Crack!
Got It!

Gran had a plan. 'Today,' she said, hooking the hose to the tank on the wall, 'we are going to make the best coconut bars in the whole world.' I jumped up and waved my arms. 'Yes! Let's go buy some!' Gran gave me a **wry** smile. 'Buy? Oh no, no, no. We start from scratch.'

'First, we grow them right!' Gran said. I ran through the garden, cheering the trees on. 'Grow up tall! Grow up huge! Grow coconuts the size of my head!' Gran held her water bottle and watched me **wriggle** from plant to plant. 'That's the spirit,' she said. I had no idea what I was in for.

Gran had built a lift. A real lift. Ropes and pulleys and a little wooden seat, all rigged to the biggest tree in the yard. She sat on it like a queen on a throne. 'Turn the wheel,' she called down.

I grabbed the wheel and cranked with all my might. My **wrists** ached. Gran rose up, up, up into the branches. 'Is this the hard part?' I puffed. Gran just laughed.

From high in the tree, Gran sent coconuts down a wooden slide. They bounced and thunked into the basket below. One. Two. Three. Four. Five! 'That's the lot!' Gran called through the leaves.

I looked at the fat pile. 'Now can we make the bars?' 'Oh, sweet child,' said Gran. 'We have not even started.' I was so **wrong** about this plan.

The husk was thick and tough. It did not want to come off. Gran grabbed her blade and got to work. I grinned and pulled at a piece with both hands. I **wrenched** it hard. Nothing. 'This coconut,' I said with a grin, 'does not want to be a bar.' 'Too bad for the coconut,' said Gran.

I tried to sneak off. Just for a tiny break. Just to sit in the shade for one minute. 'And where do you think you're going?' I froze.

Gran stood with one hand on her hip, her face **wrinkled** into a frown. 'We. Are. Not. Done.' I let out the biggest sigh of my life. But Gran was always right. That was the thing about Gran.

Gran lifted the blade high above her head. 'Ready?' she said. I held out the bowl. She swung it down. Crack! The coconut split in two and water burst out.

I dove, I stretched, my **wrists** shot out, and I caught every last drop. 'Got it!' I yelled. 'Not a drop, not a drip, not a leak!' Gran nodded like this was just what she expected. Because of course it was.

Now we had to scrape the meat out of the shell. Gran handed me a red crank tool. I cranked it hard. Nothing. I **wrestled** with it harder. My arms shook. My teeth hurt from gritting them.

'Is this the hard part?' I groaned. 'You keep asking that,' Gran said. She patted my back. 'The worst part is behind you.' I did not believe her. Not one bit.

Gran poured the coconut into a big bowl on the stove. She stirred and stirred and would not stop. Then something amazing happened. The sweetest, warmest smell filled the kitchen. It **wrapped** around my nose and my brain.

I closed my eyes and breathed in deep. 'Gran. Gran. Is that what I think it is?' 'That,' said Gran, 'is what all that hard work smells like.'

Gran tipped the coconut into the baking tin and smoothed it flat with a spoon. 'Let the bake begin,' she said.

I sat with my chin on my hands, legs **wriggly** with hope. I watched every piece go in. I was not going to miss this. Not after all that cranking and cracking and pulling. 'Gran,' I whispered. 'Are we nearly done?' Gran winked. 'Nearly.'

Out of the oven came golden chunks of coconut bar, all crunchy and warm and perfect. 'Now,' said Gran, sliding a tray across the table, 'fill those jars right to the brim.'

I packed them in tight, piece by piece, and pressed the lids on firm. One jar. Two jars. Three jars. 'Gran,' I said, **wringing** my hands. 'Are we done now?' Gran leaned close. She grinned. 'We are done.'

I grabbed a piece off the plate and held it up high. 'Got it!' I shouted, and bit down hard. It was crunchy. It was sweet. It was the best thing I had ever tasted.

Gran took a piece too. We stood there, munching and grinning, saying nothing at all. All those tries. All that cranking and cracking. All that 'we are not done.' It was all **wrapped** up in that taste. Totally worth it.

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Crack! Got It!

Gran says they're making the best coconut bars in the whole world - from scratch. But what does "from scratch" actually mean? Climbing trees? Cranking wheels until your wrists ache? Wrestling stubborn husks that refuse to budge? With every crack, thunk, and stir, the kitchen fills with the sweetest smell ever - but will Gran ever say the magic words: "We are done"? A decodable reader practicing the 'wr' sound in words like 'wrapped,' 'wrestled,' 'wriggle,' and 'wrists.'

Reading Skills: <wr>

wrapped, wrenched, wrestled, wriggle, wriggly, wringing, wrinkled, wrists, wrong, wry

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