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JARS OF STARS

In the star barn
are jars and jars of stars.

We grab an armful of stars
and toss them far.

They arc up, up, up
and they spark in the dark.

Then, the black sky
is a garden of stars.

We are star artists.

FAST CARS

The cars start at the park.
They will go fast and far.

"On your marks," the man yells.
"1, 2, 3, go!"

The cars zip past the barn.
Then they swish past the market.

A black car spins hard.
A dark red car sparks.

The cars dart to the target.
"Finish!" yells the man.

The dark red car wins.

ON MARS

Mars is a planet far, far from us.

On Mars, the sand is like a red carpet.

If we went to Mars,
we'd dart up to it in a rocket.

We'd bring a big carton of stuff,
and we'd have to start a farm.

We'd have to live in a bubble.
It'd be hard to live on Mars.

But I'd like it.

FARM HARVEST

On a farm are lots of crop plants.

“Harvest” is a way to say “picking the plants.”

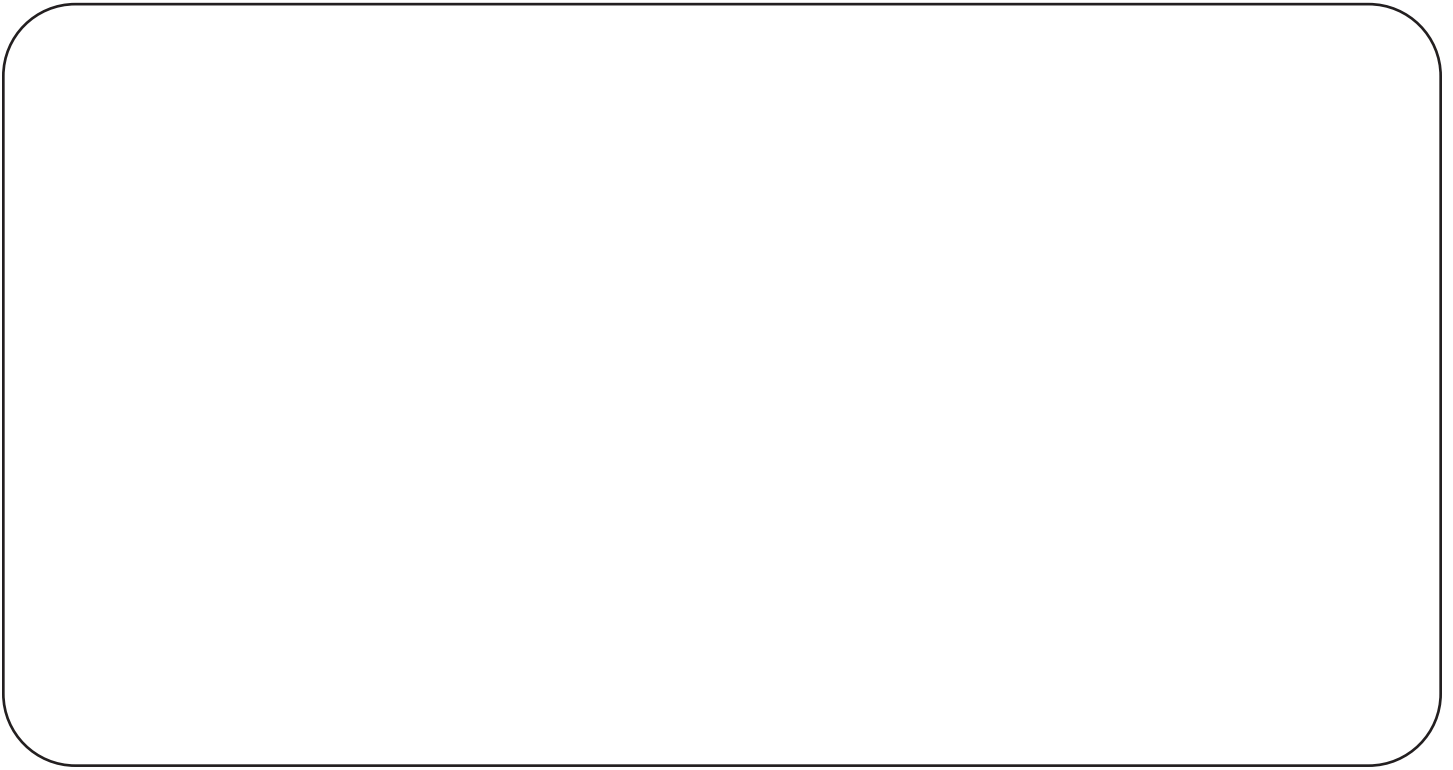
On farms, they harvest garlic
and string it in the barn.

They pick armfuls of plums and chard
and stick them in cartons.

They harvest lentils when
the plants are hard and tan.

Plum harvest: yum!

THE SCARF



My gran crafts a scarf.

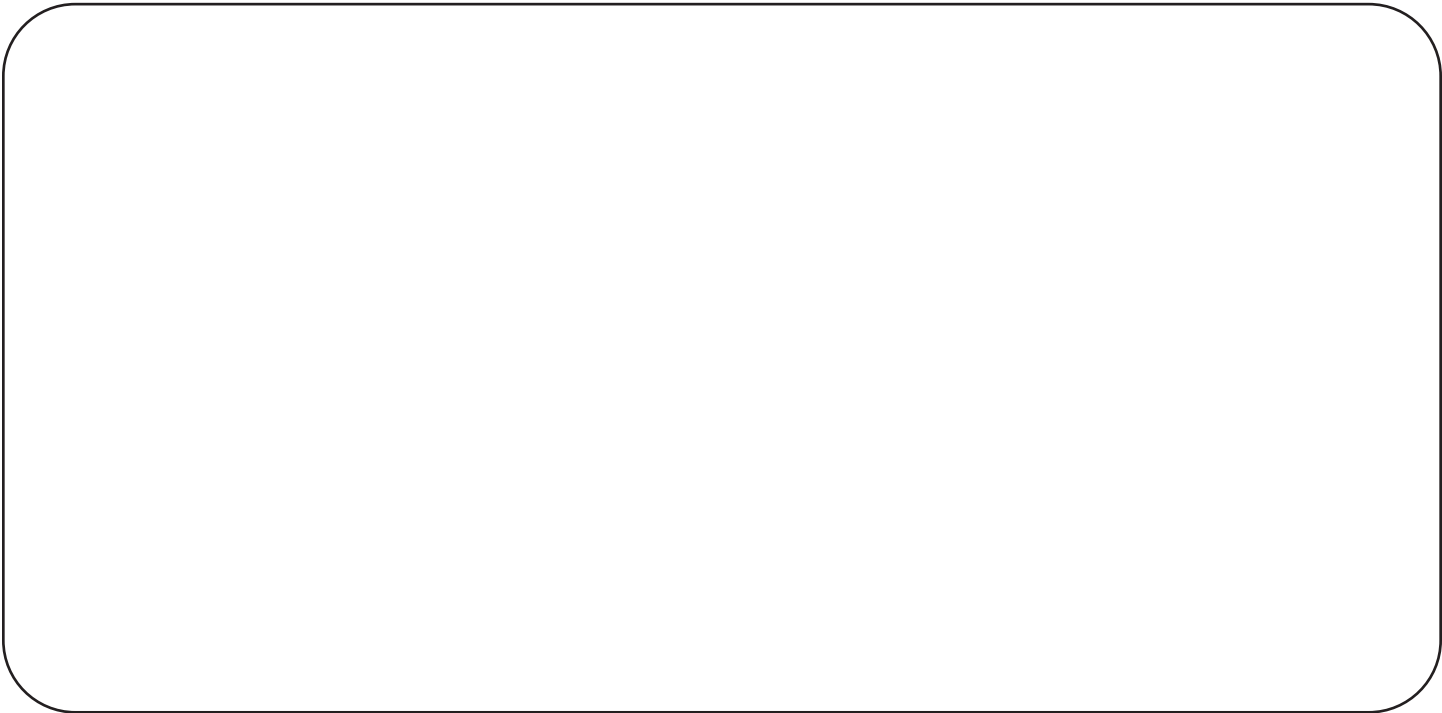
She twists the yarn in her hands.

This scarf is part red
and part black yarn.

My gram's hand darts
up and back, up and back
as she crafts the yarn scarf.

This scarf is art.

WE ARE ROCKSTARS



My family?
We are rock-stars.

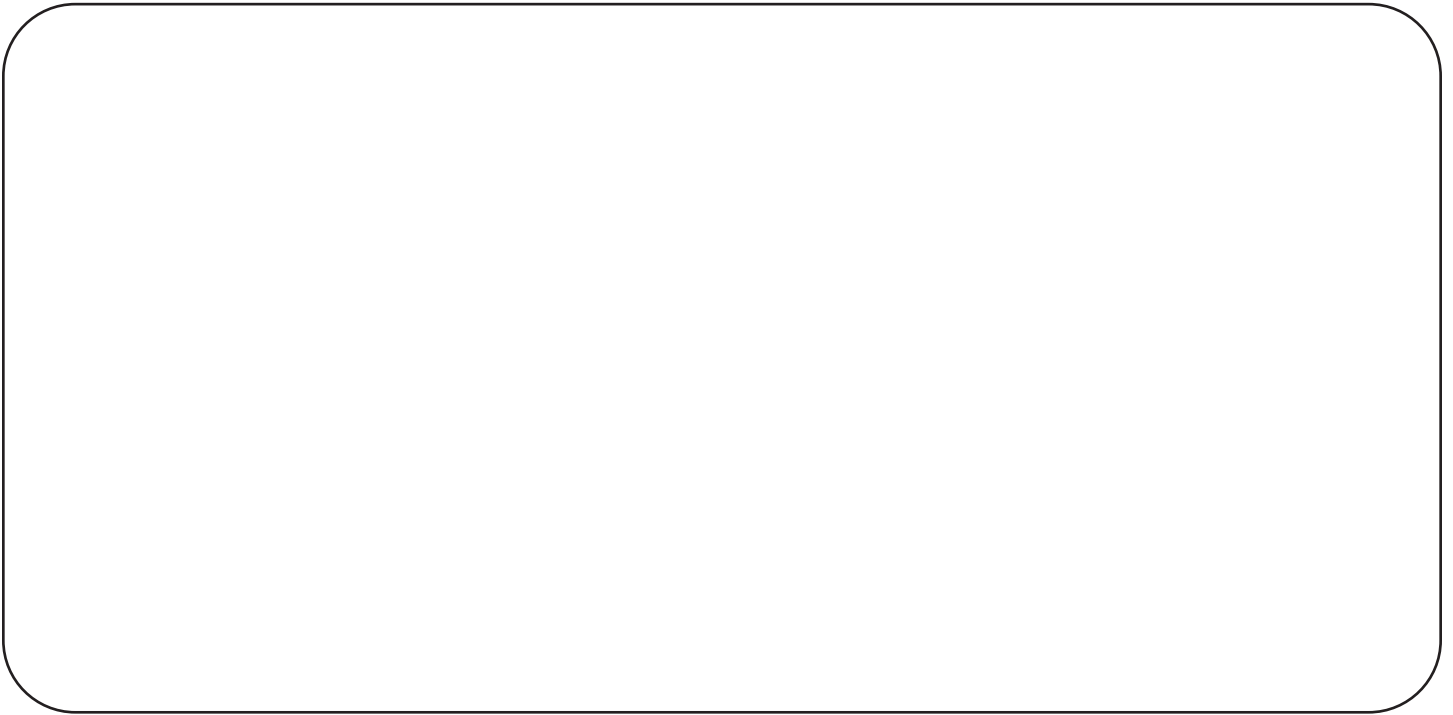
I start to play the harp.
My mom plays a sitar.

My sis plays the drums.
My dad plays pots and pans.
My dog barks.

We play hard.

We are artists.
We are rock-stars.
Off the charts!

A STAR CHART



Stars are hot.
The sun is a star.

A star chart marks
the ways we clump the stars.

One clump of stars is
“Canis” - the dog.

One clump of stars is
“Crux.” It looks like a cross.

In the stars we can spot crabs,
and men, and fish!

Grab a chart and spot the stars!

THE BAD CAR TRIP

One day we had a bad car trip.

At the start, my sis
did a fart with her armpit.

Then, my dog did a REAL fart. Yuck!
The car smelled bad.

At a farm market
we got a big bag of plum tarts.

We munched and munched.
The car darted up into the hills.
Zig-zag. Zig-zag.

And then ... plum tart BARF!
We got carsick.

It was not the best car trip.

THE CARD SHARK

My Gramps is a card shark.
He's not a shark,
he just likes cards.

It's hard to play cards with gramps.
He's too smart. He always wins.

When we start,
He claps me on the back, and barks:

"Har, har Marcus -
Best of luck,
You'll need a barn full of it."

Yes, Gramps is a card shark.
But I like to play cards with him.