

# Is This the Hard Part?





Gran had a plan. 'Today,' she said, 'we will make the best coconut **bars** in the world.' Sam jumped up and waved her **arms**. 'Yes! Let's go get some!' Gran aimed the hose at her **bushes** and gave a slow, sly smile. 'Get some? No, no, no. We start from scratch.'

'First, we grow them right!' Gran said. Sam jumped among the **plants** and called out to the **trees**. 'Grow up tall! Grow up huge! Grow **coconuts** the size of my head!' Gran held her water bottle and watched Sam bounce from plant to plant. 'That's the spirit,' she said with a smile. 'Keep at it!' Sam had no clue what was next.



Gran had made a lift. A real lift! **Ropes** and **wheels** and a wood plank, hung on the big tree in the yard. She sat on it like a queen on a throne. 'Turn the wheel,' she called down. Sam took the wheel and cranked hard. It groaned. Sam groaned. Gran went up, up, up into the **branches**. 'Is this the hard part?' Sam puffed. Gran just smiled.





From high in the tree, Gran sent **coconuts** flying down a wood slide. They tumbled and bounced and thunked into the basket below. One. Two. Three. Four. Five! 'That's the lot!' Gran called down with a big grin. Sam looked at the pile of fat **coconuts**. 'Now can we make the **bars?**' 'Sweet child,' said Gran. 'We have not even started.'

The coconut husk was thick and hard and would not come off. Gran took her blade and got to work. Sam reached with both **hands** and pulled. And pulled. And pulled. Nothing.

'This coconut,' Sam said with teeth shut tight, 'will not turn into **bars.**'

'Too bad for the coconut,' said Gran.





Sam's **arms** hurt. Sam tried to sneak off. Just for a tiny rest. Just to sit in the shade for one little minute. 'And where do you think you are going?' Sam froze. Gran stood with one hand on her hip. 'We. Are. Not. Done.' Sam sighed a big sigh. But Gran was right. Gran was always right. That vexed Sam.

Gran lifted the blade high.

'Ready?' she said. Sam held out the bowl.

Gran swung it down. Crack! The coconut split clean in two and water burst out. Sam dove, Sam stretched, Sam caught the **drops** in the bowl. 'Got it!' Sam yelled. 'Not a drop, not a drip, not a leak!'

Gran just smiled. Of course Sam got it.





Now Sam had to scrape the meat out of the shell. Gran handed her a red crank tool. Sam cranked it hard. Nothing. She cranked harder. Her **arms** shook. Her teeth hurt from holding them tight. 'Is this the hard part?' Sam asked. 'You keep asking that,' Gran said with a smile. She gave Sam a pat. 'The worst part is behind you now.' Sam did not think so. Not one bit.

Gran shook the coconut into a big bowl on the stove. She mixed and mixed and would not stop. Then something grand happened. The sweetest smell in the world filled the kitchen. It curled around Sam's nose and settled in her brain. Sam closed her **eyes**, held up her **hands**, and breathed in deep. 'Gran. Gran. Is that what I think it is?' 'That,' said Gran, 'is what hard work **smells** like.'



Gran filled the baking tin with the coconut and smoothed it flat with a spoon. 'Let the bake begin,' she said. Sam sat with her chin on her **hands** and watched every single piece go in. She was not going to miss this. Not after all that cranking and cracking and pulling and puffing. 'Gran,' Sam whispered. 'Are we almost done?' Gran winked. 'Almost.'



The bake was done! Gran took out golden **chunks** of coconut bar, all crunchy and sweet. 'Now,' said Gran, sliding the **jars** over. 'Fill them to the top.' Sam packed them in tight and pressed the **lids** on firm. One. Two. Three. 'Gran,' Sam said. 'Are we done now?' Gran leaned close. She had a big grin. 'We are done.'





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

Gran took a piece too. They stood there, munching, with big **grins**.

All those **tries**. All that cranking and cracking. Every last bit of it was in that taste. Worth it.



## Is This the Hard Part?

Gran has a plan: make the best coconut bars in the world, starting from scratch. That means growing the trees, building a rickety lift to reach the coconuts, and cranking a wobbly wheel with all her might. Every step feels harder than the last, so is this finally the hard part? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 99: -s/-es), this book practices words like 'arms', 'branches', 'jars', 'lids', 'trees'.

**Phonics Focus:** -s/-es

arms, bars, branches, bushes, chunks, coconuts, drops, eyes, grins, hands, jars, lids, plants, ropes, smells, trees, tries, wheels

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