



# My Grand Silly Windmill



Dr. Can Do hammered in the last plank and stepped back with a grin so wide you could see **every** tooth. 'Behold!' he **cried**, spreading his arms wide. 'The **mightiest** windmill this world has ever seen!' Jill leaned on her pickaxe and squinted at the **lumpy** wooden frame. 'We do not need a windmill at all. We have redstone power for everything.' 'Need?' Dr. Can Do gasped, clutching his chest with both hands. 'Nobody needs a **mighty** windmill, Jill. You build one because you can.'

**By** sunset, the tower was finished. But the **heavy** sails still had to be lifted into place, and Dr. Can Do was up the tower, red-faced and puffing. Jill held up a hot bowl of rabbit stew. 'Dinner is **ready**. You can finish in the morning.' 'Just... one... more... plank,' he grunted. Then his **tummy** growled so loud the chickens looked up. 'Fine. Morning it is.'





Before bed, Dr. Can Do stopped at the window. A **funny** sound had drifted in from the yard. A low groan, and then a creak. He crept out into the yard and looked around, but everything seemed fine. The big golem marched past on its patrol, its **heavy** feet thumping **softly** into the grass. He watched it until it turned the corner. 'Just the golem,' he muttered. He shrugged and went back inside to switch off the redstone lights. But as he climbed into bed. Creak. There it was again.

Morning came, and with it, a disaster. The sails lay smashed across the yard. Broken planks. Torn fabric. Bits of wood and cloth scattered all over the grass. 'No!' he **cried**, throwing his arms wide. 'My windmill! My grand, **silly** windmill!' Jill crouched beside the wreckage, turning a torn strip of sail over in her hands. She held it up and looked at him. 'Looks like something ripped them right off. Maybe a strong wind?'





He **angrily** planted his hands on his hips. 'No. We never get wind on this farm. The sails were supposed to spin **by** redstone, not weather!' Jill looked around **slowly**. The house was fine. The barn was fine. The fences, the garden, the chicken coop. All standing, all perfect. **Only** the windmill had been hit. 'If there was a storm,' Jill said **softly**, 'it **only** came for your sails.'

They spent all day remaking the sails. **Every** plank. **Every** bolt. **Every** last scrap of cloth. **By** evening, the windmill stood tall again, and Dr. Can Do stared up at it, wringing his hands. He was **worried**. He had checked the **sky** that morning. No clouds. No storms. Not even a breeze. 'Maybe I built it wrong,' he whispered. But he knew he hadn't. Nothing he built was ever wrong. So what had wrecked his windmill?





The walls of the house shook hard. Dr. Can Do's eyes snapped open. Wind. Howling, screaming, **crazy** wind. It rattled **every** window in the house. He grabbed his coat, flung it on, and ran out the door. A gust hit him so hard he stumbled back on the porch. In the dark, he could just see the windmill sails spinning **wildly**, faster and faster, groaning and creaking like they were going to **fly** apart. 'Not again!' he shouted into the gale. 'Not. My. Windmill!'

Then he saw him. A man in dark robes stood at the base of the tower with his arms up high. **Slowly**, the stranger lowered his arms. The wind died. The sails creaked to a stop. The man turned to him with the **silliest** smile in the world. 'I like your windmill,' he said. 'It is fun to spin.' And that is how Dr. Can Do met the **Tricky** Mage, the wretch who wrecked his windmill. Twice.





110

## My Grand Silly Windmill

Dr Can Do builds the mightiest windmill his world has ever seen, sure nobody needs it but proud all the same. Then one morning it lies smashed across the yard, every plank broken, every scrap of sail torn, with no storm in sight. Who wrecked his grand, silly windmill? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 110: -y to i Rule), this book practices words like 'cried', 'mighty', 'heavy', 'silly', 'worried'.

**Phonics Focus:** -y to i Rule

angrily, by, crazy, cried, every, fly, funny, heavy, lumpy, mightiest, mighty, only, ready, silliest, silly, sky, slowly, softly, tricky, tummy, wildly, worried

Bookbot is not endorsed by or affiliated with UFLI (the University of Florida Literacy Institute) or Jolly Learning Ltd. UFLI Foundations and Jolly Phonics are trademarks of their respective owners.

### Learn to read with confidence

The Bookbot app and its carefully designed decodable books help children practise the sounds and words they are learning, building strong phonics and reading skills one step at a time. In the app, children can listen to stories read aloud, follow highlighted words as they are spoken, and read independently when they are ready. Together, the decodable books and oral reading support help develop accuracy, fluency, confidence and a love of reading. Learn more at [www.bookbotkids.com](http://www.bookbotkids.com).



[www.bookbotkids.com](http://www.bookbotkids.com)