

AN UNOFFICIAL MINECRAFT SERIES

**FIG PIG
AND
FRIENDS**

Where Is That Smell?



The nose on Tip woke up before the rest of her.

Something was different. It smelled cold and clean and wild outside, like the sky had been washed in the night. She had never smelled such a thing. She jumped out of bed, pressed her nose flat against the window, and gasped. The world outside looked **refreshed**.

White flakes were falling from the sky. So many of them. 'Snow!' Tip whispered. Then louder: 'Snow!' She had to tell the others. Right now. Before another single flake hit the ground.





Tip found Brat Cat curled up by the lantern, purring softly in a perfect little ball. 'Wake up, wake up, wake up!' Tip bounced on the spot. 'The sky is doing something! Outside smells so different! Something **remade** the world in the night!' Brat Cat opened one eye. Then closed it. 'Tip. It is dark outside. Dark means sleeping. Sleeping means not bouncing.' 'But something is falling from the sky!' Brat Cat let out a long, slow sigh. 'Fine. But if this is about a cloud again, I am going back to bed.'

They went outside and the world had turned white.

Snow on every rooftop. Snow on every branch. Snow falling soft and thick, landing right on the tips of their noses. The world looked **reborn** under all that white. Fig Pig was already there, his grin so wide his cheeks were gone. 'Lights!' he said, pointing at the glowing house. 'We need lights, a tree, all of it!'

But Tip did not stop. She ran into the snow at full speed, sending up a spray of white powder that hit Brat Cat in the face. 'This is the best smell I have ever smelled!' Tip yelled.





Tip got to work. She rolled one snowball, then a bigger one, then an even bigger one, and stacked them into a snowman. The head slid left. Tip **reset** it. It slid some more. 'So perfect,' she told it firmly. Then her nose twitched. Under the cold, clean smell of snow, something new drifted past. Something sweet. Something baking, like candy. Tip sniffed once. Twice. Three times. Where was that coming from? Behind her, Brat Cat and Fig Pig worked on the glowing lights. Brat Cat had a secret little smile on her face.

Fig Pig stood under the big tree, now strung with lights. Pink, blue, purple, and green, all glowing against the falling snow. 'Brat Cat put me in charge of the lights,' Fig Pig announced proudly. 'What do you think?' 'So bright,' said Brat Cat, smiling. Then she glanced at the snowman and snorted. 'The head has fallen sideways. **Remake** the head, Tip! It looks like a little troll now.' 'No!' said Tip. But that sweet smell drifted past again, stronger each time. Her nose was shaking. 'Can you two smell that? Something sweet. Something close. Something so, so good.'





Tip lifted her nose and sniffed the cold winter wind. There it was again. Sweet and good. Something baking, just past the cabin, out in the snow. Tip could not **recall** a smell this good. Her tummy rumbled so loud that Fig Pig jumped. 'There!' Tip pointed at the hills. 'It is coming from over there. I can smell it!' 'Tip, wait,' Brat Cat called. But there was something funny in her voice. Not a sad sound. More like she was trying very hard not to grin.

Tip did not wait. She never waited when her nose was onto something. She scrambled down the snowy hill, paws crunching the powder, following that sweet trail. And at the bottom, glowing soft and golden, sat the wildest thing she had ever seen. A gingerbread house. A real one. With icing on the roof and candy along the walls and a little note above the door. Her mouth fell open. She sniffed and **rechecked**. It was all real, right there in the snow. She looked back up the hill where Brat Cat and Fig Pig were watching. Brat Cat had a grin. Not a small one. A big, wide grin.





Tip ran back up the hill. Brat Cat spread her arms wide and pulled Tip and Fig Pig into a hug so tight they squeaked. 'I made it,' she said, flashing the widest grin Tip had ever seen. 'While you two were stacking snowballs and hanging lights, I was baking the best Christmas surprise of all. Merry Christmas!' 'You made that?' Tip stared. 'But you said dark means sleeping!' Brat Cat just smiled. 'I had to get you out of bed. I needed time to **recheck** the icing.' Tip stood in the soft glow of the lights. That gingerbread house was the best thing she had ever, ever smelled.



Where Is That Smell?

Tip's nose knows something is different the moment she wakes up: the air smells cold, clean, and wild, and snow is falling for the very first time she's ever seen. While Brat Cat and Fig Pig fuss over Christmas lights, a new smell drifts by, sweet and warm and impossible to ignore. What could possibly smell that good, hiding somewhere out in the snow? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 104: pre-, re-), this book practices words like 'reborn', 'recall', 'reset', 'rechecked'.

Phonics Focus: pre-, re-

reborn, recall, recheck, rechecked, refreshed, remade, remake, reset

Bookbot is not endorsed by or affiliated with UFLI (the University of Florida Literacy Institute) or Jolly Learning Ltd. UFLI Foundations and Jolly Phonics are trademarks of their respective owners.

Learn to read with confidence

The Bookbot app and its carefully designed decodable books help children practise the sounds and words they are learning, building strong phonics and reading skills one step at a time. In the app, children can listen to stories read aloud, follow highlighted words as they are spoken, and read independently when they are ready. Together, the decodable books and oral reading support help develop accuracy, fluency, confidence and a love of reading. Learn more at www.bookbotkids.com.

