

Oats are for Goats

READING BASICS
READER 3



OATS ARE FOR GOATS

AN EARLY READER SERIES

READER 3



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Instant Words

1. the he go who
2. a I see an
3. is they then their
4. you one us she
5. to good no new
6. and me him said
7. we about by did
8. that had was boy
9. in if come three
10. not some get down
11. for up or work
12. at her two put
13. with do man were
14. it when little before
15. on so has just
16. can my them long

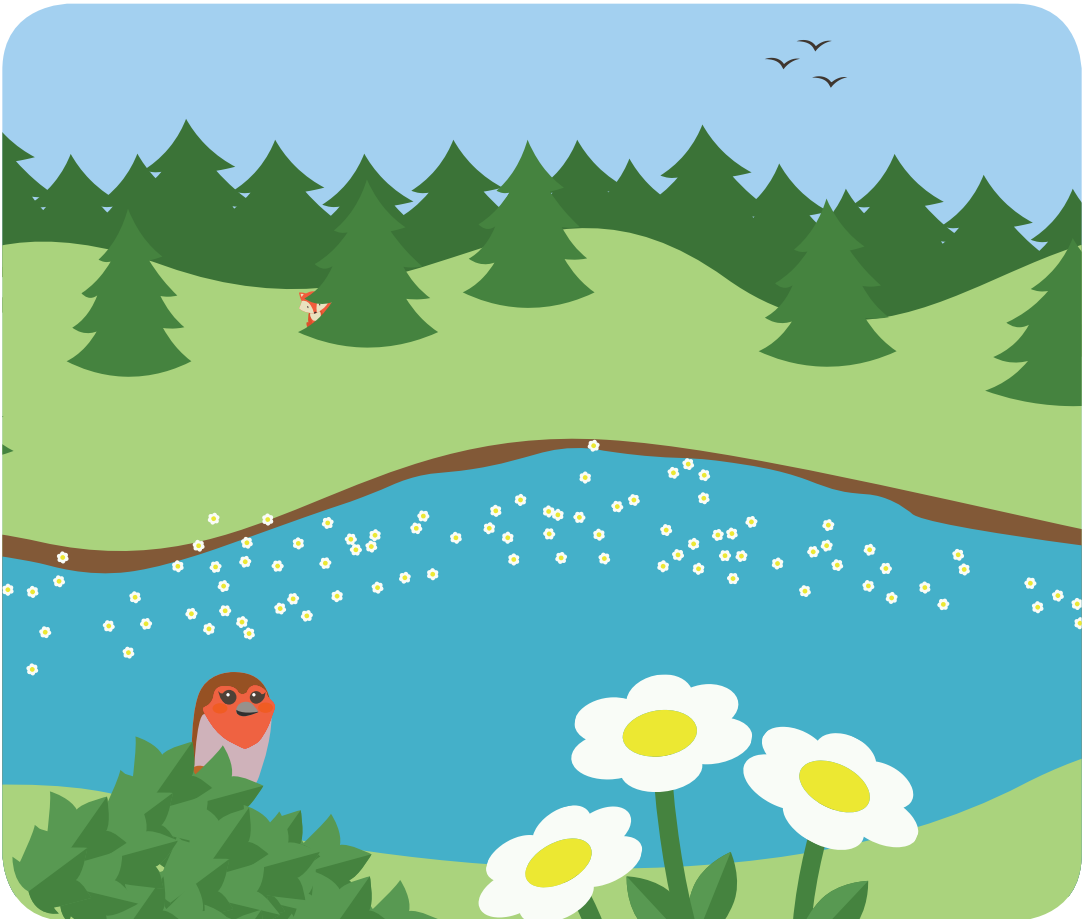
- | | | | | |
|------------|--------|--------|-----------|----------|
| 17. | will | very | how | here |
| 18. | are | all | like | other |
| 19. | of | would | our | old |
| 20. | this | any | what | take |
| 21. | your | been | know | cat |
| 22. | as | out | make | again |
| 23. | but | there | which | give |
| 24. | be | from | much | after |
| 25. | have | day | his | many |
| 26. | Tippy | wants | around | hurray |
| 27. | table | mother | now | surprise |
| 28. | too | father | ice cream | turtle |
| 29. | every | school | house | Blackie |
| 30. | apples | look | father | |



Kelly's Daisies

It was finally spring.

Kelly couldn't wait until her family went camping. Every spring, they would go to Pine Lake for one week.



Pine Lake was so pretty. Green pine trees were everywhere.

Kelly loved the way the pine trees smelled. She liked to gather pine cones and look for wild flowers.

“Daisies are my favorite,” she would tell her Mom and Dad. “They remind me of sunshine and make me smile.”

Last year, Kelly wanted to pick some daisies to bring home. “They would look so pretty in my yellow vase,” she thought. She asked her mom if it would be okay.

“Let’s think about it,” said Mom. “If everyone picked daisies to take home, what would happen?”

“There wouldn’t be any for the next family to see,” Kelly told her.

That gave Kelly an idea. She went to their tent and got her paper and paints.

“I’ll paint a picture of the daisies,” she said.
“Then I will have them to look at everyday
and so will others who come to Pine Lake.”

Now, a year later, Kelly sat on her bed
looking at her painting of the yellow and
white daisies. They made her smile.

“The first things I will pack this year,” she
said to herself, “are my paper and paints.”





Nonsense Poem

Take a rake,
stir a cake.

Bake a cake,
and eat the rake.

Jump in the lake,
wake a drake.

Shake the drake,
and drink the lake.

I Don't Know about Snow

Grandpa Jones comes down from Idaho in the wintertime when it begins to snow.

He packs his RV with everything he owns. From November to May, he'll call it his home.



He'll travel the road for two or three days, then arrive at my house for the long winter stay.

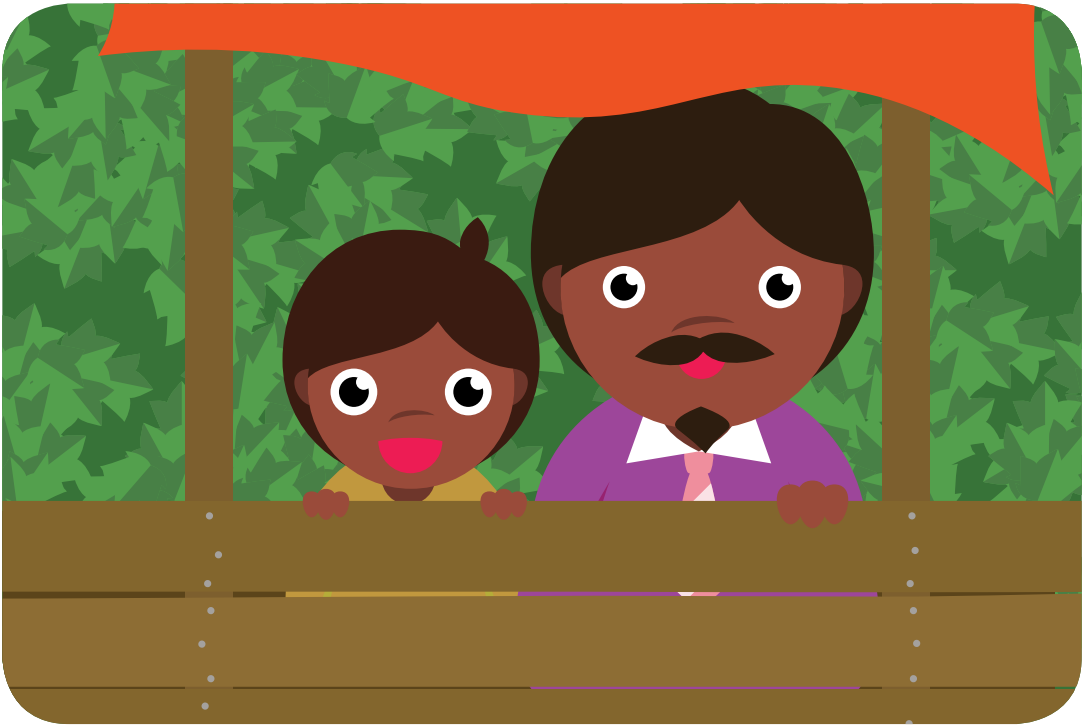
Grandpa said it used to be fun to play in the snow, sliding down hills and making snowballs to throw.

Now it's hard for him to get outside and shovel the walk. Grandpa says he'd rather sit with me in the sunshine and talk.

I hope someday, before I get old, I can go to Idaho and play in the snow.

Grandpa says it would be fun for me. But then, I really wouldn't know.





The Tree Fort

Lee has a tree fort.

It is up in a big green tree.

Dad helped Lee make the tree fort.

He and Lee sit in the tree house and talk.

Tippy jumps and jumps.

He wants to get up in the tree fort.

Mike's Light Bites

Mike likes eggs and milk.
He likes Light Bites the most.
His mom got these Light Bites last night.
She shops at Pike's.
Yum! Yum! Mom makes them just right!



A Tale of a Tail

The sky had been gray all week, but not today. The sun was shining bright, and James and Clay were ready to go sailing with their friend, Captain Raymond. They had been waiting all summer.



“It’s a great day to go sailing,” said Captain Raymond. “We might even see the whales as they swim south for the winter.”

“Hurray!” shouted the boys. They quickly got water bottles and a small lunch.

James grabbed his notebook, and the boys raced to the dock.

“Climb in, boys, and put your life jackets on,” yelled the captain. “We’re ready to go.”

It was easy sailing out of the bay into the sea. The waves were calm today.

The boys spent most of the time looking at the sea. They liked watching the seagulls dive for fish, but most of all they hoped to see a whale.

The day went fast, and it was getting late. Captain Raymond said it was time to go back.

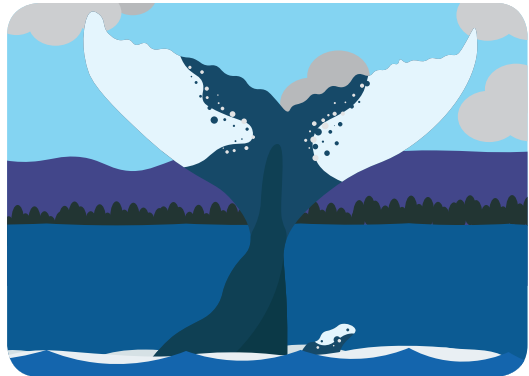
“We haven’t seen a whale yet,” cried James.

“Maybe next time,” replied Captain Raymond.

As the captain turned the boat toward the bay, the boys heard a big “swish” and a “splash.”

James and Clay looked behind them just in time to see a large tail dip below the waves. They looked at each other and smiled big smiles. They had seen their whale after all, even if it was only its tail.

James grabbed his notebook and wrote: “Today I saw a whale. It was only the tail of a whale, but it was a great tail. That’s the end of my tale.”





CALVERT™
PUBLICATIONS

804 N. 2nd Ave. E.
Rock Rapids, IA 51246-1759

877-878-8045
www.calverteducation.com

CL0133 - Jun '19 Printing

ISBN 978-0-7403-3973-8

