

Where Are All the Villagers?





I am a very brave quester. I roam in dark caves. I cross rivers at night. No monster can stop me.

So when I come to a town under the full moon, I march in. Lanterns glow by each hut, and little green lights line the street. But each hut is dark inside. **Strange.**

'Who is here?' I call. No reply. Not one.

Each town has a **giant**. A **huge** keeper that keeps the town safe. I meet this one in the street, and my chest sinks. It has cracks all down its body. Vines creep up its legs, like the trees will take it back. Its gaze is dark. This **giant** is from a past **age**. 'I am brave,' I say. A little too loud.





A thing slips by the huts. A cat! Just a cat, coming to me. But this cat is **strange**. Its body is like frozen mist. A chill creeps down my back. '**Gee,**' I say. 'A ghost cat. That is fine. Very fine. I am still a very brave quester.'

I check each hut in town.
I peek under benches
and inside chests. Not
one man. Not one kid.
No one at all. Torches
still glow on the walls.
Flowers still bloom in
boxes by the huts. Did
they all just run away? Is
this some **strange magic**?
Where did they all go?





Rain rushes down, and the sky turns black. The storm **rages**. Then a **huge** serpent rises up by a hut, tall as a tree, with a grim green glow on its face. It is **larger** than any beast in this land. Much **larger** than I like. 'Still brave,' I say. But my legs step back and back on their own.

I slip past the serpent, and then I stop. A Zombie **Villager** stands on the path. Its red gaze glows in the rain as it comes at me with its arms out.

But I am still a very brave quester. A **surge** of **energy** runs up my arms. I pull out my bow and take aim.

'Step back, pal,' I yell. 'This is a very bad day for a zombie.'





One shot. The zombie drops. I jump and punch the sky.

'Ha! The very brave quester strikes!'

Then a thing rises out of the body. A ghost! A Ghost **Villager** floats up by the hut and gazes at me with a green glow of **rage**. 'Come on!' I yell. 'It will not stay down!'

I spin and stand stiff.
Ghost **Villagers!** A **huge**
crowd in the white flowers,
all with stern faces. Now I
know. They did not run
away. They are all ghosts
now. Ghost Cat sits at my
feet and gazes up at me,
like I am not so wise. I
have a **huge urge** to run.
'The very brave quester in
all the land,' I say, 'runs!'





SOFT G

Where Are All the Villagers?

A brave quester marches into a village lit by lanterns but empty inside, and finds a cracked stone giant guarding streets where no one answers. A ghost cat, a raging serpent, and a stumbling zombie villager block every path forward, but where did all the villagers really go? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 3: soft g as in giant), this book practices words like 'huge', 'strange', 'giant', 'villager', 'urge'.

Phonics Focus: <soft> <g>

age, energy, gee, giant, huge, large, larger, magic, rage, rages, strange, surge, urge, villager, villagers

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