

The Book's Sly Beach Plan



Ned stands **by** his shed and **sighs**. It has a bed and a window, but it looks so dull.

'Can I make it less dull?'

Ned asks The Book. 'It needs flowers.'

'I have a plan,' says The Book. 'First, we go to the beach.' 'The beach?' says Ned. 'How can a beach fix a shed?'





The Book just grins. The Book **likes** to be **sly**.

Ned grabs his tool and sets off, tramping past red and **white** flowers under a **bright** blue **sky**.

'So we dig!' says Ned, swinging his tool. 'I **like** to dig!' 'Yes,' calls The Book. 'But we need to spot sand that looks blue.'

Blue sand? On a beach? Ned thinks The Book **might** be silly. But there it is, a big **bright** blue patch. Ned swings his tool down, and it just **slides** in. 'That is not sand,' says Ned. 'It is soft!' 'Clay!' says The Book. 'Dig, Ned, dig!'





Soon small blue clay
orbs pop up. Round and
smooth, **like** blue buds.
Ned drops down and
scoops them up. He
stuffs each pocket **tight**.
His socks puff up too!
'Pick up loads,' says The
Book. 'Trust me.' 'No orb
gets left!' says Ned with
a grin.

Back at the shed, Ned prods a clay orb. 'Yuck,' says Ned. 'It is soft. It sticks to my hand.' 'Put one **by** the heater,' says The Book. Ned holds the orb **by** the flame. The blue melts away. In his hand sits a red brick! 'A brick!' Ned **cries**. 'The clay is a brick now!' He holds it up **high**.





The Book **lies** open on the path. It shows a pot with flowers in it. 'Make one **like** this,' says The Book. 'A flower pot. Use the bricks.' Ned looks at the page. Then his face **lights** up. 'I see it now! Beach to clay, to bricks, to pots, to flowers! The shed can look grand!' 'It is a **fine** plan,' says The Book, looking smug.

Ned beams at his little brown pot **like** a proud dad. But the shed has one small room, with just a bed.

'No room for pots in there,' says Ned. 'Set them **outside**,' says The Book, peeking out.

Ned sets two pots on the grass in the **sunlight**. So small. So empty. 'Now I need flowers. Loads!'





Lucky Ned! His shed sits in a grass land. Red, yellow, and **white** blooms gleam in the **daylight**. 'This is grand!' says Ned. 'I will just pick a few...' A low buzz starts up. 'What is that buzz?' asks Ned. 'What buzz?' says The Book. Ned shrugs. He grabs a big bunch and pulls.

The buzz grows and grows. A mad bee mob **rises** up from the flowers. The bees want them back! 'Big mistake!' yells Ned, and he runs. His arms swing. His legs **fly**. The bees zoom after him. What a chase! 'Well,' calls The Book, 'what a good way to keep fit!'





Ned **flies** in the shed and slams it shut. Bang! The buzzing stops. **By** the window, one bee sits on the grass. It just looks at him. And looks. 'Next **time,**' Ned pants, 'I will pick flowers far from the bees. That was not my best plan.' 'Ned,' says The Book, 'I keep a list. A list for silly plans. That one sits at the very top.' Ned waits. Then he creeps back out.

This **time** Ned is **sly**. He sneaks to the far **side**, where no bees buzz. He picks red flowers, yellow flowers, **white** flowers, and blue flowers. He fills the pots so full that blooms spill out. 'They **light** the place up,' says Ned. 'Which is the best?' 'The blue flowers,' says The Book. 'Yes, the blue flowers.'





Ned **lines** all the pots up **by** the shed. Red, yellow, and blue blooms spill out. The shed is not dull now. It **shines!** 'So sweet,' says Ned. 'But there is no room **inside** for a thing.' 'Well then,' says The Book, 'it is **time** to put up a bigger place.' Ned's eyes **light** up. A home! A real home, with room for flowers and more! He grabs his tool. 'Does it start with a trip to the beach?' 'It starts,' says The Book, 'with a trip to the beach.'



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Ned's shed looks dull, and The Book has a plan involving a trip to the beach, but it won't say why. Digging turns up strange blue clay that hardens into bricks in the fire, and Ned is thrilled with his discovery. He still needs something to fill his new pots, and the flower field outside his shed looks perfect, so what could possibly go wrong? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 6: /ie/ mixed), this book practices words like 'bright', 'sky', 'flies', 'sighs', 'lights'.

Phonics Focus: <mixed>

bright, by, cries, daylight, fine, flies, fly, high, inside, lies, light, lights, like, likes, lines, might, outside, rises, shines, side, sighs, sky, slides, sly, sunlight, tight, time, white

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