



Start From Scratch!



Gran had a plan. 'Today,' she said, aiming the hose at her coconut trees, 'we are going to make the best coconut bars there are.' Jay jumped up and waved an arm. 'Yes! Let's go get a **few!**' Gran smiled a slow, sly smile. 'Get a **few?** No, no, no. We start from scratch.'

'First, we grow them right!' Gran said.

Jay leaped **through** the garden, cheering the trees on. 'Grow up tall! Grow up huge! Grow coconuts the size of my head!'

Gran **continued** to watch, holding her water bottle and grinning.

'That is the spirit,' she laughed. 'Keep at it!'

Jay had no idea what was coming.



Gran had built a lift. Ropes and pulleys and a small wooden platform, all hooked to the biggest tree in the yard. She sat on the platform like a queen on a throne. 'Turn the wheel!' she called down. That was Jay's **cue**. He grabbed the wheel and cranked with all his might. The ropes groaned. Jay groaned. Gran rose up, up, up into the branches. 'Is this the hard part?' Jay puffed. Gran just laughed.





From high in the tree, Gran sent coconuts flying down a wooden slide. They tumbled and bounced and thunked into the basket below. One. Two. Three. Four. Five! 'That is the lot!' Gran called. 'A **few** good coconuts are all we need.' Jay looked at the pile of fat coconuts. 'Now can we make the bars?' 'Oh, sweet child,' said Gran. 'We have not even started.'

The coconut husk was thick and hard and did not want to come off. Gran grabbed her blade and **hewed** at the husk, chunk by chunk. Jay reached for a piece and pulled. And pulled. And pulled. Nothing. Jay set his teeth. 'This coconut,' he said, 'does not want to be a bar.' 'Too bad for the coconut,' said Gran.





Jay tried to sneak away.
Just for one tiny break. Just
to sit in the shade for one
little minute. 'And where do
you think **you** are going?'
Gran said. Jay froze.

Gran stood with one hand on
her hip. 'We. Are. Not. Done.'

Jay let out the biggest sigh
of his life. Gran was always
right. That was the most
annoying thing about Gran.

Gran lifted the blade high above her head. 'Ready?' she said. Jay held out the bowl. She swung it down hard. Crack! The coconut split in two and water burst out all over. Jay dove, Jay stretched, Jay **rescued** every last drop in the bowl. 'Got it!' Jay shouted. 'Not a drop, not a drip, not a leak!' Gran nodded like this was just what she expected. Of course it was.





Back inside, it was time to scrape the meat from the shell. Gran handed Jay a red hand-crank tool. Jay cranked hard. Nothing. Jay **renewed** his grip and cranked harder. His arms shook. His teeth hurt. 'Is this the hard part?' Jay groaned. '**You** keep asking that,' Gran said with a smile. 'The worst part is behind **you** now.' Jay did not trust her. Not even a little bit.

Gran put the coconut into a big bowl on the stove and stirred. She stirred and stirred and would not stop. Then the sweetest, richest smell filled the kitchen and **continued** all **through** the house. It curled around Jay's nose and wrapped around his brain. Jay closed his eyes. 'Gran. Gran. Is that what I think it is?' 'That,' said Gran, 'is what all that hard work smells like.'



Gran tipped the coconut into the baking tin and smoothed it flat. 'Let the bake begin,' she announced. Jay sat with his chin on his hands and watched every piece go in. He was not going to miss a thing. Not after all that cranking and cracking and pulling and puffing. 'Gran,' Jay whispered. 'Are we nearly done?' Gran winked. 'Just a **few** more steps.'



Out of the tin came chunks of coconut bar, all crunchy and hot and perfect. Jay loved the golden **hue** of each piece. 'Now,' said Gran, sliding the tray across the table, 'fill those jars right to the brim.' Jay packed them in tight, piece by piece. One jar. Two jars. Three jars. 'Gran,' Jay said slowly. 'Are we done now?' Gran leaned close and grinned. 'We are done.'





Jay grabbed a piece off the plate and held it up high. 'Got it!' he shouted, and bit down hard. It was crunchy. It was sweet. It was the best thing Jay had ever tasted in his entire life. Gran took a piece too. Then a **few** more. They stood there, munching and grinning, saying nothing at all. All that cranking and cracking and 'we are not done.' Every single bit of hard work was right there in that taste. Totally worth it.



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Start From Scratch!

Gran has a plan: no store-bought coconut bars this time, they're starting from scratch. That means growing the trees, cranking a rickety lift, and hacking through tough husks before any baking begins. Can a kid with tired arms and a growling stomach make it through every step Gran demands? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 115: Alternate Long U (ew, eu, ue /yū/; ou /ū/)), this book practices words like 'continued', 'cue', 'hewed', 'rescued', 'renewed'.

Phonics Focus: Alternate Long U (ew/eu/ue/ou)

continued, cue, few, hewed, hue, renewed, rescued, through, you

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