

The Book Says Dig, Boy!





Ned has come to a new land.
He wants just one thing, a
home.

With help from his magic
Book, Ned chops down trees
and makes a shed on a hill.
It has a bookshelf and yellow
blooms all around it.

'It is grand,' says Ned, and he
grins with **joy**. 'I never have
to make a thing, not ever!'

Inside the shed, The Book floats up from the bench and flips its pages open.

'Ned, if a **boy** wants to make good things, that **boy** must dig,' it says.

'Dig? With my hands?' Ned holds them up. 'My hands still hurt from hitting all the trees!' The Book smiles. 'Not with hands, Ned. It is time to make a tool.'





The Book turns to a page with a plan on it. 'Get wood planks and sticks,' it says. 'Then **join** them in this shape.' Ned sits by the bench and lines up the parts. Click. Click. Snap! The parts **join** up like magic. Ned holds up his new shovel and grins wide. 'I made a tool! I am so smart.' 'It was all in the plan, Ned,' says The Book.

Ned marches outside into the sunshine, shovel up high. Red blooms dot the hill all around him.

Then he stops. He flips the shovel. He flips it back. 'So which end do I stick in the ground?'

The Book sighs. 'Hold the long part, Ned. Dig with the flat part.' 'Yes!' yells Ned. 'But where do I dig?' 'At the beach,' says The Book. 'The sand there is soft and **moist.**'





Ned digs into the **moist** sand and scoops. A big clump comes right out. A hole! Ned gazes at the hole with **joy**. 'That,' he says, 'is the best thing I ever did.' The Book peeks up from the sand and grins. 'That was one scoop of sand, Ned.' 'Can I dig more?' 'Yes,' says The Book. 'Follow me.'

The Book leads Ned to a hill of **soil**. 'Dig into the side,' it says.

Ned digs. And digs. And digs. Dirt flies left. Dirt flies right. Dirt rains back down on his head. It is **noisy toil**, but soon the hole is so big Ned can walk right in.

Ned grins. 'I think I am made to dig.'





Ned digs down, deep into a pit, until his shovel hits a hard thing. Clang! He swings once more. Clang! The shovel **recoils** in his grip. Deep in the pit, a stone glows with a soft light. Ned jabs at it hard. Not a scratch on it. 'No!' says Ned. 'Did I crack my shovel?' The Book peers down from the rim. 'The shovel is fine, Ned. That is stone. A shovel can not crack stone.'

Ned hops down to the base of the dig site. Walls of brown and red stone rise up on all sides. The Book stands beside him. 'So a shovel can dig sand and **soil**, but not stone?' asks Ned. 'True,' says The Book. Ned huffs. 'Well, that **annoys** me a lot.' 'It is time to make a new tool,' says The Book. 'A sharp tool that can crack stone.' Ned grins. 'Back to the bench?'





Back in the shed, The Book flips to a new plan. Ned peers in close.

'So it is a sharp, **pointy** bit on top of a stick? Like two little fangs?' 'Yes, Ned.' 'Like tiny blades on a pole?' 'Just make it, Ned.'

Ned sits by the bench and **toils**. He shapes the wood, makes the **points** sharp, and fits each part just right.

Ned **hoists** his new tool. Two sharp **points** on a long grip. It is grand.

'What do we call it?' he asks. 'A pickaxe,' says The Book. 'A pickaxe,' Ned repeats. He **enjoys** the sound of it.

'So this can crack stone?' The Book smiles a slow smile. 'Stone. And much, much more.' Ned is off like a flash.





Ned steps back into the tunnel he dug in the hill. He aims the **pointy** end of his pickaxe at the stone wall.

'Well,' he says. 'Here goes.'

He swings hard. Crack! The sound rings off the walls.

Cracks zip out from the spot. Chunks of stone drop to the ground. Ned grins wide. 'Yes! I am made to dig!'

Ned swings and cracks and smashes until he has dug out a big cave. Lights glow on the rock walls. Stone sits in heaps beside him. Ned sits down, pickaxe at his side, panting but happy. 'Well dug, Ned!' says The Book. It hovers at the edge of the cave. 'All this stone has a use.' 'What use?' asks Ned. The Book flips to a fresh page and holds it up. On it is a plan of a grand fort. 'For that!' it says. Ned lifts his pickaxe with **joy**. 'Dig, Ned, dig!'





The Book Says Dig, Boy!

Ned just wants a home, but his magic Book says he has to dig, and dig means tools. His hands can't do it alone, so what will he build first? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 10: /oi/ mixed), this book practices words like 'joy', 'moist', 'noisy', 'toils', 'hoists'.

Phonics Focus: <mixed>

annoys, boy, enjoys, hoists, join, joy, moist, noisy, points, pointy, recoils, soil, toil, toils

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