

AN UNOFFICIAL MINECRAFT SERIES

DR. CAN DO

WHO WRECKED MY WINDMILL?





Jill **wrinkled** her brow at the structure Dr Can Do was building.

'Why do we need a windmill?' she asked.

'Don't we get our power from the redstone?'

Dr Can Do stopped to reply, 'Well, yes, but it will be a nice feature.'

The sun was setting when the tower was finished. But Dr Can Do still needed to **wrestle** with the sails.

'The rabbit stew is ready. Are you coming to eat?' Jill asked him.

'I'll be right there,' Dr Can Do sighed.





Before bed, Dr Can Do heard something **wrong** outside. A low groan, then a creak in the dark.

He crept into the yard, but nothing looked out of place. Their iron golem stood nearby on its nightly patrol, its heavy feet pressed into the soft grass.

'Just the golem,' Dr Can Do muttered with a **wry** shrug. He went back inside to switch off his redstone lights. But as he **wrapped** himself in his blanket, he was sure he heard that creak once again.

In the morning, they woke to an awful sight. The sails that Dr Can Do had set against the base of the windmill now lay in a **wreck** across the field.

'How did this happen?' Dr Can Do cried. Jill picked up a piece of sail.

'It looks like there was a strong wind that pulled them apart.'





Dr Can Do planted his hands on his hips, staring at the **wreckage**. 'That's **wrong**. We don't even get wind here. The sails would have been turned by redstone power.' He looked around at the other buildings, but nothing else had been touched.

They started to put the pieces back together. This time, the windmill was completed by the end of the day. The sails were in place and the tower was finished.

Dr Can Do looked at the sky, **wringing** his hands together with unease. There was no sign of any bad weather.





In the middle of the night, Dr Can Do was woken by the wailing of a fierce wind.

'That's crazy!' he said. With his coat **wrapped** tightly around him, he ran out to the field. A strong gust of cold air met him, and he could already see the sails spinning out of control.

Then he saw the cause of the wind. There was a man at the bottom of the tower with his arms raised. The man lowered his arms and the wind stopped.

He gave the doctor a **wry** smile. 'I like your windmill,' he said.

And that was how Dr Can Do met The Mischievous Mage.





Who Wrecked My Windmill?

Dr Can Do has built the grandest windmill ever - but who would want to wreck such a masterpiece? When morning comes, the sails lie smashed across the field, and there's not a cloud in sight to blame. Was it a freak storm, a clumsy golem, or something far sneakier creeping through the dark? Can Dr Can Do catch the culprit before his beautiful tower is ruined again? This decodable reader practices the wr phonogram in words like 'wrapped,' 'wreck,' 'wrestle,' and 'wry.'

Reading Skills: <wr>

wrapped, wreck, wreckage, wrestle, wringing, wrinkled, wrong, wry

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