

An Unofficial Minecraft Series

Dr. Can Do

OUCH!!
DON'T TOUCH
THAT CACTUS!





Jill came home from a mining trip looking **rough**. Her armour was cracked and her eyes were tired.

'I came across a skeleton spawner,' she said. 'I've gone **through** all of my golden carrots.' Dr Can Do **brought** her his last batch from the chest. 'That **ought** to keep you going,' he said.

'**Though** we really need more,' Jill said with a sigh. 'Growing golden carrots takes so long.'

Dr Can Do **thought** about the problem. He spread paper across his workshop bench and began sketching designs next to the redstone circuits.

'Bone meal makes crops grow faster,' he said to himself. 'If I build a machine that makes **enough** from cactus, we will have carrots for every trip.' He studied his redstone layouts, already planning each piece.

The design was tricky, **though** he was sure he could make it work.





The plan was simple **enough**. He would grow cactus, feed them **through** a composter, and collect the bone meal in a chest. But first, he needed the cactus. Dr Can Do stood at the edge of the village and looked out across the plains. Somewhere beyond those green hills lay a desert. He **thought** about the long journey ahead.

'It will be **tough**,' he said, 'but I have to try.'

A donkey Jill had tamed stood grazing just outside the village. Dr Can Do climbed into the saddle and set off, **though** he had never been a confident rider.

The donkey trotted along under a bright sky. 'We **ought** to reach the desert by sundown,' Dr Can Do said, patting the donkey's neck. He **brought** nothing but a bag and his tools.





As soon as Dr Can Do found his first cactus, he saw the job would be **tougher** than he **thought**.

The plants were enormous. **Rough**, prickly spines stuck out in every direction. Even the donkey shuffled backwards. 'How do I carry these home without spiking us both?' Dr Can Do said. He had not **thought** this **through**.

He tried using his coat to pick one up. 'Ouch!' No, that was not **tough enough** to stop the needles.

Then a **thought** struck him. He grabbed his shovel and began to dig a long **trough** in the sand. If he could not carry the cactus, he would float them home instead. He dug and dug, all the way from the desert toward the village, **rough** blisters forming on his hands.





Three **tough** days later, the **trough** stretched from the desert **through** to home. Dr Can Do filled it with water, set a boat inside, and placed a chest in the boat. He lined it under the tallest cactus and swung hard. Chop! If his **thought** worked, the cactus blocks would tumble into the chest without touching his hands once. Dr Can Do grinned. '**Enough** prickles to last a lifetime, and not one more ouch.'

When the chest was full, Dr Can Do sailed the boat **through** the canal all the way back to the village.

'That was so clever!' Jill said from the bank. 'You **brought** home a whole boatload of cactus without a single scratch.' She looked at the canal and smiled. 'And now we have a waterway **through** to the desert. We **ought** to use it to bring back sand and terracotta too, **though** we will need more boats!'





Back in the workshop, Dr Can Do **thought through** every wire on his machine, **though** it was **rough** work. He flicked the switch, and the machine hummed. Cactus dropped in one end, and white bone meal poured out the other. The village farmer rushed over, scooped up an armful, and ran straight to the carrot field. 'It works,' Dr Can Do whispered, thoroughly pleased his hands were finally safe.

Jill munched happily on the first golden carrot grown with the new bone meal. 'Delicious! Almost as good as a **doughnut,**' she joked. 'Now all I have to do is dig out **enough** gold to make more.' She looked at Dr Can Do, **though** he was already lost in **thought,** sketching plans to help her do exactly that.





Ouch! Don't Touch That Cactus!

Dr Can Do has a brilliant plan: build a machine that turns cactus into bone meal so Jill never runs out of golden carrots again! But have you ever tried to pick up a giant, prickly cactus? OUCH! How will Dr Can Do haul those spiky plants all the way home from the desert without poking holes in his hands? This decodable reader practises the 'ough' phonogram in words like 'brought,' 'enough,' 'tough,' and 'through.'

Reading Skills: <ough>

brought, doughnut, enough, ought, rough, though, thought, through, tough, tougher, trough

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