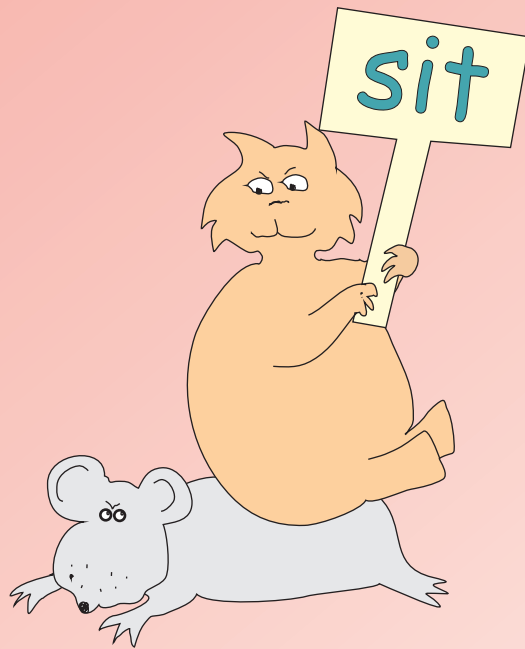


Book Three

Short Vowel  
i



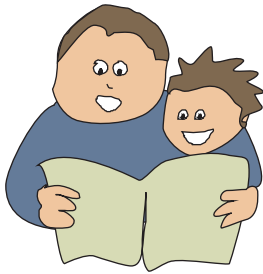
Written and illustrated by

Miz Katz N. Ratz

A Progressive Phonics™ book

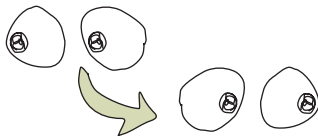
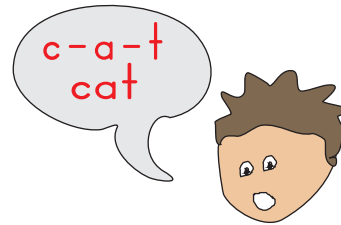
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## Quick Start Guide



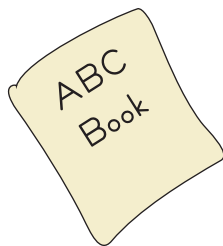
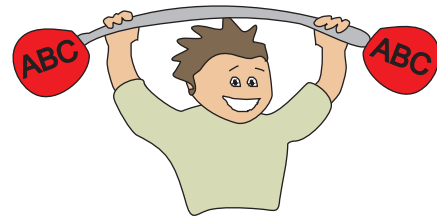
Read the book **WITH** your child. You read the “regular” text, and he/she reads the big, red words, sort of like reading the different parts in a play.

Help your child sound out the words as needed.



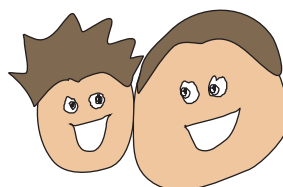
Read the book several times. This helps develop the eye muscles and left-to-right reading patterns that are necessary for reading.

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!**



## Short vowel "i" word list

did, hid, kid, lid

big, dig, jig, pig

dim, him, Jim, Tim

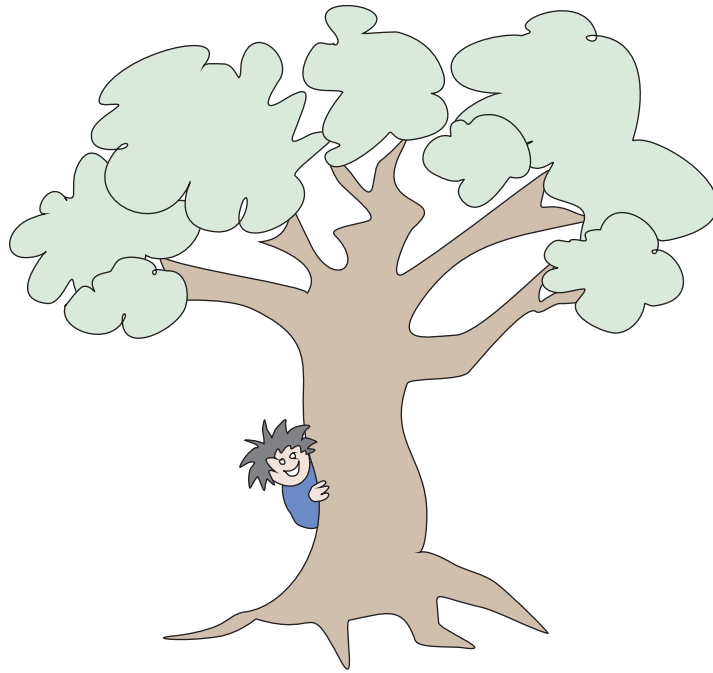
bin, fin, in, win

dip, Kip, lip, sip, tip, zip

bit, fit, hit, it, sit

I, if

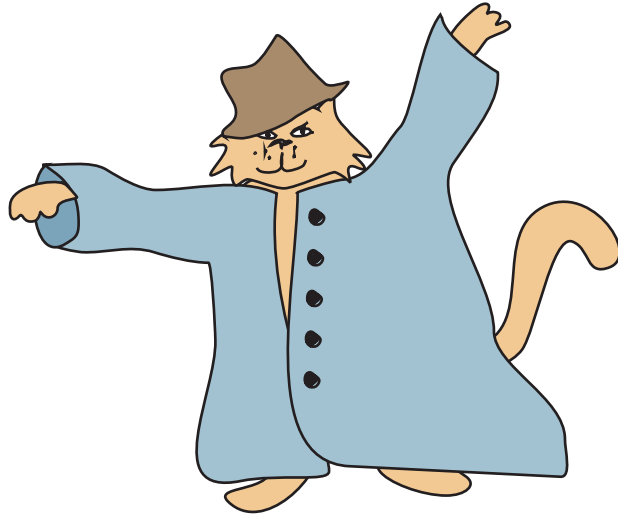
is, his



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?

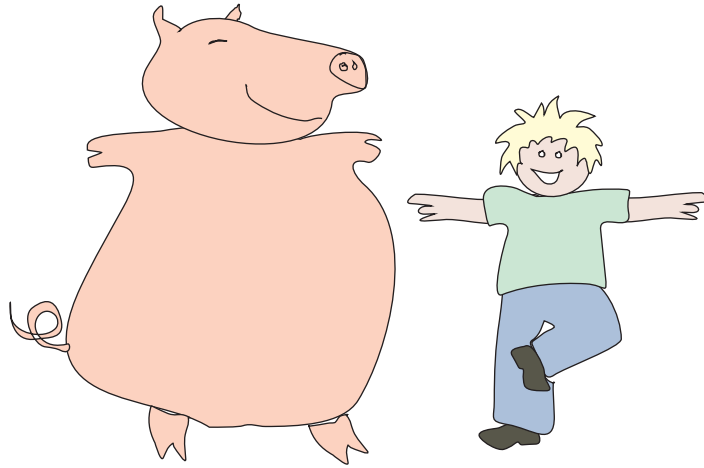


I put the **lid** on the cookie jar.

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**

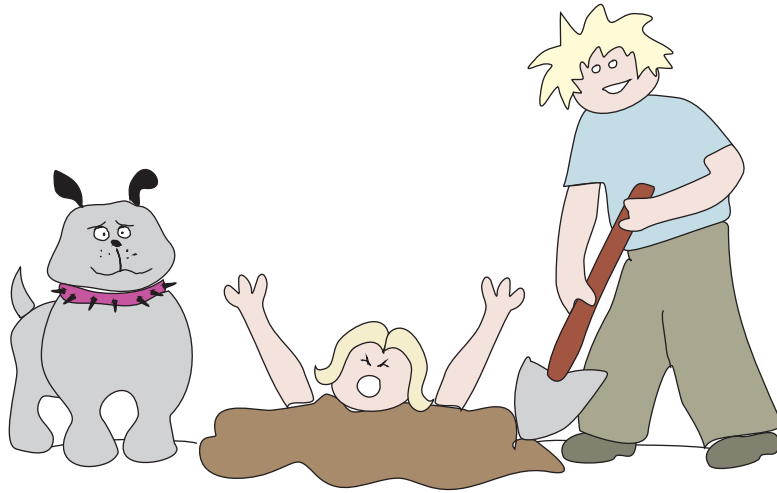
that he's twice as **big** as me.

So I asked the **pig** to dance a

**jig** – and you should see

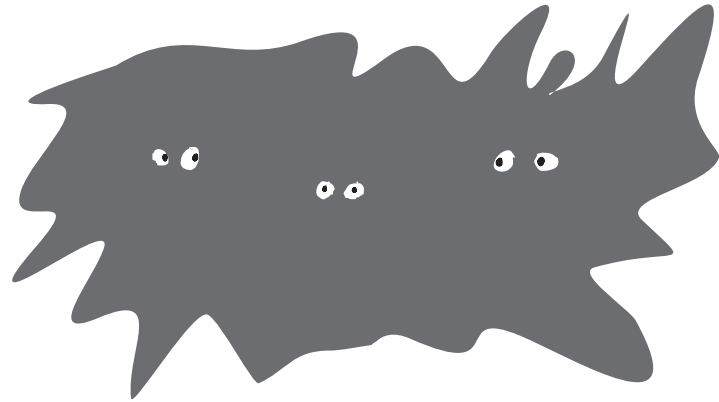
a **pig** this **big** dance

a **jig** with me.

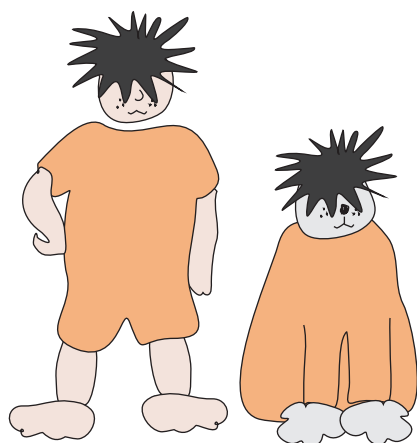


My sister, Sue, was five years  
old the day she fell in a **big**,  
**big** hole. I had to **dig** her  
out myself – my dog doesn't  
**dig**, so he wasn't any help.





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

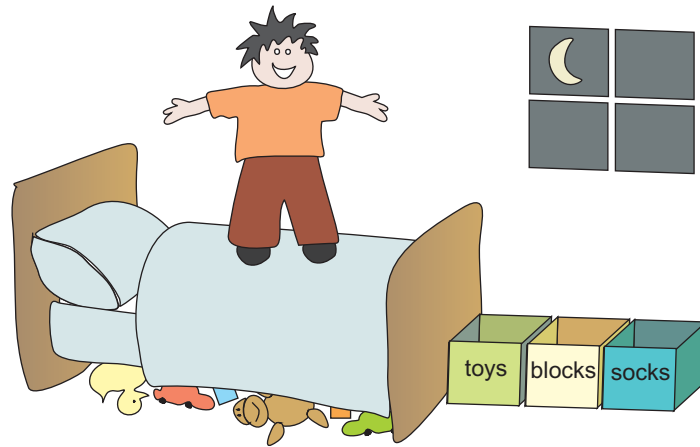
**win**, so I always play with

my sister, Lynn. I **win** at

races, and I **win** at cards —

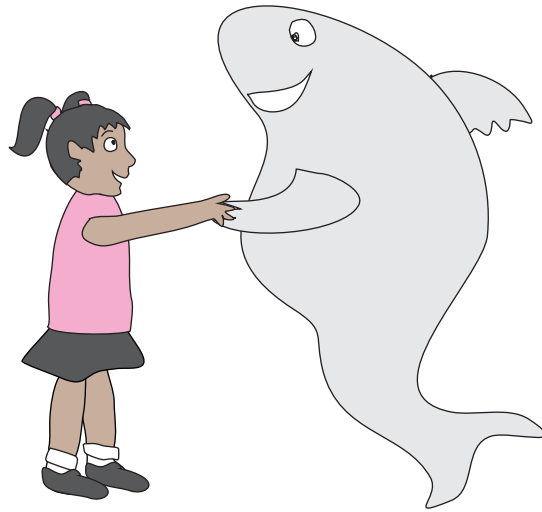
I make up all the rules, so

winning isn't hard.

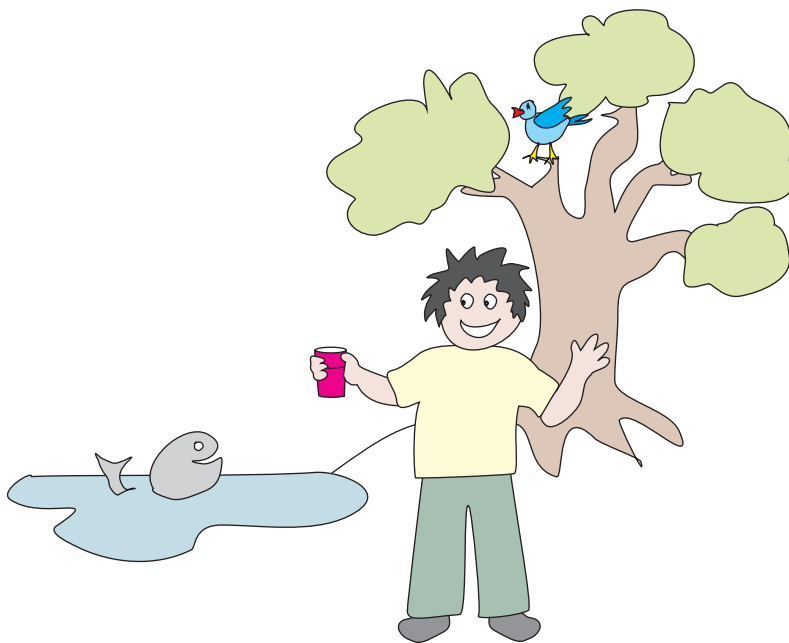


I have a **bin** for cars, a  
**bin** for blocks, a **bin** for  
books, and a **bin** for socks.

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.



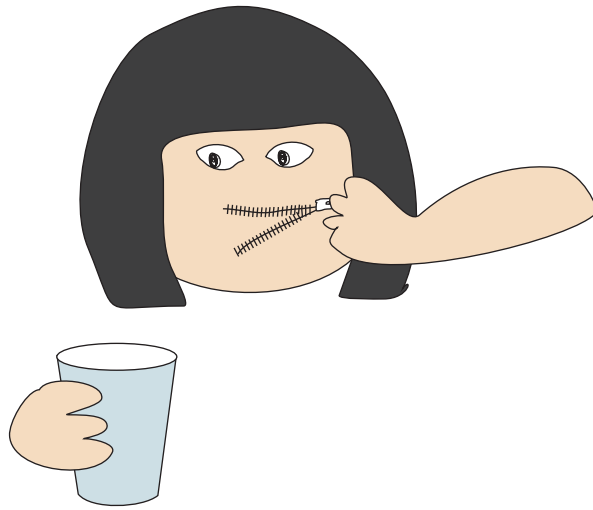
**Zip** your **lip**; don't talk to

me – I just want to go to sleep.

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

your eyes. It's time to sleep –

goodnight, goodnight.

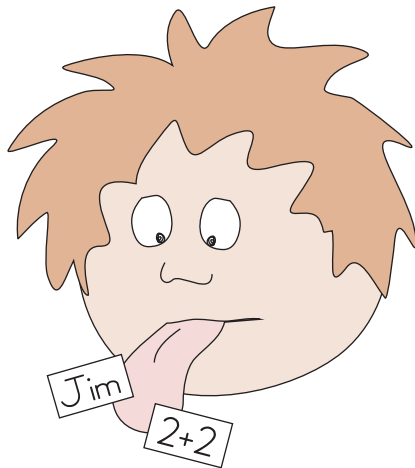


If you **zip** your **lip**, you  
cannot **sip** water, milk or tea.

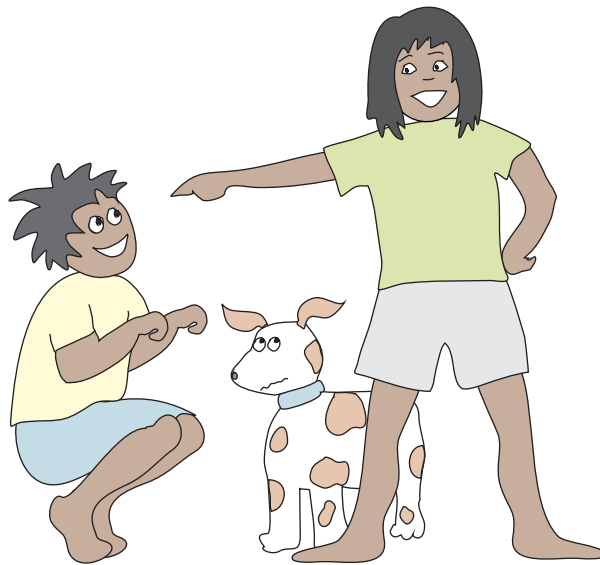
So if you are thirsty,

un-**zip** your **lip** "firsty,"  
and then you can take a **sip**.



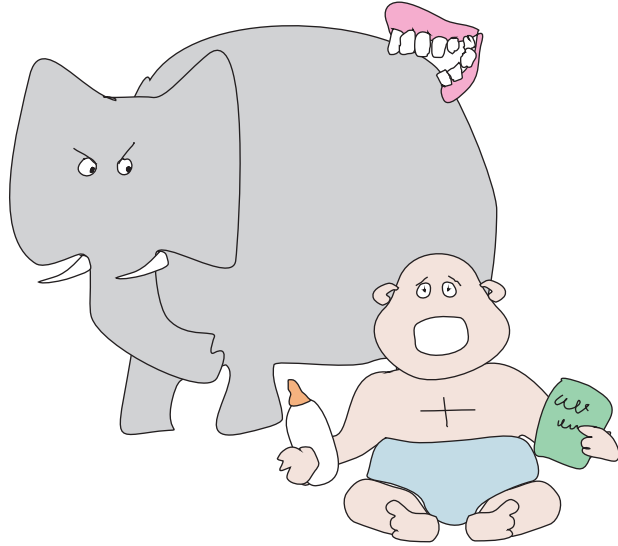


Your name was there on the **tip**  
of my tongue, but **it** fell off  
like a cookie crumb. And answers  
to questions just **sit** on the **tip** –  
and they disappear when I lick  
my **lip**.



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!



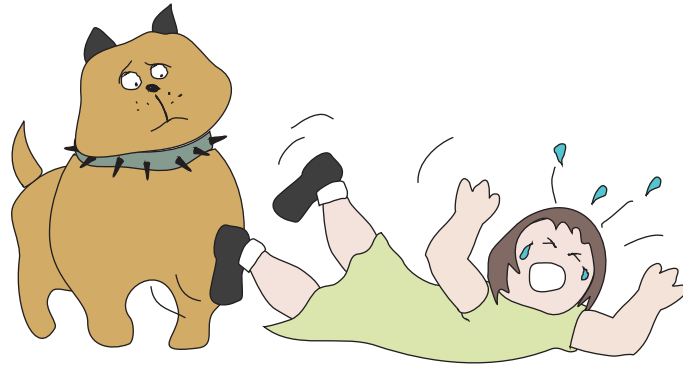
I like games that let me **hit** a

ball. Yes, I like to **hit** them all.

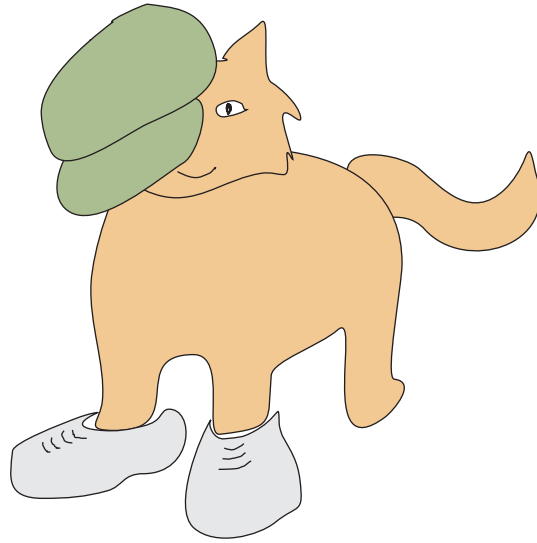
But I had to grow two heads so that

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**."

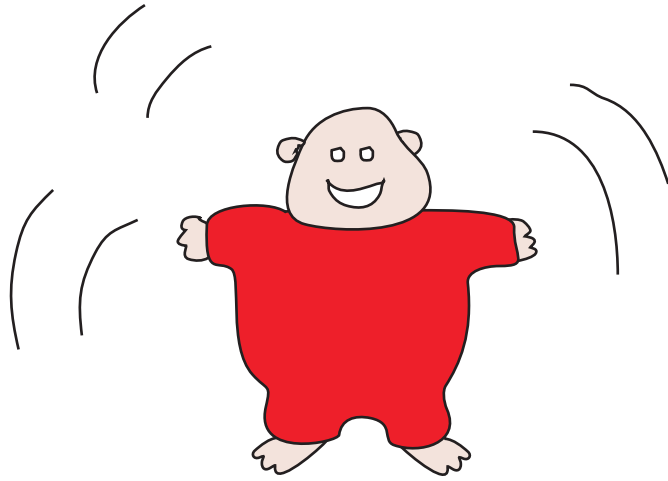


These shoes do not **fit** me,

and neither does this hat.

Would they **fit** me any

better if I wasn't a cat?



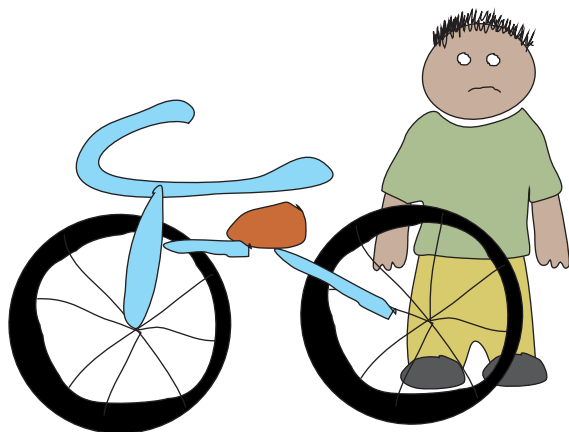
**It** is red; **it** is round;

**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

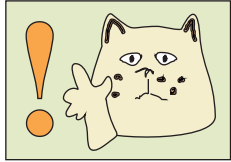
let me ride his bike

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

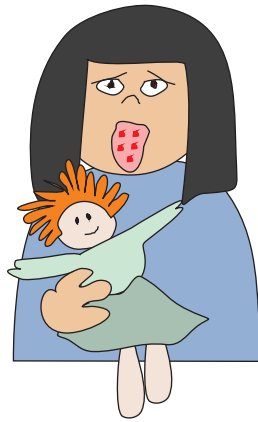
**if** I paid him lots of money,

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

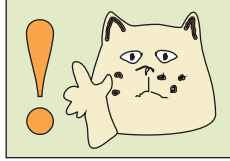
me how naughty I am, but

I know they don't understand

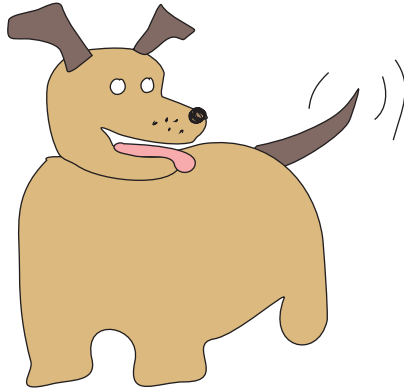
that every toy I make doesn't

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."



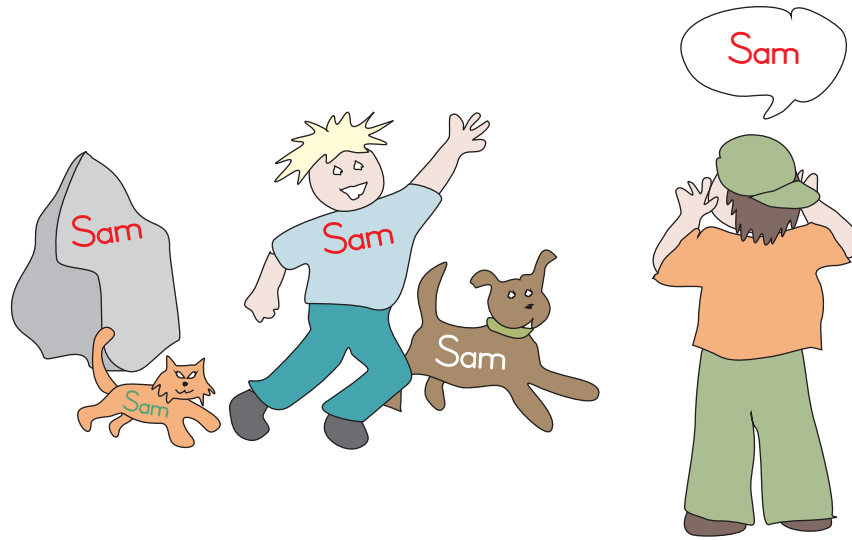
My dog **is** big. My dog **is** brown.

**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.

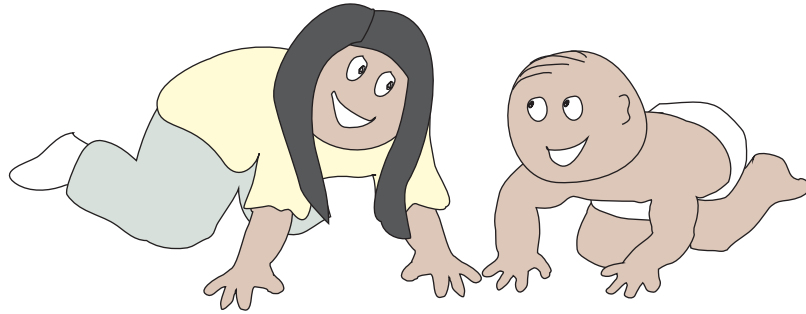
# Mix it up

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.

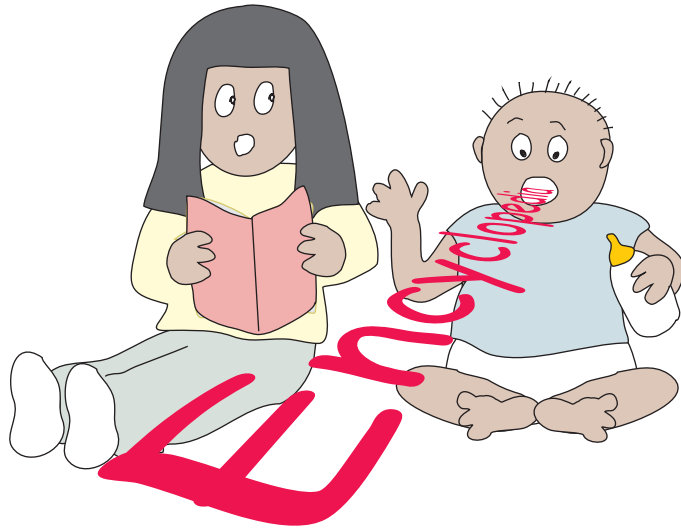
If the child has trouble with the “Mix It Up” section, re-read the earlier portion of this book to help the child develop better recognition of these particular words.

## Jim and Kim

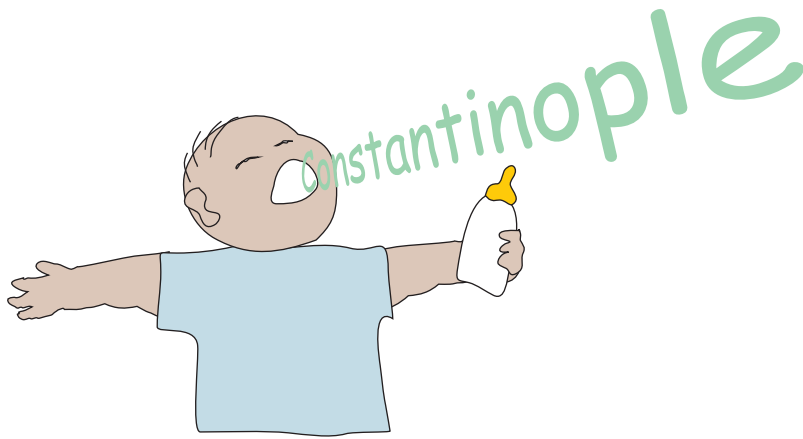


**J**im and **K**im were the  
best of friends. They lived **i**n **a**  
house where the old road ends.

**J**im was **a** baby, learning to  
walk. **K**im was older; she could  
already talk.



The day that **J**im said **h**is  
 very first word, **K**im could not  
 believe what she thought she just  
 heard. "Encyclopedia!" said **J**im  
 clapping **h**is hands, smiling with  
 four teeth **a**s he **s**at **i**n the  
 sand. "Say **i**t again," **K**im



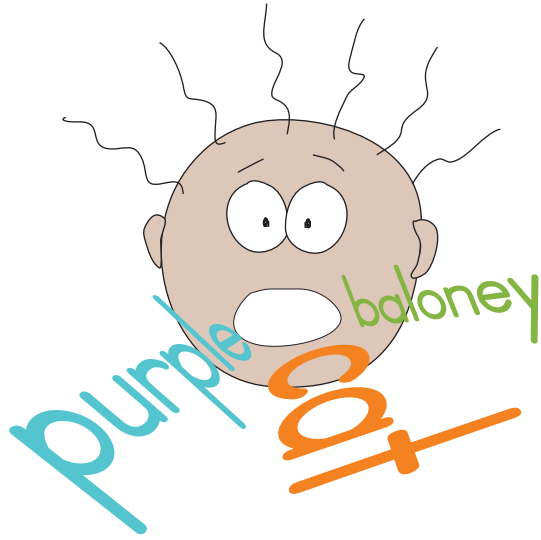
leaned closer to **Jim** – like  
maybe she'd hear better **if** she  
**sat** next to **him**.

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

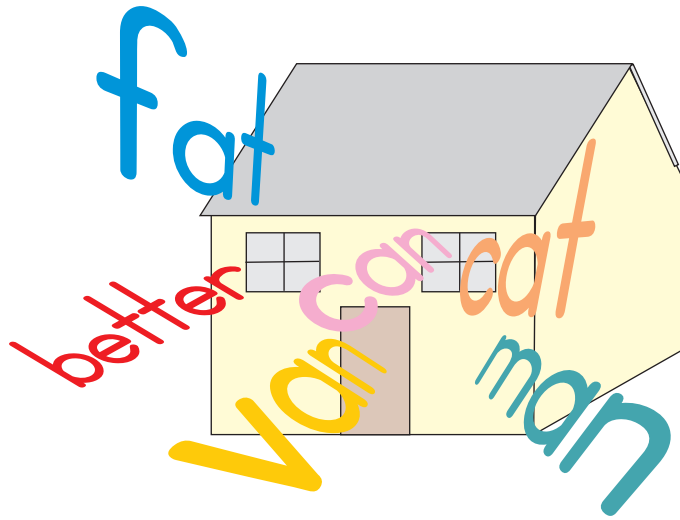




“Hey everyone,” **Kim** was  
laughing out loud. “Listen to  
**Jim. It is** so far out!”  
And **Jim** showed **his**  
friends that now he could talk,  
but the words came too fast —  
they **ran**, wouldn’t walk.



“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

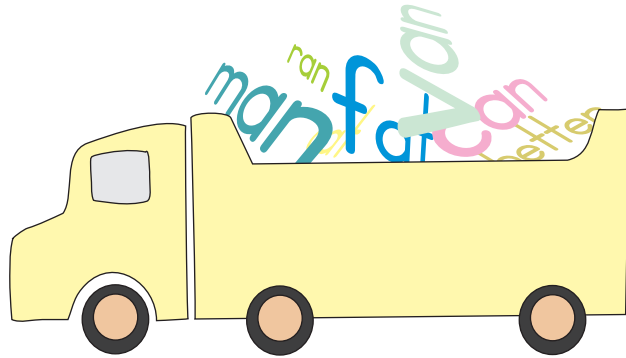
by and filled up the house.

“Dan and ran and fin and

fly. Is and his and mud in

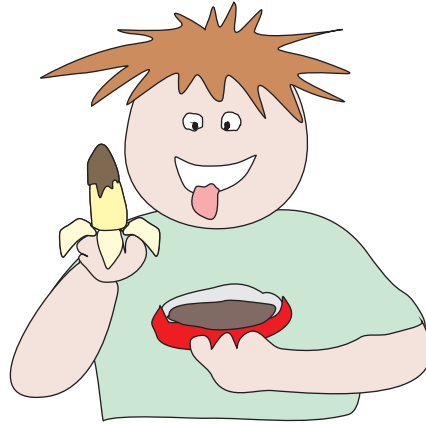
your eye!” As fast as they came,

the words just stopped. They lay



where they landed — didn't move,  
didn't hop. **I**t took all day to clean  
up every word. They filled up **a**  
truck like **a** mountain of dirt.  
And **J**im was two when he  
spoke again. "Hi, **K**im," he  
said to **h**is very best friend.

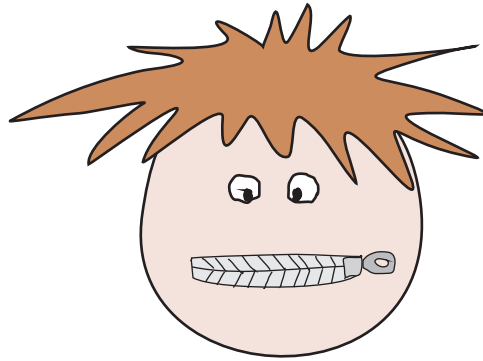
# Kip



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.



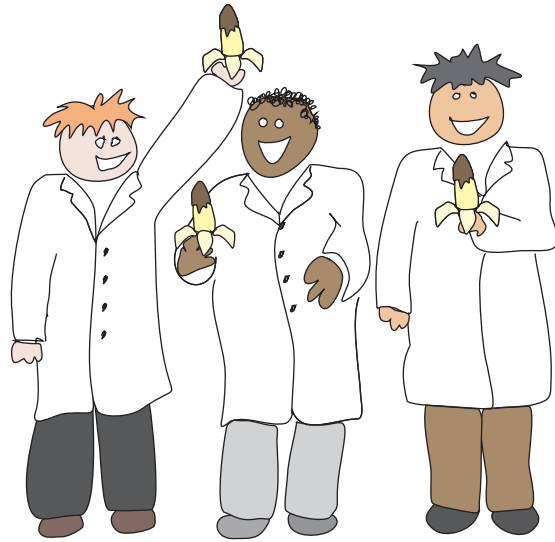
Doctor **Nip** said no more  
nothing – they said **it** just because.

**Kip** was very hungry – **his**

tummy growled out loud. He

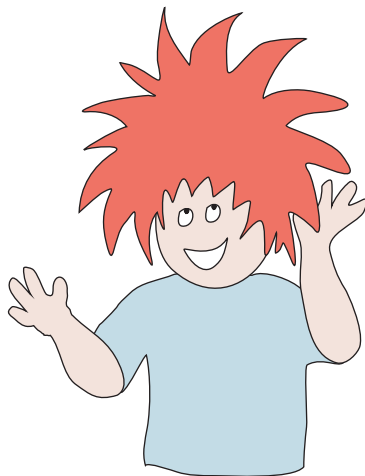
**had** to **zip his** upper

**lip** to keep bananas out.



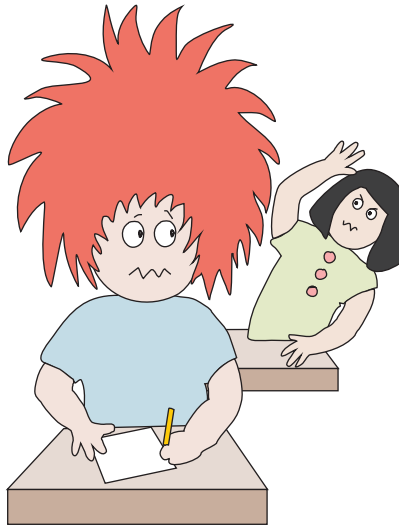
But then he saw the doctors **at**  
the ice cream shop – they each  
**had a** banana with fudge on  
top. **Kip ran** home to **his**  
kitchen. He was happy; he was glad.  
How **can** chocolate and bananas  
possibly be **bad**?

## Henry's Wig



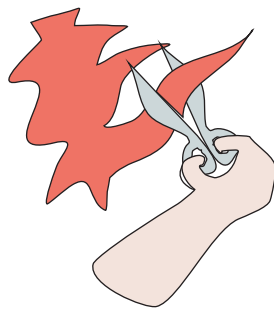
Henry **Fig** wore a big,  
**red wig**. When I say  
**big**, I mean **big, big,**  
**BIG**. He wore **it in** the  
swimming pool; he wore **it** every  
day to school.





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."

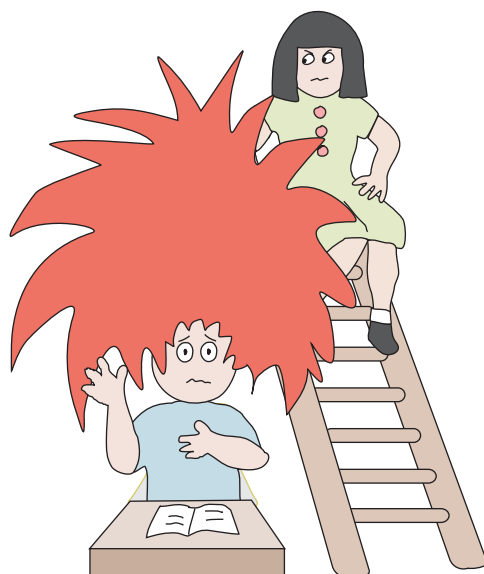


Henry cut his  
wig to make  
it smaller,

but overnight, the **wig** grew taller.

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

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

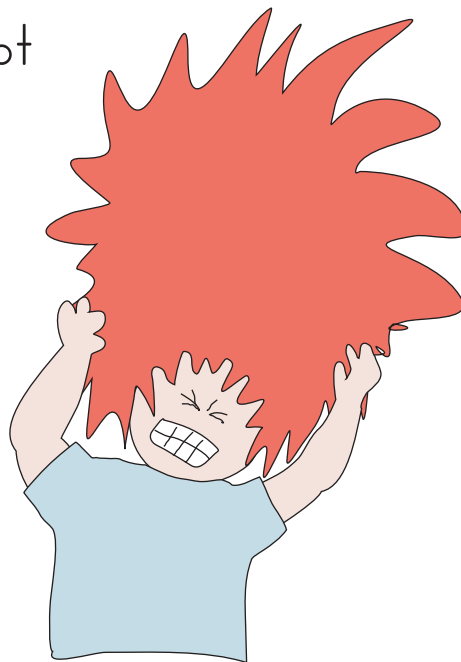


And Sally **had** to **sit** on

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

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