

Fig Pig

and the

Dark Cave



Fig Pig stopped so fast his glasses slid all the way down to the tip of his snout. There, at the back of the dark cave, stood an Enderman. 'An Enderman!' he yelled, pointing into the dark. 'Right there! See it? The tall, creepy one with the glowing eyes!' The boy took one step back. Fig Pig took one step **closer**. It was **truly amazing** how brave Fig Pig looked, even with his legs **shaking**.





That night, Fig Pig got a sound from outside. He went out to check. And there it was. An Enderman, standing behind the house like a shadow that forgot to leave. Fig Pig stepped softly around to the back. A strange blue beam of light shot up into the sky. The Enderman's glowing purple eyes burned in the dark. Fig Pig stood very still on the grass, **gazing** up at the tall, dark shape. 'Why is it so mad?' Fig Pig whispered. He wanted to look away. He really, **truly** did. But Fig Pig was not very good at looking away from things. Not even a little bit.

'I do not get it,' said Fig Pig the next morning. 'Why does the Enderman take blocks? Where does it take them? What is the point?' The boy shrugged. Fig Pig **hated** shrugs. Shrugs were not answers. 'Right,' said Fig Pig, marching up to the cave. He did not stop. He did not look back. 'We are going in.' 'We?' said the boy. 'We,' said Fig Pig.





The Enderman was even taller up close. Way, way taller than tall. Fig Pig's knees were **shaking**, but that was just the cold. 'Don't look at its eyes,' the boy whispered from behind a rock. Fig Pig **braved** one step **closer**. He had never been so close to such a huge beast. He turned to the side, **gazed** down at the ground, and spoke. 'So. Why so mad, big pal?'

The Enderman did not answer. It did not even blink. Its eyes glowed purple in the dark cave. It just reached down, picked up a big block like it was nothing, and tucked it under one long arm. Then, with a whoosh, it was gone, **taking** the block into the dark. Fig Pig blinked at the empty space it had left behind. 'Stop!' Fig Pig shouted. 'I was still talking!'





But then Fig Pig got very quiet. There, in the shadows, stood the Enderman again, holding a block. It held the block so close. Not like a **taker**. Like a kid with a best-loved toy. 'Oh,' Fig Pig said softly. 'Oh, oh, oh.' He looked at the boy. His eyes were wide. 'The Enderman is not bad,' he said. 'It wants to build. It wants to build with blocks, just like us. But nobody ever let it join in.'

And then Fig Pig understood the rest. Long ago, a **raging** dragon came to the End. A real dragon with vast black wings and big, burning eyes. It smashed all that the Enderman had ever **lived** in or **loved**. Every block. Every wall. Every home it had ever **named**. The Enderman screamed. And it never, ever stopped being **scared**.





Fig Pig came back home. He put his snout up against the fence and watched the **lonely** Enderman standing on the path. Purple sparks flickered around it like tiny broken stars. The Enderman had been out there all along, **hiding, hoping** Fig Pig might see past the screaming. Fig Pig gave a sad little oink. 'The Enderman is **scared,**' Fig Pig said softly. '**Scared,** just like me the night it screamed outside my home. It is not screaming because it is mad at us. It is screaming because it is **hoping** to be let in.'



Fig Pig and the Dark Cave

Fig Pig spots something tall and glowing-eyed at the back of a dark cave, and even with his legs shaking, he steps closer instead of back. Night after night the strange visitor keeps appearing, gazing at him from the shadows, until Fig Pig starts to wonder if it wants something more than blocks. Why does it only come out when everyone else has turned away? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 109: Drop -e Rule), this book practices words like 'closer', 'shaking', 'gazing', 'hated', 'amazing'.

Phonics Focus: Drop -e Rule

amazing, braved, closer, gazed, gazing, hated, hiding, hoping, lived, lonely, loved, named, raging, scared, shaking, taker, taking, truly

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