

An Unofficial Minecraft Series

Dr. Can Do



One
Last
Task!



Dr. Can Do had a problem. In fact, he had hundreds of problems. He saw them all around him. Cold floors! Cold windows! Walls that were just plain. 'Look at this carpet,' he said, pointing at the floor. 'I made it from sheep wool. Soft as a cloud, and snug too.' He tapped his hammer on his hand. 'Now think. What if every home had one?' That was the kind of **inventor** he was. Never, ever done.

Dr. Can Do marched to the village farm, where a flock of sheep grazed behind a wooden fence. One black sheep was wedged between two white ones, looking annoyed about it. He pushed up his sleeves. 'Right. I will clip the lot of you.' He grabbed the clippers and got to work. Five minutes later, he had done one sheep and his arms felt like jelly. There were many more to go. 'There has to be a better way,' he puffed. His eyes went wide. 'A wool rig with a **motor!**'





So he built one. Of course he did. The sheep stood in glass pens inside a snug barn, with lanterns glowing between each one to keep them still. The wool rig hummed along, collecting wool while the sheep just stood there looking bored, which is what sheep like to do. Its **motor** did all the **labor**. He swapped them in and out so none stayed too long. Soon he had big piles of wool, red and white and brown and black. More wool than he knew what to do with. 'Done!' he said. Then he paused. 'Wait... not done yet.'

'You can not do it all, you know,' said Jill, catching up with him on the village path. 'I absolutely can,' said Dr. Can Do. 'You have not slept in three days,' said Jill. 'Sleep is for people who are done, and I am not done,' he said, waving his hammer. 'But fine, what is your plan?'

'Hire a worker,' said Jill, who was always his best **advisor**. 'Build a proper Wool Shop and let them run it.'

He went still. 'Jill, that is a perfect idea. A shop, a big shop, the biggest shop this village has ever seen!'





The sun was not even up yet, and the **inventor** was already hammering away. He paced the flat dirt, muttering, 'Walls up, big roof on top, lots of room for wool.' He scratched his plans in the dirt with his hammer handle. Then he got to work with **vigor**. By sunrise, he had the frame up. By lunch, he had the walls. By dinner, he had the roof, the door, and the name Wool Shop painted in bold letters. He stepped back and said, 'Done!' Then he caught himself. 'Well, not quite done yet.'

A **visitor** passing by poked his head inside. He saw the loom, the lanterns, and the big pile of bright red wool. His eyes went wide. 'Can I have this job?' he asked. 'You are hired!' said Dr. Can Do, before the man had even finished talking. The man's name was Shepherd, and he started work at once. When Jill carried a bundle of wool to him, he smiled and placed a small green stone in her hand. 'Your pay,' he said with a wink. From the doorway, the **inventor** watched with a big, wide grin.





Dr. Can Do leaned against the Wool Shop wall and watched Shepherd inside. Shepherd gathered wool from the sheep in the pen, stacking bundle after bundle on a growing pile. It was working. It was truly working. The **inventor** had done every last thing himself, but now Shepherd had it all handled. He was just the **supervisor** now. For the first time in weeks, he had nothing to fix, nothing to build, nothing to improve. He stood very still for about four seconds. Then his fingers started tapping on his hammer.

Back in his cottage, Dr. Can Do looked around. Soft carpet on the floor. A lantern in each corner. Painted walls. He had fixed every home in the village. He should have been glad. He should have sat back to rest. Instead, he stared out the window with that bold, restless look. 'I have stacks of wool left over,' he said slowly. 'I can build a big windmill. Think of the power! Think of the **labor** it will save!' From outside, Jill called, 'Do you ever stop?' He grinned. 'Not done yet!'





One Last Task!

Dr. Can Do has fixed every cold floor and bare wall in the village, and now he's built a machine to shear a whole flock of sheep at once. But even with piles of wool ready to sell, can he really step back and let someone else run the shop? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 111: -ar, -or /er/), this book practices words like 'inventor', 'motor', 'advisor', 'supervisor', 'visitor'.

Phonics Focus: -ar, -or /er/

advisor, inventor, labor, motor, supervisor, vigor, visitor

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