AN UNOFFICIAL MINECRAFT SERIES
DR. CAN DO
WHO STOLE MY PUNCHLINE?

In Dr Can Do's part of the world, Christmas comes in summer, not winter. No snow. No cold winds. Just a blazing sun in a clear blue sky.

He stands on the sandy path outside his house, looking up at that hot sun and **laughing.** His **daughter** Jill always says a summer Christmas is nothing to fuss about. It's something to celebrate.

"Let's go for a swim!" Jill shouts from the beach. She **caught** sight of the ocean and couldn't wait another second.

Minx is already in the water, splashing about with just her head poking above the surface. That **naughty** little creature didn't even wait for the others. Jill **laughs** and kicks off her shoes as the warm afternoon shadows stretch across the sand.

The town square in Canville is all decorated for Christmas. A big tree covered in colourful lights stands in the centre, surrounded by oversized red-and-white gift boxes.

"Who **taught** you to make such a lovely tree?" Jill asks, looking up at it. It's not a real pine, but it looks just as good. The Mage stands beside her, smiling proudly at his work.

Later, back inside the cosy cabin, another glowing Christmas tree waits in the corner. The Mage can be **naughty** at times, and everyone knows he loves playing tricks. But he also has a kind heart.

It looks like he's been good enough this year. A blue present from Santa sits right at his feet beneath the tree. He grins at it, and his **laughter** echoes around the room.

Dr Can Do pulls a joke from his Christmas cracker and reads it out loud. "Why couldn't the skeleton go to the party?"

"Because he had no body to go with!" his **daughter** Jill says before he can finish. The whole table has **caught** the giggles, and **laughter** fills the cosy cabin. Christmas cracker jokes are always the worst, but somehow that's what makes them the best.

Jill lies in bed with a belly full of Christmas ham and pavlova. She **laughs** to herself, thinking about those terrible cracker jokes and all the fun they had today.

There might not be any snow, but her Doc **taught** her that a hot Christmas is just the best. She smiles and closes her eyes, already dreaming of next year.

AUGH

Who Stole My Punchline?

Dr Can Do has the world's best Christmas joke tucked away, and he can't wait to share it at dinner. But what happens when his cheeky daughter Jill keeps beating him to every punchline? Will his secret joke survive the crackers, the pavlova, and one very splashy Minx bobbing through the summer sun? A warm, giggly holiday tale that practises the augh phonogram in words like 'caught,' 'daughter,' 'taught,' and 'laughter.'

Reading Skills: <augh>

caught, daughter, laughing, laughs, laughter, naughty, taught

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