



A Phantom in the Dark



Dr. Can Do bangs in one last plank and steps back with a grand grin. 'Look at this!' he calls. 'The best windmill in all the land! It is **phenomenal!**'

Jill leans on her pick and frowns at the windmill. 'Dr. Can Do, we do not need a windmill. We have redstone power.' 'Need?' he gasps. 'No one needs the best thing, Jill. We do not make it as we must. We make it as we can!'

By sunset the tower is up.
But the sails are hard to
lift, and Dr. Can Do puffs
and grunts up on the
tower. '**Oomph!** Just one
last plank!' Jill holds up a
hot bowl. 'Stew! Come and
eat, Dr. Can Do. Finish the
sails in the morning.' Then
his belly groans, long and
loud. 'Fine,' he grunts.
'Morning it is.'





At bedtime, Dr. Can Do notes an odd sound outside. A low groan. Then a creak. He creeps into the yard, but all seems fine. The golem plods past on its night track. Thud, thud, thud. 'No **phantom** here,' says Dr. Can Do. 'Just the golem.' He shrugs and goes back to bed. But then, creak! There it is. That sound.

Morning comes, and it is **catastrophic**. Smashed sails. Split planks. Torn cloth. Bits here, bits there. 'No!' yells Dr. Can Do, flinging his arms wide. 'My windmill! My grand, grand windmill! Who wrecked it?' Jill crouches by a torn bit and turns it in her hands. 'A strong wind can rip a sail,' she says. 'Was it a storm?'





Dr. Can Do is **emphatic**.

'No! We do not get wind here. Redstone spins the sails, not wind!' Jill scans the land. The home is fine. The barn is fine.

The gates, the coop, all still stand. Just the windmill is wrecked.

'What an odd storm,' Jill says. 'It hit just the sails.'

Jill and Dr. Can Do mend the windmill all day. It is an **uphill** job. Each plank. Each bolt. Each scrap. By dusk, the windmill stands tall. Dr. Can Do looks up at it and frowns. He checks the sky. No clouds. No storm. No wind at all. 'Did I fail?' he asks. But no. Dr. Can Do does not fail. So what wrecked his windmill?





A howl! Dr. Can Do wakes up at night. Wind! A mad, howling wind! But this land gets no wind. No wind at all! He flings on his coat and dashes outside. A gust hits him with such **oomph** that he grips the porch. In the dark, the sails spin fast, then faster. They groan. They creak. They seem apt to split. 'No, no, no!' he yells into the wind. 'Not my windmill!'

Then Dr. Can Do sees him. A man in dark robes stands under the tower, arms up high. The man's arms sink down. The wind ends. The sails creak to a stop. And the man turns to Dr. Can Do with a sly, **phony** smile. 'I like this windmill,' the man says. 'It is fun to spin.' 'The trickster!' Dr. Can Do yells. 'The man who wrecked my windmill! And now he is back to wreck it!'





A Phantom in the Dark

A phantom windmill wrecker strikes in the dead of night, tearing sails apart with no wind, no storm, and no explanation in sight. Dr Can Do rebuilds it, plank by plank, but something out there keeps coming back. Can he catch whoever, or whatever, is behind it? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 1: ph as in phone), this book practices words like 'phantom', 'oomph', 'emphatic', 'uphill' and 'phony'.

Phonics Focus: <ph>

catastrophic, emphatic, oomph, phantom, phenomenal, phony, uphill

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