

**Wow,
So Much Stone!**





Dr. Can Do has a problem. It is not a broken part. It is not a creeper at the gate. It is his lab. He can not see the ground. He can not see the walls. His kit sits in piles, high and **low**. He **groans**. '**Now,**' he says, 'I will clean up. No tests. No new kit. Just. Cleaning.'

Dr. Can Do sorts all morning. Odd kit goes in one chest. **Redstone** goes in the next. He stacks. He packs. He **growls** things that are not fit to tell.

By lunch, he can see the ground. He can see out the **window**. '**Wow,**' he says with a grin. Then he peeks inside a chest.





Stone. Piles and piles. And dark rock. Mounds and mounds. He **owns** so much **stone**, he could make a **town** with it. 'I will never use all this,' he **moans** with a **scowl**. 'It has to go. Then I will have room for my odd kit.' **Now**, a wise man would just take the **stone** outside. But Dr. Can Do is not a wise man. No. He is a man with big, mad plans.

He hops into his mine cart and rides the old rails deep down **below**. The lava pit **glows**. Heat hits his face. His lip fuzz **smokes**. 'I am not,' he gasps, 'riding down here all the time just to toss things out!' The cart **slows** and stops. He looks into the **glow**. And right there, he gets That Look. That look means a plan.





'What if,' Dr. Can Do asks, 'I make a rig that will toss things into the hot pit for me? Then I will never need to ride down here at all!' His task **now** is to clean. Just clean, and no more. But the plan is too good. It fizzes and **grows** in his brain. Back in his lab, he looks at the **redstone** on the ground and grins. 'This will be grand!'

Dr. Can Do makes things fast when he is glad, and right **now** he is very glad. He has a chest. He has **redstone** parts. He even has lava in a pail from last week's test. (Do not ask.) Lines of **redstone** **flow** across the ground. Click, click! Then he hides the lava **below** thick black blocks. No one is falling into that.





Dr. Can Do steps back
and looks round his lab.
Space! Grand, empty
space. The rig hums **low**
in the corner. No more
mine cart rides. No more
smoking lip fuzz. All his kit
is right where he needs it.
A big grin **grows** on his
face. 'I,' he says, all proud,
'am one wise, wise man.'

The clean lab lasts two days. Tests are messy, and no one makes a mess like Dr. Can Do. **Redstone** dust **coats** the ground. Grit is all over. Under the **redstone** parts, a hen clucks. Do not ask about the hen. He looks at the mess. The mess looks back. 'What I need **now,**' he **groans,** 'is a helper to clean up this lab.'





Wow, So Much Stone!

Dr. Can Do has a big mess in his lab, and stacks and stacks of stone. He groans and scowls, then owns up to a wild plan to get rid of it. What will he build to fix his stony problem? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 7: /oa/ mixed), this book practices words like 'groans', 'owns', 'scowl', 'glow', 'town'.

Phonics Focus: <mixed>

below, coats, flow, glow, glows, groans, growls, grows, low, moans, now, owns, redstone, scowl, slows, smokes, stone, town, window, wow

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