

Dr Can Do's Big Plan





Jill plods in. Her kit is cracked, and she **winces** with each step. 'A spider den got me,' she says. 'I ate all my gold food just to stay safe.' Can Do checks the chest and hands her the last bit. Then they look at the empty chest. Gold food takes so long to grow. With no gold food, Jill's next trip can end in pain.

Can Do can fix this. He grabs his **pencil** and starts **tracing** lines, fast. 'Bone meal!' he says. 'Bone meal makes crops grow fast. And what makes bone meal? Cactus! Cactus in a bin, with red dust to power it. Boom! Bone meal forever!' He slaps the bench so hard the red dust jumps. 'I just need cactus. How hard can that be?'





Can Do stands at the town gate and looks far, far off. Past the green hills he can just see a thin yellow line. Sand! That is where cactus grows. He **decides** in a flash. 'I will go grab some cactus and be home by sundown,' he says. He packs no food. He packs no water. Just his tools and his plan. What a **nice** plan it is.

Jill's beast munches grass by the town gate. Can Do gets up on the seat, tips one way, grabs on, tips back, then sits up. 'A **cinch**,' he says, but no one is there to see it. The beast **glances** back at him, then plods on. 'We will be there by sundown, old chap. Grab a cactus, then home for a meal. This plan can not fail.'





The plan fails fast. The cactus is not little and **nice**. It is big! Thick green blocks rise up high, with sharp spikes as long as his hand. Even the beast **winces** and steps back. 'Well,' says Can Do, reaching out a hand. 'It can not be that sharp, can...' Ouch! He snaps his hand back. 'Yes. Yes it can.'

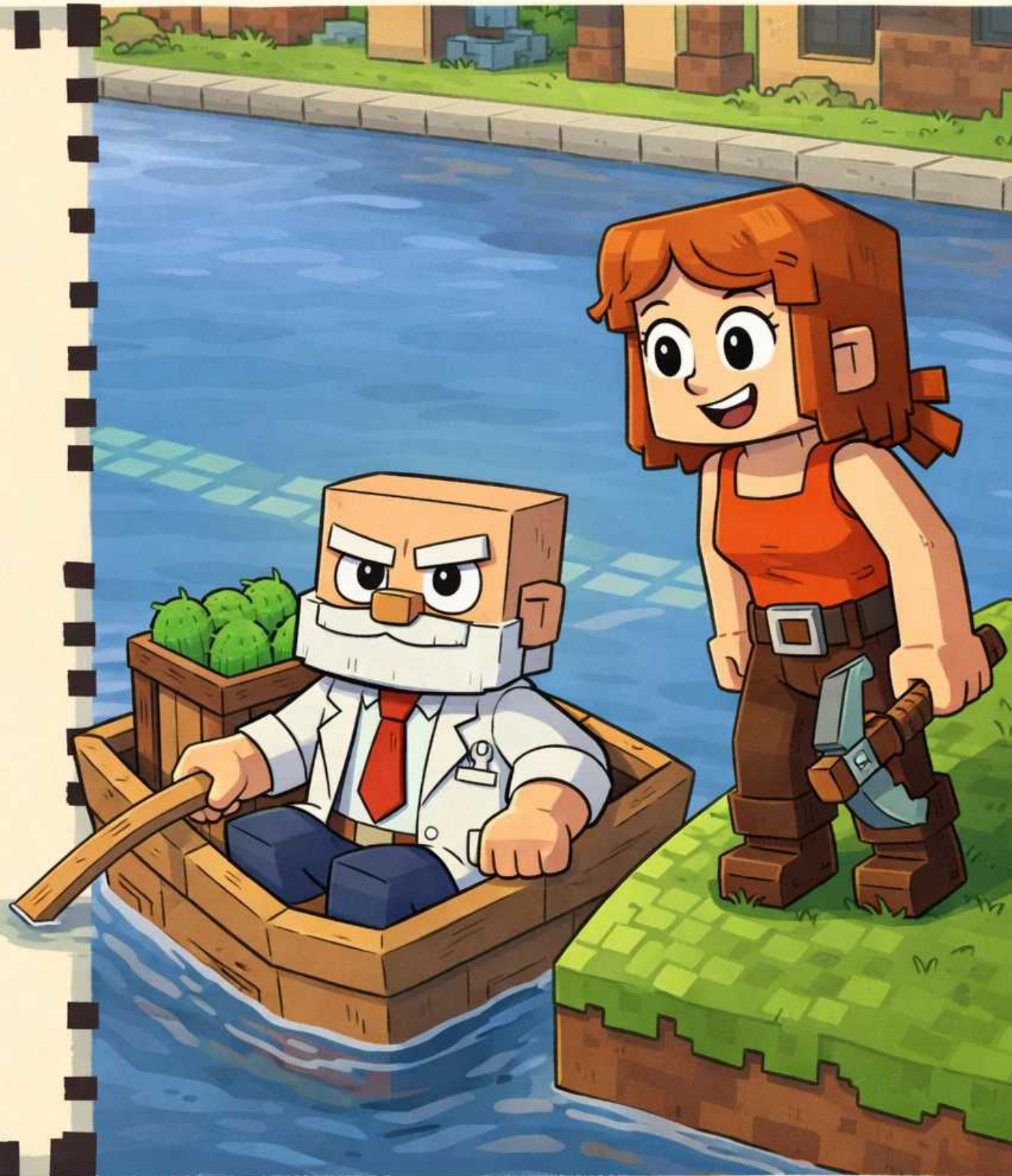
'A new plan,' says Can Do. He puts his lab coat on the cactus like a sheet and tugs. The spikes jab his hands. 'Ouch! Ouch, ouch, ouch!' His coat has holes. His hands sting. Think, Can Do, think! He grabs his dig tool and starts to dig a long, deep ditch in the sand. If he can not lift the cactus, he can float it home. He digs and digs. His hands hurt, but no **chance** he quits now.





He digs day after day. At last the ditch runs from the sand all the way home. He fills it with water and sets a boat in it, with a chest inside. He lines the chest up under the big cactus, lifts his hit tool, and swings. Chop! The cactus blocks drop into the chest. Not one bit lands on his hands. '**Nicely** cut, Can Do!' he yells. 'And not one more ouch!'

The little boat bobs down the ditch, with Can Do up top and a chest packed with cactus in the back. Jill is on the bank. 'Can Do!' she yells. 'A ditch all the way to the sand?' 'I had to,' says Can Do. 'I can not just drag it home, can I?' Jill **dances** with joy. 'Now we can float back sand, rocks, all the stuff we wish for! We will need more boats!'

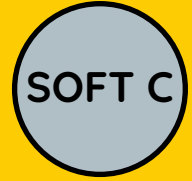




Back in the shop, Can Do fits the last bit onto his rig. Bins, red dust, all click into **place**. He flicks the switch. Cactus drops in at one end. Bone meal flows out the far end. The farm man **races** over, scoops up a pile, and dashes off to the crop land. 'It runs,' says Can Do. Then he yells it. 'It runs!' His hands are safe at last.

Jill munches fresh gold food from the new bone meal. Crunch! 'So **nice,**' she says. 'I **fancy** this a lot. Now I just need more gold to make more. Gold from deep down, where it is dark, and...' She **glances** at Can Do. He sits with his **pencil, tracing** new plans. 'Do not tell me,' says Jill. 'A new plan.' Can Do winks. 'How hard can it be?'





Dr Can Do's Big Plan

Dr Can Do never does things the easy way. When his best friend's supplies run dangerously low, he decides a quick trip for cactus is the answer, packing no food, no water and total confidence. But the cactus turns out far bigger and spikier than he imagined, so how will he ever get it home without a single ouch? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 2: soft c as in city), this book practices words like 'glances', 'pencil', 'tracing', 'winces', 'chance'.

Phonics Focus: <soft> <c>

chance, cinch, dances, decides, fancy, glances, nice, nicely, pencil, place, races, tracing, winces

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