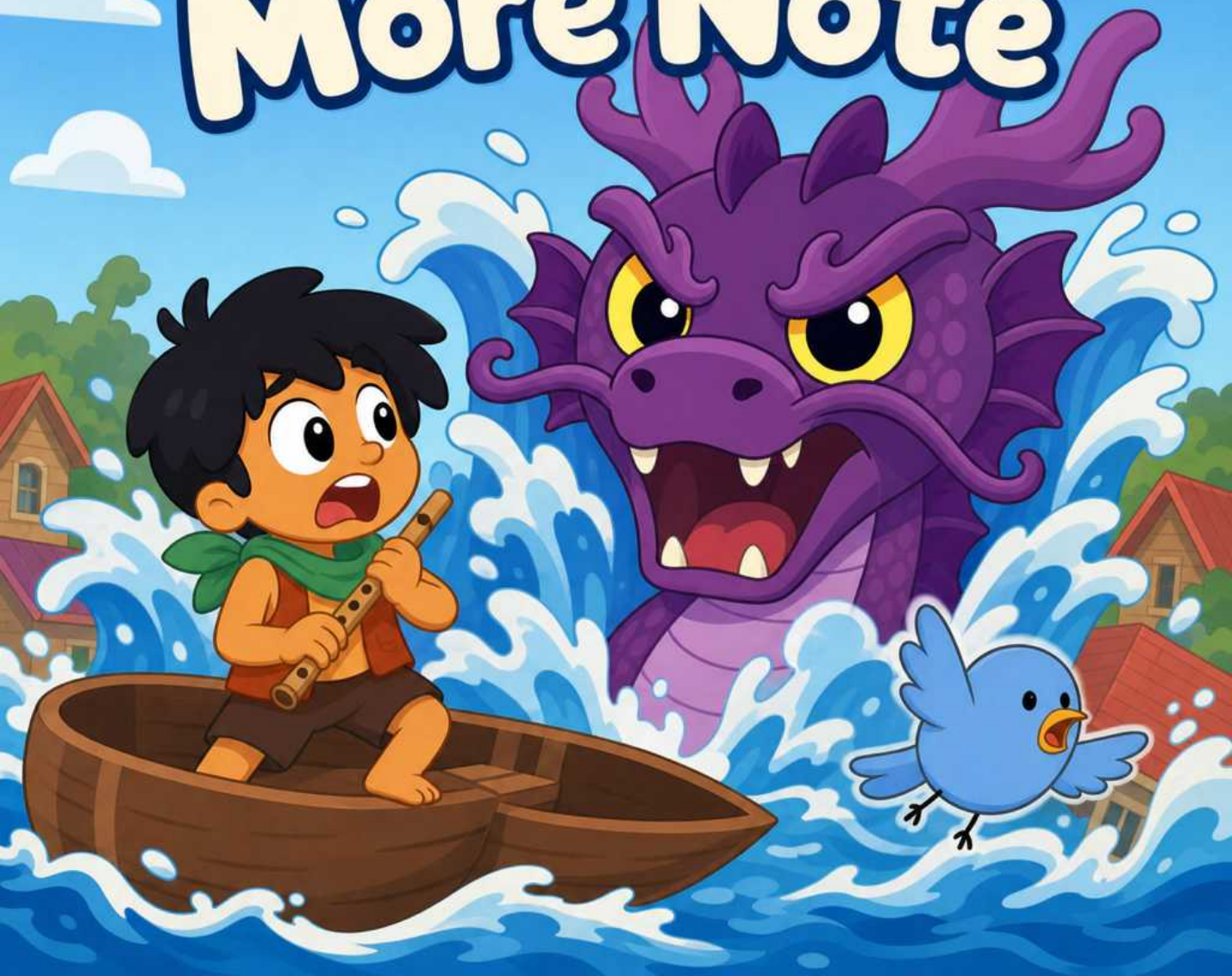


Just One More Note





Bam sat under the old beach shelter, playing his flute in the afternoon heat. The notes drifted out across the sand, slow and soft and sweet. Too soft. His friend leaned against him, fast asleep. The girl with the pet sat by him, smiling a sleepy smile. Even Bird was wobbling in the sky above them. 'My tune is so good,' Bam whispered, 'it could make the sea still.' He looked at the glassy water. Then he **replayed** it, a little louder. Just to see.

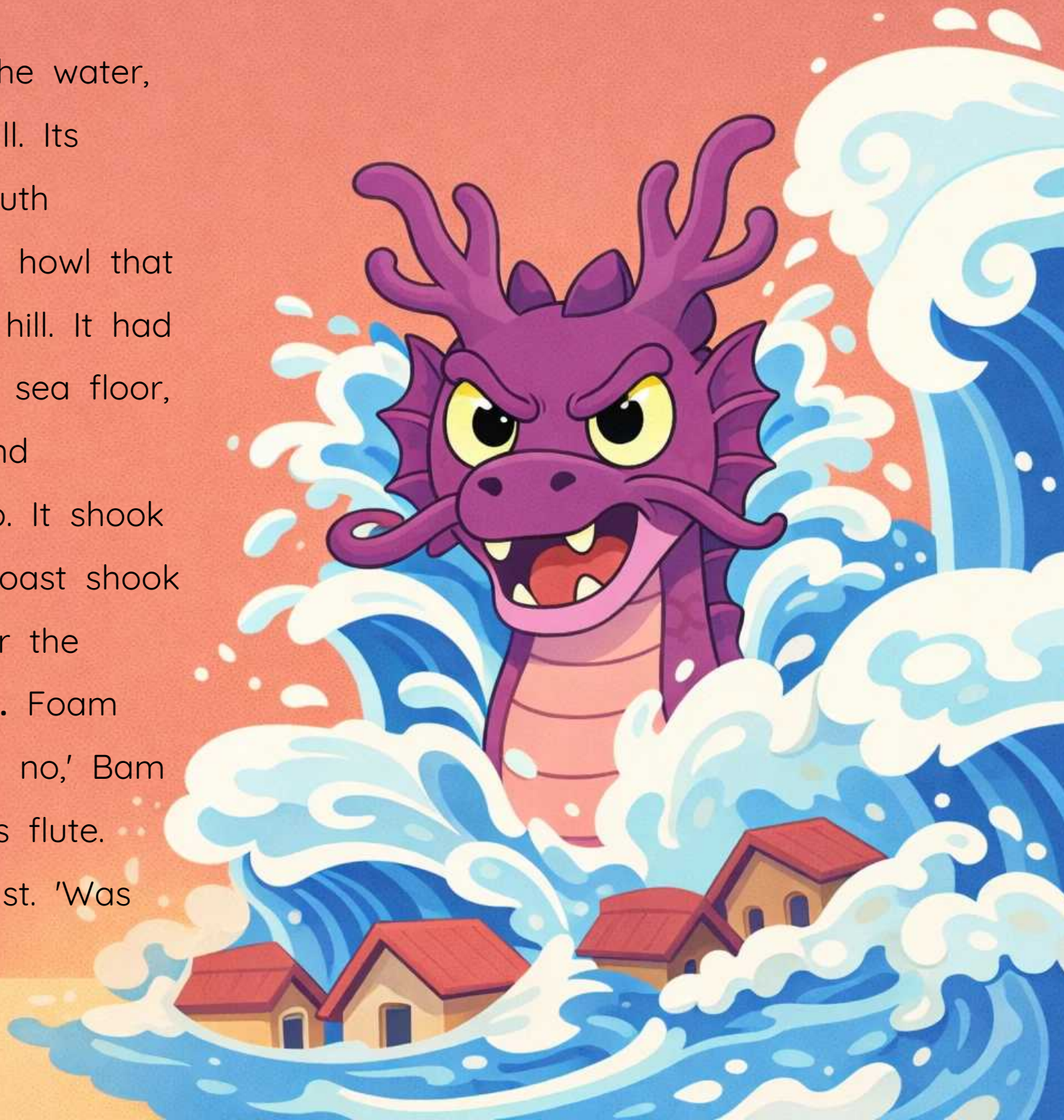
The ground rumbled and did not stop. The beams above his head groaned and cracked, and bits of grit and dust rained down on his head and neck. The shelter shook so hard the planks rattled like teeth. 'What is happening?' Bam yelled, and his flute fell from his hands. The other kids held each other, eyes wide and full of shock. Something deep under the bay had **reacted** to the tune. Something big. Something that was not going to stay still.





A tail blasted up from the sea. Purple scales with red at the edges, curling high above the waves. Water sprayed high into the sky. 'A sea beast!' Bam shouted. He was not scared. He was thrilled. 'A true sea beast! I did think they were only in stories!' Bird swooped in close, too close, almost brushing the bright red scales. The tail flicked, and Bird tumbled and spun like a small blue ball. 'Bird, no!' Bam yelled. But Bird just tweeted and flew back to **repeat** the trick.

The sea beast rose from the water, and it was not happy at all. Its golden eyes blazed. Its mouth opened wide and let out a howl that flattened the grass on the hill. It had been sleeping deep on the sea floor, dreaming beast dreams. And something had woken it up. It shook its horned head, and the coast shook with it. Waves crashed over the village and did not **retreat**. Foam turned the shore white. 'Oh no,' Bam whispered. He looked at his flute. Then he looked at the beast. 'Was that me?'





The beast thrashed closer, and the sky turned an odd, glowing peach. Bam felt his hands shaking. But he picked up his flute. 'I did not plan for this,' he said softly. 'But if my tune woke it, then maybe my tune can put it back to sleep.' He took a deep breath and **restarted** his tune. Not loud. Not showing off. Just one clean, soft note, then another, then another. Those huge golden eyes locked on Bam. Bird sped right past its wide red throat, and the beast did not even flinch.

The beast slowed. Its eyes drooped shut. The foam dried on the sand. The waves **retreated**. The bay went still and glassy, like hands had smoothed it flat. Bam kept playing, soft and steady, and the big sea beast began to sway. Side to side, side to side, like a baby in a cradle. Bird landed on its horn and gave one small, sweet tweet. The beast lay still. It sank slowly back beneath the waves. Down, down, down. Back to sleep.





The beach was a mess. Planks lay all over the sand, boats were on their sides, and fish flopped in spots where fish should not be. Bam heaved up a big beam. 'All right, team. Time to fix what I broke!' The team spread out, dragging wood, pushing boats, and hammering planks. Bam **prechecked** each plank before he stacked it. Bird swooped overhead, tweeting happy orders that nobody followed. 'When we are done,' Bam called out, 'we feast on bread!' 'Bam,' said the girl with the pet, 'never, ever play that flute by the sea again.' Bam smiled. 'We shall see.'



Just One More Note

Bam's flute music is so soft it almost lulls his whole beach town to sleep, so he plays just a little louder to see what happens. The ground rumbles, dust rains down, and something enormous stirs beneath the bay. What has Bam's music woken up? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 104: pre-, re-), this book practices words like 'reacted', 'repeat', 'restarted', 'retreated'.

Phonics Focus: pre-, re-

prechecked, reacted, repeat, replayed, restarted, retreat, retreated

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