

Little Angel Reader™

Reader C

Written and Illustrated
by
Linda Bromeier, M.Ed.

*Dedicated to Our Heavenly Father
and His Most Holy Angels
through the Sacred Heart of Jesus*

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Contents

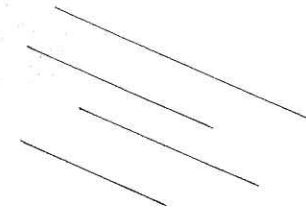
R Blends	3	<i>A Lost Pony</i>	43
<i>The Lost Cross</i>	5	Ending -es	46
S Blends	7	<i>Review</i>	47
<i>A Bad Fire</i>	9	Long i, o	48
L Blends	13	<i>A Gold Ring</i>	49
<i>Slick Streets</i>	15	ar	52
Y as Long e, i	17	<i>At the Sea Park</i>	53
<i>Henny-Penny</i>	19	<i>St. Martin</i>	56
<i>The Happy Donkey</i>	22	or	59
<i>Review</i>	25	<i>Snow Fun</i>	60
Sh	26	<i>The Storm</i>	63
<i>Saint Patrick</i>	27	ir, ur, er	66
Ch	30	<i>A Fireman</i>	67
<i>Lunch at the Zoo</i>	31	<i>Saint Francis</i>	69
-ng, -nk	34	Syllable -er, -le	72
<i>The Fox and the Crow</i>	35	<i>The Cricket and the Ants</i>	74
<i>The Wind and the Sun</i>	37	<i>A Gift from God</i>	77
Th, wh	39	<i>Review</i>	80
<i>Whales</i>	40		

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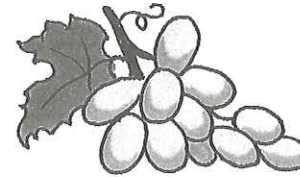
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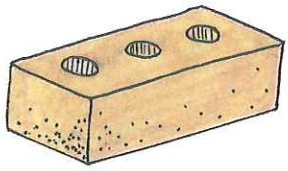
R Blends



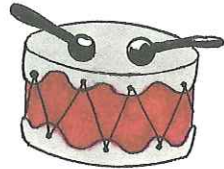
ray	rib	rag	rip
pray	crib	brag	drip
ramp	rub	rain	rust
tramp	grub	train	crust
row	rake	rail	ripe
grow	brake	trail	gripe



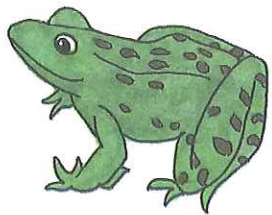
grape	grip	cross	crop
green	grin	crab	crime
grow	grand	cream	crack



brick	breeze	truck	true
brag	brave	trap	treat
brand	broke	trick	tray

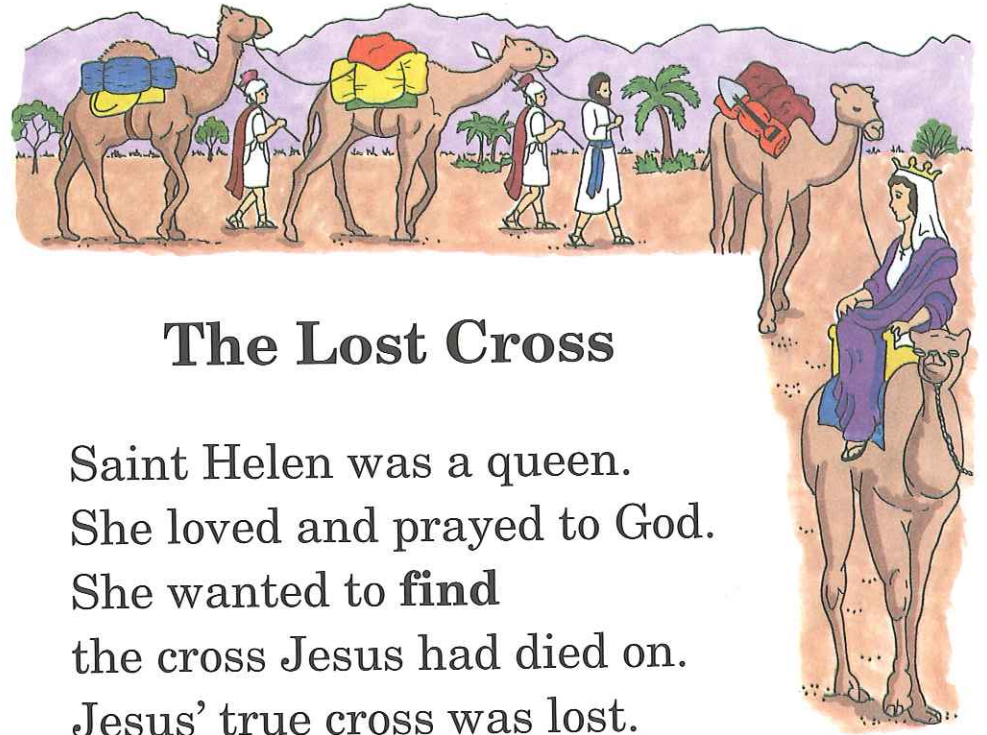


prize	prick	drum	drift
pray	press	dream	drag
prune	print	dress	drop



frog	free
friend	froze

tricked	freezing	crayon
address	praised	travel
praying	grinned	dragon



The Lost Cross

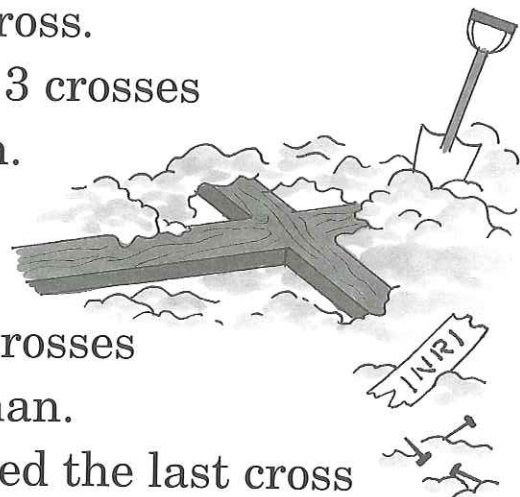
Saint Helen was a queen.
 She loved and prayed to God.
 She wanted to **find**
 the cross Jesus had died on.
 Jesus' true cross was lost.

Helen spoke to some friends.
 "Let's travel to the land
where Jesus lived.
 We will hunt for Jesus' cross."

Helen and her friends made the trip.
 They tramped up big hills.
 They rode across hot sands.
 At last they came to the hill
 where Jesus had died.


Helen's men dug deep into the hill.
Soon they dug up 3 crosses.
Near by, they dug up some big nails
and a board with Jesus' name on it.

But Helen could not tell **which** cross
was the True Cross.
So she took the 3 crosses
to a sick woman.

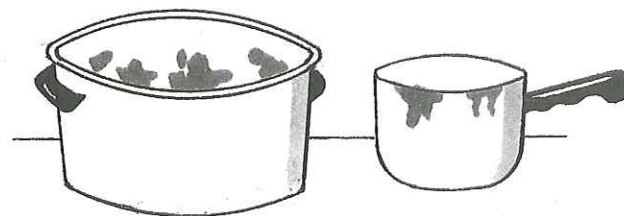


One by one,
Helen laid the crosses
on the sick woman.
When she pressed the last cross
to the woman, she was cured!

"Praise God!" cried Helen.
"This is the True Cross of Jesus."

Saint Helen paid for a 
to be made on the hill.
Then she put the True Cross in it.

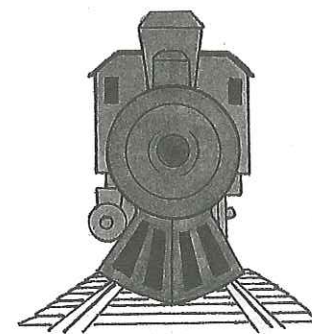
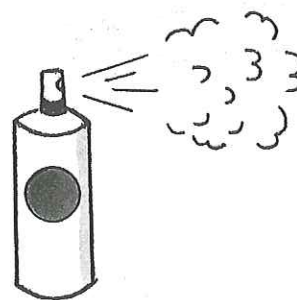
S Blends



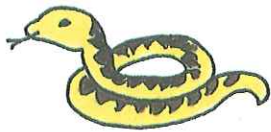
pot	nap	cuff	well
spot	snap	scuff	swell

tub	wept	pin	tack
stub	swept	spin	stack

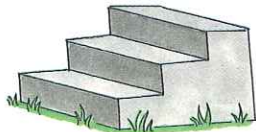
mile	care	nail	wine
smile	scare	snail	swine



rip	ray	ream	rain
trip	pray	cream	train
strip	spray	scream	strain



spill snake
spear snip
spoke snack
speed snore



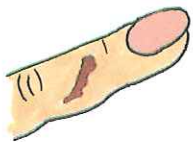
step swim
stiff swipe
steep swift
stove sweet



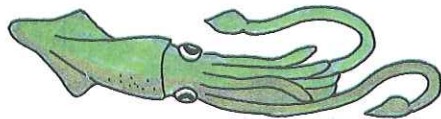
smack skate
smear skill
smoke skip
smell skin



stripe scrap
stray scrub
street screen
stroke scrape



scab spray
scale sprain



squeak squid
squeeze square



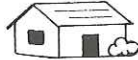
tw



twin twelve twig twist

A Bad Fire

Steve was playing outside.
“I see a fire!” he cried.

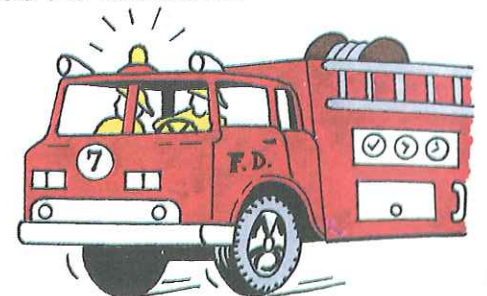
Steve ran down the street.
He could smell the smoke.
A fire truck sped past.
It stopped at his friend
Scott's .

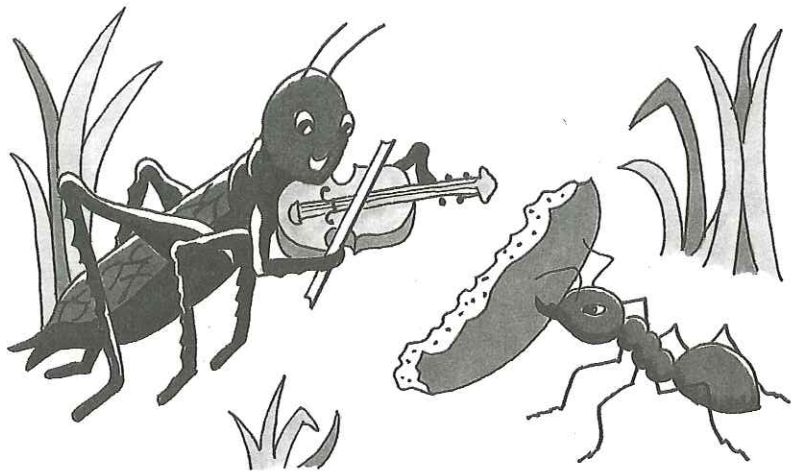


The firemen sprayed the fire with
a hose. At last the fire was out.

Steve saw Scott and his family
standing on the grass.
“Are you O.K.?” Steve asked.

“Yes,” said Scott,
“but the fire
got all **our** stuff.”





The Cricket and the Ants

(Aesop)

One hot summer day a cricket met an ant. The ant was dragging a bit of cracker to her anthill.

“Come and play!” said the cricket.

“Put down the cracker, and I’ll play my fiddle for you.”

“No,” said the ant.

“I must store food for the winter.” She took the cracker to the anthill.

The cricket hopped off, playing his fiddle and singing. Soon he met an ant carrying a grain of wheat.

“Let’s have fun!” said the cricket.

“Put down the grain, and I’ll play my fiddle for you.”

“No,” said the ant.

“I must store food for the winter.”

And on he went to the anthill.

The cricket hopped into the grass.

Every day he played his fiddle and leaped around and sang.

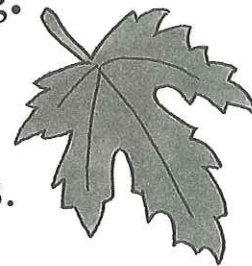
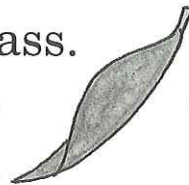
But the ants kept on working.

Soon summer was over.

The leaves fell from the trees.

One day the cricket woke up to a winter snow.

He tramped to the anthill.

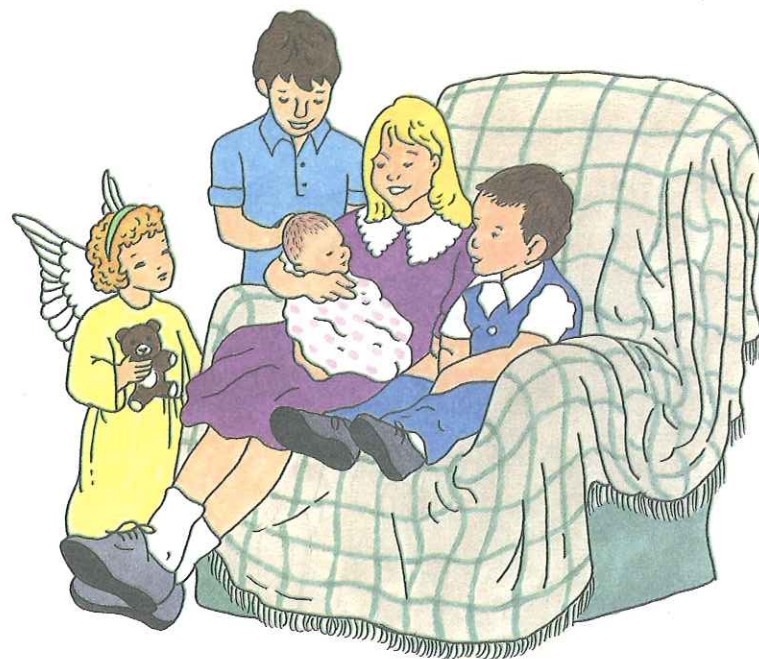
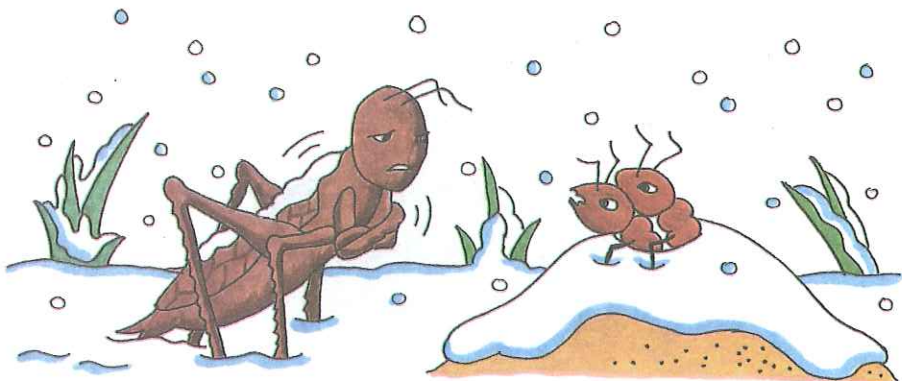


“Will you help me?” he begged the ants. “I’m freezing out here. And I don’t have a thing to eat.”

The ants said to the cricket,
“What did you do last summer?
Didn’t you save any food for winter?”

“No,” said the cricket. “I hopped around and played my fiddle.”

“Go away,” said the ants.
“If you played then,
you can play now.”
And they went back down
into their anthill.



A Gift from God

“Come, children!” said Father.
“Look in the cradle.
We have a gift from God.”

“It’s a little baby!” said Mary
and Greg.

“God has blessed us,” said Mother.
“She is your new baby sister.”

“May we hold her?” asked Mary.