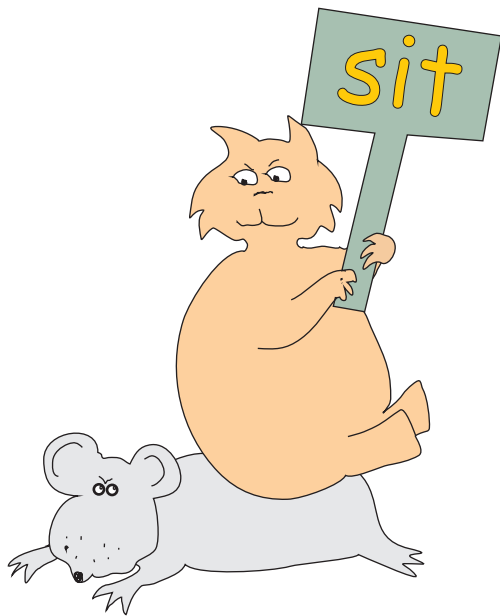


Quick Start Guide

Book Three

Short Vowel
i

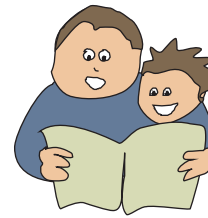


Written and illustrated by

Miz Katz N. Ratz

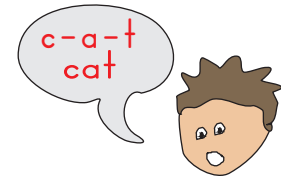
A Progressive Phonics™ book

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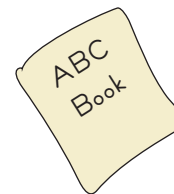
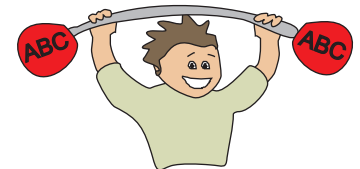
Read the book WITH your child. You read the “regular” text, and he/she reads the big, red words, sort of like reading the different parts in a play.

Help your child sound out the words as needed.



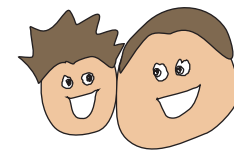
Read the book several times. This helps develop the eye muscles and left-to-right reading patterns that are necessary for reading.

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!



Short vowel "i" word list

did, hid, kid, lid

big, dig, jig, pig

dim, him, Jim, Tim

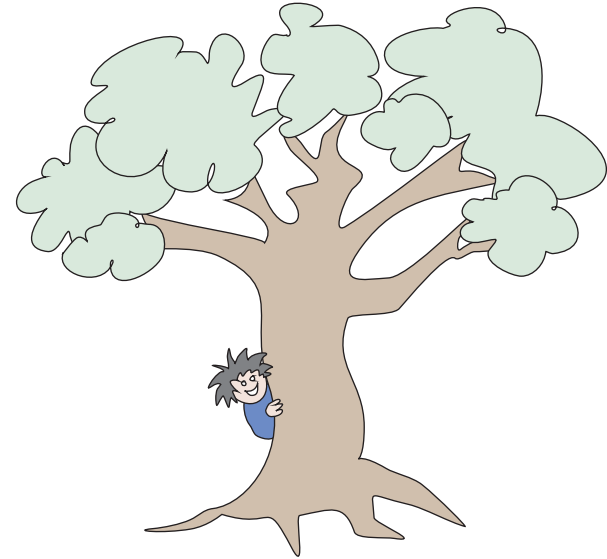
bin, fin, in, win

dip, Kip, lip, sip, tip, zip

bit, fit, hit, it, sit

I, if

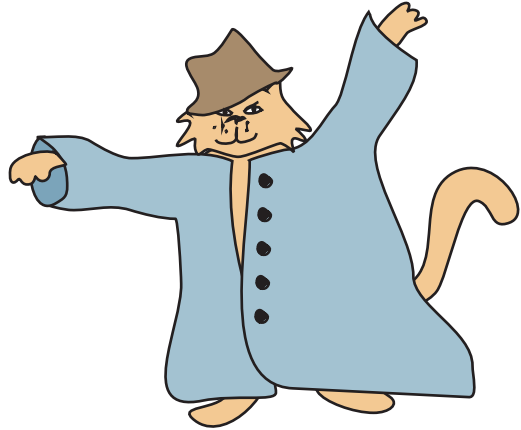
is, his



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 give them to my orange

cat? Why **did** I do that?

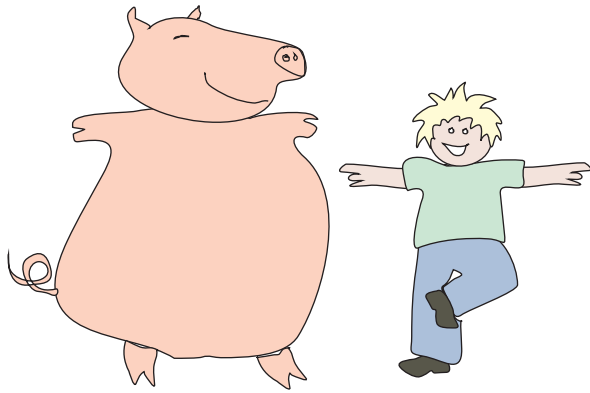


I put the **lid** on the cookie jar.

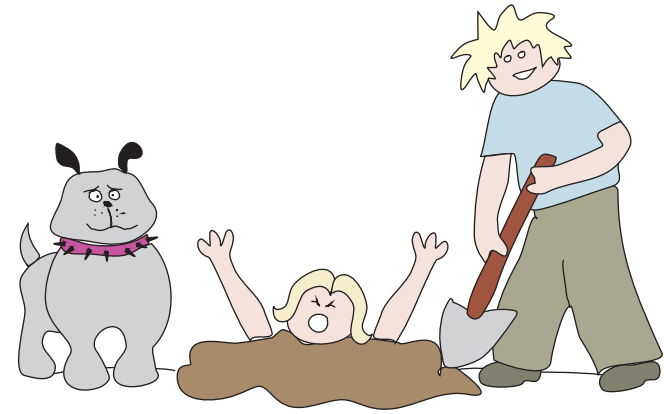
I put the **lid** on tight.

But someone took the **lid** off,

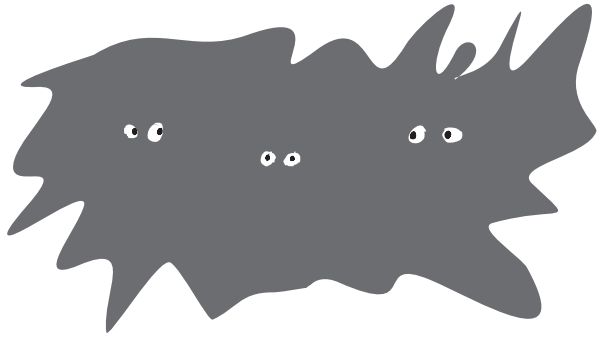
and ate the cookies last night.



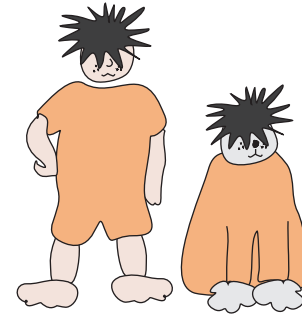
I know a **pig** who is so **big**
 that he's twice as **big** as me.
 So I asked the **pig** to dance a
jig — and you should see
 a **pig** this **big** dance
 a **jig** with me.



My sister, Sue, was five years
 old the day she fell in a **big**,
big hole. I had to **dig** her
 out myself — my dog doesn't
dig, so he wasn't any help.



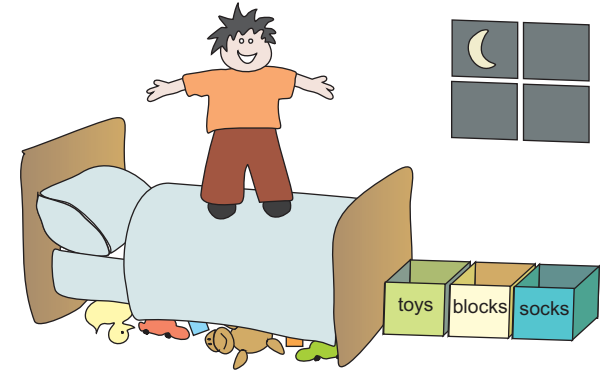
The light is **dim**; I cannot see who
 is hiding **in** the closet with me. Maybe
 it's **Jim**, or maybe it's **Tim** –
 but if **Jim** and **Tim** are **in**
 here with me, then who's out there
 counting one, two, three?



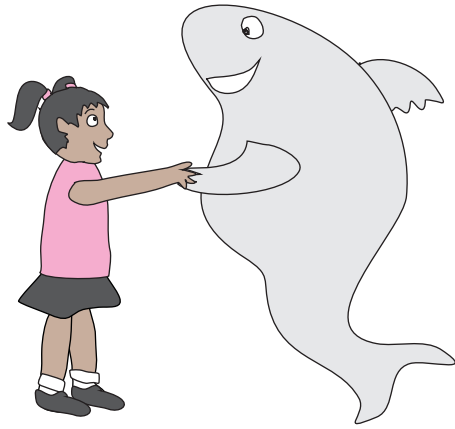
Our dog has lots of black hair—just
 like **him**, my brother **Jim**.
 Our dog wears orange underwear—just
 like **him**, my brother **Jim**.
 So guess who always goes to school while
Jim is swimming **in** the pool?



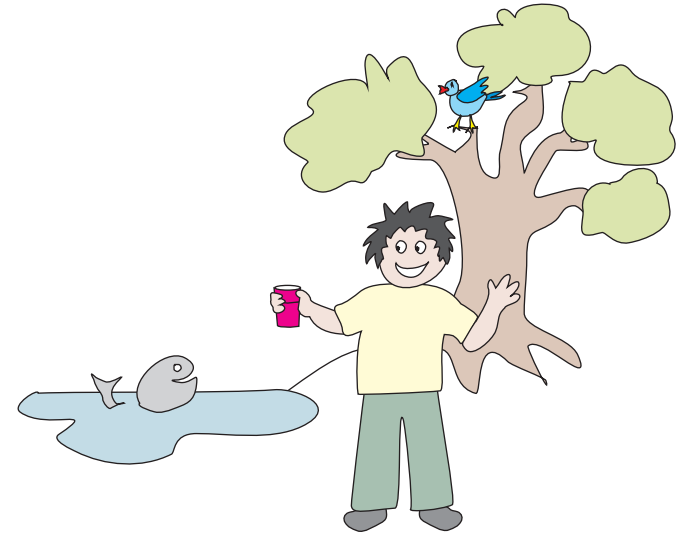
When I play games, I like to **win**, so I always play with my sister, Lynn. I **win** at races, and I **win** at cards — I make up all the rules, so winning isn't hard.



I have a **bin** for cars, a **bin** for blocks, a **bin** for books, and a **bin** for socks. But I keep all my stuff under the bed — don't look now, or you'll bump your head.



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



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



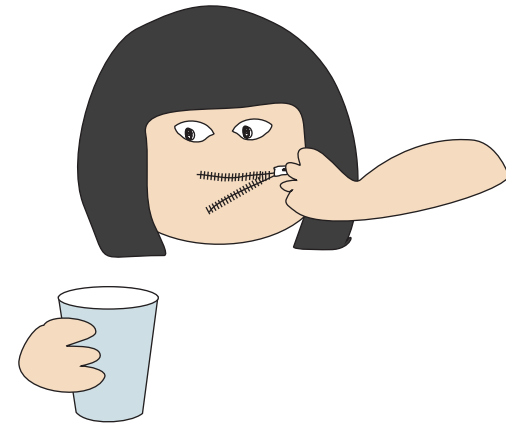
Zip your **lip**; don't talk to

me — I just want to go to sleep.

So **zip** your **lip** and **zip**

your eyes. It's time to sleep —

goodnight, goodnight.

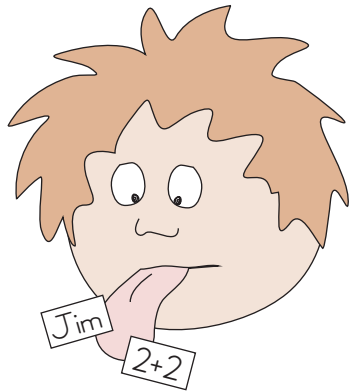


If you **zip** your **lip**, you
cannot **sip** water, milk or tea.

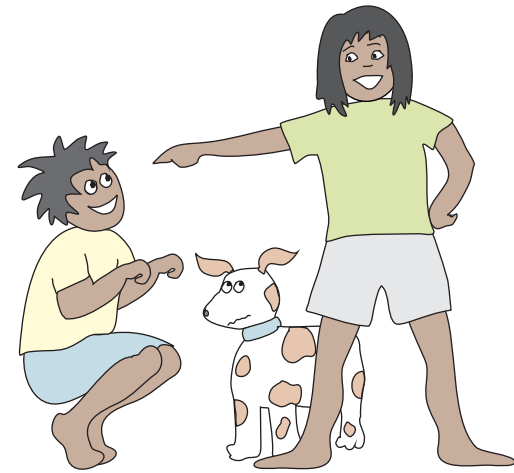
So if you are thirsty,

un-**zip** your **lip** "firsty,"

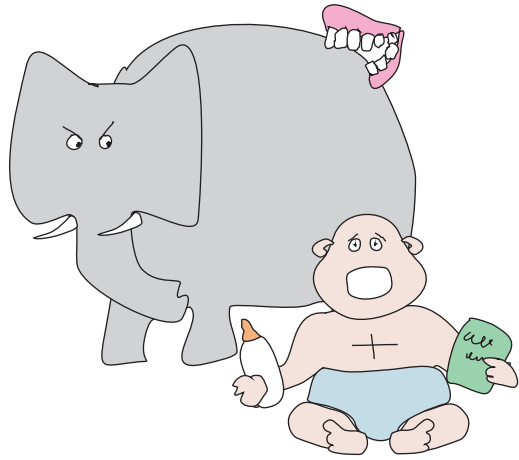
and then you can take a **sip**.



Your name was there on the **tip**
of my tongue, but **it** fell off
like a cookie crumb. And answers
to questions just **sit** on the **tip** –
and they disappear when I lick
my **lip**.



I told my dog to **sit**, but he
didn't **sit** – not one little **bit**.
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** myself upon the leg,

But **it** wasn't me, **it** was my teeth,

that **bit** the elephant – eek!

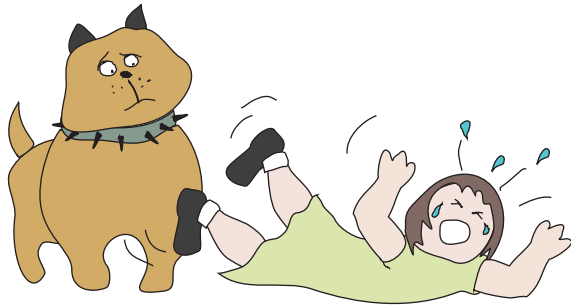


I like games that let me **hit** a
ball. Yes, I like to **hit** them all.

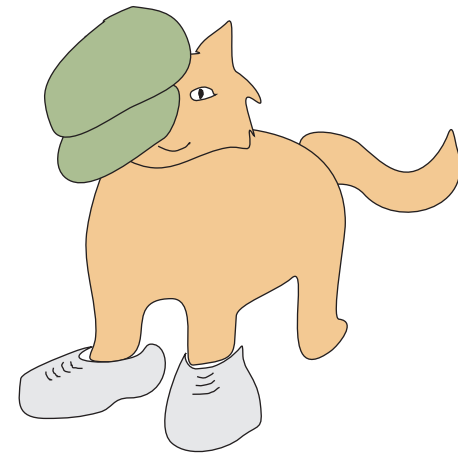
But I had to grow two heads so that

I could see the many, many balls

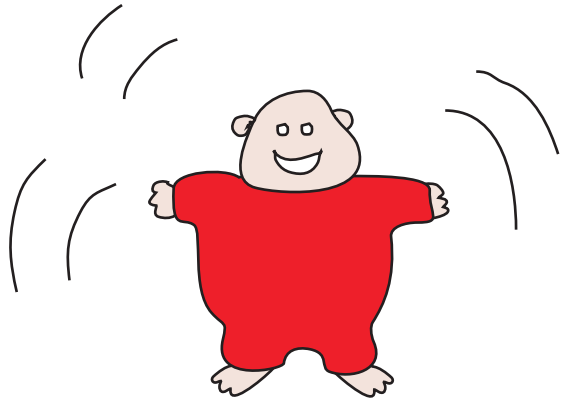
that want to **hit** me.



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. Would they **fit** me any better if I wasn't a cat?



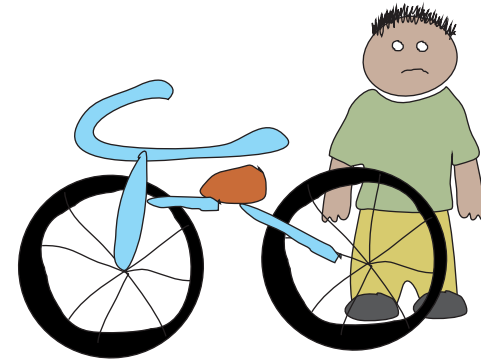
It is red; **it** is round;

it bounces on the ground.

Is **it** a ball? No, **it** is

not. **It** is my baby brother,

and he likes to jump a lot.



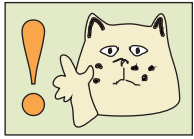
My brother says he would

let me ride his bike

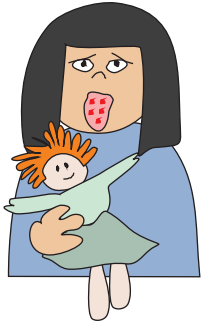
if I was bigger, **if** I was nice,

if I paid him lots of money,

and **if** I asked twice.



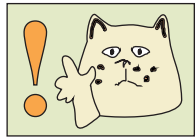
When the letter "I" stands by itself, it sounds like "eye."



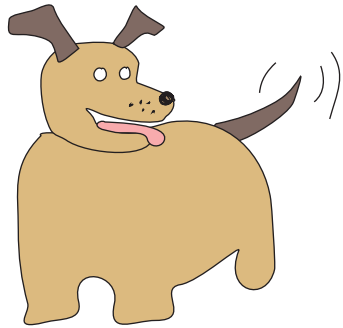
I am sick, and so is
my doll. I have a cold and
that's not all. I cough,
I sneeze, I blow my nose.
If I get any sicker, will
I need to blow my toes?



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.



Sometimes an "s" at the end of a word sounds like a "z", like "his" and "is."



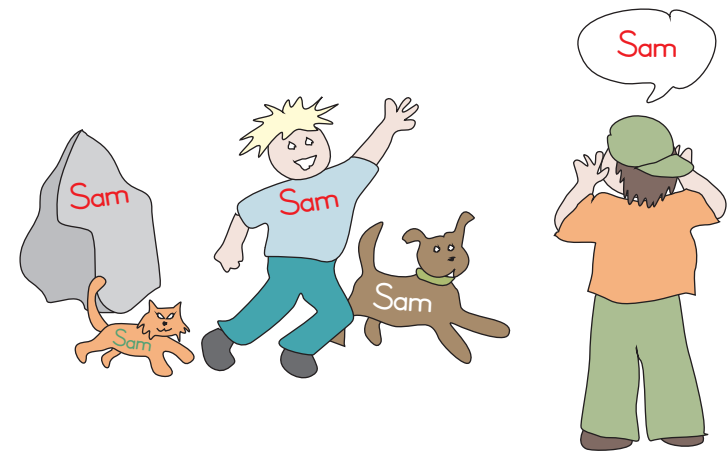
My dog **is** big. My dog **is** brown.

His nose **is** wet, and **his**

tummy **is** round. He looks like

he **is** laughing at me. Did **I** tell a

joke, or am **I** funny to see?



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.

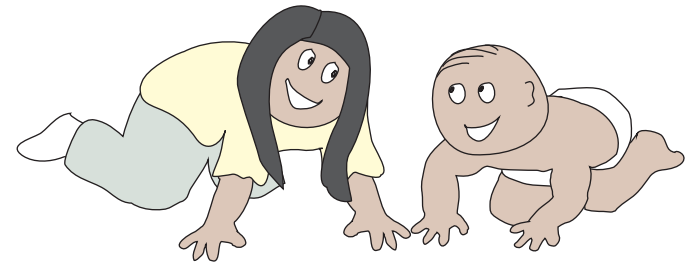
Mix it up

Up until now, each “story” focused on just a few letters and words at a time.

In the “Mix It Up” section, we “step it up” by highlighting a sampling of ALL words that the child should know by now.

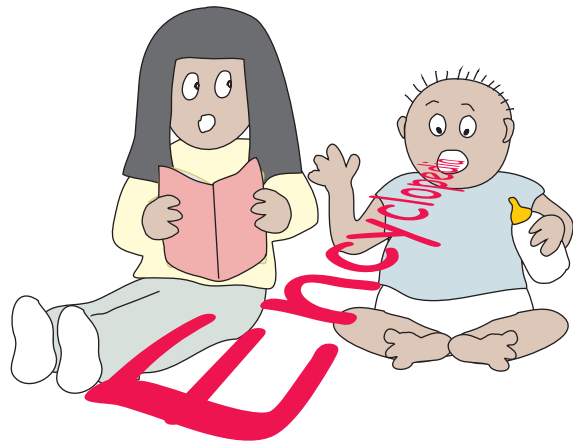
If the child has trouble with the “Mix It Up” section, re-read the earlier portion of this book to help the child develop better recognition of these particular words.

Jim and Kim



Jim and Kim were the best of friends. They lived in a house where the old road ends.

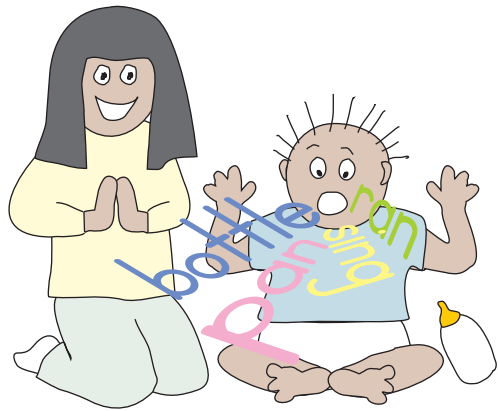
Jim was a baby, learning to walk. Kim was older; she could already talk.



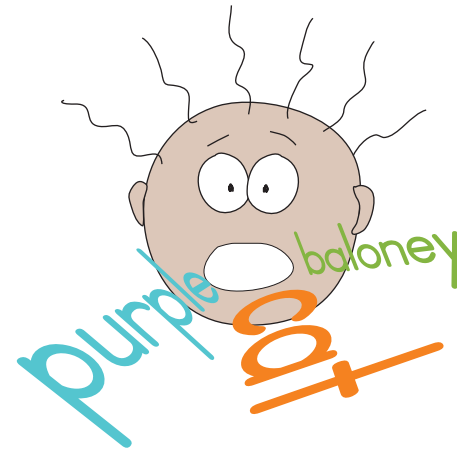
The day that **Jim** said **his** very first word, **Kim** could not believe what she thought she just heard. "Encyclopedia!" said **Jim** clapping **his** hands, smiling with four teeth **as** he **sat in** the sand. "Say **it** again," **Kim**



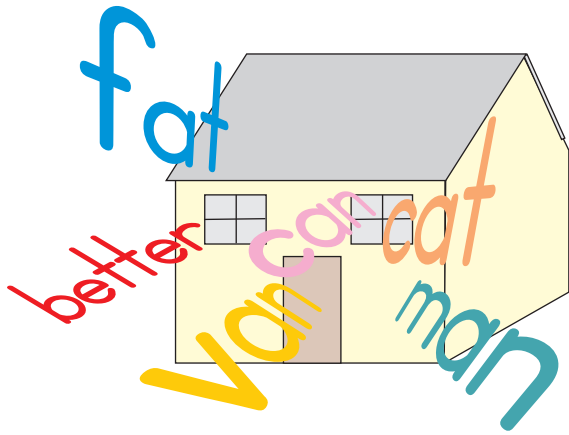
leaned closer to **Jim** – like maybe she'd hear better **if** she **sat** next to **him**. "Constantinople," said **Jim** with **a** burp. He took **a sip** from **his** bottle; some spilled on **his** shirt.



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

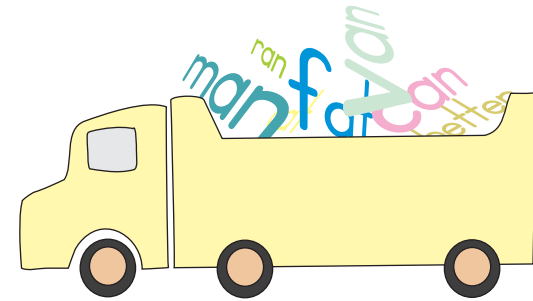


“French fried bananas, **bat**, **sat**, **mat**. Get a garble gobble; **pet** a purple **pat**.” After **a** whole year of listening, the words poured out — some whispered, some gasped, some came **as a** shout.



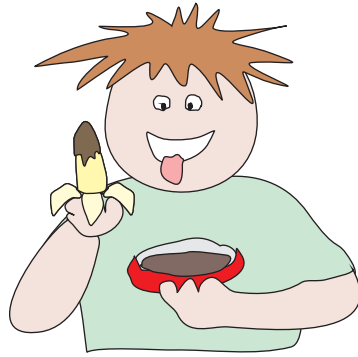
Jim put his hands over
his mouth, but the words squeezed
by and filled up the house.

“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 every word. 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.

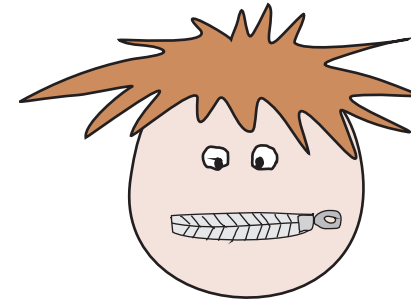
Kip



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.

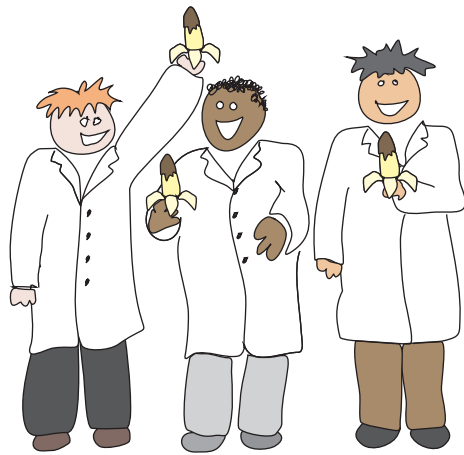
Doctor Pip said no more fudge.



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

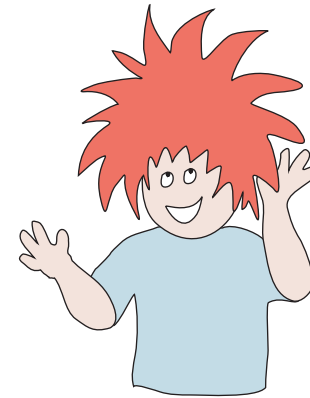
Kip was very hungry – his

tummy growled out loud. He
had to zip his upper
lip to keep bananas out.

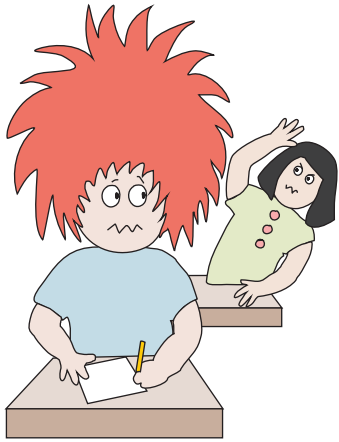


But then he saw the doctors **at**
 the ice cream shop – they each
had a banana with fudge on
 top. **Kip ran** home to **his**
 kitchen. He was happy; he was glad.
 How **can** chocolate and bananas
 possibly be **bad**?

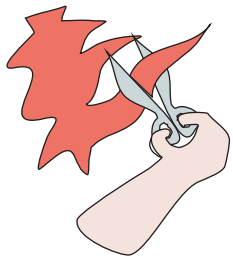
Henry's Wig



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.

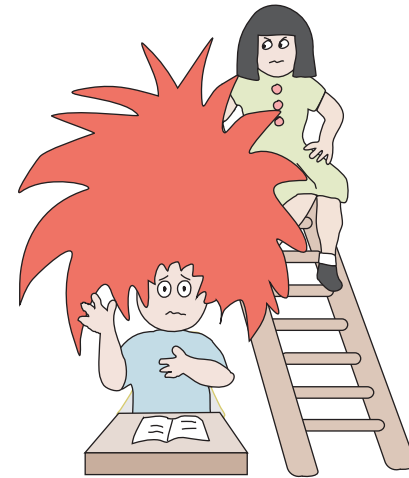


Sally said, "I dig your wig,
but I wish it wasn't quite so big.
I can't see the teacher or the wall —
I can't see anything at all."



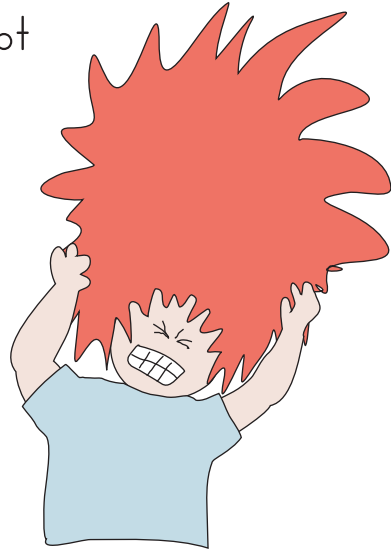
Henry cut his
wig to make
it smaller,

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

Next:
Progressive Phonics
Book 4: Short Vowel "o"

www.ProgressivePhonics.com

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