

# A Winter Picnic

Written by Beth Banlin  
Illustrated by Matt Sinter

## Phonics Skill:

Short vowel; medial consonants in syllable pattern VCCV

dinner	suggest	picnic	basket	plastic
winter	mittens	button	traffic	napkin

Molly Wade liked Rose Hansen. Rose always waved as Molly waited for the bus. “Jane,” said Molly, “I would like to ask Rose for dinner.” “It is so cold,” Jane said. “Rose will not go out on a cold winter night.” It is hard for Rose to get around when it is slick. She has to use a cane.”

Molly finds Mom at the stove. Corn is in a pot, and hot ham is in a pan. Mom cuts a carrot and puts it on a plate. Mom has made plum pie. Yum!

“Are you sad, Molly?” Mom asks.  
“No, Mom, but Rose might be sad. She is alone and cannot come here for dinner.”  
“We can go to Rose,” Mom and Jane suggest. “We can fill a picnic basket and take it to Rose. We can eat with her. We can make a picnic happen.”

Molly gets the big picnic basket.. Jane puts in plastic plates, forks, and cups. Mom fills it with ham, corn, and carrots. “We can surprise Rose. A winter picnic in a warm home will be fun.”

“Molly take a blanket. Jane, take the basket,” Mom said. “I will hold the plum pie.”  
Molly, Jane, and Mom gets hats and mittens.  
“Button up, kids! It is cold. There is no traffic, but it is slick. Take care as you cross.”

Molly raps on the door.

Rose Hanson smiles.”Come in! You all must be cold. Are you wet?”  
Molly smiles. “We have food. Can we eat by the fire?”

Rose tells Molly, Mom, and Jane to sit by the fire. It will make you warm.”  
It is time for dinner. Molly takes out plastic plates. Jane takes a napkin, cup, and fork.

“Good food and friends!” Rose smiles.

“It is not just supper,” said Molly. “It is a winter picnic!”

## Decodable Reader 1

# Lunch At The State Park

Written by: Sean Kenton

Illustrated by: Lily Moran

### Phonics Skill:

Plural –s,-es, with and without spelling change: y to i

lunches	miles	plants	ladybugs	inches
babies	bunnies	flies	boxes	grapes

“Lunches are in the basket. The basket is in the car. Hop in! it is time to go,” Mom tells Jan and Sam. On the ride, Jan rests. Mom and Sam see things as Mom drives. Mom and Sam see farms and miles and miles of corn.

Sam asks, “Will we get there by ten?”

Mom nods yes as Jan wakes up. “ Are we there yet? Is it time for lunch?”

“Not yet,” Mom tells Jan. “ but you will like the State Park. It has many plants. It has grasses and bushes. It has lakes. Lots of animals have homes in the park.”

Sam and Jan run. Mom yells, “Stop! Do not go yet. I need to get the basket. Then we will hike together.”

“Will we see animals, Mom?” Jan asks.

“Yes, we will see tiny bugs and big animals too.”

“Ladybugs! Ladybugs!” Jan holds a ladybug. “Mom, it is red like the buds on the bushes.”

Bugs jump in the grass just inches from Sam. ”They sure jump high!”

## Decodable Reader 2

# Teaching Bell to Behave

Written by : Neil Fairbairn

Illustrated by: Anna Sumptin

## Phonics skills:

Base words and endings –ed,-ing,-er,-est with spelling changes: double final consonant, drop final e, y to i

hopped  
stepped

funniest  
tapped

bigger  
tried

sitting  
biggest

cried  
happier

Our puppy, Bell, hopped and jumped like a big rabbit! It was the funniest sight. But as Bell got bigger, friends did not like her jumping on them. Bell had to take lessons to behave better.

We taught Bell to sit. This was not the hardest lesson for Bell. Dogs will sit if you hand them dog bones for sitting. We would hold a dog bone high up. "Sit!" Every time Bell sat, we gave our puppy a dog bone. "Good dog!" We did these lots of times. Bell was getting lots of bones.

Then we gave Bell harder lessons. Bell must stop and not go when told "Stay." We started off with sitting lessons. We made Bell sit and gave her a bone. Then we put a hand up and cried, "Stay!" We stepped away. If Bell stayed, she got dog bones. If Bell did not stay, we tapped her nose. "No, Bell, no!"

We were trying to make Bell come. "Come." We tried and tried to make Bell come. If Bell came, we gave her bones and made the biggest fuss. Soon Bell sat or came at our command. Bell was getting lots of bones.

It was time to test Bell. Would Bell sit, stay, and come when we were not at home? We found out at Ben Lane Park. We let Bell run and run. We yelled, "Come, Bell." Yes, did you see? Bell came right up to us. Bell is a smart puppy!

The last test was the hardest. We told Bell to sit and stay. We hid and did not let Bell see us. Bell tried to find us again and again. At last Bell just sat as she was told. She stayed. Bell got lots of bones!

It takes time for puppies to learn. But we are glad we gave Bell lessons. Bell no longer hops on laps or jumps on friends. She runs up and sits. We are happy, and Bell is happier!

## The Chess Club

Written by: Robert Stirim

Illustrated by: Beth Fraulini

### Phonics Skill:

#### Suffixes -ly, -ful, -ness, -less:

illness	careful	cheerful	suddenly	skillful
rapidly	proudly	kindness	beautiful	finally

It had not been the best week for Travis. He had been stuck in bed for six days with a sore throat. Now it was time to try out for the soccer team, but Travis was weak from his illness, and his dad wouldn't let him play. Travis went outside and kicked and stamped his feet.

"Be careful. You might land on the ground!"

Travis spun around. A boy in a wheelchair was sitting in the next yard. He gave Travis a cheerful smile.

"Why are you so upset?" the boy asked.

Travis was startled. He looked at the boy and scowled. He explained his problem.

Suddenly Travis felt bad. The boy in the chair would never be able to lay soccer.

"My name is Travis," he said.

"I'm Mike," the boy replied. "Want to play chess?"

Travis stopped. Chess was for brains.

"Come on, I'll teach you," said Mike.

That's how Travis started playing chess. Each day he and Mike played outside in Mike's yard. Mike was very skillful at chess and beat Travis every time. But Travis rapidly got better and made Mike play hard.

"I must be a brain," Travis admitted one day. "I really like this game."

Other kids stopped to watch Travis and Mike play. Mike had five chess sets, so his mom set up more tables.

"Come and play," she told them.

"Now I've got a chess team," Mike boasted proudly.

Travis smiled. "This is not the team I expected to be on," he thought.

Each day that summer, the chess club met in Mike's yard. Then one day Mike told Travis he had to move to Boston to be near his new doctor.

"He'll help me get well," Mike said. "Keep on playing chess."

"I will," Travis replied sadly.

The day Mike left, his mom went to Travis and gave him her hand.

"Thanks for your kindness to Mike," she said. "He had a wonderful summer."

## Our Amazing Camp Race

Written by: Charis Baronne

Illustrated by: Daniel Ibson

### Phonics Skill:

#### Silent Consonants:

Climbing	crumb	designed	gnats	know
Nestled	rustling	wrist	wrung	knee-deep

Stan whistled so that we would listen. “This path is designed to test your skills,” Stan said. Ben, Liz, and Rick were on my team.

“We will use what we know about hiking and camping,” Ben said. “We must read signs and check our maps to know where to go.”

When Stan whistled again, we were off! We started by climbing up a huge hill. Liz slipped on rocks, but I grabbed her wrists and helped her. At the top, we found the path. We went into the forest together.

Gnats buzzed around our heads. We waved our hands and brushed them away. Soon, we came to a place where a big tree limb had crashed to the ground.

“That must have happened when the storm came,” Rick noted. We wriggled under that limb.

Our tired team stopped to eat lunch in silence. When we had finished, not a single crumb was left!

“It is hot and dry,” Liz pointed out. “We must drink plenty of liquid.”

“Listen!” I said quickly. “Can you hear that rustling sound?” We combed the grass. We found a wren in her nest, with fuzzy chicks nestled under her wings. We went happily back to our trail without bothering those sleepy wrens.

Our next task was to cross the bog on an old rope bridge. But when Ben stepped on that bridge, it broke! Splash! He fell into the muddy bog. When he got up, he was knee-deep in brown muck. He trudged slowly across the bog.

Rick, Liz, and I crossed on stepping stones.

Ben wrestled off his shoes and wrung out his socks. Then he got up and we set off. As we came around a bend, we saw our camp! We ran quickly to reach Stan. He patted us on our backs.

“That is a job well done!” he said proudly.

Even Ben with his wet socks grinned at that.

## Whirling Girl

Written By: Jennifer Hills  
Illustrated by: Anita Morelli

### Phonics Skill:

#### R-controlled /er/: ir, er, ur, ear, or:

whirling	early	word	hurled	certain
world	Turkey	dirt	earth	pearls

Shirley had talent. From the beginning her parents saw that she was going places. Early in the morning on the day after her birth, Shirley began to whirl. Mom and Dad found her spinning like a top in her crib.

“What on Earth!” exclaimed Dad.

“My word!” cried Mom.

Shirley was a happy baby. She became a sweet girl who liked helping out. She was happiest when spinning. She learned to use her spinning in lots of ways. She gave kids airplane rides. She hurled the shot put about a mile. Shirley could hang paintings quicker than a blink.

But Shirley was certain she could do more. How could a talent for spinning help the world? Shirley dreamed a dream. In her dream, she became the Whirling Girl! She bored a hole into the earth and saved a lost boy. She whirled rope around men who were robbing First Bank and left them in a neat bundle.

When she woke up, Shirley had a plan. She tied spades on her feet and began to spin.

“I bet I can tunnel all the way to Turkey!”

Her tunnels were huge wormholes.

“There is a lot of dirt in this yard,” yelled Dad.

“What were you thinking?” asked Mom.

Shirley blurted out the story of her dream.

“Shirley, you are great now!” said Dad.

“Even if you couldn’t twirl, we would still think you are great,” added Mom.

But Shirley felt so sad that Mom and Dad began thinking. Their thinking went round and round.

At last they had it! “Come with us, Shirley,” said Mom and Dad. They drove to an ice rink. Shirley tied on ice skates.

“Meet Coach Durning,” said Mom. “She will teach you to skate.”

Shirley learned to soar like a bird over the ice.

Shirley learned to skate so well, she became a star. She liked her skating dress with pearls and sequins. She sparkled as she leaped and danced over the ice. But the crowd enjoyed it most when Shirley, the Whirling Girl, twirled like a top.

## Daughters and Moms

Written by Matt Kooper

### Vowel sound in ball: augh, ough

bought          caught          daughter          fought          ought  
sought          taught          thought          brought

Paula and her mom did not always see eye to eye. They had different ideas about clothes and meals. They fought over bedtimes and baby sitters. They did not like listening to the same CD's. They seemed to disagree about many things.

Paula bought a yellow and purple shawl. Her mom said Paula did not need it and had to take it back to the mall. Paula thought that wasn't fair at all.

Mom made meat loaf with brown sauce for dinner. Her daughter ate one bite and balked. She thought it was awful and did not want to eat it. Mom told Paula to eat her dinner. Mom said that Paula's bedtime on weekends was nine. She caught Paula watching TV at ten.

Paula thought she ought to be able to stay at home on her own when Mom went out. But Mom always brought in a baby-sitter. And that's how that's how things went day after day. Paula and Mom almost never talked because they always seemed to disagree. One day Mom had a cough. It didn't seem like a big deal, but the cough got worse and worse. Finally, Mom sought help from a doctor. He told her that she needed rest and ought to stay in bed resting for two weeks. Later that day, Mom called Paula. "We need to talk."

Mom told her daughter that she was sick and needed Paula's help. Now Paula had many jobs. First she brought her mom hot tea and oatmeal in the morning. Then she greeted Miss Fraught, the home helper, and let her into the house. Paula made her bed and washed the dishes before she walked to the bus stop.

Mom couldn't make lunches, so Paula bought her lunch in the lunchroom every day. She walked Dawg twice a day and fed him. She taught her mom some awful jokes. Mom told her some almost funny stories. They spent a lot of time together. Paula talked and Mom listened. Mom talked and Paula listened.

They even talked about clothes and meals and bedtimes and baby-sitters. By the time Mom was well, Paula and Mom were getting along fine. And they never disagreed again. Well, maybe they still disagreed, but only now and then. Overall, they began to see eye to eye.