Just a few more steps!

Clang! Zom's green sword smashed into a phantom. Thwack! Jack swung his iron blade and sent another one spinning off into the dark.

'Go!' Jack yelled at Skel. 'Get inside right now!'

For once in his whole life, Skel made a quick **decision.** He did exactly what he was told to do.

Skel dropped his bow by the wall. He put his gold in the chest. He didn't count it. He didn't sort it. He didn't even peek inside.

He flopped onto his bed, pulled the blanket up to his chin, and smiled a big wide smile.

'You know what?' Skel whispered softly. 'Rest is my new favourite **pleasure.'**

SI

Phantoms

Skel has a list of chores longer than his arm, and he's far too busy for rest. But when night falls and glowing green eyes appear in the sky, can a tired skeleton outrun a hungry phantom? Will Bones and Jack reach him in time, or has Skel's no-sleep adventure finally gone too far? This decodable reader practises si making /zh/ in words such as 'treasure,' 'decision,' 'vision,' and 'pleasure.'

Reading Skills: <si>

decision, invasion, leisure, occasion, pleasure, treasure, usual, vision

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