

Read the story below. Then, read the story again and highlight or circle the inflectional endings (-s, -ed, ing).

Picking Flowers

By Charles Broderick

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Core Decodable 103

McGraw Hill SRA

Six kids hiked behind Ranger Liz down the trail. The kids liked Ranger Liz. The kids followed Ranger Liz up high ridges and over wide bridges. They followed her into a field of flowers. The kids really liked the flowers. Some flowers reached the trail's edge. Some looked like bright spikes. "I wish I could take some flowers home," said Rick. "They would be nice for my mom." "Read this," said Mike. Rick read, "Please do not pick the flowers." Rick looked around the field. It was filled with flowers. "There are miles of flowers," said Rick. "Why can't we pick some?" A yellow and black bee buzzed by. The bee sniffed at a flower. Rick and the kids jumped back. Then Rick saw a black and yellow finch. The bird sniffed at a flower, too. "See the bees and the birds," said Ranger Liz. "They need the flowers. And the flowers need them." Rick was still thinking about his mom. "But why can't we pick flowers?" he asked. Ranger Liz smiled. "Well, said Ranger Liz. "Your mom might like a mix of flowers. You might pick six or seven." "That's right," said Rick. "What about your five pals?" asked Liz. "Would they like a mix, too?" "Yes!" shouted the kids. "That's a lot of flowers," said Liz. "And hundreds of kids hike here each week. What if all those kids picked the flowers?" Rick was thinking. "There would be no flowers left," he said. "And that would be bad for the bees and birds." "That's right," said Ranger Liz. "So what do you say now Rick?" "Please do not pick the flowers," smiled Rick.