



## All That Moms Do

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### Phonics Skill

*Vowel Sound in ball: a, au, aw, al*

all  
tall

awful  
walnut

because  
saw

lawn  
small

squawking  
always





At the end of the lawn in Jim's backyard was a tall walnut tree. Jim's dad had made a house in it, and Jim often went there to think about things. High in his treehouse, Jim felt okay. He liked hearing the wind in the leaves and seeing birds flutter from branch to branch.





One day Jim went to his treehouse because he did not want to clean his room.

"Your room is an awful mess," Mom had said. "I want you to clean it by lunchtime!"

"No! No! No!" Jim had said to himself. "It's my room, and I like it this way!"

He ran to his treehouse.

"I'll stay here for ten years," Jim said.





Jim sat in the tree and gazed at his house.  
"Mom is always asking me to clean my room  
or make my bed," he grumbled to himself.  
Just then, Jim heard a sound.  
"Chirp, chirp, chirp."  
Jim saw a baby bird in a nest, calling for food.





A moment later a big bird landed beside the baby.

"This must be its mom," Jim decided.


The mother bird filled her baby's mouth with food.

The little bird gobbled up its dinner. Then it started squawking again.

Mother bird went off to find more food.





 The big bird came and went and came and went. Jim counted thirteen trips in all. Each time she came, she gave her baby another meal.

"That mom works hard," Jim said to himself.

And suddenly he began thinking about his own mom.

"My mom works hard also. She feeds me just like that mother bird feeds her small baby."





Jim got down from the tree and returned to his house. Without a sound he went up to his room and picked up his toys. Then he cleaned up the mess on his bed and desk.

When he had finished, Jim went to find his mom. She was making lunch.

"I'm starving," Jim told her.





"What's your room like?" asked his mom.

"Go see it," said Jim.

Jim's mom came back a moment later.

"Wow, Jim! What made you clean it?" she asked.

"A little bird told me to," Jim exclaimed.

