All That Moms Do

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/œ/ Vowel Patterns spelled a, au, aw, ai, augh, ough

- lawn
- thought
- always
- calling
- sought
- bought
- taught
- tall
- because
- caught
- brought
- all
- walked
- walnut
- ought
- saw
- squawking
- small
- hall

High-Frequency Words

- the
- of
- was
- a
- there
- to
- one
- want
- your
- said
- you
- here
- of
- something
- mother
- again
- what’s
- what
At the end of the lawn in Jim’s backyard was an old tall walnut tree. Jim’s dad had made a house in it, and Jim often went there to think about things. As he sat and thought about stuff, he liked to hear the wind in the leaves, and see 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 a mess,” Mom had said. “I want you to clean it by lunchtime.

“No! No! No!” Jim thought. “It’s my room and I ought to be free to keep it that 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 caught sight of something outside the window.

“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,” thought Jim. The mother bird filled her baby’s mouth with the food she brought back. The little bird gobbled up its dinner. Then it started squawking again. Mother bird soared off to find more food.
The big bird brought back more food and left again. The big bird sought more and more food. She always brought it back to her baby. Jim counted thirteen trips in all.

“That mom works hard,” Jim thought.

And suddenly, he thought about his 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.

Jim went to find his mom. She was making lunch from food she had bought.

“I’m starving,” Jim told her.
“What’s your room like?” asked his mom.
“Go see it,” said Jim.
Jim’s mom walked down the hall and came back a moment later smiling.
“Wow, Jim! What made you clean it?” she asked.
“A little bird taught me how!” Jim exclaimed.