

Jill's Stone Heap





Jill has a mess. A big, blocky mess. She digs and digs in **her** mine, and now stone blocks sit here and there. Stacks on the grass. Stacks by the chests. The lids of **her** chests will not shut. When she packs in one more block, pop! Three fall out the other side. 'I must get this stone out,' Jill groans, 'or my home will be lost **under** it.'

No fuss. Jill will just use Dr. Can Do's big stone bin, as always.

But when she gets there, the line **turns** round the **corner**. Eight **villagers**. Nine. Ten! Not one is in a **hurry**. The **first villager** hums. The one at the back naps standing up.

'This is so silly,' says Jill. She looks at **her** pick. 'I'll make my own bin. It will not be that hard!'





Jill goes to Dr. Can Do by the pond and tells him **her** plan. 'Make a bin?' He smiles. 'Why not?' He hands **her** a print and a list. 'Buckets, redstone, redstone bits. It is all in that chest. But Jill, check the print. All the bits count.' 'Got it, got it, got it.' Jill grabs a heap of redstone and grins. 'I'll have this made by lunch.'

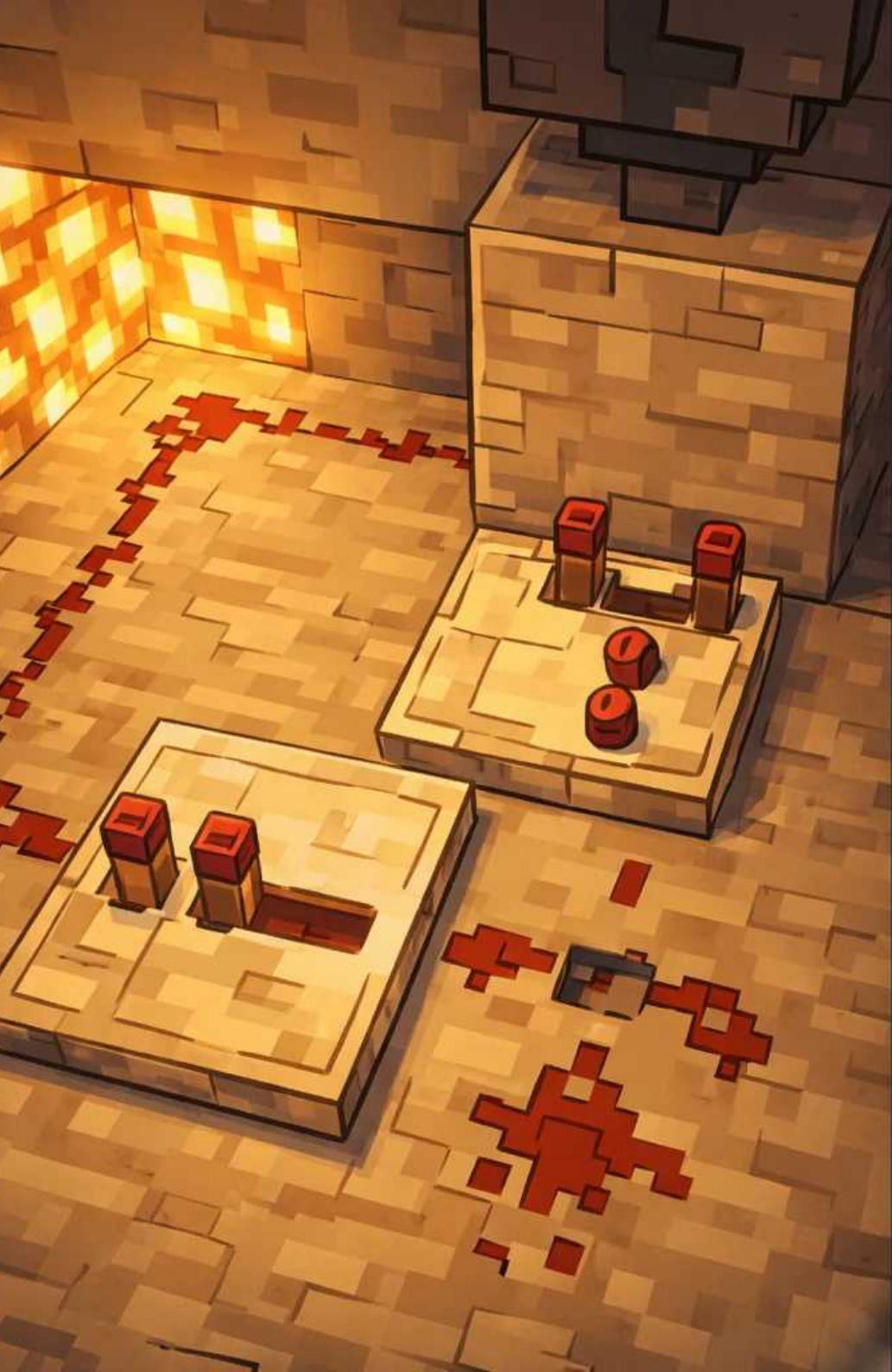
It is not made by lunch.

Down in **her** den, Jill lays it all out. Redstone here.

Redstone bits there. It looks just like the print. Sort of. She waits. No hum.

The bin must have heat inside to **burn** the stone, and **her** bucket is empty. She must hunt for a hot pit. Jill grabs the bucket and runs. 'I'll do that myself as well.'





The bin is hot at last. Jill drops in a stone block. Clunk. It just sits there. The bin will not start. 'Come on!' Jill gets up on top and peers deep into **her** rig. And there it is. One little gap in the redstone trail, right at the **center** of the path. It is as if Dr. Can Do is there: 'All the bits count.'

One small bit of redstone dust. That is all it takes.

The redstone path links up, and the bin hums. Jill grabs a stone block and drops it in at the top. Zap! It **burns** up. She grabs the next. Zap! And the next. Zap, zap, zap!

'I made it all myself!' Jill yells, but no one is there, deep **under** the hill. Then she grins. That is the best part.





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Jill's yard is buried under stacks and stacks of stone, and the town bin has a line stretching around the corner. Tired of waiting, she decides to build her own bin from scratch, but every piece has to be just right. Will Jill's homemade machine actually work? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 11: /er/ mixed), this book practices words like 'hurry', 'corner', 'peer', 'villagers', 'turns'.

Phonics Focus: <mixed>

burn, burns, center, corner, first, her, hurry, peer, turns, under, villager, villagers

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