

What Woke Beneath the Bay?





It is a hot, **peaceful** afternoon. Bam sits in the shade and plays his flute. The tune drifts across the sand, sweet and slow and soft. Too soft. His pal leans on him, asleep. The girl with the pet is sleepy too. Even Bird bobs in the sky. 'My tune is so sweet,' says Bam, 'it can calm all the sea.' He plays a loud note. Just to see.

The land quakes. The beams up high groan. Dust rains down on Bam. He **winces**. The planks shake, and the roof creaks and cracks. 'What is that?' Bam screams. He drops his flute. The pals grab on to Bam, in shock. A thing beneath the bay is waking up. A big, big thing.



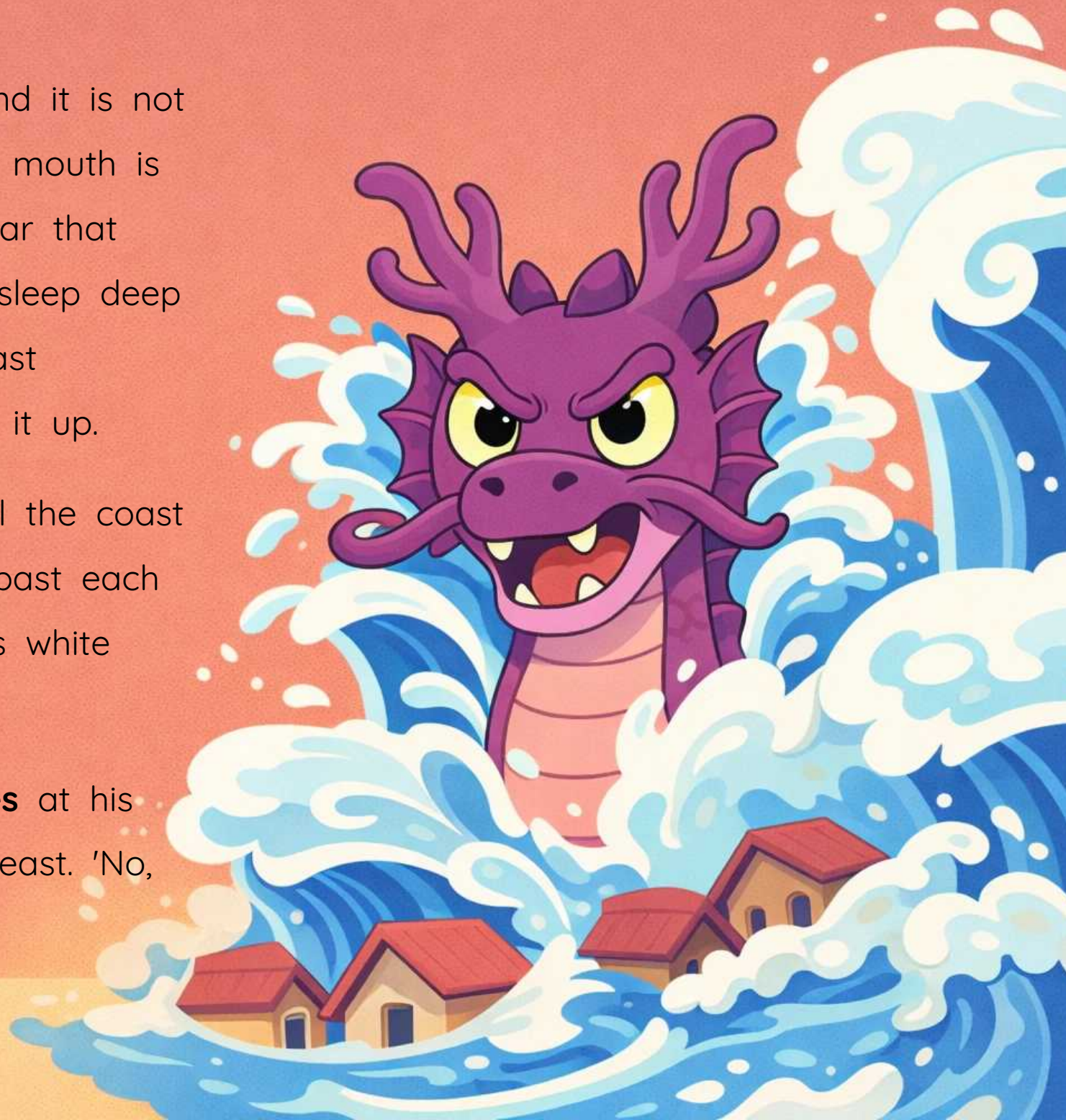


A tail smashes up from the sea. Dark scales, red as fire at the tips, curling high in the sky. Spray splashes down like rain. 'A sea beast!' Bam shouts. He is not upset. He is **excited**. 'A real sea beast, just like in the old tales!' Bird zooms in and **circles** the red tail. The tail swings, and Bird **bounces** across the sky. 'Bird, no!' Bam yells. But Bird just tweets and **circles** back for more.

The sea beast rises up, and it is not happy. Its gaze blazes. Its mouth is wide, and out comes a roar that shakes the hill. It likes to sleep deep down and dream **nice** beast dreams. But a thing woke it up.

It shakes its horns, and all the coast shakes too. Waves crash past each home, and the shore turns white with foam.

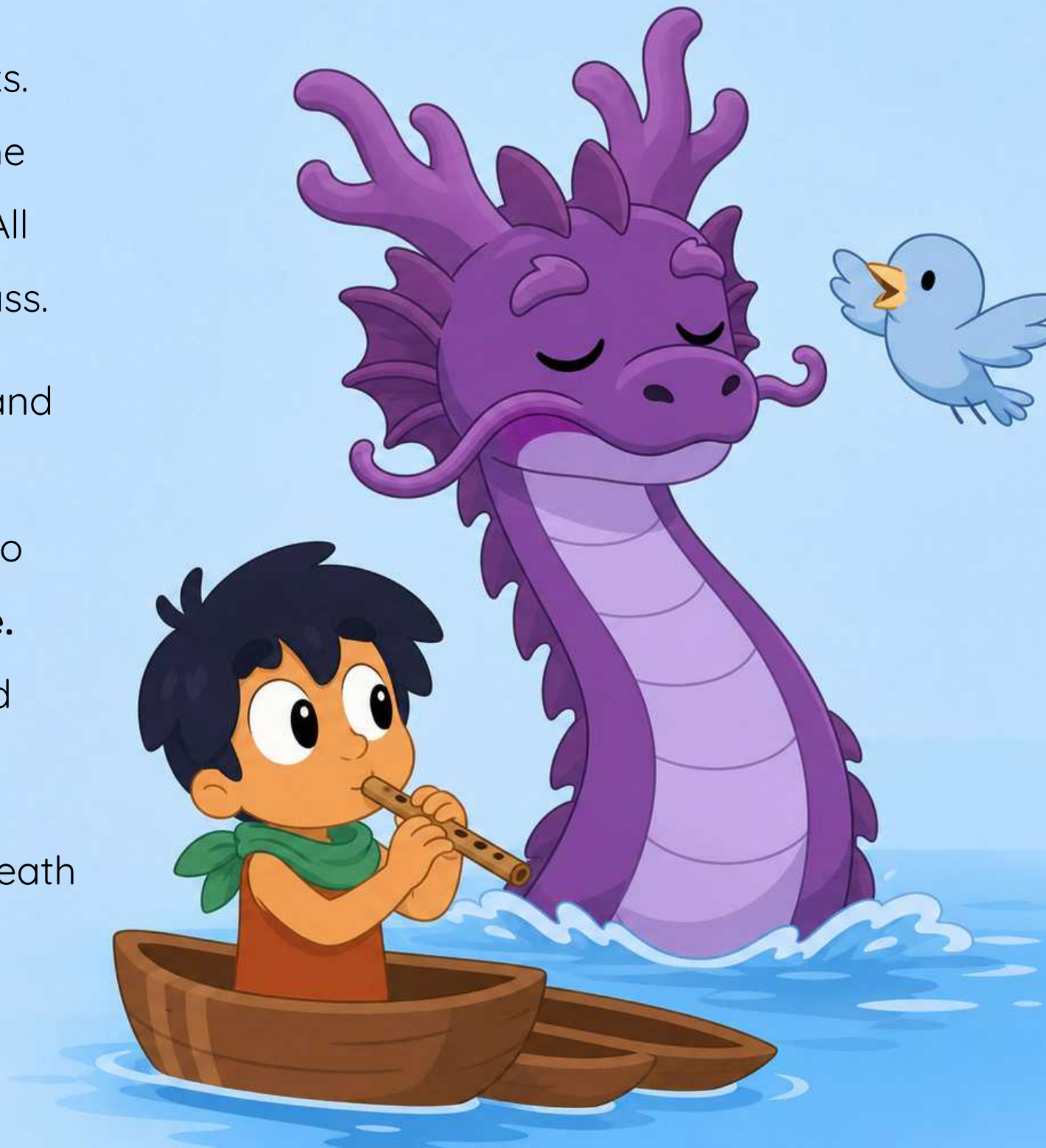
'No,' Bam says. He **glances** at his flute. He **glances** at the beast. 'No, no. Was that me?'





The beast swims right at Bam, and the sky glows peach. Bam's hands shake. But he lifts his flute. 'If my tune woke the beast up,' he says, 'then my tune may send it back to sleep.' He plays. Not loud this time. Not big and **fancy**. Just one clean, sweet note, then one more, then one more. The beast gazes at Bam, as if in a **trance**. Bird zooms right past its vast red neck, and the beast does not even blink.

The beast slows and blinks.
The waves calm down. The
foam dries on the sand. All
the bay turns still, like glass.
Bam keeps playing, soft and
slow, and the great beast
sways. Side to side, side to
side, a slow, sleepy **dance**.
Bird lands on its horn and
gives one wee, soft tweet.
The beast sinks back beneath
the waves. Down, down,
down. Back to sleep.





The beach is a mess. Planks, flipped boats, and fish in spots fish must not be. Bam lifts a beam. 'Team,' he calls, 'we must fix this mess.' The pals lug wood, drag boats, hammer and stack. Bird keeps **circling**, tweeting and tweeting. No one **notices**. 'When we finish, we feast on cake!' calls Bam. 'And no more flute by the sea, Bam,' says the girl with the pet. Bam grins. 'We shall see.'



What Woke Beneath the Bay?

Bam's flute music is so soothing it puts everyone around him to sleep, so he plays one loud note just to see how powerful it really is. The ground shakes, dust rains down, and something enormous begins to stir beneath the bay. When a huge sea beast bursts from the waves, could Bam's own music be the reason it woke up? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 2: soft c as in city), this book practices words like 'circles', 'glances', 'bounces', 'excited', 'notices'.

Phonics Focus: <soft> <c>

bounces, circles, circling, dance, excited, fancy, glances, nice, notices,
peaceful, trance, winces

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