

My Phrase-Cued Reading Journal

Reading Series One

Print single-sided, staple on the left

Gull Talk

From sun up to sundown,
From the sand to the cliffs,
Gulls zigzag and zip.
They dip and they flit.

And as the gulls flap,
They yack their gull talk.
What a big racket!
Gulls yack a lot!

When they have to sit,
They collect by the docks.
Hundreds of gulls
All sit in a flock.

The gulls yack and yack
As if they can't stop!
But all of a sudden
The gulls must lift off.

All gull talk stops
When gulls go to their nests.
Isn't it tranquil
When all of them rest?



Junk?

Frank collects odds and ends,

He collects lots of stuff.

Frank has planks and a sink,

A bunk bed and a truck.

“Look at all that stuff!” his pal Fred said.

“Your truck and your planks are junk.

Bring them to the dump!”

Frank said to himself,

“All of the junk that you see...

That's not junk. It's a treasure to me!”

Clink, bang, clunk...

Up go the planks in the back of the truck,

And in go the sink and the bunk.

All of that stuff, all of that junk,

Was now Frank's fantastic camping truck!

The next day,

Frank honks his truck horn so Fred can see.

Fred blinks. Frank winks,

“After all, what is junk to you

is a treasure to me.”



run with Bud to the Sunset Pond

tosses it in the pond for Bud

tells him that he is the best dog

jumps back in the pond and swims to the frog

a clump of grass on the bank of the pond

lands on the pond and drifts in the sunset



the calendar next to her desk

as she runs to tell Mom and Dad

to lift the lid from the box

runs under Mom and Dad's bed

a strand of ribbon from the gift box

the best gift Jen has ever had



until they fill Gramps' red wagon

on the front steps for Halloween night

as they skip up the attic steps

unlocks the lock, and lifts the lid

at the top of the attic steps

on the front steps next to their jack-o-lanterns



snug in the den as the wind gusts

past the elm tree to the top of the big sled hill

as he jumps in his sled

until it spins and hits a big snow drift

down their necks and in their mittens

snack on muffins and sip mugs of hot drinks



a man at the dump had a big box

into the back of Papa's pickup truck

on a trip to cross the Atlantic

on a cosmic trip to visit the sun

into a wet lump on the back deck

on the next trip to the dump



skipped down the brick steps in front of our home

up the block to the bus stop

Mom and I stepped off of the bus.

clapped her hands in front of the band

we picked up a box of brown eggs

cracked the eggs into a black pan



run up her steps to get a big hug

as she dots me with red lipstick spots

tends to a skillet filled with sizzling drumsticks

fill the sink with suds and scrub her pots

quilts scraps of fabric into blankets

as if I am a bubble from the suds



taps home base with his bat

lifts the bat and fixes his grip

the pitcher pitches a fast pitch

and he has to make a plan

Will plans to run as fast as he can

drops in the dust and slips into home base

