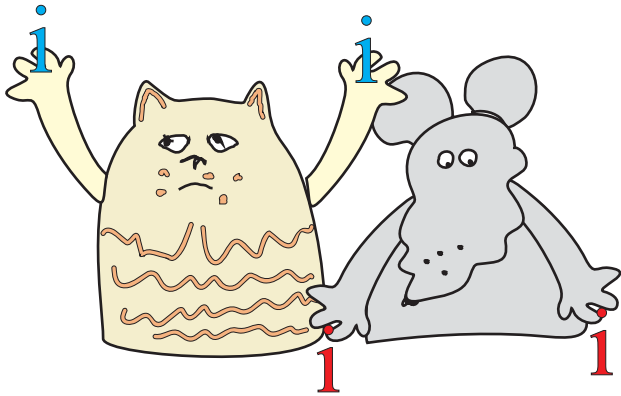


# Book Three

## Short vowel **i**



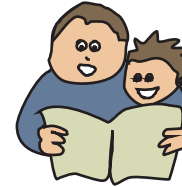
Written and illustrated by

Miz Katz N. Ratz

A Progressive Phonics™ book

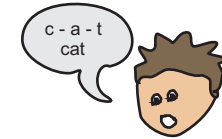
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### Quick Start Guide



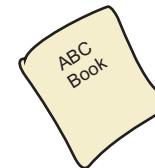
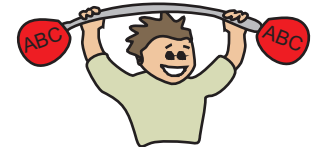
Read the book WITH your child. You read the “regular” text, and he/she reads the big, red words, sort of like reading the different parts in a play.

Help your child sound out the words as needed.



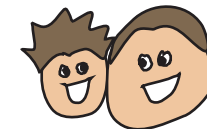
Read the book several times. This helps develop the eye muscles and left-to-right reading patterns that are necessary for reading.

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:

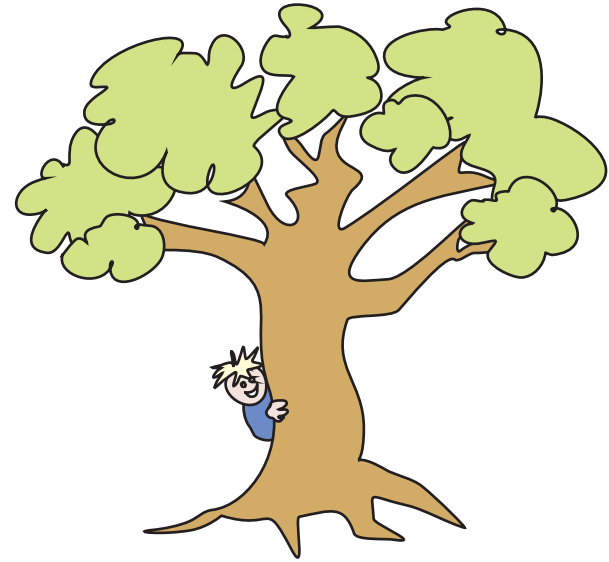
bid did hid kid lid

big dig fig gig pig  
wig

dim him Jim Kim  
Tim

bin fin in win

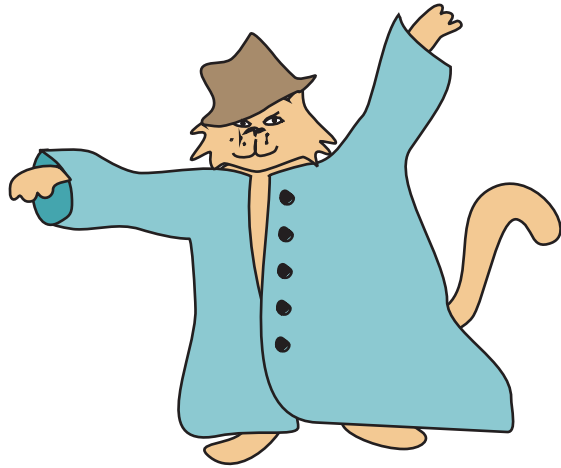
dip kip lip nip pip  
sip tip yip zip



One **kid hid** in the closet.

Another **kid hid** in the den.

The last **kid hid** in the garden,  
and never was found again.



What **did** I do with my coat?

What **did** I do with my hat?

**Did** I put them in the closet?

**Did** I give them to my cat?

And if I **did** give my coat and hat

to my silly, orange cat,

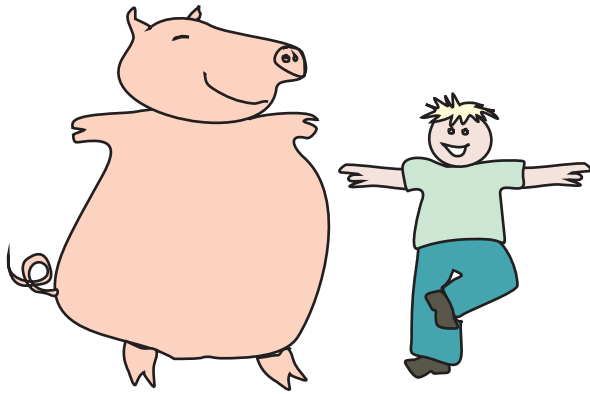
why, oh, why **did** I do that?



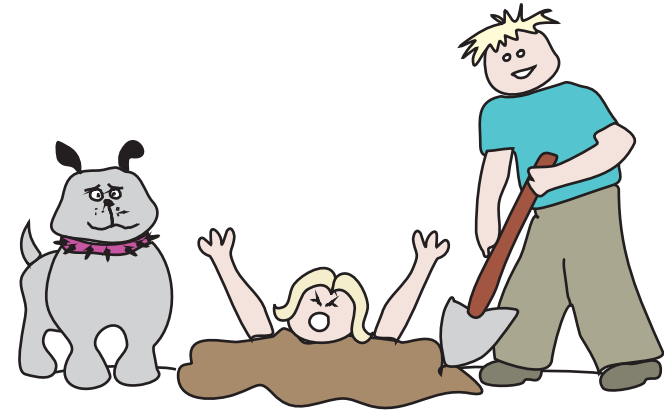
I put the **lid** on the cookie jar.

I put the **lid** on tight.

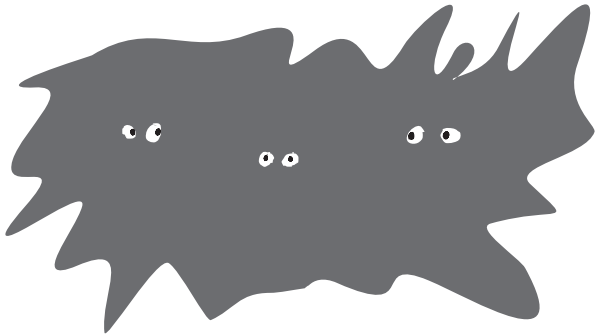
But someone took the **lid** off,  
and ate all the cookies last night.



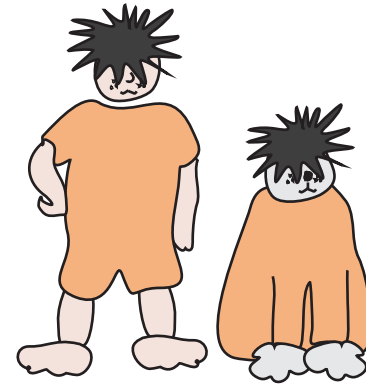
I know a **pig**  
 who is so **big**  
 that he's twice as **big** as me.  
 I asked the **pig**  
 to dance a **jig**,  
 and he jumped up on his feet.  
 Man, you should see  
 a **pig** this **big**  
 dance a **jig** with me.



My sister, Sue, was five years old  
 on the day she fell in a great, big hole.  
 I saw her fall; I heard her shout –  
 so I asked the dog to **dig** her out.  
 BUT... my dog doesn't like to **dig**,  
 even though his feet are really **big**.  
 That silly dog was just no help,  
 so I had to **dig** her out myself.



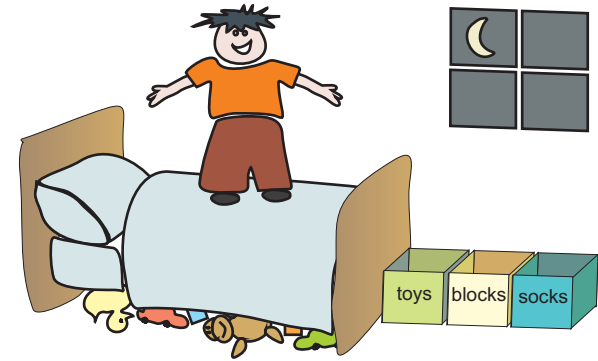
The light is **dim**; I cannot see who is hiding **in** the closet with me. Maybe it is my brother, **Tim**, but I cannot see; the light is **dim**. Maybe **Jim** – I think that's **him in** here with me where the light is **dim**. But if **Tim** and **Jim** are hiding with me, who's out there playing hide and seek?



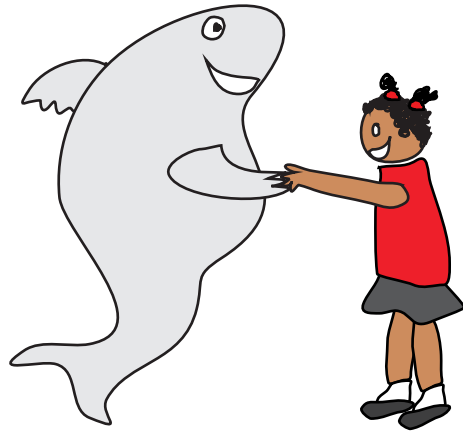
My brother's dog has fuzzy black hair – just like **him**, my brother **Jim**. The dog wears bright orange underwear – just like **him**, my brother **Jim**. The dog has tiny, shiny front teeth – just like **him**, my brother **Jim**. And the dog has very, VERY big feet – just like **him**, my brother **Jim**. So yesterday, the dog went to school, and **Jim** stayed home and played in the pool.



When I play games, I like to **win**, so I always play with my sister, Lynn. I make up the rules as we go along – I am always right, and she is always wrong. So I **win** at cards, I **win** at races, I **win** at tag and hiding places.

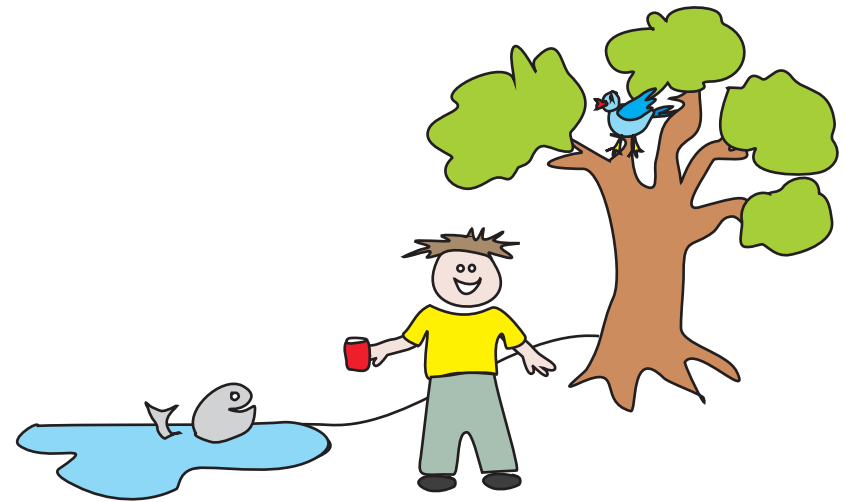


I am very good at cleaning my room. There's a **bin** for cars, a **bin** for blocks, a **bin** for books, and a **bin** for socks. But it's too much work to keep it tidy, so under my bed my stuff is hiding.



When you meet a fish  
**in** the sea or on the land,  
 you have to shake his **fin** –  
 he doesn't have a hand.

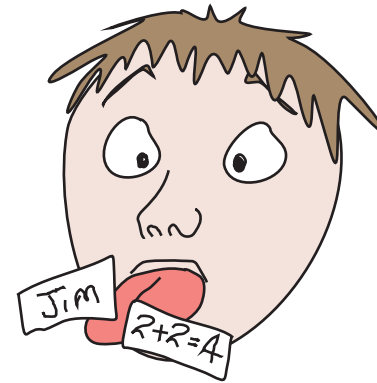
He uses his **fin**  
 to write all his letters –  
 when you don't have a hand,  
 a **fin** is almost better.



A bird is **in** a tree.  
 A fish is **in** the sea.  
 My milk is **in** a cup.  
 And my self is **in** me.

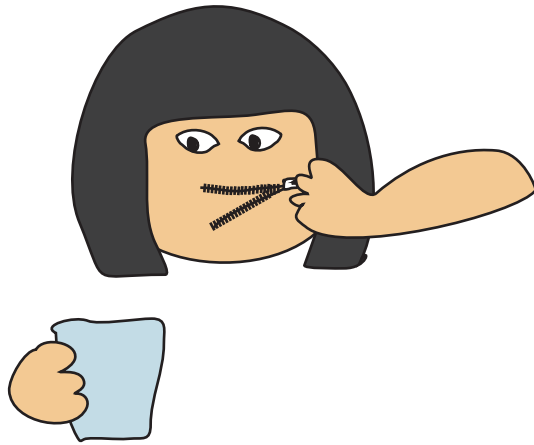


**Zip** your **lip**;  
 don't talk to me.  
 It is late, and I  
 want to sleep.  
 So **zip** your **lip**  
 and **zip** your eyes.  
 It's time to sleep –  
 goodnight, goodnight.



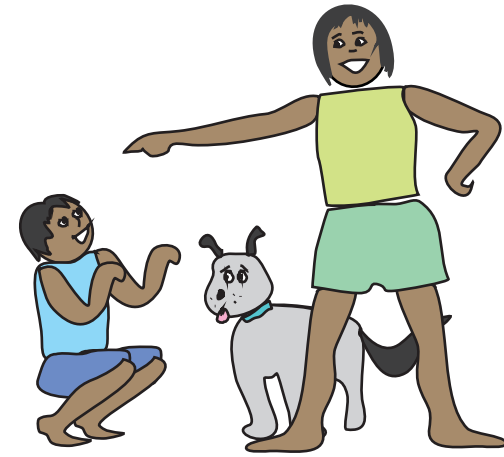
Your name was there  
 on the **tip** of my tongue,  
 but then **it** fell off like  
 a cookie crumb.  
 And sometimes at school,  
 I feel like a freak; I know  
 the answer, but I just can't speak.  
 There **it** is on the **tip** of my  
 tongue – then I swallow **it** down  
 to my tummy-tum-tum





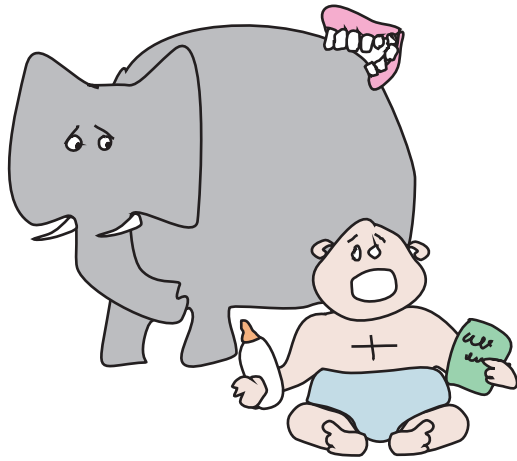
If you **zip** your **lip**,  
you cannot **sip**  
water, milk or tea.

So if you are thirsty,  
un-**zip** your **lip** “firsty” –  
then you can take a **sip**.



I told my dog to **sit**; I told my  
dog to stay. But he didn't **sit** –  
not one little **bit** – he just up  
and walked away.

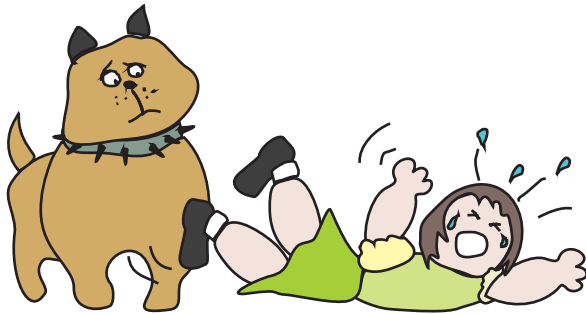
Again I told my dog to **sit** –  
I even showed him how to  
**sit** – but he rolled over and  
shook his head, so I made  
my brother **sit** instead.



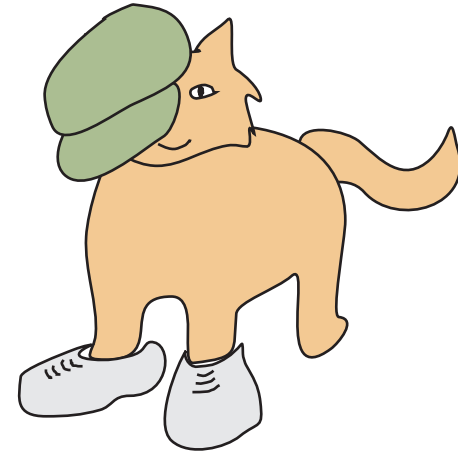
I **bit** my bottle;  
 I **bit** my bed.  
 I **bit** my book  
 until **it** bent.  
 But **it** wasn't me,  
**it** was my teeth,  
 that **bit** the elephant.



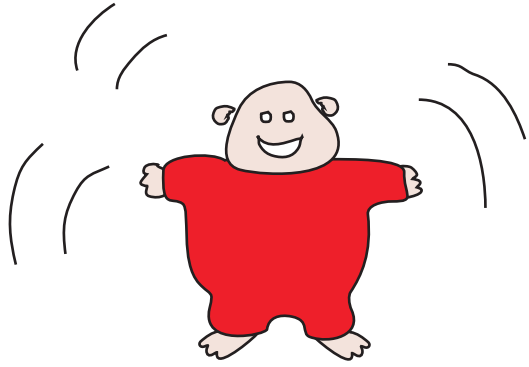
You can **hit** a ball with a bat;  
 you can **hit** a ball with a shoe.  
 In lots of games you **hit** a ball –  
 just don't let the ball **hit** you.



My little sister had a **fit**  
 on the day my dog told her  
 to **sit**. My dog said **sit**, and  
 she **hit** the floor, screaming and  
 crying and a whole lot more.  
 I don't know why she had that **fit** –  
 maybe the dog said “**fit**,” not “**sit**.”



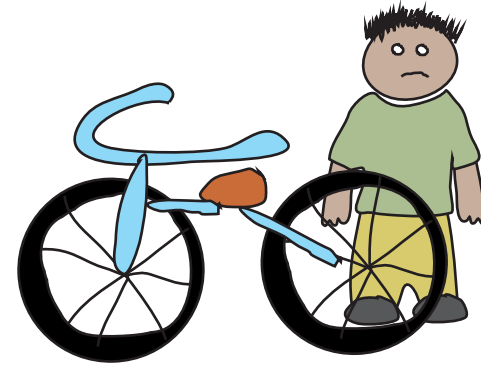
These shoes do not **fit** me,  
 and neither does this hat.  
 But someday they will **fit** me  
 when I'm human, not a cat.



**It** is red; **it** is round;  
**it** goes bounce, bounce,  
 bounce upon the ground.

Is **it** a ball? No, **it** is not.

**It** is my baby brother –  
 he likes to jump a lot.

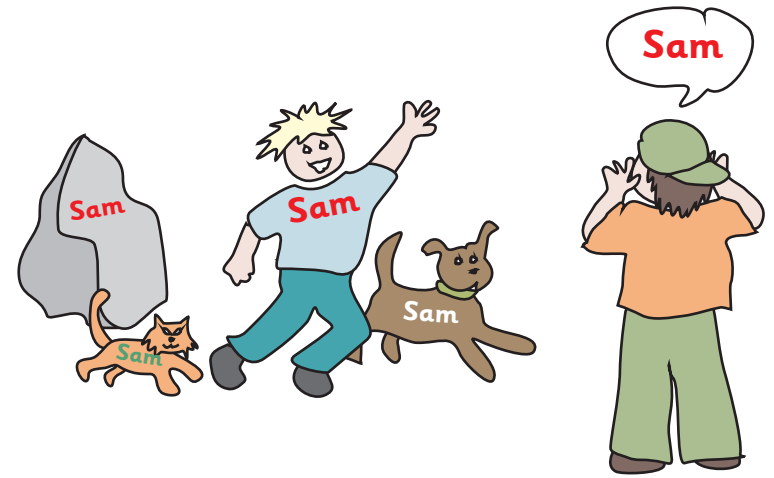
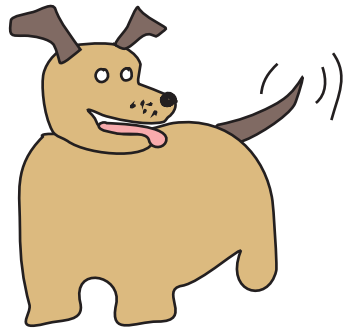


My brother says he would  
 let me ride his bike...

**if** I was bigger, **if** I was nice,

**if** I paid him lots of money,

and **if** I asked twice.



Sometimes an **S** at the end of a word sounds like a **Z** — like his and is.

My dog **is** big. My dog **is** brown.

My dog **is** standing on the ground.

**His** nose **is** wet, and his tail **is** wagging. He always looks like he **is** laughing. But why **is** he laughing? I don't know. **Is** he laughing at me, or did he hear a funny joke?

**His** name **is** Sam,  
**his** dog **is** Sam,  
**his** cat **is** Sam  
 and **his** rock **is** Sam.

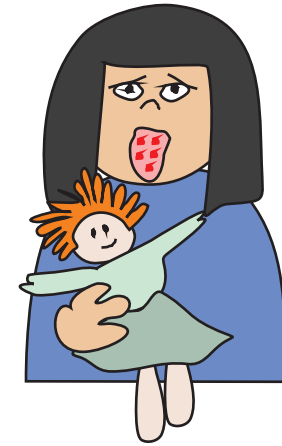
If you say, “Sam,”  
 they all come running,  
 except for **his** rock —  
**his** rock does nothing.



When the letter “**I**” stands by itself it sounds like “eye.” Let’s practice....

**I** am me; **I** am an elf.

**I** make lots of toys to give to myself. The other elves tell me how naughty **I** am, but **I** know they don’t understand that every toy **I** make doesn’t want to leave, so **I** have to keep them here with little, old me.

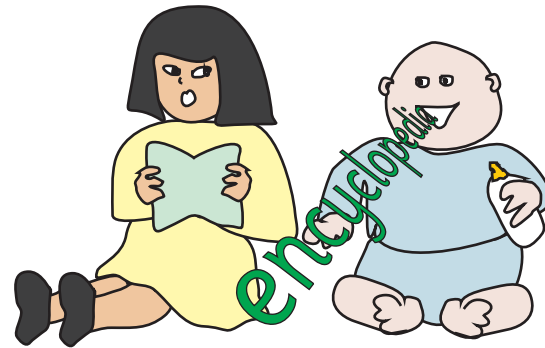


Listen, Mother dear, **I** have something to tell. **I** can’t go to school – **I** am not feeling well: **I** have little red dots all over my tongue, **I** have an ache in my head, and a cough in my lung. **I** would love to go to school on any other day, but my doll and **I** should stay home and play.

# Mix it up

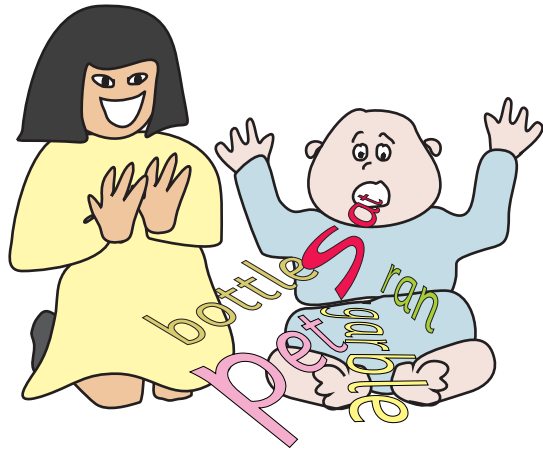
When a child is comfortable reading the “Big Red Words” in this book, he/she is ready for “Mix It Up” – the part of the book where a child practices reading a variety of short vowel words.

## Jim and Kim



**Jim** and **Kim** were the best of friends. They lived **in a** house where the old road ends. **Jim** was **a** baby, learning to walk. **Kim** was older; she could already talk.

The day that **Jim** said **his** very first word, **Kim** could not believe what she thought she just heard. “Encyclopedia!” said **Jim**, clapping **his** hands, smiling with four teeth **as** he **sat in** the sand.



“Say **it** again,” **Kim** leaned closer to **Jim** – like maybe she’d hear better **if** she **sat** next to **him**.

“Constantinople,” said **Jim** with **a** burp. He took **a sip** from **his** bottle; some spilled on **his** shirt.

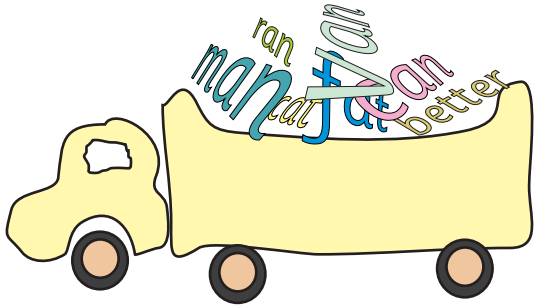
“Hey everyone,” **Kim** was laughing out loud. “Listen to **Jim**. **It is** so far out!” And **Jim** showed **his** family that now he could talk, but the words came too quickly – they **ran**, wouldn’t walk.



“French fried bananas, **bat, sat, mat.... get a** garble gobble, **pet a** purple **pat.**”

After **a** whole year of listening, the words poured out – some whispered, some gasped, some came **as a** shout. **Jim** put **his** hands over **his** mouth, but the words squeezed by and filled up the house.

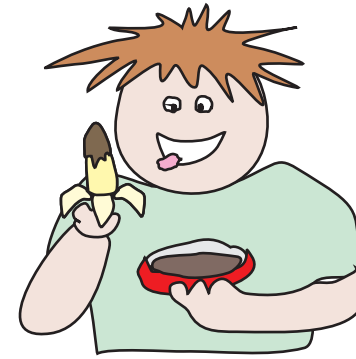




“**Dan** and **ran** and **fin** and fly. **Is** and **his** and mud **in** your eye!” **As** fast **as** they came, the words just stopped. They lay where they landed – didn’t move, didn’t hop.

**It** took all day to clean up those words. They filled up **a** truck like **a** mountain of dirt. And **Jim** was two when he spoke again. “Hi, **Kim**,” he said to **his** very best friend.

## Kip likes to dip

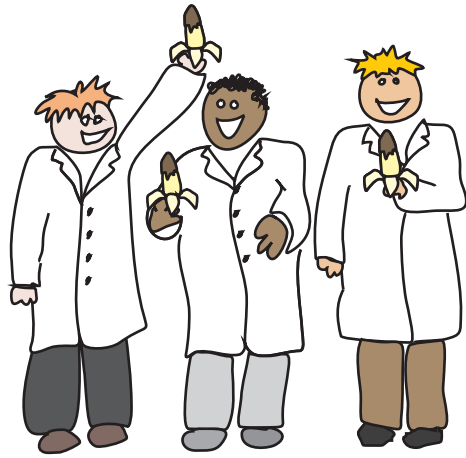


**Kip** likes to **dip** bananas **in** lots of chocolate fudge. **Kip** likes to **dip** and lick **his lip** all day and just because.

Doctor **Yip** said no bananas.

Doctor **Pip** said no more fudge.

Doctor **Nip** said no more nothing – they said it just because.



**Kip** was very hungry – **his** tummy growled out loud. He **had** to **zip his** upper **lip** to keep bananas out.

But then he saw the doctors **at** the ice cream shop – they each **had a** banana with fudge on top.

**Kip ran** home to **his** kitchen.

He was happy; he was glad.

How **can** chocolate and bananas possibly be **bad**?

## Henry's Wig



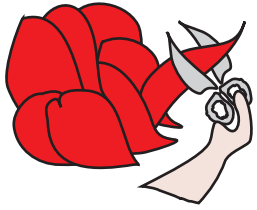
Henry **Fig** wore **a big, red, wig**. When **I** say **big**, **I** mean **big, big, BIG**. He wore **it in** the swimming pool; he wore **it** every day to school.

Sally said, "**I dig** your **wig**,

but **I** wish **it** wasn't quite so **big**.

**I** can't see the teacher or the wall –

**I** can't see anything **at** all."



Henry cut his **wig** to make **it** smaller,  
but overnight, the **wig** grew taller.

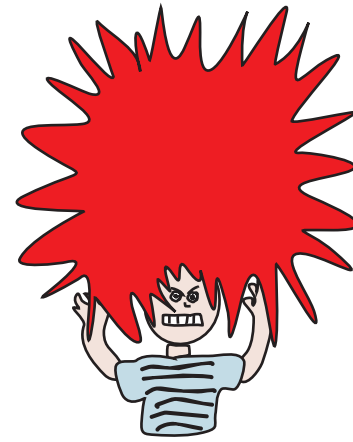
**It** scraped the trees **as** he walked by.

**I** think **it** even scraped the sky.

And Sally **had** to  
**sit** on **a** ladder,  
and this made Sally  
even madder.



Sally said, "**I dig** your **wig**,  
but **it has** got to go, **it is** way too **big**."



So Henry tried to take **it** off.

He pulled **it** hard; he pulled **it** soft.

But **it** stuck to **his** head like SuperGlue,  
and again that night **it** grew and grew.

Sally screamed, and Sally cried.

"Henry **Fig**, your **wig is** too wide!"

She tried to **sit in a** different place,  
but still that **wig** was **in** her face.





Henry squished the **wig** inside  
**a hat**, hoping that would make  
**it** flat, but during lunch the **wig**  
blew up and landed **in** the teacher's  
cup.

And now poor Henry's head **is**  
bare – no **hat**, no **wig** and not  
one hair.



# The end

## Don't forget!

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

[Feedback@ProgressivePhonics.com](mailto:Feedback@ProgressivePhonics.com)

## NEXT



Book 4: Short Vowel O

[www.ProgressivePhonics.com](http://www.ProgressivePhonics.com)

## A progressive phonics book

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