

AN UNOFFICIAL MINECRAFT SERIES

DR. CAN DO

NOT MY  
BAKERY!





Tom the Baker made the best pumpkin pies in all of Canville. At least, that's what Tom said. Every single day.

He baked them fresh each morning in his little bakery, golden and steaming, with bread so warm it fogged up the windows. People came from streets away just to sniff the air. And Tom stood in the doorway, grinning wide, **certain** he had everything he ever wanted.

Because he did.

Now, Canville had a system. Jill mined the iron. The Mage used pumpkins and iron to build golems. Big clanking guards who stomped around the village all night, keeping everyone safe from creepers and other nasty things.

It worked. Until one morning, Tom, Jill, and the Mage stepped outside and **noticed** every single golem smashed to **pieces** on the ground.

"Oh no," whispered Jill. "Oh no," said the Mage, louder. The **face** Tom pulled said it all. "Oh no no no no no," he groaned. Because Tom was already thinking about his bakery.





The Mage built new golems right away. But Tom could not stop **pacing**. "We have torches all around the village," he said to Dr Can Do that night, peering out into the darkness. "So how are creepers getting in?"

Dr Can Do folded his arms. "They spawn in the dark **places** further out, where no torch can reach. But don't worry, Tom. The golems will handle it."

Tom turned away, but the worry on his **face** was plain to see.

That night, Tom lay in bed, staring at the **ceiling**.

Creepers were sneaky. They didn't growl. They didn't groan. They didn't even have the **decency** to stomp around like zombies. They just crept closer and closer in **silence**. And then... BOOM.

Tom pulled the blanket up to his chin. His **face** was white with worry. "Not my bakery," he whispered. "Please, not my bakery." He was almost **certain** something terrible was about to happen.





KABOOM! The blast shook every window in Canville. Tom **raced** out of bed, sprinted down the path, and skidded to a stop.

His bakery. His **nice**, wonderful, pumpkin-pie-smelling bakery was a wall of flames, lighting up the night sky like a terrible orange sunrise.

'That's it!' Tom yelled, his **face** red as a redstone torch. 'If you lot can't stop a few creepers, I'll pack my pies and find **someplace** safer to live!'

Jill **placed** her hand on Tom's shoulder. "Don't leave. We need you. Well, we need your pies. Well... we need both."

Tom stared at the pile of ash that used to be his oven. Dr Can Do rubbed his mustache. "What if we built a **fence**? A proper stone **fence**, right around the whole village. Nothing gets in. Nothing gets out. **Except** people, of course. We'd have a gate."

"A big **fence**?" said Tom, narrowing his eyes. "The biggest," said Dr Can Do. Tom sniffed. "...Fine. But someone's helping me **replace** that bakery."





They started the very next day. Every single villager carried stone. Dr Can Do drew up the plans with **precise** measurements. The Mage used magic to lift the heaviest blocks into **place**. Brick by brick, the **fence** began to rise, **circling** Canville with thick, sturdy stone. Dr Can Do and the Mage stood back to admire the progress. The **fence** wasn't finished yet, but already it looked **magnificent**. 'Once it's done, let's see a creeper get through that!' the Mage said, tapping his staff on the ground, **certain** it would work.

Tom's new bakery was even **nicer** than the old one. Bigger ovens. More counter **space**. And Jill **placed** colourful flowers all around the **entrance**, because she said a bakery should smell like two **excellent** things at **once**.

"People will come from every **city** in the land to eat here," Jill said. Tom pulled a perfect golden pumpkin pie from the oven and grinned. "And when they get here, not a single creeper in sight."

He paused. "But if one does show up, I'm blaming you, Dr Can Do!"





## Not My Bakery!

Tom the Baker makes the best pumpkin pies in all of Canville - at least, that's what he says! But when sneaky creepers sneak past the golems and blow his beloved bakery sky-high, Tom is ready to pack up his pies and leave for good. Can Dr Can Do and the villagers come up with a plan to save the day? This decodable reader practises the soft c sound in words like 'city,' 'face,' 'fence,' 'nice,' and 'magnificent.'

**Reading Skills:** Soft c

ceiling, certain, circling, city, decency, entrance, excellent, except, face, fence, magnificent, nice, nicer, noticed, once, pacing, pieces, place, placed, places, precise, raced, replace, silence, someplace, space

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