

PARMLY METHOD
FIRST
READER



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PARMLY METHOD
FIRST READER



CINDERELLA

PARMLY METHOD

FIRST READER

BY

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TEACHER OF PRIMARY READING
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



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PARMLY FIRST READER.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE LITTLE PINE TREE	7
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD <i>Old English Fairy Tale</i>	14
THE THREE BEARS Retold from <i>Robert Southey</i>	24
THE THREE LITTLE PIGS	32
PIGGY <i>Thomas Hood</i>	43
JOHNNY AND THE GOLDEN GOOSE	46
WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY? <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	70
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD (Advanced)	72
THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS <i>Eliza Lee Follen</i>	80
RHŒCUS Retold from <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	83
THE THREE BEARS (Advanced)	89
THE BROOK <i>Eliza Lee Follen</i>	98
CINDERELLA <i>Old English Fairy Tale</i>	100
WORD FAMILIES	118

NOTE. — The stories and poems contained in this little volume are carefully graded for beginners. They are to be read by the children themselves.

A "Teacher's Manual" has been prepared which furnishes the same stories, with full explanations and footnotes, showing important phonetic developments which eliminate the necessity of acquiring a large stock of "sight words" by visualization — always a slow process.

The method presents a fundamental technique of teaching reading that gives the key to individual power for all future reading. It employs literature from the very first lessons. Experience has proved that by this method children six years of age will learn to read new matter independently and intelligently in the shortest possible time and with the least expenditure of energy on the part of both pupil and teacher.



A KIND FAIRY WAS IN THE WOOD

THE LITTLE PINE TREE

I

A little pine tree was in the wood.
It had beautiful needles.
The wind made music in them all day long.
The sun made them shine.
But the little tree was not happy.
It did not care for needles.
“All the other trees have leaves,” it said.
“Needles are always green.
I am tired of them.
I wish I had leaves.
I wish I had gold leaves.
Oh, to shine! to shine!”

A kind fairy was in the wood.
She heard the little tree.

When night came,

she touched it with her wand.

In the morning the tree had gold leaves.

When the wind blew,

it made the leaves shine in the sun.

It made them ring like bells.

“Oh,” said the little pine tree.

“What beautiful leaves!”

A robber came by.

He heard the music of the gold leaves.

He saw them shine in the sun.

“Oh,” said he.

“These gold leaves will just fill my bag.

I will pick them.”

He took them all.

The poor little tree was bare.



II

The robber took the gold leaves.

“I wish I had leaves,” said the tree.

“I do not like to be bare.

Gold leaves will never do.

Men like them.

Robbers will take them.

I wish I had glass leaves.

They would ring like bells.

They would shine in the sun.

Oh, to shine! to shine!”

The fairy came at night.

She touched the tree again.

In the morning it had glass leaves.

“Hark!” said the little pine tree.

“These leaves ring like the gold leaves.

And how they shine in the sun!

What a fine tree I am!”

The wind blew and blew and blew.

It made the glass leaves swing.

They all fell and broke.

And again the poor little tree was bare.

III

The wind blew the glass leaves.

They all fell and broke.

The poor little tree was bare.

“Oh, dear!” said the little pine tree.



“I must not wish to be so beautiful.
I must wish for green leaves
 like the other trees.
Robbers will not take them.
The wind will not break them.
Oh, I wish I had green leaves!”
The fairy came again.
She touched the tree with her wand.
She gave it green leaves.

In the morning the little pine tree said,
“These green leaves shine in the sun.
How good it feels on them!
Oh, what a fine tree I am!”
An old goat came by.
He saw the green leaves on the little tree.
“Oh! here is a fine dinner,” said he.
“What a little tree! What green leaves!
It will be no trouble at all to eat them.”
He ate and ate and ate,
 till he ate all the leaves.
Again the poor little tree was bare.
“Dear, dear,” said the tree.
“What a trouble leaves are!
I wish I had my needles again.
Men will not take them.
The wind will not break them.

•



Goats will not eat them.

Needles are best for a little tree like me.”

In the morning it had its needles again.

How glad it was to have them!

It held them out to the sun. It let the wind

make music in them all day long.

“I like my needles best,” said the tree.

It was very happy.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Long, long ago, a little girl lived near a wood with her mother. She was so good that her grandmother gave her a little red coat and hood.

The children called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother made a cake. Then she said to Little Red Riding Hood, "I have a cake and some butter for grandmother. Go, my dear, and see how she is. She has been ill."

Little Red Riding Hood got ready at once and put on her little red coat and hood.

"Good-by, mother," she said; and she was very happy as she ran to the wood.



The grandmother's house was far away near the other side of the wood.

Little Red Riding Hood was not afraid to go there alone.

In the wood, she saw some woodmen ready to chop down trees, and she saw beautiful flowers not far away.

She ran on, for her mother had said she must not stop to pick flowers.

All at once she heard a noise. Then a great wolf ran out to meet her.

Little Red Riding Hood had never seen a wild wolf ; so she was not afraid of him.

“Where are you going ?” said the wolf.

“I am going to see my grandmother,” said Little Red Riding Hood.

“Where does she live ?” said the wolf.



“In the white house near the other side of the wood.”

The wolf was just ready to eat her up, but he was afraid the woodmen might kill him.

So he said, “I will go and see her, too.”

“I will go this way,” said Little Red Riding Hood.

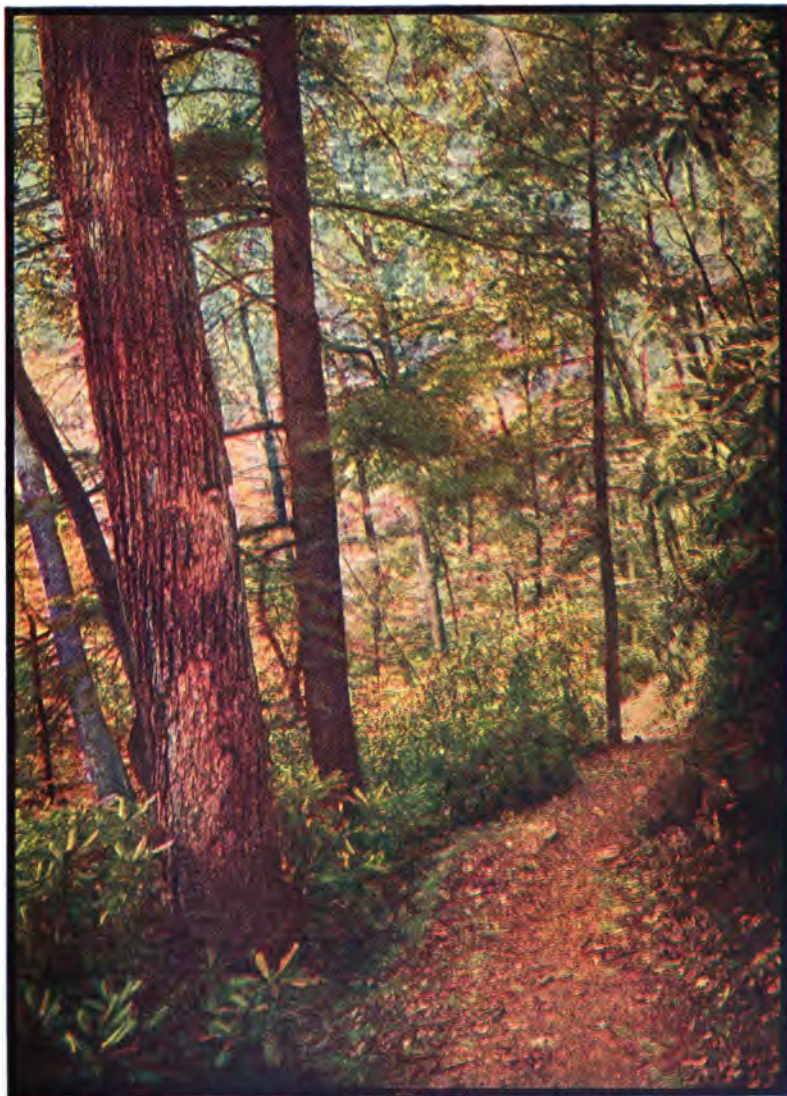
“I will go that way,” said the wolf.

He took the short way and ran as fast as he could.

He soon came to the grandmother's house. He knocked at the door, — tap, tap, tap.

“Who is there?” called the grandmother.

“It is I. It is Little Red Riding Hood,”



IN THE WOODS

said the wolf. "I have brought a cake and some butter from mother."

The grandmother called out, "Turn the door knob and come in."

The wolf turned the door knob. The door opened and he went in.

When the grandmother saw the wild wolf at the door, she ran out, to call the woodmen. The wolf then shut the door and jumped into bed.

By and by Little Red Riding Hood came to the house. She knocked at the door, — tap, tap, tap.

"Who is there?"

Little Red Riding Hood heard the great voice of the wolf, and she thought her grandmother must have a very bad cold.

So she said, "It is I. It is Little Red Riding Hood."

"I have brought a cake and some butter from mother."

Then the wolf called out, "Turn the door knob and come in."

Little Red Riding Hood turned the door knob and the door opened. She went in.

The wolf was under the bedclothes. He called out and said, "Shut the door and put the cake and the butter away."

As Little Red Riding Hood did so, the wolf looked out from under the bedclothes.

Then Little Red Riding Hood went near the bed. She thought her grandmother was there.



So she said, “Grandmother, what great arms you have!”

“The better to hug you, my dear, the better to hug you.”

“Grandmother, what great ears you have!”

“The better to hear you, my dear, the better to hear you.”

“Grandmother, what great eyes you have!”

“The better to see you, my dear, the better to see you.”

“Grandmother, what great teeth you have!”

“The better to eat you up!”

The old wolf jumped out of bed, and Little Red Riding Hood began to scream.

Just then the door opened, and in came the woodmen and the grandmother. They were just in time to save Little Red Riding Hood from the old wolf.

THE THREE BEARS

I

Once upon a time three bears lived in a little brown house in the wood.

One was a great big bear, one was a middle-sized bear, and one was a little wee bear.

Each bear had a pot for porridge. There was a great big pot for the great big bear, a middle-sized pot for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee pot for the little wee bear.

Each bear had a chair to sit in. There was a great big chair for the great big bear, a middle-sized chair for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee chair for the little wee bear.

Each bear had a bed to sleep in. The great big bear had a great big bed, the middle-sized bear had a middle-sized bed, and the little wee bear had a little wee bed.

One morning they made some porridge for breakfast, and it was so hot they could not eat it. So they put it into the porridge pots and set it on the table to cool. Then all the bears went for a walk in the wood.

They had not gone far when a little girl named Goldenlocks came to the house. She stopped to peep in at the window.

She saw no one in the house; so she went round to the door and knocked.

No one came to the door.

She knocked again.

No one came to the door. She turned the knob and the door opened.

She walked in and saw the three porridge pots on the table.

She tasted the porridge of the great big bear, and it was too hot for her. She tasted the porridge of the middle-sized bear, and it was too cold for her. And then she tasted the porridge of the little wee bear, and it was just right; so she ate it all up.

Then little Goldenlocks sat down in the great big chair, and that was too hard for her. She sat down in the middle-sized chair, and that was too soft for her. She sat down in the little wee chair, and that



was just right. There she sat and sat and sat. Then the chair broke, and down she fell upon the floor.

She got up and went into the bedroom. There she saw the three beds.

She lay down upon the great big bed, and it was too high for her. She lay down upon the middle-sized bed, and that was too high for her. And then she lay

down upon the little wee bed, and that was just right. She felt tired and lay there till she went to sleep.

II

By this time, the three bears had come home. They were very hungry after their walk, and so they made haste to get their porridge.

“Somebody has been at my porridge!” cried the great big bear in a great big voice.

“Somebody has been at my porridge!” cried the middle-sized bear in a middle-sized voice.

“Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!” cried the little wee bear in a little wee voice.



The three bears began to look about the house. Little Goldenlocks was sound asleep all the time.

“Somebody has been in my chair!” cried the great big bear in a great big voice.

“Somebody has been in my chair!”

cried the middle-sized bear in a middle-sized voice.

“Somebody has been in my chair, and broken it all down!” cried the little wee bear in a little wee voice.

Still little Goldenlocks was fast asleep.

At last the three bears walked into the bedroom, and the great big bear cried out, “Somebody has been in my bed!”

Then the middle-sized bear cried out, “Somebody has been in my bed!”

And then the little wee bear cried out, “Somebody has been in my bed—and here she is!”

Goldenlocks had heard in her sleep the great voice of the great big bear and the middle-sized voice of the middle-sized



bear. Then she heard the little wee voice of the little wee bear. It woke her at once. She saw the bears by the side of the bed, and was so frightened that she jumped right out of the window.

She ran as fast as her legs could go, and the three bears never saw her again.



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Long, long ago, an old mother pig lived in a barnyard with her three little pigs.

One day the mother was away. The three little pigs thought they would like to go to the end of the world. So they went out to seek their fortunes.

The first went north. He met a man with a bunch of straw, and said to him,

“Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house.”

The man gave him the straw and the little pig made a house with the straw and some mud.

Soon the wolf came along. He knocked at the door of the straw house, and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

And the little pig said, "No, no, I'll not let you come in."

The wolf said, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff, till I blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew the house in, and ate up the little pig.

The second little pig went south. He had not gone far when he met a man with a bundle of sticks, and said to him,

“Please, man, give me those sticks to build me a house.”

The man gave him the sticks, and the little pig made a house with the sticks and some mud.

Soon the wolf came along and said, “Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”

“No, no, I’ll not let you come in.”

“Then I’ll puff and I’ll huff, till I blow your house in.”

So he puffed and he huffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and blew the house in and ate up the little pig.

The third little pig went west. He met a man with a load of bricks, and said,

“Please, man, give me those bricks to build me a house.”



The man gave him the bricks, and the little pig made a house with them.

Soon the wolf came again, and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, I'll not let you come in," said the little pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, till I blow your house in."

Well, he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and he huffed and he puffed. But he found that with all his huffing and puffing he could not blow the house in. So he sat down by the side of the pig's house and thought and thought and thought.

At last he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a field of nice turnips."

“Where?” said the little pig.

“Oh, down by Mr. Smith’s barn. If you will be ready to-morrow morning at six o’clock, I shall call for you, and we can get some of the turnips for dinner.”

“Very well, I shall be ready.”

The wise little pig got up at five o’clock in the morning, and went after the turnips.

When the wolf came at six, he said, “Little pig, are you ready?”

And the little pig said, “Ready! why, I have been to the field and am back again, and I have a pot full of turnips for dinner.”



The wolf felt very angry at this. He thought that he would get even with this wise little pig.

So he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple tree."

"Where?" said the little pig.

"Down the lane near Mr. Smith's farm," said the wolf, "and if you will go with me, I shall come for you."

"What time do you wish to go?" said the little pig.

"Oh, at five o'clock in the morning."

Well, the little pig got up early the next morning, and marched off at four o'clock. He hoped to get back before the wolf came; but he had farther to go and had much trouble to climb the tree.



Just as he was getting down from the tree, he saw the wolf at the end of the garden. He was very much afraid.

When the wolf came up, he said, “Little pig, are you here before me?”

“Yes,” said the little pig.

“And are they good apples?”

“Yes, very,” said the little pig. “I’ll throw you one.”

He threw it very far, and the wolf went to pick it up. Then the little pig jumped down from the tree and ran home.

The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig, "Little pig, there is to be a fair in town to-day. Will you go?"

"Oh, yes," said the little pig, "I will go. What time will you be ready?"

"At three o'clock," said the wolf.

The little pig marched off before the time and bought a churn at the fair.

As he was going home, he saw the wolf coming. He was so frightened that he did not know what to do.

He took off the lid and crept into the churn to hide. Then he put the lid on again and held it very tight. The churn



turned over and over and over, and rolled down the hill with the pig in it.

This frightened the wolf so much that he ran all the way home without going to the fair.

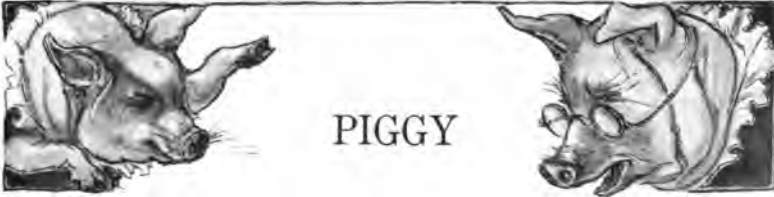
He went to the little pig's house and

told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing rolling down the hill.

“Ho, ho!” said the pig, “Did I frighten you? I had been to the fair and bought a churn. When I saw you, I got into it, and rolled down the hill.”

Then the wolf was in a great rage. He snarled at the little pig, and said, “I’ll eat you up. I’ll eat you up. I’ll climb down the chimney after you.”

When the wise little pig saw what the wolf was about, he hung a pot full of water over a blazing fire. Then, just as the wolf was climbing down the chimney, the pig took off the lid. In fell the wolf, and that was the end of him.



Where are you going to, you little pig?

“I’m leaving my mother, I’ve grown so big!”

So big, young pig!

So young, so big!

What, leaving your mother, you foolish pig?

Where are you going to, you little pig?

“I’ve got a new spade, and I’m going to dig!”

To dig, little pig!

A little pig dig!

Well, I never saw a pig with a spade that could dig!



Where are you going to, you little pig?"

"I'm going to the store to buy a nice fig!"

A fig, little pig!

What, a pig eat a fig!

Well, I never yet saw a pig eat a fig!

Where are you going to, you little pig?

"I'm going to a ball to dance a fine jig!"

A jig, little pig!

A pig dance a jig!

I never before saw a pig dance a jig!



Where are you going to, you little pig ?

“I’m going to the fair to run a fine rig !”

A rig, little pig !

A pig run a rig !

Well, I never before saw a pig run a rig !

Where are you going to, you little pig ?

“I’m going to the barber’s to buy me a wig !”

A wig, little pig !

A pig in a wig !

Why, who ever before saw a pig in a wig ?

JOHNNY AND THE GOLDEN GOOSE

PART I

A poor man once had three boys: a big boy, a middle-sized boy, and a little boy.

Johnny, the little boy, was called the simpleton of the house. He did not get as many good things as the other boys.

One day the big boy was sent into the forest to chop wood. When he started, his mother gave him a big piece of cake and a bottle of sweet milk.

“Good-by, my dear. Take good care of yourself,” she said.

Just as he reached the forest he met a little old man.



The little man said, “Good morning, my son. Will you give me a piece of your cake and a taste of your sweet milk?”

But the greedy boy said, “The more I give you, the less I shall have for myself.”

He left the little man standing in the road and went on his way. He soon came to a fine oak tree and began to chop it down.

At the first stroke of the ax it slipped and cut his arm. So he ran home to have his mother dress the wound.

The next day, the middle-sized boy was sent to the forest to chop wood. When he started, his mother gave him a big piece of cake and a bottle of sweet milk.

“Good-by, my dear! Take good care of yourself,” she said.

Just as he reached the forest, he met a little old man.

The man said to him, “Good morning, my son. Will you give me a piece of your cake and a taste of your sweet milk?”

But the greedy boy said, "The more I give you, the less I shall have for myself."

Then he left the little man standing in the middle of the road, and went on his way into the forest.

He soon came to a tall oak tree and began to chop it down.

At the first stroke of the ax it slipped and cut his leg. So he ran home as fast as he could to have his mother dress the wound.

When Johnny, the simpleton, saw all this, he said, "Mother, let me go to the forest. Father, let me try. I will bring home some wood."

"Nonsense," said the father. "The other boys got into trouble, and I am afraid

to trust you. How could a little boy like you chop down a tree?"

But Johnny wished to go. So at last the father said, "Very well, you may go and try what you can do."

There was no big piece of cake, nor bottle of sweet milk for Johnny. His mother gave him a little piece of bread and a bottle of sour milk, and he started on his way.

Just as he reached the forest, the little man appeared.

"Good morning, Johnny! Will you give me a piece of your cake and a taste of your sweet milk?"

"It is only bread, and the milk is sour," said Johnny; "but you may have as much as you wish."



The old man and the little boy sat down to eat. Johnny looked at his dinner. It had changed to a beautiful cake and a bottle of good sweet milk.

They ate as much as they wished, and then the little man said:—

“Johnny, you have a kind heart. You have been very good to me, and I am going

to tell you a secret. There stands a little pine tree in the forest. Chop it down. In the middle of the stump, you will find something.”

Then the little man disappeared.

Johnny found the pine tree and at once began to chop it down. He chopped and chopped and chopped. At last the little tree fell. Johnny looked. Sitting in the middle of the stump was a goose with golden feathers.

Johnny took the goose under his arm and stroked its golden feathers. He ran all the way home to show his father and mother what he had found in the stump of the little pine tree.

When Johnny reached home, he put the



goose on the table. Then he stroked the golden feathers, and the goose laid a golden egg.

Each time that he stroked the golden feathers, the goose laid a golden egg. Johnny and his father soon had as many golden eggs as they wished.

PART II

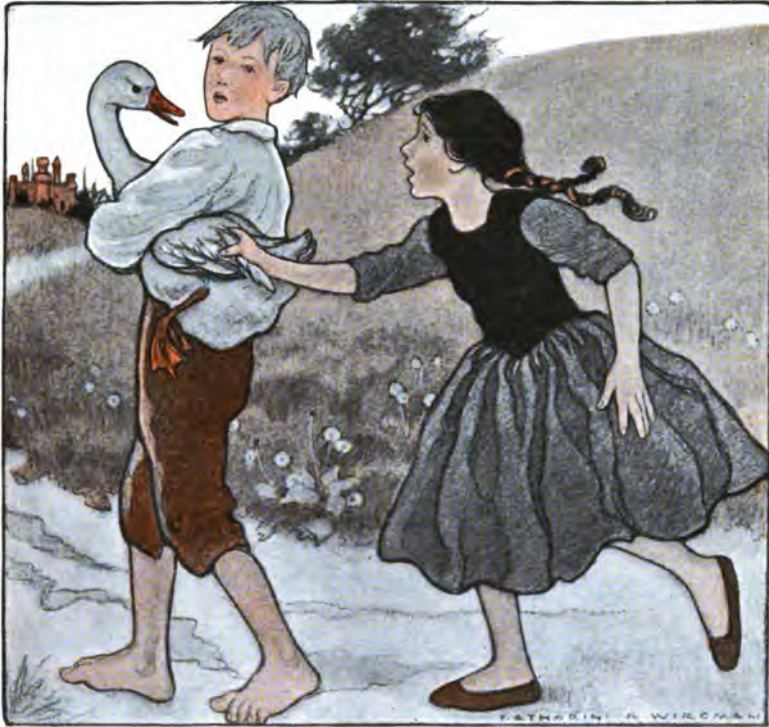
One day, Johnny, the simpleton, went out walking with his golden goose under his arm.

No one knew that Johnny, the simpleton, had found a golden goose.

No one knew that Johnny, the simpleton, was now a rich boy.

So Johnny took his golden goose under his arm and walked down the road to show it to the people of the town.

He had not gone far when he met a little girl. The girl said to herself, "There goes Johnny with a goose under his arm. What a very strange looking goose it is! I wonder if the feathers are real gold. I should like to pull one out for myself."



Johnny walked on and the girl ran up behind him. She stretched out her hand to pull out a feather.

She grasped the wing of the goose, and found that she could not let go.

By and by a second girl came running down the road. She wished to pull out a golden feather from the goose.

She stretched out her hand and grasped the first girl. Then she found that she could not let go.

Soon a third girl came running down the road. She wished to pull out a golden feather from the goose.

“Go away; go away!” screamed the first two girls.

The third girl did not hear their cries. She stretched out her hand and grasped the second girl. Then she found that she could not let go.

The three girls pulled and pulled, but it was of no use—they could not get away.

Johnny went on his way and did not trouble himself about the girls hanging on behind.

By and by they met a parson. He saw the three girls running after a boy and wished to help them.

He stretched out his hand to drag the third girl away. When he grasped her hand, he found that he could not let go. He stuck fast, and could not get away.

On and on they all went running after Johnny.

By and by they met the mayor of the town.

“Stop, parson, stop!” he cried. “You will be late to church.”

He pulled and pulled at the parson’s

coat tail, and he, too, stuck fast. He found that he could not let go.

Now there were five of them running down the road after Johnny.

They passed house after house, and all the fine people of the town ran to the windows to look at them.

They had gone a mile. Then they saw a clown standing by the road.

“There must be a circus in town,” said the clown. “I will go, too, and do some of my funny tricks.”

He grasped the mayor by the hand and stuck fast. He found that he could not let go.

They had gone another mile when they met two men digging in the road.



“Oh, please set us free; please set us free!” called out the parson.

The men threw down their spades at once, and came to help them, but they, too, stuck fast. So Johnny had a fine string of eight people hanging on behind.

All the people of the town had their heads stretched out of their windows; but Johnny walked on and did not trouble himself about the funny looking string of people hanging on behind.

On and on they ran, till they came to the country of a great king.

This king had a beautiful daughter who was very sad. No one could make her laugh.

The king had said that the man who made her laugh might marry her.

Johnny heard what the king had said, and he at once made his way to the princess.

The princess saw the golden goose and the funny looking people hanging on behind, and she burst into a fit of laughter.



She laughed and laughed, and the king was afraid she might never stop laughing.

As soon as the princess began to laugh, the goose began to cackle. When the goose began to cackle, the three girls, the parson, the mayor, the clown, and the two men let go their hands again.

Johnny stroked the golden feathers of the goose, and gave the king, the three girls, the parson, the mayor, the clown, and the two men each a golden egg, for they had all helped to make the princess laugh.

Then Johnny took his golden goose under his arm and walked back home.





PART III

Johnny wished to marry the princess at once. He went to the king's palace and said, "I have come to marry the princess."

The king would not give his daughter to a simpleton.

"I do not wish to let a simpleton marry the princess," said the king. "But you may have her, if you will first bring

me a man who can drink up a whole well of water in a day.”

Johnny thought of the little old man in the forest, and ran to find him.

He soon came to the stump of the pine tree he had chopped down, and there he saw a strange man with a very sad face sitting beside it.

“Good morning, sir, what ails you?” asked Johnny.

The man said, “I shall die of thirst! I shall die of thirst! I have already had a barrel of water, and it was no more to me than a drop on a hot stone. I could drink a whole well of water in a day.”

How pleased Johnny was to hear these words!

“You are the man for me!” said Johnny.

He led the man to the king’s garden and showed him the well. The man drank and drank, and at the end of the day not a drop of water was left.

A second time Johnny went to the king, and said, “I have come to marry the princess.”

The king would not give his daughter to a simpleton.

“I do not wish to let a simpleton marry the princess,” said the king. “But you may have her, if you will first bring me a man who can eat, in one day, a loaf of bread as big as a house.”

Johnny ran into the forest again.

He soon came to the stump of the pine tree he had chopped down, and there he saw a strange man with a very sad face sitting beside it.

“Good morning, sir, what ails you?” asked Johnny.

“I shall die of hunger! I shall die of hunger! I have already eaten a great big loaf of bread, and it was no more to me than a mouthful. I could eat a house full of bread in one day.”

How pleased Johnny was to hear these words!

“You are the very man for me,” said Johnny.

He led the man to the king's garden. There all the bread in the country had



been mixed into a loaf as big as a house. The man ate, and ate, and ate, till, at the end of the day, not a mouthful of bread was left.

A third time Johnny went to the king, and said, "I have come to marry the princess."

But the king did not wish to give her to him.

"Bring me a ship that can fly in the air and sail on the sea," he said, "and then you may marry the princess."

Once more Johnny ran to the forest. This time he met the little old man who had told him about the golden goose.

"Good morning, my son," said the little old man. "So you have come to see me

again. I drank the water for you and ate the bread for you. You have a good, kind heart. You have been so good to me that I am going to give you a beautiful little ship. It can fly in the air and sail on the sea.”

Johnny took the beautiful ship to the king, and the king thought he was a very wise boy. So Johnny and the princess were married that very day.

Then the golden goose flew back to the forest. It flew to the nest it had left in the stump of the little pine tree. And there you may find it if you will first find the stump.



WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

(ADVANCED)

A very long time ago there lived in the country a beautiful girl, but I cannot tell you her real name.

Her grandmother loved her so much that she made for her a bright red coat with a hood. Ever after she was called Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said to her, "I have some butter and a cake for grandmother. Go, my dear, and see how she is, for she has been ill."

Little Red Riding Hood put on her red coat and hood, and made ready to start at once.

“Good-by, mother,” she said, and she was very happy.

Her grandmother’s house was a long way off, on the other side of a dark forest.

As she was going through the forest, suddenly there sprang before her a big wolf, with his great mouth wide open. He wanted to eat her up, but dared not do so, for he heard a noise among the trees.

He knew some woodmen were near by, and so he softly drew back and asked, “Where are you going, my dear little girl?”

Little Red Riding Hood was not afraid of him when he began to talk to her.

“I am going to see my grandmother and carry her some cake and butter,” said she.

“And where does your grandmother live?” asked the wolf.

“In the white house by the mill, on the other side of the forest.”

“I will go and see her, too,” said the wolf. “Let us see who can get there first.”

“I will go this way,” said little Red Riding Hood.

“I will go that way,” said he.

The wolf started off another way. As soon as he was out of sight, he began to run as fast as he could. He soon came to the grandmother’s house, and knocked at the door, — rap, rap, rap.

“Who is there?”

“It is I. It is Little Red Riding Hood,” called the wolf, changing his voice. “I



have brought some butter and a cake from mother.”

“Turn the door knob and push the door open and come in,” called the grandmother.

The wolf turned the door knob and softly pushed the door open with his great paw. He peeped in. The grandmother saw him leap into the room. She sprang out the back way, and ran to the forest to call the woodmen.

The wolf then shut the door. He put on the grandmother's nightgown. He pulled down the shades, and jumped into bed.

By and by Little Red Riding Hood came to the house and knocked at the door,— rap, rap, rap.

“Who is there?”

Little Red Riding Hood heard the great voice, and at first she was afraid. Then she thought her grandmother had a very bad cold, and she said, “It is Little Red Riding Hood. I have brought some butter and a cake from mother.”

The wolf called out, “Turn the door knob, push the door open, and come in.”

Little Red Riding Hood turned the door-knob. She pushed the door open and went in.

The wolf said, “Shut the door and put the cake and butter away and come here.”

Little Red Riding Hood put the cake and the butter on a dish and then sat down by the bed. She could not see very well,

for the room was dark ; but she thought a great change had come over the grandmother.

“Grandmother,” she said, “what great arms you have !”

“The better to hug you, my dear.”

“Grandmother, what great ears you have !”

“The better to hear you, my dear.”

“Grandmother, what great eyes you have !”

“The better to see you, my dear.”

“Grandmother, what great teeth you have !”

“The better to eat you up.”

And with that, the wicked old beast sprang out of bed.



Little Red Riding Hood was frightened. She did not know what to do.

Just then the door opened. In came the woodmen, and the grandmother. They had come just in time, and the woodmen soon put an end to the wicked old wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood began to cry.

“O Grandmother,” she said, “I am so glad you have come!”

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens lost their mittens,

And they began to cry,

O mother dear,

We very much fear

That we have lost our mittens.

Lost your mittens! You naughty kittens!

Then you shall have no pie,

Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

No, you shall have no pie,

Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

The three little kittens found their mittens,

And they began to cry,

O mother dear,

See here, see here,

See, we have found our mittens.

Put on your mittens, you silly kittens,
And you may have some pie,

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
O let us have the pie,
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.

The three little kittens put on the mittens,
And soon ate up the pie ;

O mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens.

Soiled your mittens ! You naughty kittens!

Then they began to sigh,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

Then they began to sigh,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

The little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry ;

O mother dear,

Do not you hear

That we have washed our mittens ?

Washed your mittens ! O, you good kittens.

But I smell a rat close by ;

Hush ! hush ! mee-ow, mee-ow,

We smell a rat close by ;

Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.





RHŒCUS

One day a youth named Rhoecus was walking through a forest. As he walked along, he saw a tree just ready to fall. It was a fine oak tree with beautiful leaves.

Rhoecus felt sorry that so fine a tree should fall to the ground, so he put a log against its trunk with great care.

As he turned to go, he heard a voice speak his name, "Rhœcus!"

He looked but could see nothing. It was as if the wind had stirred the leaves to murmur, "Rhœcus." And while he waited, again it murmured softer than a breeze, "Rhœcus!"

He turned again and looked about him. Then he started as if in a happy dream; for there, beside the old oak tree, he saw a beautiful maiden.

As he looked at her, she said, "Rhœcus, I am the fairy of this tree. I must live with it and die with it. You have made my life longer by bracing it up. Now ask what you will and I shall grant your wish."



Rhœcus was very happy when she said this ; he wished to have the beautiful fairy for his friend.

“Only be my friend,” he said. “Give me gentle eyes like yours.”

“I grant your wish, Rhœcus. Meet me here an hour before sunset.”

Then she disappeared. He could see nothing but the shadow of the oak. Not a sound came to his ears but the low rustle of the leaves.

He went on his way through the forest. As he walked along, the sky seemed very blue and clear, and the sunshine glittered through the trees.

He felt so happy that he thought he could almost fly.

He went on to the city. At the house of a friend, he met some boys at games. He joined in the games and soon forgot that the hours were flying. He forgot his promise.

After a while a yellow bee came buzzing and humming about his head. Rhœcus brushed it off, but the bee came back.

He beat it off again. Three times the bee came back. At last he wounded its wing, and then it flew away.

Rhœcus watched with angry eyes as the bee flew through the window. Then he saw that the sun was sinking in the west.

Suddenly, it came to his mind that he was to meet the fairy before the sun went down. He sprang to his feet and

rushed away without a word. Through the city and into the forest he ran till he was out of breath.

At last he reached the tree. He listened and heard the fairy's low voice again. He heard it moan and sigh, "Rhœcus — Rhœcus!"

He looked around him. He could see nothing, for all the forest was dark.

"O Rhœcus," the voice sighed, "you shall never see me again. I sent a little bee to tell you to come, but you brushed him away with a wounded wing.

"We fairies show ourselves only to gentle eyes, and he who is unkind to the smallest living thing can never see us again. Good-by."

THE THREE BEARS

(ADVANCED)

Many years ago there were three bears who lived together in a house of their own in a thick, dark forest. One of them was a little wee bear ; one was a middle-sized bear ; and the other was a great big bear.

They had each a pot for porridge ; a little wee pot for the little wee bear, and a middle-sized pot for the middle-sized bear, and a great big pot for the great big bear.

And they had each a chair to sit upon ; a little wee chair for the little wee bear, a middle-sized chair for the middle-sized bear, and a great big chair for the great big bear.

And they had each a bed to sleep in ; a little wee bed for the little wee bear, a middle-sized bed for the middle-sized bear, and a great big bed for the great big bear.

One day, they made porridge for their breakfast and poured it into their porridge pots. Then they went out to walk through the forest while the porridge was cooling.

While they were walking, a little girl named Goldenlocks came to the house.

She looked in at the window. She peeped in at the crack of the door. Then, seeing nobody in the house, she turned the door knob.

The door was not fastened. Little Goldenlocks opened it and went in. How



pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table! If she had been a polite little girl, she would have waited till the bears came home, and they might have asked her to stay for breakfast. But little Goldenlocks set about helping herself.

First she tasted the porridge of the great big bear, and that was too hot for her. She tasted the porridge of the middle-sized bear, and that was too cold for her. Then she went to the porridge of the little wee bear, and tasted that; and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right. She liked it so well that she ate it all up.

Little Goldenlocks sat down in the chair of the great big bear, and that was too

hard for her. She sat down in the chair of the middle-sized bear, and that was too soft for her. She sat down in the chair of the little wee bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So, there she sat till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she fell upon the floor.

Then little Goldenlocks went into the room in which the three bears slept. She lay down upon the bed of the great big bear, and that was too high at the head for her. She lay down upon the bed of the middle-sized bear, and that was too high at the foot for her. She lay down upon the bed of the little wee bear, and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right; so she sank

down upon the pillows and lay there till she was fast asleep.

By this time the three bears thought their porridge would be cool, and so they came home to breakfast.

The great big bear looked into his porridge pot and began to roar in his great rough voice, "Somebody has been at my porridge."

The middle-sized bear looked into her porridge pot and began to growl in a middle-sized voice, "Somebody has been at my porridge."

The little wee bear looked into his porridge pot and began to cry in a little wee voice, "Somebody has been at my porridge and has eaten it all up."

The three bears now began to grow very cross. They saw that some one had been in their house and had eaten up the little wee bear's breakfast, and they looked around to see who it could be.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!" roared the great big bear in his great rough voice.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!" growled the middle-sized bear in her middle-sized voice.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair and has broken it all down!" cried the little wee bear in his little wee voice.

Then the three bears went into their sleeping room.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!"



THE BROOK

“Stop, stop, pretty water!”
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

“You run on so fast !
I wish you would stay !
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

“But I will run after ;
Mother says that I may,
For I would know where
You are running away.”

So Mary ran on,
But I have heard say
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.



CINDERELLA

I

There was once a man who had a wife and one dear little daughter. They lived in a beautiful house in the city.

One day the mother fell sick and died.

The father was afraid his little daughter would be alone, so he married again.

The new mother had two daughters, and they made their little sister do all the hard work about the house.

They made her wash the dishes and scrub the stairs ; they made her sweep the rooms and clean the grates. They sent her to sleep in the attic on an old pile of straw, while they had beautiful bedrooms with long looking-glasses.

This poor little girl was not happy. When her work was done, she would sit in a corner in the kitchen, among the ashes and cinders. So the sisters called her Cinderella.

The sisters' fine clothes made Cinderella feel shabby, but even in her ragged dress she was more beautiful than they.

Now the king's son gave a grand ball and invited all the rich people in the city. Cinderella's sisters were invited to the ball. How proud and happy they were! For days and days they talked of nothing but gowns and the fine people they hoped to meet.

At last the great day came. The two sisters kept Cinderella running about from

morning till night. She had to get their fine clothes ready to wear.

“I shall wear a pink satin dress,” said one of them, “and trim it with real lace. And I shall wear slippers to match.”

“And I,” said the other, “shall wear a blue gown of silk and cover it with gold lace, and I shall wear diamonds around my neck. You have nothing so fine as that.”

Then the sisters grew angry and would have struck each other, but Cinderella took pains to be kind to them.

She was repaid at last by seeing them at peace.

When they were almost ready for the ball they said, “Cinderella, would you like to go to the ball?”



Cinderella ran to the pantry and brought the mousetrap. One by one, six fat mice passed through the trap door. The fairy struck each of them with her wand and they became six fine black horses.

“Now, Cinderella, can you find a coachman?” asked the fairy.

“There might be a rat in the rat trap,” said Cinderella.

Cinderella ran into the garden and brought the rat trap. In it were three large rats. The fairy struck one of them with her wand, and he became a fine fat coachman in a white wig and silk stockings.

“Now go again into the garden and you will find six lizards behind the waterpot,” said the fairy.

Cinderella ran into the garden and brought the lizards, and the fairy struck each of them with her wand. Six splendid footmen, in white wigs and silk stockings, jumped up behind the coach.

Cinderella was very happy.

“Oh, it is all so lovely!” she said. Then she thought of her shabby clothes.

The fairy looked at the ragged dress. Then with a touch of her wand she changed the shabby clothes to a dress of gold and silver cloth. The beautiful dress sparkled in the light as it trailed behind her. She no longer had bare feet, for on them were silk stockings and a beautiful pair of little glass slippers.

“Come, child, you will be late,” said the fairy. “Remember, if you stay at the

palace one moment after midnight your coach will become a pumpkin; your horses will be mice; your coachman a rat; your footmen lizards; and you, yourself, will be the little cinder maid you were an hour ago.”

Cinderella stepped into the coach; the coachman cracked his whip, and away she went to the ball.

III

The coach dashed up to the palace and the door was flung open. The king's son came down the steps of the palace to meet Cinderella. “Never,” said he to himself, “have I seen any one so lovely.”

He gave her his hand and led her into the great hall. All the fine people stood aside to let her pass. The music stopped,



and the dancers stood still. Such a beautiful princess had never been seen.

Then the music struck up and the prince led her out to dance with him.

At supper, the two sisters felt very proud when the beautiful princess spoke to them, for they never dreamed who she really was.

Suddenly, a clock struck a quarter to twelve. Cinderella went to the king and queen and made them a low bow and said good night. Then the prince led her to her coach, and the coachman drove her home.

There she found the fairy waiting to hear all about the ball.

“It was lovely,” said Cinderella, “and there is to be another ball to-morrow night.”

“You shall go,” said the fairy; and she disappeared just as the sisters came home.

They found the sleepy little cinder maid sitting in a corner in the kitchen.

“Oh,” said the elder sister, “it was such a lovely ball, and we met the most beautiful princess that ever was seen.”

“Who was she?” asked Cinderella.

“Nobody knows; she would not tell her name.”

IV

The next night the two sisters again went to the ball, and so did Cinderella; for, after they had gone, the fairy had come as before and made her ready.

“Now, remember twelve o’clock,” said the fairy as Cinderella rode away.

“Oh, yes, I will remember.”

Cinderella was even more splendid than on the first night, and the young prince never left her side. He said so many pretty things to her that the hours flew swiftly.

The evening passed away like a dream, and Cinderella did not even think of the fairy; she forgot her promise. Ten o'clock came and she did not hear it strike; and then eleven, and still she sat by the side of the prince and heard nothing but his voice.

Suddenly, the great clock in the tower sounded the first stroke of twelve. Up started Cinderella, and, like a wild deer, she fled from the room. The prince ran after her, but she was too swift for him.

She darted down the steps of the palace as the last stroke of twelve died away, and, in an instant, the beautiful lady had disappeared. When the prince reached the door, he saw only a ragged cinder maid running down the road.

Poor little Cinderella! She went home through the dark streets pale, frightened, ragged, and cold ; without coach, or footmen, or coachman. She had lost all of her fine clothes but one little glass slipper ; the other she had dropped in the ballroom as she ran away.

The fire was out when she reached her home. There was no fairy waiting for her. She sat down in a corner of the kitchen among the ashes and cinders.

When the two sisters came home, they told her how the beautiful princess had been to the ball ; how the great clock in the tower had sounded the first stroke of twelve ; how the princess had started up and fled from the room ; how she had dropped one of her little glass slippers ; and how the king's son had picked it up and put it in his pocket. Cinderella listened to all they had to say.

V

The next morning there was a great noise of trumpets and drums. The king's son had sent his men through the land to say that he would marry any young lady who could wear the little glass slipper.

So all the fine young ladies tried on the



little glass slipper; but it was a fairy slipper and fitted none of them.

The king's men brought the slipper to Cinderella's house and the two sisters tried

and tried to get their feet into it; but it was of no use—they were much too large.

“Please let me try?” said Cinderella.

“What, you!” and the sisters burst into shouts of laughter. But Cinderella smiled and held out her hand.

The king’s men bade Cinderella sit down on the stool. Cinderella put out her little foot, and the slipper went on with great ease.

The sisters stood by with wide-open eyes. Cinderella then drew from her pocket the other little glass slipper, and put it on the other foot. Then the fairy appeared, and touched Cinderella with her wand. Cinderella was again the beautiful lady dressed in silver and gold.

And now, the two sisters knew that she was the same princess they had seen at the ball. They knew how badly they had treated her all these years, and they fell at her feet and asked her to forgive them.

Cinderella was as good now as when she had been a cinder maid. She forgave her sisters and hoped they would always love her.

The king's men took Cinderella to the king's palace, and she told her story to the king and queen, for they believed in fairies. Not long after that, Cinderella was married to the prince, and she was happy as long as she lived.

WORD FAMILIES

FROM "THE PINE TREE"

Important Families

pine	wood	had	made	day	long
wine	hood	pad	wade	may	song
mine	food	mad	fade	hay	wrong
dine	good	dad	blade	pay	strong
line	stood	lad	<u>shade</u>	way	
nine		sad	trade	lay	
fine		bad		say	
				gray	
				pray	
				play	
sun	not	care	for	gold	kind
nun	lot	dare	nor	fold	find
fun	dot	hare	or	cold	mind
gun	hot	fare		sold	wind
run	pot	rare		hold	rind
bun	cot	bare		bold	bind
	got	stare		told	
	spot	<u>share</u>		old	

ring	bell	just	took	in	<u>them</u>
king	fell	rust	look	<u>chin</u>	gem
fling	sell	crust	cook	pin	hem
cling	dell	dust	nook	sin	stem
sing	well	must	<u>shook</u>	spin	
wing	tell	trust	hook	tin	
bring			brook	<u>thin</u>	
				win	
all	but	did	other	it	am
ball	cut	bid	brother	bit	ham
call	hut	hid	mother	fit	jam
fall	nut	kid	smother	hit	slam
hall	<u>shut</u>	lid		<u>knit</u>	clam
tall		rid		pit	
stall		slid		sit	
wall				slit	
wish	<u>she</u>	<u>when</u>	blew	by	saw
dish	be	den	chew	cry	caw
fish	he	hen	drew	dry	claw
	me	men	<u>knew</u>	fly	law
	we	pen	grew	my	gnaw
	<u>the</u>	ten	screw	sky	paw
		<u>then</u>	<u>threw</u>	<u>why</u>	raw
					straw

will	bag	pick	glass	would	at
bill	flag	brick	brass	could	bat
drill	rag	<u>chick</u>	class	<u>should</u>	cat
fill	stag	click	grass		fat
hill	wag	kick	lass		hat
kill	drag	lick	mass		mat
mill		prick	pass		pat
pill		sick			rat
till		tick			sat
spill		stick			<u>that</u>
still					
<u>shrill</u>					

how	<u>so</u>	an	best	<u>out</u>	let
bow	no	can	nest	a bout	bet
cow	go	fan	rest	<u>shout</u>	get
now		man	west	pout	met
plow		ran		snout	net
row		tan		trout	pet
sow					set
					wet

Simple Families

tree	tire	night	morn	came	like
bee	hire	fight	born	frame	strike
flee	fire	light	corn	game	
free	spire	might	<u>shorn</u>	lame	
a gree	wire	right	torn	name	
see		tight		same	
three		bright		tame	
take	<u>hark</u>	<u>and</u>	broke	dear	green
bake	bark	band	<u>choke</u>	fear	seen
cake	dark	hand	joke	hear	screen
lake	lark	land	poke	near	queen
make	mark	sand	stroke	spear	
rake	park	grand	spoke	year	
wake	spark	stand	smoke		
<u>shake</u>			woke		
gave	feel	goat	eat	ate	
brave	heel	boat	beat	hate	
grave	<i>kneel</i>	coat	<u>cheat</u>	gate	
<u>shave</u>	peel	float	heat	late	
save	steel		neat	mate	
wave	<u>wheel</u>		meat	grate	
	reel		seat	slate	

FROM "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD"

Important Families

red	far	there	<u>ch</u> op	him	live
bed	bar	where	stop	brim	give
fed	car		cop	dim	
led	jar		drop	rim	
sped	scar		hop	trim	
sled	star		top	swim	
<u>sh</u> ed	tar		pop		
wed					

<i>kn</i> ock	tap	brought	<i>kn</i> ob	up	hug
cock	cap	bought	cob	cup	bug
clock	clap	fought	job	pup	dug
dock	flap	sought	rob	sup	jug
flock	lap	<u>th</u> ought	sob		mug
lock	map	ought	<u>th</u> rob		pug
mock	nap				rug
rock	rap				snug
sock	sap				tug
stock	strap				
<u>sh</u> ock	trap				

Simple Families

<u>g</u> irl	house	side	<u>d</u> own	meet	wild
twirl	blouse	glide	clown	beet	<u>ch</u> ild
<u>w</u> hirl	mouse	hide	gown	feet	mild
		pride	town	greet	
		ride	brown	<u>sh</u> eed	
		bride	crown	street	
		wide	drown	sweet	
		slide	frown	tweet	
<u>w</u> hite	<u>sh</u> ort	<u>f</u> ast	soon	<u>t</u> urn	<u>j</u> ump
bite	fort	cast	moon	burn	bump
kite	port	last	noon	<u>ch</u> urn	dump
<u>w</u> rite	sort	mast	spoon		lump
	snort	past	swoon		stump
<u>w</u> ent	<u>a</u> rm		<u>s</u> cream		<u>t</u> ime
bent	<u>ch</u> arm		cream		<u>ch</u> ime
cent	farm		beam		dime
dent	harm		dream		lime
lent			seam		
sent			steam		
spent			stream		
tent			team		

FROM "THE THREE BEARS"

Important Families

big	walk	leg
dig	talk	beg
fig	<u>ch</u> alk	keg
jig	stalk	peg
pig		egg
twig		
wig		

Simple Families

each	<u>ch</u> air	sleep	<u>co</u> ol	<u>ro</u> und	taste
beach	fair	deep	fool	bound	baste
peach	hair	keep	pool	found	haste
reach	pair	peep	spool	ground	paste
teach	stair	weep	stool	hound	waste
		steep	<u>sch</u> ool	pound	
		sweep	tool	sound	
		<u>sh</u> eeper			

<u>h</u> ard	room	<u>h</u> igh	felt
card	broom	nigh	belt
lard	gloom	sigh	melt
	groom	<u>th</u> igh	pent
	loom		smelt

FROM "THE THREE PIGS"

Important Families

mud	huff	six	back	crept	hung
bud	buff	fix	pack	kept	lung
stud	cuff	mix	tack	slept	sung
	puff		black	wept	flung
	muff		crack		strung
	stuff		track		swung

Simple Families

<u>ba</u> rn	<u>en</u> d	seek	<u>no</u> th	<u>bu</u> rch	blow	
dar <u>n</u>	be <u>n</u> d	<u>che</u> ek	fo <u>r</u> th	cr <u>un</u> ch	gro <u>w</u>	
	le <u>n</u> d	cr <u>ee</u> k		hu <u>n</u> ch	<u>kn</u> ow	
	me <u>n</u> d	me <u>ek</u>		lu <u>n</u> ch	lo <u>w</u>	
	se <u>n</u> d	we <u>ek</u>		mu <u>n</u> ch	ro <u>w</u>	
	spe <u>n</u> d			pu <u>n</u> ch	<u>sh</u> ow	
					sno <u>w</u>	
					thro <u>w</u>	
<u>sou</u> th	<u>tho</u> se	<u>thi</u> rd	lo <u>a</u> d	fi <u>el</u> d	ni <u>ce</u>	fi <u>v</u> e
mo <u>u</u> th	<u>cho</u> se	bi <u>r</u> d	ro <u>a</u> d	<u>sh</u> ie <u>l</u> d	mi <u>ce</u>	dr <u>i</u> ve
	clo <u>s</u> e		to <u>a</u> d	wi <u>el</u> d	pr <u>i</u> ce	hi <u>v</u> e
	ho <u>s</u> e				ri <u>c</u> e	li <u>v</u> e
	no <u>s</u> e				sl <u>i</u> ce	str <u>i</u> ve
	ro <u>s</u> e				tw <u>i</u> ce	

lane	<u>ma</u> rch	hope	<u>ov</u> er	rage	blaze
cane	pa <u>rch</u>	pope	clover	cage	craze
mane	sta <u>rch</u>	rope	rover	page	daze
pane	arch	slope		wage	haze
				age	graze

FROM "PIGGY"

dance
chance
 glance
 prance

FROM "JOHNNY AND THE GOLDEN GOOSE." PART I

Important Families

boy	less	ax	slip	bread
joy	ble <u>ss</u>	flax	dip	dead
toy	dr <u>ess</u>	tax	hip	head
	<u>gues</u> s	wax	lip	lead
	me <u>ss</u>		rip	read
	pr <u>ess</u>		tip	tread
			<u>ch</u> ip	spread
			drip	
			grip	
			trip	
			<u>sh</u> ip	

Simple Families

<u>start</u>	sweet	<u>milk</u>	more	<u>sour</u>
cart	beet	silk	core	flour
dart	feet		pore	hour
<u>chart</u>	greet		tore	scour
part	<u>sheet</u>		snore	our
tart	sleet		<u>shore</u>	
smart	tweet		store	

<u>change</u>	find	<u>goose</u>	laid
range	bind	loose	braid
strange	mind		maid
	grind		paid
	rind		

FROM "JOHNNY AND THE GOLDEN GOOSE." PART II

Important Families

hang	stuck
bang	duck
gang	luck
rang	suck
sang	tuck
swang	cluck
sprang	truck
	struck

Simple Families

real	<u>stretch</u>	<u>grasp</u>	tail	mile
deal	fetch	gasp	fail	file
heal	<i>wretch</i>	clasp	hail	pile
meal			mail	stile
peal			pail	while
seal			rail	
steal			sail	
squeal			trail	

FROM "JOHNNY AND THE GOLDEN GOOSE." PART III

Important Families

drink	<u>sir</u>	drank
pink	fir	bank
sink	stir	crank
wink	<u>whir</u>	sank
<u>think</u>		<u>thank</u>

Simple Families

whole	face	die	stone
hole	lace	lie	bone
pole	race	pie	tone
stole	brace	tie	alone
	grace		

FROM "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD." (ADVANCED)

Important Family

love
 dove
 glove
shove

Simple Families

le <u>a</u> p	be <u>a</u> st
<u>c</u> heap	fe <u>a</u> st
he <u>a</u> p	ea <u>a</u> st

FROM "THREE LITTLE KITTENS"

Simple Families

<u>p</u> urr	so <u>i</u> l
b <u>u</u> rr	bo <u>i</u> l
cu <u>r</u>	spo <u>i</u> l
	o <u>i</u> l

FROM "RHECUS"

Important Families

log	trunk	buzz	hum	brush
dog	<u>ch</u> unk	fuzz	gum	crush
fog	drunk	muz zle	grum ble	hush
frog	sunk	puz zle	tum ble	rush

Simple Families

spe <u>a</u> k	bre <u>e</u> ze	lif <u>e</u>	ask	gr <u>a</u> nt	jo <u>i</u> n	mo <u>a</u> n
be <u>a</u> k	fr <u>e</u> eze	fif <u>e</u>	cas <u>k</u>	ch <u>a</u> nt	co <u>i</u> n	gro <u>a</u> n
cre <u>a</u> k	sne <u>e</u> ze	knif <u>e</u>	mas <u>k</u>	pan <u>t</u>	lo <u>i</u> n	lo <u>a</u> n
le <u>a</u> k	w <u>h</u> eeze	wif <u>e</u>	tas <u>k</u>	plan <u>t</u>		
pe <u>a</u> k		strif <u>e</u>		slan <u>t</u>		
sne <u>a</u> k				scan <u>t</u>		
stre <u>a</u> k				an <u>t</u>		
we <u>a</u> k						

FROM "THE THREE BEARS" (ADVANCED)

Important Family

cross

boss

gloss

loss

moss

toss

Simple Families

ro <u>a</u> r	gr <u>o</u> wl
bo <u>a</u> r	ho <u>w</u> l
so <u>a</u> r	fo <u>w</u> l
o <u>a</u> r	pr <u>o</u> wl
	ow <u>l</u>

FROM "CINDERELLA"

Important Families

scrub	ash	neck	nod	cloth
cub	cash	deck	plod	broth
rub	dash	<u>ch</u> eck	sod	moth
stub	crash	peck	rod	froth
	flash	speck	trod	
	lash		<u>sh</u> od	
	smash			
	sash			
	splash			
	trash			

Simple Families

	clean		<u>pr</u> oud
	bean		cloud
	mean		loud
<u>ma</u> tch	<u>pa</u> in	deed	sneer
ca <u>ch</u>	<u>ch</u> ain	feed	beer
pa <u>ch</u>	dra <u>in</u>	greed	<u>ch</u> eer
la <u>ch</u>	gra <u>in</u>	need	deer
sn <u>a</u> ch	ra <u>in</u>	seed	steer
scr <u>a</u> ch	sta <u>in</u>	weed	

s <u>co</u> op	pr <u>in</u> ce	tr <u>u</u> st	r <u>id</u> e	pal <u>e</u>
co <u>o</u> p	min <u>ce</u>	r <u>u</u> st	sur <u>u</u> de	gal <u>e</u>
ho <u>o</u> p	qu <u>in</u> ce	sur <u>u</u> st		mal <u>e</u>
dro <u>o</u> p	si <u>nc</u> e			tal <u>e</u>
loo <u>p</u>				stal <u>e</u>
sto <u>o</u> p				whal <u>e</u>
wh <u>oo</u> p				

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