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QUICK SENTENCES



Those trolls open the bag of gold and throw it in the boat.



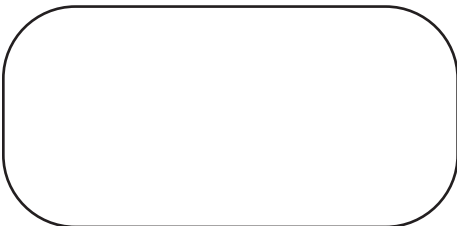
Most boats show the flag of the golden rose on this coast.



We are cold, but close to home, so we go back for cocoa.



My yellow gold-fish has a big bowl. I float his snacks in it.



Most of us go home in the gold tow-truck with Granny Joan.



"Don't drum those bongos in our home!" yells Willow.



I show Joe my yellow snow-board when I go over to his home.

Crack the Code

We get a note in the class post-box.

It says: To get a golden snack, crack this code.

We grin. We know this code.

We JUST went over this code in class!

We sit. And slowly, we crack the code.

The note says:

Go left at the steps.

Then, at the 4th row of roses,

Stop and follow the hose.

At the post, is a box of gold.

So we follow the note.

And there it is:

The box of gold

... gold wrapped CANDY! Yum!

GOAL!

The posts sit at the end of the grass.
They are my goal.

I throw the ball in to Cole,
Cole kicks it to Hope.

Then a kid stole it.
But Hope gets it back,
Hope bolts fast.

I run in.
Hope kicks the ball to me.
I zip past the kids.

Then it all goes slow.

I kick the ball in.

GOAL!!!

Row, Row, Row Your Boat

Row, row, row your boat
Across the yellow pond.

Don't stop and have a swim,
It's gross in yellow ponds.

Row, row, row your boat,
Past hippos that are pink.

But don't pick up a hippo,
That hippo will make you sink.

Row, row, row your boat,
But not in a volcano.

Volcanoes are not
For rowing boats
(In case you didn't know).

The Acrobat Show

We go to the acrobat show.
The acrobats dress in
pink and black and gold.

They open their hands,
and lift their chins, and go:

1, 2, 3, 4 hand-springs
and then
5, 6, 7, 8 back-flips
... they pass so close!

Then the acrobats
go on the rope.

They dip and spin
and catch red roses
on their chins.

Then they grab the ropes
and zip and drift
like pink flamingos
to the floor.

The kids in the grand-stands
clap and roar for more.

Go Home Old Cat!

When I finish class,
An old yellow cat follows me.

"Go home old cat!" I say
"Don't follow me."

But the next day
He follows me more.

And the next day
And the next.

"You lost kiddo?" I ask him.
So I stick up posters.

But no one calls me back.
And that's when I know.
He has no owner.

On the last day of class,
The old cat follows me home.
We sit on the steps.
He rubs my leg.
His nose is cold and wet.

I grin.
"You know what old cat?
You ARE home."

Snow Zone Hill

Snow Zone hill is cold.
My sis Posy sticks with the rope-tow.

But, I grab my yellow
snow-board and go up.
My friend Joe goes up
the back road.

We hit the slopes.
We zip into the snow bowl.
Then we go past
the old oak to the jumps.

For tricks, we have to focus.

I do a nose-grab spin combo,
Joe does a nose-roll.

We jib and nose-press
We coast lower on the hill.
We are in the zone.

We both show off for my dad
He yells WHOA!
And snaps a photo.

The old man with the snow-blower
says our tricks are “dope, bro.”

Joe and I
are snow-board pros.

Float Trip Lunch

On Joan's birthday we go on a float trip.
We pack a big picnic basket.

We load it up with hot-dogs
and avocados, and sodas
and snacks.
(the rolos are the best).

Then we hop in the yellow boat
We stow the picnic basket in it,
and begin to row.

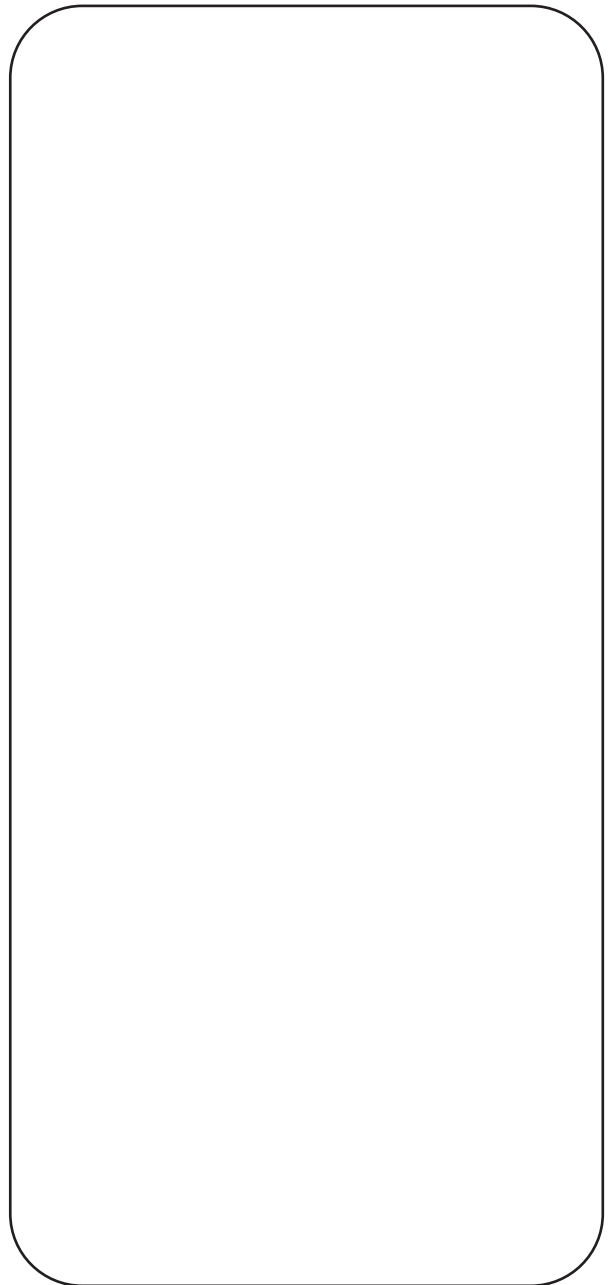
We row into the middle
but then the flow grabs us
and we go FAST! Uh oh.

The row-boat hits a big stone.
Bump goes the boat.
Jump goes the picnic basket.
SPLASH goes our lunch!

Dad jumps in.
The hot dog buns and
the avocados and sodas sink.

But the hot dogs and the bag of rolos?
They both float! So we eat those.

It's a very funny float trip lunch.



"Bet you don't know ..."

"Bet you don't know the number of volcanoes on the planet," said Joe.

"Over 1300," I say.

"OK." said Joe. "Well ... bet you don't know the number of bones you have."

"206," I say.

"Oh. Well bet you don't know what the 'doldrums' are."

"A band on the planet where the wind goes still."

"Hmm ... OK. But you don't know when they snapped the first photo."

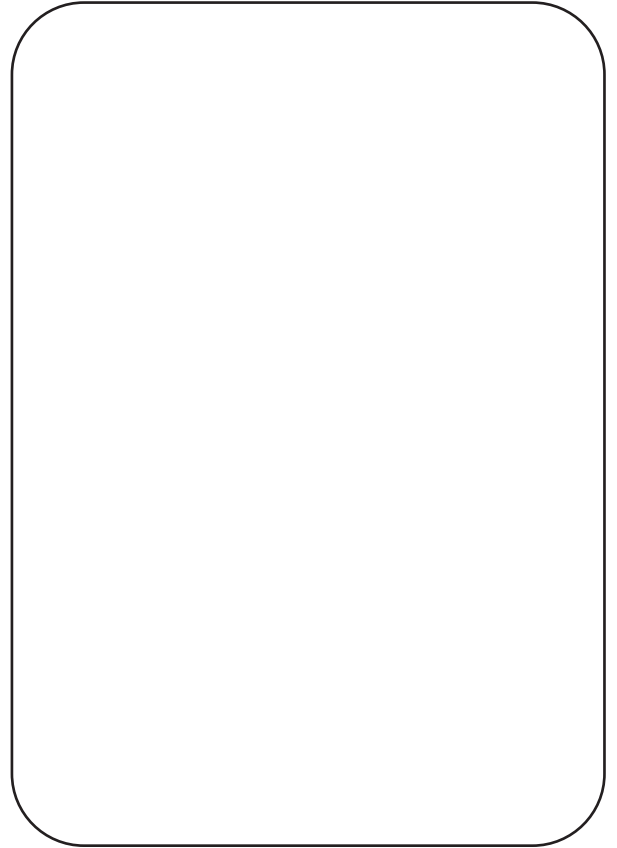
"In 1826," I say.

"Well OK. But I bet you don't know if the sun will explode or implode."

"Nope," I say "The sun won't 'supernova.' It will just grow and then contract."

"Oh," says Joe, as I stroll off to class.

"I guess you do know."



No Tacos for Geckos

Sunday is Taco Day
My dad grills chicken on the stove.
Owen, my big bro, mashes pinto beans.
Toph, my little bro, shreds radish in a bowl.
I cut avocado.

Dad's phone buzzes.
"Mom's almost home!"

We set the wraps on the table.
"Let's load them up!" Owen says.

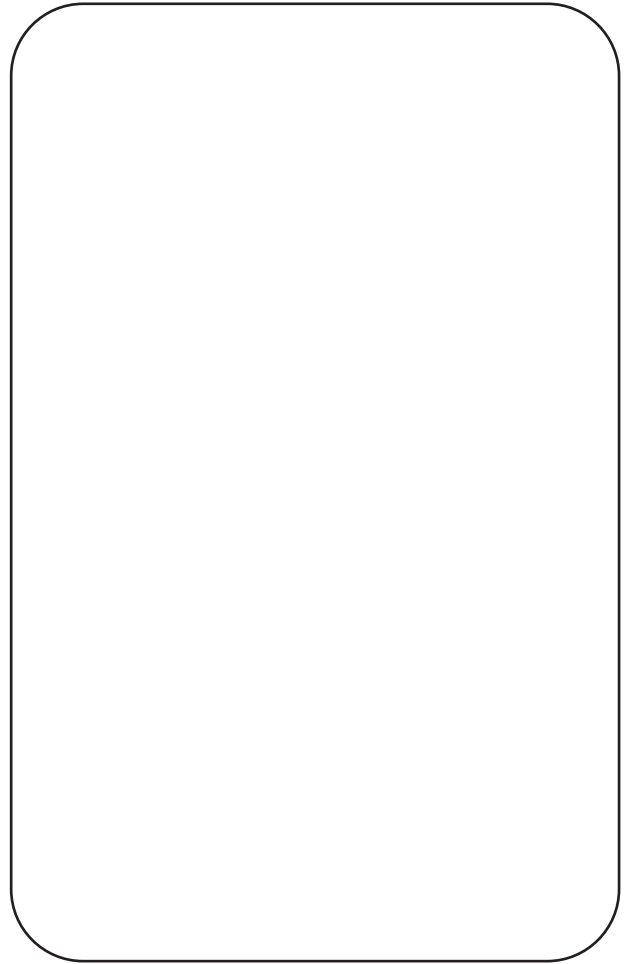
Just then a big gecko
snags the wraps!
"NO!!" we bellow.

The gecko bolts into a hole,
with the bag of wraps in tow!
"Oh no, no, no," I groan.

Mom steps in.
"Mom, grab the gecko!" We yell.
Mom coaxes the gecko out of the hole.

The wraps are back. At last, we load up our tacos
until they over-flow.

"Silly gecko," my little bro scolds.
"Geckos eat insects,
No tacos for geckos!"



The Troll Toll

One day Opal Jones went
on the troll path.

"Pay the Troll Toll!"
the pink troll yelled.

"Yes! Pay gold!" said the yellow troll,
hitting his bongo drum.

The oldest troll was mixing a pot
of shrimp gumbo.
"No toll, no pass!"

"OK," Opal Jones said.
She got her bag of gold.
But Opal Jones had a trick.

The bag opened and EXPLODED!
Gold dust went all over.

The pink troll crashed
into the yellow troll.
The yellow troll dropped the bongo.
The bongo hit a box of toads.

Hop, plop! Went the toads
into the bowl of shrimp gumbo.

SPLASH! SPLASH!

The trolls were soaked.
Shrimp gumbo dripped from their noses.
It plopped on their toes.

Opal Jones trotted past.
"No toll for me," grinned Opal Jones.

On Tip-Toe

We get set for class like this:
We open our tote bags,
Slip on our pink slippers,
And adjust our buns.

Then Miss Cozette claps her hands
and yells: "Toes!"
We flex our toes. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Then we hold a pose.

"Focus!" Miss Cozette coaches.
"Soft elbows!"

"Next we float!" says Miss Cozette.
"Like little snow-drops."

We flit and float
to the window and back.
Soft like falling snow.
Miss Cozette claps.

Then the older kids run in.

They have pink slippers
with soft blocks in them,
So they can go on tip toe.

Miss Cozette says they are "en pointe," (that is French).

It's time for my class to go.
We close our bags.
My class? We don't go on tip-toe yet.
Only the older kids can go on tip-toe.

I will go to class every week.
So that when I get older
I can go on tip-toe.

Volcano to Atoll

An atoll is a ring of land
in the ocean.

If you zip over an atoll with a drone
it'd look like a big sand donut,
dotted with plants like coconuts,
and nested in a cobalt blue ocean.

This is how an atoll forms:

When a volcano is
below the ocean
The molten red and gold magma
stacks and grows up and up.

If the volcano goes to the top,
it forms an island.

Offshore, corals grow.
Fish flock to the coral reef.

Then slowly slowly the land erodes
until the middle is swallowed up
by the ocean.

But the coral reef protects
a band of land.

Now the volcano is an "atoll":
just a ring of land in the ocean.

Along the coast of the atoll
the ocean crashes on the coral.
But in the middle of the atoll it is mellow.

Atoll: A quiet ring of land
in the crashing ocean.