

Will Steve grill it?



Steve stands on
the coast with a
big fat cod.

'Yes!' he yells. 'A
grand fish for lunch!
I am the best!'

He sniffs the cod.
It is wet and cold.





Steve sets the cod
on the grass and
looks at it. 'I will not
munch it as it is,'
he tells the cod. 'It
must be hot and
crispy. I need a fire.'

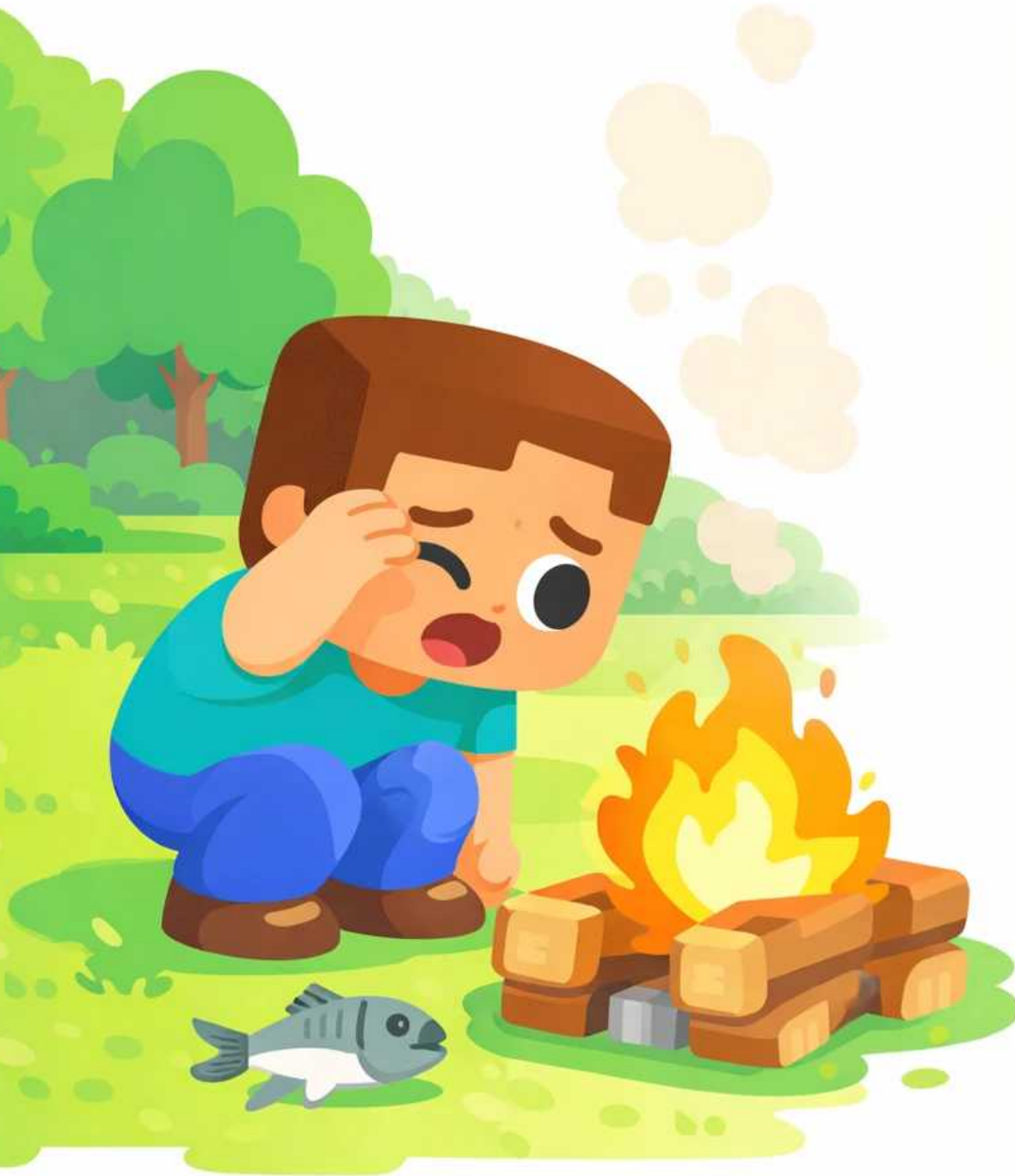
Steve stacks up logs.

Crack! A spark! He
has a fire.

A thick puff drifts up
off it.

'See?' he says. 'I am
the best!' He sets the
cod next to the fire.





Steve crouches at the fire. It gets **hotter** and **hotter**.

'That is very hot!' he **yells**, and he flinches back.

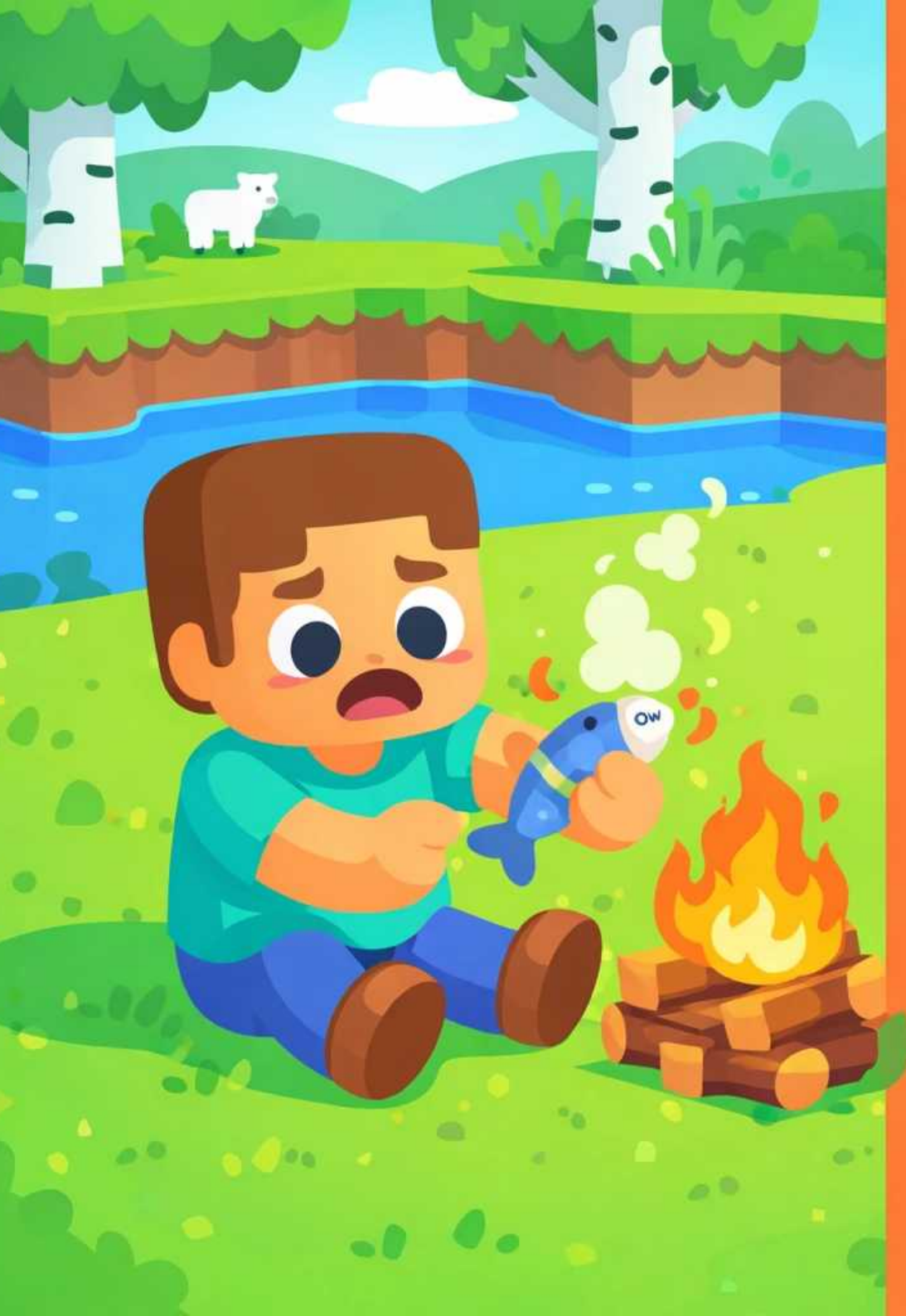
But just a bit. He **will** not run **off** from his fire.

Steve sets the cod
in the fire.

'It must cook on all
sides,' he tells it. 'I
will grill it well.'

He grins. 'Trust me. I
can do this.'





The cod smells yummy.

Steve grabs it with his hands.

'Hot! Hot, hot, hot!' He **tosses** it from hand to hand and hops and hops.

Up on the hill, a fluffy sheep looks on.

The next morning,
Steve gets some
chicken. 'This time
I will not grab hot
food,' he tells the
hills. 'No fuss. I
will cook it well.'

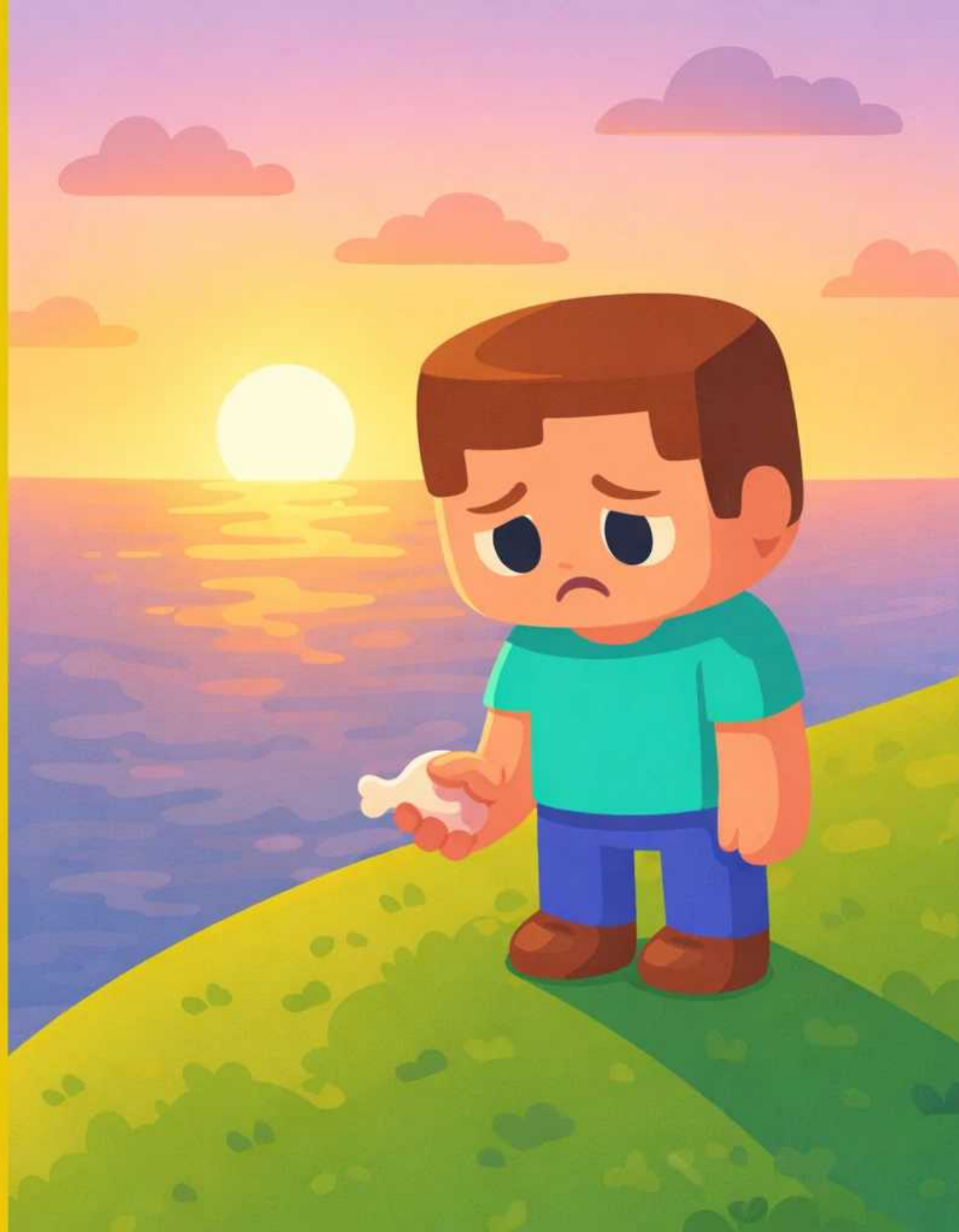




Steve scans the grass for logs. No logs! No sticks! Just grass, big trees and an odd boat.

'I can not cook with a boat!' he groans. 'This is a mess!'

At sunset, Steve stands on the **hill** and slumps. His **tummy** is empty. The chicken hangs from his hand. 'I just need hot food,' he sobs. 'Is that such a lot to ask?'





Then Steve looks
at his feet. Lava!

He gasps. It is hot.
It is very, very hot!

'Yes!' he **yells**. 'I do
not need logs at
all!'

Steve gets a long
stick and sticks the
chicken on the end.

He grips it **well** and
grills it over the lava.

'See? No **fuss**,' he **tells**
the lava. 'I can do
this.'

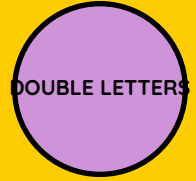




Then Steve flings the chicken in the lava. **Fizz!** **Puff!** The chicken vanishes.

Steve looks at his empty hands. The stick is on fire.

'Um,' he mutters. 'That was a bit silly.'



Will Steve grill it?

Steve is starving, and he's sure he knows exactly how to fix that. First he grills a fish over a crackling fire, certain nothing could go wrong. Will his hungry stomach finally get the hot meal he's been dreaming of? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 2, Unit 4: double letters), this book practices words like 'grill', 'hotter', 'puff', 'fuss', 'tummy'.

Phonics Focus: <double> <letters>

all, fizz, fluffy, fuss, grass, grill, grills, hill, hills, hotter, mess, mutters, odd, off, puff, silly, smells, sniffs, tells, tosses, tummy, well, will, yells, yummy

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