



Programming whiz Zhuri is getting ready for a coding competition with her new video game—**ZHURI'S WORLD**—when a mysterious bug brings the game's monster to life and kidnaps Zhuri's Uncle Mike. With the help of her friends, Zhuri must enter the game herself and fend off dangerous storms, boiling oceans, and fearsome creatures to save her uncle. Will she be able to fix the game, or is something more sinister behind the bug?

1 GAME ON, ZHURI: HOW TO DEFEAT A BLOB MONSTER

D. Zollicoffer + Andy Potts



HOW TO
DEFEAT A

BLOB MONSTER

ADVANCE
READING COPY



REYCRAFT
BOOKS

by D. Zollicoffer + illustrated by Andy Potts



HOW TO
DEFEAT A

BLOO

MONSTER

by D. Zollicoffer + illustrated by Andy Potts

ADVANCE READING COPY

CONTENTS

1	The Flying Controller	1
2	Beta Tester	4
3	Freeze!	10
4	This Can't Be Real	15
5	Wake Up!	19
6	spooky Island Vibes	22
7	sleeping Beast	28
8	School Bus Showdown	32
9	old Friends	39
10	Mirror Terror	43
11	Forever	51
12	Game Over	54
13	Dance Party	61
14	Into The Gaming World ...	68



THE FLYING CONTROLLER

I throw the controller. It bounces off my bed then **CRASHES** into a wall.

“I hate this game,” I scream real, real loud.

I’m in my bedroom with my two besties, Keyona and Eli. My avatar is on the TV, frozen in place with a goofy smile on her computer-generated face.

Before I threw the controller, we did everything to fix this stupid game. I checked my code at least a bajillion times. Eli reset the console until the reset button became wobbly. Heck, Keyona even prayed to the gaming gods. Some good all that did.

“I’m out of ideas,” Keyona says.

“Me too,” Eli says. “Let’s—”

My bedroom door **SWOOSHES** open.

Uncle Mike appears, his tall frame framed in the door frame.

“Where’d that noise come from?”

Oh no, that’s right! I threw my controller. Ugghh, why did I do that?

As if reading my mind, Uncle Mike’s eyes dart to the wall (there’s a tiny ding), then to the floor where my controller lie upside down. He crosses his arms and glares at me.

I’m. In. Trouble.



BETA TESTER

I mimic a pleading face emoji, pouty bottom lip, wide eyes, the works. Mama and Daddy are suckers for this look. But Uncle Mike is different. His frown only deepens. “Have you lost yo’ mind?”, he says. “You must have lost yo’ mind! Pick that controller up. Now!”

Eli springs to his feet. “Oh look, my mom’s calling.”

“Same,” Keyona says, also getting up.

“Guess it’s dinner time. Bye Zhuri!”

It’s 11:36 AM on a Saturday.

Sure, it’s dinner time somewhere. But not here.



They hustle to the door. Uncle Mike steps forward, his lanky body looming over them like a skyscraper. He takes Keyona's soccer ball and smiles. "Don't act like y'all don't see me here. Say, 'Bye Uncle Mike!'"

"Bye Uncle Mike!" they say with a giggle.

Hurried footsteps tippity-tap down the stairs, followed by a **SLAM** of the front door.

"That boy Eli loves them socks and sandals," Uncle Mike says, turning around.

Something—probably broken plastic—**RATTLES** inside my controller as I pick it up.