

ZOM'S MILK BAR



An Unofficial Minecraft Book

Zom had a plan. Not a small plan. Not a mid-size plan. A big plan that would **suit** him just fine. 'I am going to be rich,' Zom said, swinging his sword at a weed in the garden. 'All I need is cows. Lots and lots of cows.' He grinned at his little garden and got right to work.





And just like that, Zom went out and **recruited** his cows. Lots of cows. Brown ones. White ones. Even a shiny pink one. He built a wooden counter, put up a big sign, and stepped back to admire his work. The cows mooed softly from the pen. Zom puffed out his chest with pride. 'Welcome,' he said to nobody at all, 'welcome to Zom's Milk Bar.'

Running a milk bar meant getting up early. Very early. The early hours did not **suit** Zom one bit, but up he got. The birds were singing. The sun was barely up. And Zom was already out there with his bucket, milking the cows one by one. 'This is the hard part,' Zom yawned as he worked. 'But the smart part is coming soon.'





See, Zom had figured out something big. Something nobody else had ever thought of. Brown cows. White cows. Pink cows. Each cow looked a bit different. So why should the milk all taste the same?

'It shouldn't,' said Zom, lining up his secret flavours and **fruits** on the table. 'And from this day on, it will not.' The cows blinked at him. Zom just winked right back.

First up, the brown cow.
Zom crumbled a thick block
of chocolate into the bucket
of milk and gave it a good
stir. The smell hit him like a
warm hug.

'Ohhhh,' Zom whispered,
leaning in close over the
bucket. 'Brown cow, brown
chocolate. It **suits** her just
right.' He gave a proud little
nod.





Next up, the white cows. Zom poured a golden, **fluid** stream of vanilla into the bucket and gave it a slow, careful stir. The whole milk bar filled with a smell so sweet that even the cows turned their heads to sniff.

'Vanilla milk,' Zom said with a big grin. 'White cow, white vanilla. I really am a genius.' He gave the bucket one more stir for good measure.

Then Zom spotted her. The pink cow. Someone had splashed pink dye all over her, and Zom's eyes went wide.

'Pink cow means strawberry milk!' he yelled, jumping up and down. He grabbed his bucket and got straight to work. He mashed up the **juicy** pink **fruit** and stirred it right in. The milk turned the most perfect shade of pink. Zom held the bucket up high like a trophy and grinned.





Word got out fast. Three villagers came running up in **pursuit** of the smell, sniffing the air and nudging each other forward in a line.

'Is that chocolate?' said the first villager. 'I smell vanilla!' said the second. 'Is that strawberry I smell?' said the third, with wide eyes.

Zom rubbed his hands together and smiled a sneaky little smile. 'Step right up, folks,' he said. 'But wait till you see what else I have.'

'Presenting,' Zom said with pride, 'my newest creation.' He slid a bucket of lumpy, green-brown **fluid** across the wooden counter. 'Mushroom milk,' he said. 'From the mushroom cow.'

The first villager leaned in close. He sniffed once. And then his whole face crumpled up like a paper bag. 'Blaaaaargh!' he howled, stumbling back from the bucket.





The villagers were gone. All of them ran down the path, arms flapping and noses pinched shut.

Zom stood alone on the grass with his bucket of mushroom milk, which was not a **suitable** drink for guests. He looked down at it, then at the empty path, then back at the bucket in his hand.

'More for me,' said Zom, and took a sip. His face went green, well, greener than before.



Zom's Milk Bar

Zom has a BIG plan - he's going to be rich! All he needs is cows... lots and lots of cows. Brown ones make chocolate milk, white ones make vanilla, and that splashy pink one? Strawberry, obviously! But when three curious villagers come running in pursuit of the sweet smells, will Zom's sneakiest new flavour win them over, or send them sprinting down the path? This decodable reader practises the 'ui' phonogram in words like 'fruit,' 'juicy,' 'suit,' and 'recruited.'

Reading Skills: <ui>

fluid, fruit, fruits, juicy, pursuit, recruited, suit, suitable, suits

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