

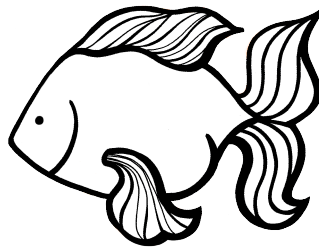
Directions: Write the letter that the picture starts with on the line.



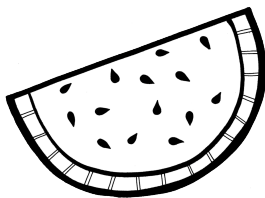


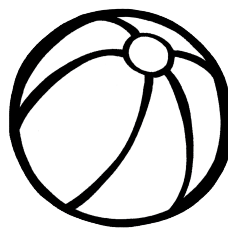














Directions: Practice writing your alphabet on the line.

A

B

C

D

E

F

G

Directions: Practice writing your alphabet on the line.

H

I

J

K

L

M

N

Directions: Practice writing your alphabet on the line.

O

P

Q

R

S

T

U

Directions: Practice writing your alphabet on the line.

V

W

X

Y

Z

a

b

Directions: Practice writing your alphabet on the line.

c

d

e

f

g

h

i

Directions: Practice writing your alphabet on the line.

j

k

l

m

n

o

p

Directions: Practice writing your alphabet on the line.

q

r

s

t

u

v

w

Directions: Practice writing your alphabet on the line.

X

Y

Z

Extra lines for practice

Directions: Practice writing your **first** name on each line.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of 10 sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for writing practice.

Directions: Practice writing your **last** name on each line.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of solid top and bottom lines with a dashed middle line. There are 10 sets of these lines for practice.

Ask your child to identify each lowercase letter.

h	d	m	f	j
l	a	g	i	c
e	y	n	b	r
p	a	s	v	o
x	t	w	u	z
k				

Color the b's green. Color the d's yellow.

b d b b d
b
d d b d d
b
d b d b

Ask your child to identify each uppercase letter.

S	M	E	P	L
Q	B	H	F	C
W	R	A	U	Y
G	V	T	K	N
X	D	O	I	Z
J				

Ask your child to identify each letter sound.

h	d	m	f	j
l	a	g	i	c
e	y	n	b	r
p	a	s	v	o
x	t	w	u	z
k				

Match the uppercase letter to the lowercase letter.

A

k

D

f

K

p

F

a

P

d

U

w

I

f

K

u

W

q

Q

i

Y

n

B

e

E

c

N

b

C

y

J

t

H

e

M

j

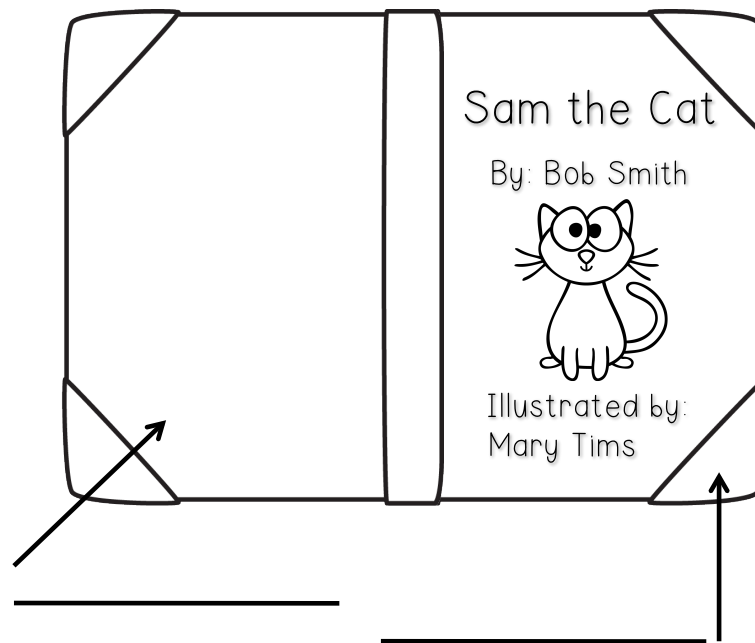
T

h

Z

m

Look at the book below. Follow the directions.



Circle the title.

Draw a square around the author.

Circle the illustrator with a blue crayon.

Label the front cover.

Label the back cover.

Practice writing your numbers on the lines provided.

1

2

3

Practice writing your numbers on the lines provided.

4

5

6

Practice writing your numbers on the lines provided.

7

8

9

Practice writing your numbers on the lines provided.

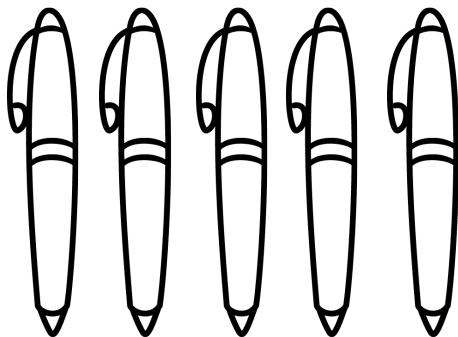
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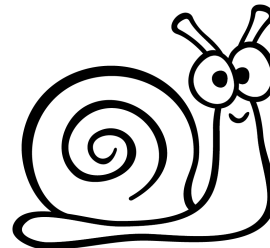
Extra lines for practice

Count how many pictures and write it on the line.

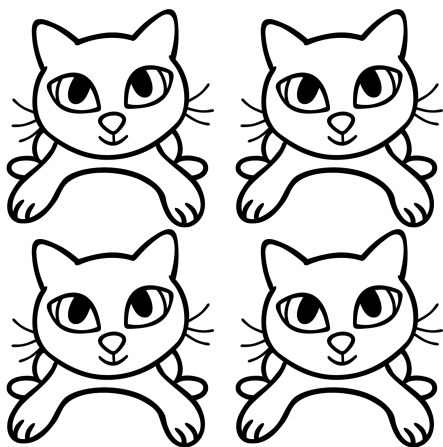


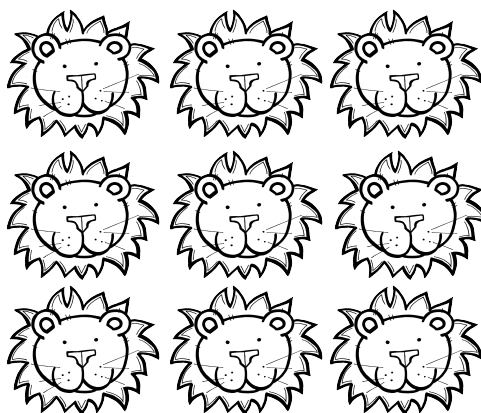


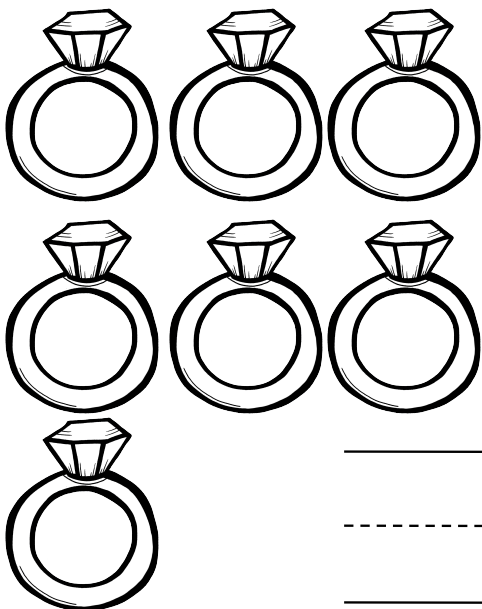


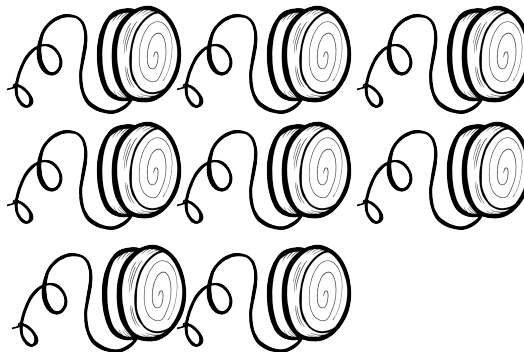


Count how many pictures and write it on the line.

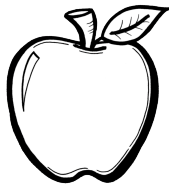








Count how many apples and write it below. Write how many in all.



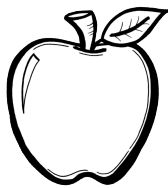
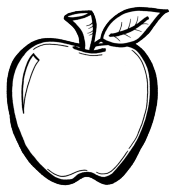
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+

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+



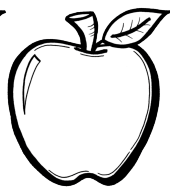
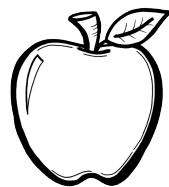
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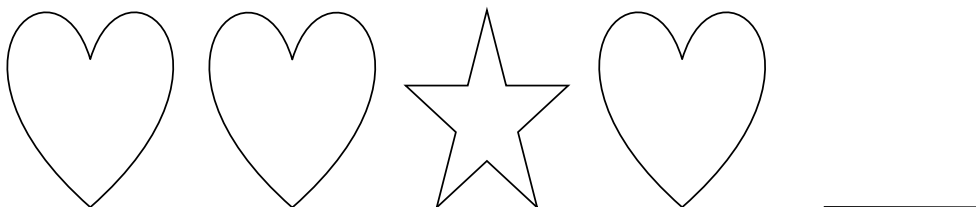
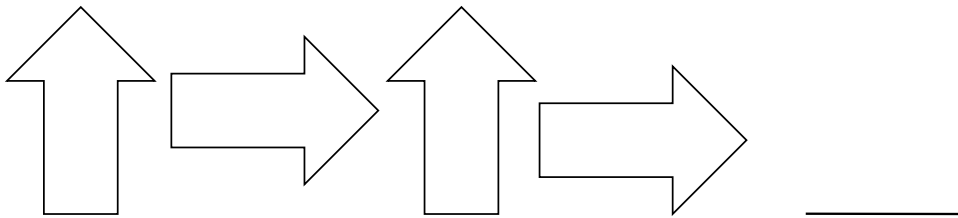
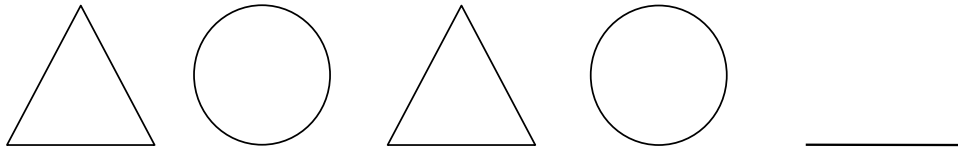


=

+

=

Finish the pattern.



Color the left hand blue.



Color the right hand red.



Color the box with the color that is written.

blue

green

yellow

red

brown

pink

orange

purple

black



Grade K

Reading Passages

The names of the reading passages are listed at the left.
Click the name of the passage you would like to view.

Little Bo-peep

by Robert Ford



1 Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
2 And doesn't know where to find them;
3 Let them alone, and they'll come home,
4 Bringing their tails behind them.

5 Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
6 And dreamed she heard them bleating;
7 But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
8 For still they all were fleeing.

9 Then up she took her little crook,
10 And set right out to find them;
11 She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
12 For they'd left their tails behind them.



13 It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray
14 Under a meadow near by,
15 That she saw their tails, side by side,
16 All hung on a tree to dry.

17 She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
18 And over the hills and stumps,
19 And tried as she could, as a shepherdess should,
20 To tack them again to their rumps.

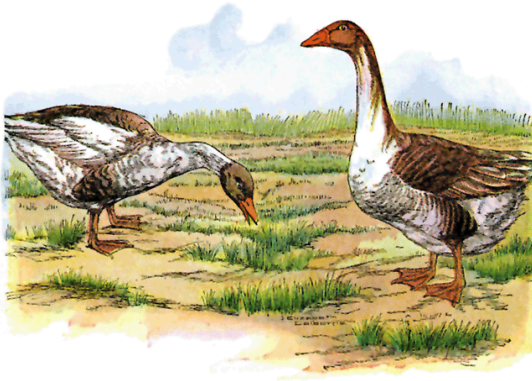
Note: Certain words and punctuation in "Little Bo-peep" have been changed to reflect an appropriate reading level for Kindergarten.



Old Mother Goose

by Robert Ford

- 1 Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.
- 2 Mother Goose had a house,
It was built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For a guard he stood.
- 3 She had a son Jack,
A plain-looking lad;
Not very good,
And not very bad.
- 4 She sent him to market,
And he bought a live goose.
"Here, mother," he said,
"We'll put her to use."
- 5 Jack's goose and the gander
Grew very fond.
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.
- 6 Jack found, one fine morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.
- 7 Jack rode to his mother,
And the news he did tell;
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.





8 Jack sold his gold egg
To a sneaky old knight,
Who paid only half
What a better man might.

9 Then Jack went courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweeter than May.

10 The knight and the squire
Came behind his back,
And began to beat on
The sides of poor Jack.

11 So into the sea
The gold egg was then tossed;
But Jack jumped in and got it
Before it was lost.

12 The knight got the goose,
Which he vowed to kill,
Deciding at once
His pockets to fill.

13 Jack's mother came in
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon!



Note: Certain words and punctuation in "Old Mother Goose" have been changed to reflect an appropriate reading level for Kindergarten.

On the Way to School

by Virginia Boudreaux



It was the first day of school. Kay was excited. She could not wait. “Come on, Aunt May!” Kay called. “Isn’t it time to go to school?”

“Not yet,” said Aunt May. “First I want to show you a few things. They will help you get to school safely.” So the two of them got into the car and headed toward the school.

On the way, Aunt May slowed down and pointed out signs to Kay. Soon Aunt May stopped at a traffic light. She pointed to the light.

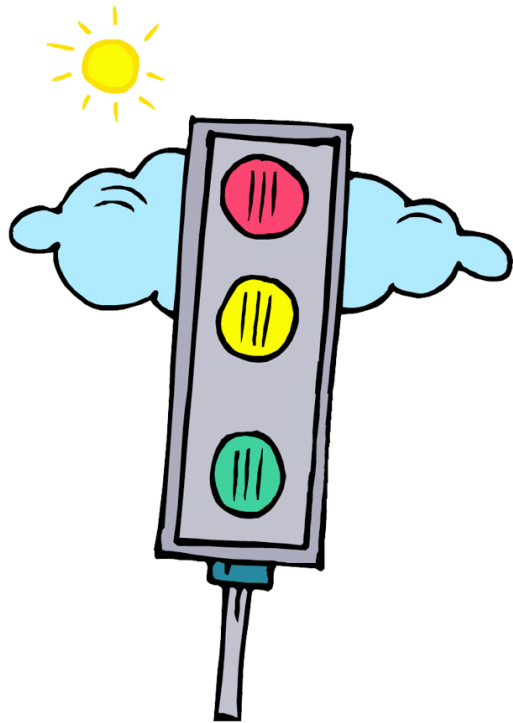
“What does that mean?” she asked.

Kay looked at the light. It was red. “It means to stop,” she said, smiling.

“And what if the cars *don’t* stop?” her aunt asked.

Kay’s smile faded. “They have to!” she said. “Someone could get hurt!”

“They *should* stop,” Aunt May said, “but sometimes they don’t. You must still look both ways before you cross the street. But it can help to wait for *that*.” Her aunt pointed to a light that looked like a person walking. The light meant that it was safe to cross the street.





When the traffic light turned green, they drove on. Soon they came to a big red sign. Aunt May stopped the car again.

“What does that sign say?” Aunt May asked.

“It says ‘stop’,” giggled Kay.

“Good for you!” her aunt laughed.

Then Kay saw a group of children standing next to another sign.

“I can play this game, too,” she said. She pointed to the sign. “What’s that?”

“That is a bus stop,” her aunt said. “See the picture on the sign?”

Kay had to admit that the sign was pretty easy to spot. But then Aunt May told her all the rules about how to behave at a bus stop. Those might *not* be so easy to learn!

Soon they were at the school. A nice lady was helping the children cross the street. She was holding a red sign.

Aunt May told Kay that was to make sure that everyone stopped.

“And *she*,” Aunt May said, “is the *only* person with whom you walk. Understand?”

Bus Stop Rules

1. Stand away from the street.
2. Behave. Don’t push or shove.
3. Do not get on the bus until the driver tells you.
4. Wait your turn in line. Don’t rush to get on the bus.

And this one for later:

Make sure to look both ways when you get off a bus, no matter where you are!

Kay nodded. Then she smiled again. She pointed to the school crossing sign where the kids were walking. Then she pointed to the sign by it on the side of the street.



“And that is where I can find her? It’s where we always cross to get to school?” she asked.

Her aunt nodded and laughed. “You are good to go!” she said.

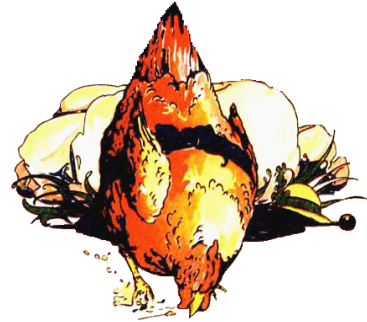
“I’ll say!” Kay said. “Friends, here I come!” And off to school she went!



The Little Red Hen: An Old English Folktale

by Florence White Williams

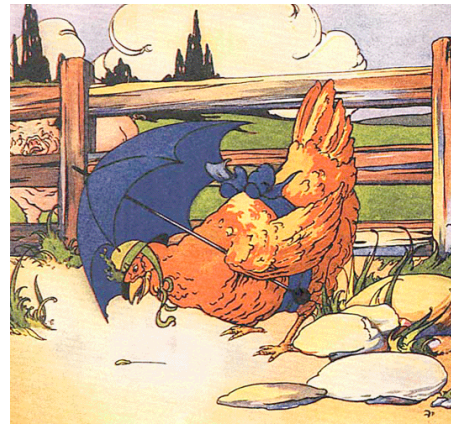
The Little Red Hen lived in a barnyard. She spent most of her time walking about in her picketty-pecketty way. When she could, she scratched here and there for worms.



She loved fat, tasty worms. She also felt they were good for her children. Each time she found a worm, she called, “Chuck-chuck-chuck!” to her chicks.

A lazy cat napped in the barn. She did not even get up to scare the rat who ran here and there. And the pig in the sty had no cares either. He only wanted to eat and grow fat.

One day the Little Red Hen found a seed. She had never seen anything like it! She asked everyone what it might be. She soon learned that it was a wheat seed. If she planted it, it would grow into wheat. The wheat could be made into flour. Then she could turn it into bread.



When she learned that, she knew it should be planted.

She thought of the pig and the cat. They had nothing to do. She also thought of the rat, who never seemed to be busy. She called loudly, “Who will help me plant the seed?”

But the pig said, “Not I.”

The cat said, “Not I.”

And the rat said, “Not I.”

“Well,” said the Little Red Hen, “I will do it myself.”

And she did.

The Little Red Hen spent the summer searching for worms and feeding her chicks. The pig grew fat. The cat grew fat. The rat grew fat. As they did, the wheat grew tall.

One day the Little Red Hen saw how large and ripe the wheat was. She ran about calling, "Who will help me cut the wheat?"

The pig said, "Not I."

The cat said, "Not I."

And the rat said, "Not I."

"Well, then," said the Little Red Hen, "I will do it myself."

And she did.



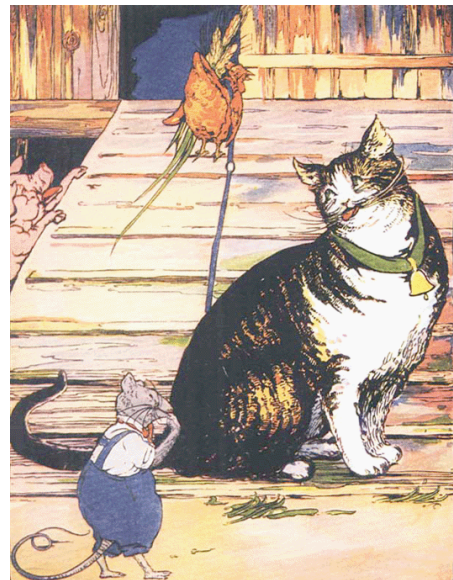
Now it was time to sift the grain from the seeds. So, again, in a hopeful tone, she called out, "Who will help me sift the wheat?"

But the pig, with a grunt, said, "Not I."

The cat, with a meow, said, "Not I."

The rat, with a squeak, said, "Not I."

So the Little Red Hen, looking sad, said, "Well, I will, then." And she did. When she was finished, she carried the sack of wheat to the mill. The miller ground the wheat into flour for her.



The next step was to bake the bread. She had never done this before. But she knew she could do it if she tried.

Still hoping that the other animals might help her, she sang out, "Who will help me bake the bread?"

But the pig said, "Not I."

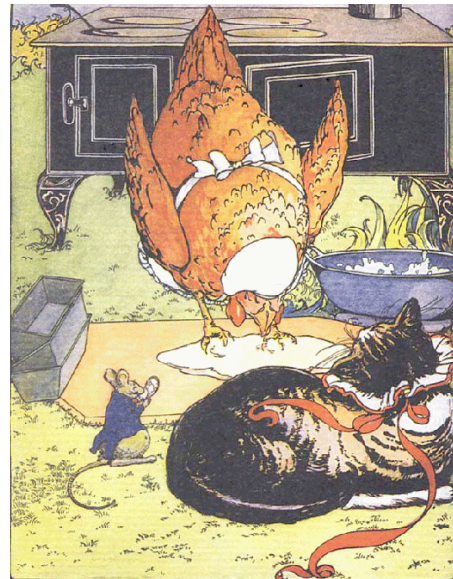
The cat said, "Not I."

And the rat said, "Not I."

So the Little Red Hen said once more, "I will do it myself, then." And she did.

The Little Red Hen put on a fresh apron. She made the dough and divided it into loaves. Then she put them in the oven to bake.

The cat watched lazily as the Little Red Hen worked. The rat powdered his nose and looked at himself in a mirror. The pig snored.



At last it was time. A fine odor blew out on the breeze. All the animals sniffed the air with glee.

The Little Red Hen felt like singing. She was so excited! She had made the bread all by herself! And the loaves were perfect!

Then, out of habit, the Little Red Hen called, "Who will help me eat the bread?"

This time all the animals in the barnyard came running.

The pig said, "I will!"

The cat said, "I will!"

And the rat said, "I will!"

But the Little Red Hen said, "Oh no, you won't. I will do it myself!"

And she did.

Note: Certain words and punctuation in "The Little Red Hen" have been changed to reflect an appropriate reading level for Kindergarten.



The Magpie's Nest

by Joseph Jacobs

Once upon a time when pigs spoke rhyme
And monkeys had a knack,
And hens played rough to make them tough,
And ducks went quack, quack, quack!

All the birds in the field came to Madge
Magpie. They said, "Oh, Madge! Teach us how to
build nests!"



The magpie is the best at building nests. So she gathered all the
birds around her and began to show them how to do it. First she took
some mud. Then she made a round cake with it.



"Oh, that's how it's done," said the
thrush. And away she flew. So that is how
thrushes build their nests.

Then Madge took some twigs. She
put them round in the mud.

"Now I know all about it," said the
blackbird. And off she flew. And that is how
blackbirds make their nests to this day.

Then Madge put a layer of mud on the
twigs.

"Oh, that is quite clear," said the wise owl.
And off she flew. Owls have made their nests
the same way ever since.



Then Madge wove some twigs round the outside.

"The very thing!" said the sparrow. And off she went. So sparrows make messy nests to this day.

Then Madge took some feathers. She lined the nest all round with them.

"That suits me," cried the starling. And off she flew. Even now, starlings have very soft nests.

So it went on. Each bird learned a thing or two about how to build nests. But none waited to the end. All the while, Madge went on working. She did not even look up. Soon the only bird left was the dove. She had not been paying any attention to Madge. She had only kept up her silly cry: "Take two! Take two-o-o-o!"



Just as Madge was putting a twig across the nest, she heard the dove. So she said, "One is enough."

But the dove kept on saying, "Take two! Take two-o-o-o!"

Then Madge got angry. She said, "One is enough, I tell you."

Still the dove cried, "Take two! Take two-o-o-o!"

At last, Madge looked up. She saw nobody near her but the silly dove. Then Madge got very angry. She flew off and would not tell the birds how to build nests again. And that is why all birds build their nests their own way.

Note: Certain words and punctuation in "The Magpie's Nest" have been changed to reflect an appropriate reading level for Kindergarten.



The Puddle That Would Not Go Away

by Max Hines

It all began last fall. On the first day of school, it began to rain. It rained and rained. There was so much

water. The water had no place to go, so little puddles began to form. That is what happens when water from rain has no place to go. One of the puddles started to grow. It grew and grew. It was kind of fun, at first.



Autumn wore on. Leaves began to fall. They even filled the puddle. It was *quite* a puddle! Soon the leaves blew away. And our puddle was still right there. It had not moved a bit.

We were glad. Oh, our puddle could make things hard sometimes. We could not do all the things we liked to do. But most people really began to enjoy it.



Then winter came. It got cold. But our puddle was still there, good as new. The water in it had frozen, though. It was now full of ice and snow. But we still found ways to make it useful. It was great for skating!

By spring, the ice had melted. And by then, our puddle was the talk of the town.

Even more people came to our puddle. Animals came, too. Everyone thought our puddle was grand.





By early summer, our puddle was the place to be. It was full of late spring rain. The water was warm. But it was cooler than the air. Kids from all over showed up. We had a fun summer, all because of our puddle!

As time passed, our puddle began to get kind of boring. We tried to think of new things we could do with it. But the puddle was just in the way. We tried to do usual things. We ran with our dogs. We played ball. But there was that puddle. It was always there.



We even tried to stop the water from going into the puddle. But nothing we did seemed to work. How can you stop rain from going into a puddle?



One day, though, we saw what *did* work. The sun! Long hours of light and heat! The rain fell less often. The air got warmer. And the water turned to gas. Before we knew it, the puddle was gone! We were so happy! For a while, at least.

The weather got hotter and hotter. The sun got huge each day. The rain did not fall. It was so dry, the ground cracked! We started to miss our puddle.

Luckily, the rain came again. And our puddle came back! Just in time for another great school year!

"The Puddle that Would Not Go Away," by Max Hines.



The Story of the Three Bears

by L. Leslie Brooke

Once there were three bears. They lived in a house in the woods. One was small. His name was Wee Bear. One was middle-sized. Her name was Middle Bear. The other was big. His name was Huge Bear. Each had a pot for porridge. Each had a chair that was just right. And each had its own size bed to sleep in.

One morning, the bears made porridge. Then they went for a walk while it cooled. As they walked, a little girl called Goldenlocks came right into the house. Then she saw the porridge. She was so pleased. It looked tasty. So she helped herself.



First she tasted Huge Bear's porridge. It was too hot. Then she tasted Middle Bear's porridge. It was too cold. Then she tried Wee Bear's porridge. It was just right. She liked it so well that she ate it all up.

Then Goldenlocks sat in Huge Bear's chair. It was too hard. Then she sat in Middle Bear's chair. It was too soft. Then she sat in Wee Bear's chair. It was just right. There she sat until the bottom of the chair came out. Then down she went onto the ground.

Then Goldenlocks went to the room where the three bears slept. First she lay down on Huge Bear's bed. It was too hard. Next she lay down on Middle Bear's bed. It was too soft. Then she lay down on Wee Bear's bed. It was just right. So she lay there until she fell asleep.



About this time, the three bears came home to eat. But Goldenlocks had left a spoon in Huge Bear's porridge pot. "Somebody has been at my porridge!" said Huge Bear, in his great, gruff voice.

Then Middle Bear looked at her pot. She saw a spoon, too. "Somebody has been at *my* porridge!" said Middle Bear, in her middle voice.

Then Wee Bear looked at his pot. He found a spoon, too. But the porridge was all gone. "Somebody has been at *my* porridge and has eaten it all up!" said Wee Bear, in his small, wee voice.

Then the three bears began to search. But Goldenlocks had not put the chairs back straight.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!" said Huge Bear.

"And in *mine*!" said Middle Bear.

"And in *mine*! And now the bottom has come out of it!" said Wee Bear, in his small, wee voice.



So they went to the bedroom. Goldenlocks had pulled the pillows of the first two beds out of their places.

"Someone has been in my bed!" said Huge Bear.

"And in *mine*!" said Middle Bear.

Then Wee Bear looked at his bed. The pillow was in its place. But lying on it was Goldenlocks. She was *not* in her place.

"Someone has been in *my* bed! And here she is!" cried Wee Bear.

Goldenlocks had heard in her sleep the voices of the first two bears. But the wee voice of Wee Bear woke her up. And when she saw the three bears at one side of the bed, she tumbled off the other side. Then she ran to the window. Out she jumped. She ran away as fast as she could.

No one ever knew where she went. But the three bears never saw her again.



Note: Certain words and punctuation in “The Story of the Three Bears” have been changed to reflect an appropriate reading level for Kindergarten.

Tikki Tikki Tembo

Adapted by Tom Warner

Once upon a time in China, there were two brothers. The younger one was named Ling. The older one was named Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sa Rembo Chari Bari Ruchi Pip Peri Pembo.

One day, the brothers were playing tag near the well. They were ducking in and out around a tree. Ling was looking back at his brother. He went right into the well because he didn't see it. Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sa Rembo Chari Bari Ruchi Pip Peri Pembo ran to his mother for help.

"Mom! Ling fell into the well!" he cried.

"Let's get your father!" she said.

They both ran to the father.

"Dad! Ling fell into the well!" they cried.

"Let's get the gardener!" said the father. So they all ran to the gardener.

"Gardener! Ling fell into the well!" they all cried.

"Let's get a ladder and get him out!" said the gardener. They got the ladder, ran back to the well, and pulled Ling out. He was wet and cold, but he was fine.



The next day, the brothers were playing by the well again. This time, Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sa Rembo Chari Bari Ruchi Pip Peri Pembo fell into the well. Ling ran to his mother for help.

“Mom! Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sa Rembo Chari Bari Ruchi Pip Peri Pembo fell into the well!” he cried.

“Let’s get your father!” she said.

They both ran to the father.

“Dad! Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sa Rembo Chari Bari Ruchi Pip Peri Pembo fell into the well!” they cried.

“Let’s get the gardener!” said the father. So they all ran to the gardener.

“Gardener! Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sa Rembo Chari Bari Ruchi Pip Peri Pembo fell into the well!” they all cried.

“Let’s get a ladder and get him out!” said the gardener.


They finally got back to the well with the ladder. But by the time they pulled the boy out, he was not quite fine. Because it had taken such a long time to say his name three times, Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sa Rembo Chari Bari Ruchi Pip Peri Pembo had almost drowned!

Still to this day, because of the story of Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sa Rembo Chari Bari Ruchi Pip Peri Pembo, Chinese parents choose very short names for their children.





HOW TO PRINT A READING PASSAGE

1. To display the reading passage that you wish to print, click the title of the reading passage in the navigation pane at the left.
2. As you view the pages of the reading passage, note the page numbers associated with the passage in the status bar below the passage.
3. Click the Print button  on the toolbar above the passage. The Print dialog box appears.
4. In the Print dialog box, specify the printer, the print range, and the number of copies you wish to print. Then click OK.

Note: If you wish to print all the passages, select the *All* option in the Print Range section of the Print dialog box.

