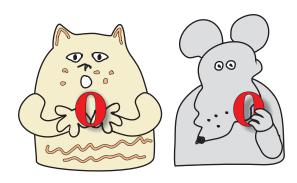
Book Four





Written and illustrated by

Miz Katz N. Ratz

A Progressive Phonics[™] book

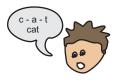
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Quick Start Guide



Read the book WITH your child. You read the "regular" text, and he/she reads the big, red words, sort of like reading the different parts in a play.

Help your child sound out the words as needed.





Read the book several times. This helps develop the eye muscles and left-to-right reading patterns that are necessary for reading.

Don't rush it. Body builders don't train in a day, neither does a child.



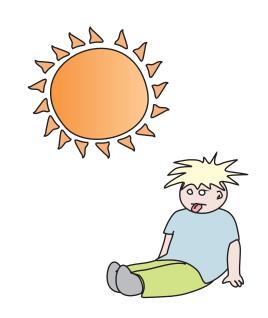


If your child is having difficulty, he/she might need more practice with the alphabet. Get a fun book about the alphabet and read that lots of times. Then come back to Progressive Phonics.

And most important of all, HAVE FUN!



Word list:



Today the sun

was much too hot —

too hot to run,

too hot to play ball,

and much too hot

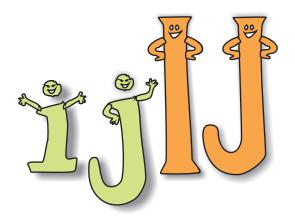
to have fun at all.



I **got** a **lot** of toys for my birthday. I **got** cake and ice cream too. And if you are very nice to me, I will share a **lot** with you.



I was hungry,
so I got a pot,
I got some carrots,
and I got a lot of peas.
Then I got the pot
very, very hot;
then I got a spoon,
and I ate a lot.



Little "i" and little "j"
both have **got** a **dot**;
while all the other letters
do **not** have a **dot**.

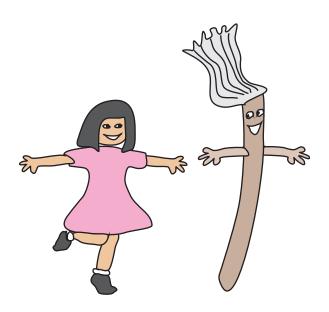
BUT...

The big "I" and the big "J"

do **not** have a **dot** —

maybe they are just too tall

to have a **dot** at all.



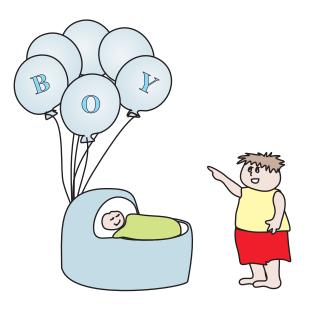
How far can you hop – can you hop to the top?
And can you hop as fast as a hop, hop, mop?



I can't find the **mop**, so I can't **mop** the floor.

But if I don't **mop** the floor,
I can't go out and play.

So I guess I'll have to find the **mop** right behind the door.



I can't pop balloons
when the baby is sleeping.
I can't pop balloons
when the baby is eating.
If I can't pop balloons
near the baby at all,
then why are balloons
all over the wall?



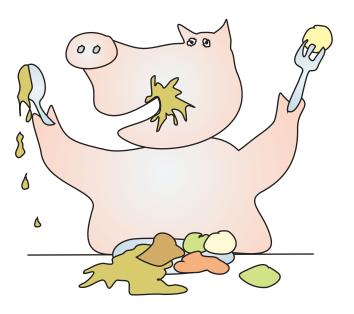
To make a sandwich for a **cop**, you start with a slice of bread. On top of the bread, you put some cheese. On top of the cheese, you smash some peas. On top of the peas, you mash a potato - and on top of all this you add a tomato. Then you cut it in half for your favorite **cop**, and you serve it up with a soda pop.



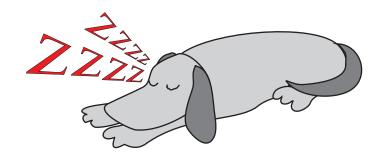
My dog likes music, and my dog likes to dance.
My dog likes to dress up in shoes and fancy pants.
My dog doesn't bark, and he won't play ball —
I don't think my dog is a dog at all.



My dog and I sat on a log.
The log rolled over and tried to squish me and my dog, and, oh, how I wish I had never sat down on a log with my dog.



If a hog eats like a hog, are his manners good or bad?
And if a hog eats like a hog, is his mother sad or glad?

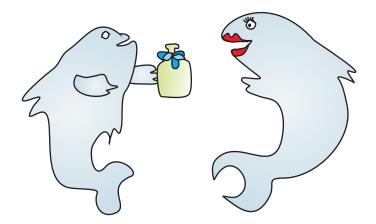


My dog sleeps like a log – a bomb going off wouldn't wake my dog.

So if I want to go out and play, I must wait for my dog, sometimes all day.



If I **nod** my head to say no, and I **nod** my head to say yes — then what I mean when I **nod** my head is anyone's guess.

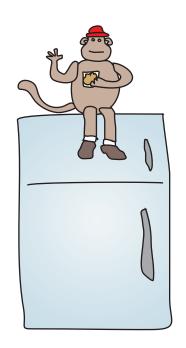


A cod is a fish that lives in the ocean. A cod swims all day; he is always in motion.

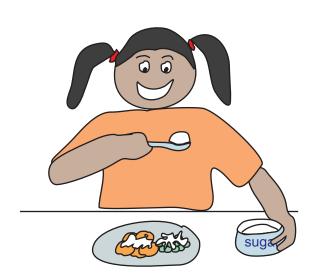
On Mother's Day, to show his devotion, a cod gives his mother some fishy-wish lotion.



I went into the kitchen, and I turned **on** the light. A monkey jumped up **on** the fridge — he gave me quite a fright. He was eating peanut butter



on a slice of whole wheat bread. He had shoes on his feet and a hat was on his head. I called the police, and I told them to come, but they said that the monkey was my mother's other son.



I like sugar **on** my carrots, sugar **on** my peas, sugar **on** most everything – sugar, sugar, please.



A robber wanted to **rob** a bank, but he never took a bath, and his feet really stank.

So he didn't **rob** a bank, and he didn't **rob** a store they smelled him coming, and they caught him at the door.



Sally is crying — sob, sob, sob.

She is crying because her husband, Bob, was late to work and lost his job.

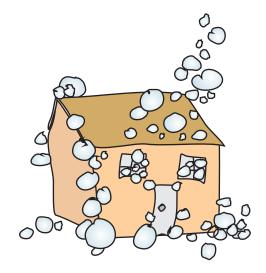
Most of the time, the letter "F" makes a sound like "ffffinger" and "iffff."

But sometimes "F" makes a sound like "vuh" — like when you say the word "of."



My cup is made of silver;
my dish is made of gold.

But I can't eat a bite of food —
this food is really old.

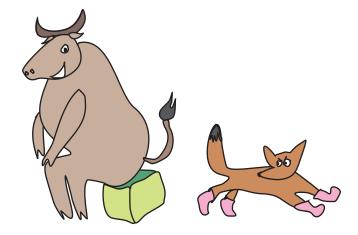


I got in a lot of trouble, the day I filled the house with bubbles. I wanted to make my brother laugh, so I used ten bottles of bubble bath. There were jillions of bubbles on the floor; zillions of bubbles on the roof. How was I supposed to know the house wasn't bubble-proof?

Now let's practice "if" and "of" -



I would eat a bowl of
bugs if you took the first
bite. I would sleep in a pit
of snakes if you spent the
first night. I would climb the
tallest tree if you were right
ahead of me. We always do
\everything together - if you
do it first, that's even better.

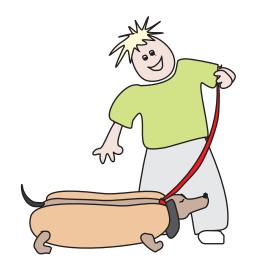


I put socks on a **fox**, and put him in a **box**. Along came an **ox**; he sat on the **box**.

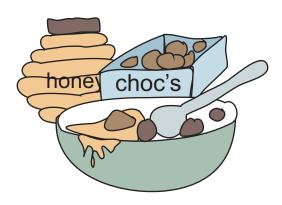
The fox didn't want an **ox** on the **box**, so the **fox** ran off in his stinky-pinky socks.

Mix it

When a child is comfortable reading the "Big Red Words" in this book, he/she is ready for "Mix It Up" — the part of the book where a child practices reading a variety of short vowel words.



If I had a hot dog,
would it sit down at my feet?
And would the silly hot dog
walk along the street?
And if I got a hot dog,
would it bite or bark at me?
I do not want a hot dog—
I want something I can eat!



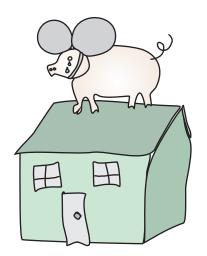
If I had a box of chocolates, and I had a pot of honey, could I mix them both together, or would taste it taste too funny?



My dog has a dot on top of his nose, but nobody knows — the dot hardly shows.



Bob has a job,
washing the dog.
Does the dog think its job
is running away?
If young Bob
wants to finish his job,
he must catch the dog
and teach it to stay.



A hog sat on top of my house, pretending he was a mouse. I got a ladder to get him down, but the hog began to sob. "Are you sad or mad?" I asked the hog, as tears rolled down his cheeks. "I am sad because I am pink and big. Why, oh, why was I born a pig?"

The end

Don't forget!

If you have a moment (and if you are willing), email us with your comments. Thanks!

Feedback@ProgressivePhonics.com





Book 5: Short Vowel U www.ProgressivePhonics.com

A progressive phonics book

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